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The Argonaut.

Vol. LXXXV. No. 2206.

148889

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 5, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscription \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Send for copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 3895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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To Whom Honor Is Due!

Early in 1917—long before any organized movement of American young women for war service in France—Miss Marjorie Coryn, daughter of Mr. Sidney Coryn of San Francisco, went to Paris and enlisted in the work of aiding the Allied troops, first and for a brief time in Paris and later in canteen service at Bar le Duc, Chalons sur Marne, and other advanced posts. For weeks, even for months, she served as a canteen director within range of artillery fire. In 1918, in recognition of her services, Miss Coryn was commissioned by American military authorities as an honorary lieutenant. More recently she has been awarded another compliment, recorded in the following citation:

CITATION.

Le Maréchal de France, Commandant en Chef les Armées, de l'Est à l'Ordre de la Brigade—

Miss Marjorie Coryn, de la Cantine de Chalons sur Marne, "à la Cantine de la Gare de Chalons, depuis sa fondation, a fait preuve de l'entrain le plus confortant pendant les sévères bombardements de Mars et Juillet, 1918."

Au Grand Quartier General le 17 Avril. Le Maréchal de France Commandant en Chef les Armées Françaises de l'Est.
PETAIN.

In the exceptional service rendered in the war by Miss Coryn and in the exceptional honors awarded her the Argonaut, through its editor, confesses what

we hope is a pardonable pride. For we like to think of Miss Coryn as, in a sense, a daughter of the Argonaut.

Humility or Ambition?

We had almost forgotten Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg, at one time chancellor of the German Empire. War is the graveyard of human reputations, among other things, and poor old Bethman-Hollweg and his pious iniquities seemed to have been whirled away into oblivion by the hurricane of events. There have been two or three chancellors since Von Bethman-Hollweg. The almanac will disclose their names to minds unaccountably heedless of their fame. But it was Bethman-Hollweg who coined the phrase "a scrap of paper," and so earned for himself an immortality otherwise beyond his reach.

And now we hear once more from Bethman-Hollweg, who is either unwilling to stand silent in the rank of nonentities, or who can not wholly repress the habit of portentous inconsequence acquired during other days. "Try me, instead of the emperor," says Bethman-Hollweg in effect. "It was my hand that steered the ship of state over the harbor har. I alone am responsible. I made the war.

For I was the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the cook and the captain bold,
And the midshipmite and the bosun tight,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

For a moment the tears that are always evoked by pure sentiment stand in our eyes. For a moment we are almost persuaded that the days of chivalry are still with us. One can almost imagine the imperial commendation as the news reaches Amerongen and the tearful benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And yet, one can never tell. Perhaps we have misjudged alike the motive and the inspiration, for who shall attempt to fathom the recesses of the German mind? It may be that Bethman-Hollweg is honestly anxious to assume the rôle of whipping boy, and to embody in himself the ancient axiom that the king can do no wrong. None the less we may remember that there is a malady well known to the medical psychologist as the "delusion of greatness." Is it possible that Bethman-Hollweg actually believes that he was the *fons et origo* of the greatest event in human history, and that it is upon his brow that the laurels of shame must be pressed? There are minds to whom even such renown as this may prove attractive. It may be that the late chancellor has pictured to himself the drama of the ages as it will be presented to posterity and with himself in the exact centre of the vortex, riding the winds, so to speak, directing the hurricane, guiding the lightning, a sort of modern Jove enthroned amid the wreck of empires. And how could he better assert a rôle so tremendous, or more adroitly insinuate himself into the spotlight, than by this humble plea that the avenging sword be directed, not against the emperor—a mere puppet—but against himself, the actual inspirer, the master mind, the arbiter of the destinies of the human race, the infernal Providence?

Such a theory may perhaps present itself to the mind of the emperor as he pauses for a moment to wonder if his deposition be not actually a double one. For at least he had the consolation of supposing himself to be alone on the bad eminence to which he had raised himself in human affairs. At least the centre of the stage, a dreadful stage, was his. He might reasonably have believed himself to be beyond the reach of all competition, beyond even the desire for competition. His place in history seemed to be so secure, his domination of the historical infamies so unchallengeable. What, then, must be his feelings as this still small voice, the voice of Bethman-Hollweg, reaches him in the fastnesses of his Amerongen castle with the claim that it was actually

he—Bethmann-Hollweg—who was the *deus ex machina*, and that against him alone the terrors of Nemesis should be launched. Perhaps we may be doing an injustice to the late chancellor. His motives may be as pure as the driven snow. But at least we will acquit him in advance and even against his will of the self-imposed charge that his was the directing mind of the German Empire. His mental stature was obviously inadequate to that task.

Editorial Correspondence.

Seventh Letter—Lighter Observations.

In this writing I turn, and with a fine sense of relief, from conflicts of national selfishness and of individual ambition to the lighter phase of my observations in France and England; lighter, not in the sense of being charming or pleasurable, but only as standing separate and apart from more serious concerns. Perhaps I put the matter too broadly, for travel these post-war days is really serious business. I discovered it when I bought my ticket from San Francisco to New York at approximately 50 per cent. above pre-war rates, again when crossing the continent in a crowded train—a train so inadequately equipped that it was necessary to stand in queue adjacent to the dining-car for full forty minutes before the dinner hour. I discovered it still again in buying my steamer ticket at a price double the old rates. But these were minor troubles compared with the combination of vexations involved in passports and visas. Before an American can go abroad these days he must furnish the State Department at Washington with his life's history, the purpose of his journey, and a multitude of miscellaneous and not especially relevant facts. For example, I was required to supply proof of the time and place of my birth, either by certified copy of an official record or by the testimony of somebody personally cognizant of that event. In the far-off days of pioneer Oregon when I came into this world no official vital records were kept; and the persons qualified to speak are for the most part long since gathered to their fathers. It was no easy matter, though finally accomplished, to prove to the satisfaction of the department that I had been born. Then, although for a little matter of two hundred years I have not had an ancestor of other than American nativity, there was the task of proving that I was an American without alien connections or proclivities. All this called for a special trip to Washington, a vast deal of active labor, and some waiting around.

Given American citizenship, respectable character, and business or professional justification for going abroad—all this with a good stock of patience—a passport is not difficult for a man. But a passport for a woman—unless one happens to be kin to Colonel House or his wife's family—is all but impossible. Even the widow of the late Colonel Roosevelt suffered, I was told, both delay and humiliation in her request for permission to go to Europe to visit her son's grave. The only exceptions to the rule forbidding American women to go from the United States to Europe are in cases where the President—with a true democratic equity—grants special dispensation to his private friends or where the traveler goes in some commercial interest or under the auspices of the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. A professional woman buyer of hats or lingerie or whatnot for an importing house can get by, but all travel of women for ordinary purposes is held up. I do not criticize the rule; I only state the fact. That it makes a vast deal of hardship goes without saying; and I hardly need to add that it makes a vaster deal of disappointment and irritation.

Let nobody imagine that the troubles of a traveler are at an end because he has succeeded in getting a pass-

port in which the State Department at Washington certifies his citizenship, his character, and the legitimacy of his errand. Before sailing, say from New York, he must go to an American visé officer at the custom-house and after waiting in queue anywhere from one hour to ten get his passport stamped. Then, having refreshed himself by a night's sleep for a fresh ordeal, he must go to the British consular office, again wait in queue for another visé; and if he is lucky he will get this second job done in a single day. In his innocence he may now think himself ready to go aboard the steamer; but there are still other dragons in his path. At the entrance to the dock he must show his passport with personal and minute explanations to the doubting Thomas on duty; and once inside he must stand in queue before the purser's office and, upon exhibiting passport and ticket, get an embarkation card. Then there is still another station where he yields up to an American officer whatever gold coin he may have in his pocket, or gold-bearing bills, receiving in return bills which may not be exchanged for gold. At the gangplank he makes final exhibition of passport and embarkation card, in the end reaching his cabin in a state of exhaustion. I was told of a man who ran the whole gauntlet without loss of temper, but among a thousand passengers aboard the *Adriatic* I was not able to identify him. I purposely omit details as to reception, smashing, and misplacement of baggage, wishing only to deal with relatively pleasant phases of embarkation.

In other days a duly passported traveler—even a traveler without a passport—might upon arrival at a British port gather himself together and walk down the gangplank. But after our ship was alongside the Cunard dock at Liverpool it took four hours to work through the visé office established on board by which you were given a "yellow slip" which entitled you to go ashore with a warning that within twelve hours you must present yourself at a police office and register arrival. Arriving at London (it usually happens in the middle of the night) one is not permitted to go to bed until he has signed a blank provided by the hotel stating who he is, where he is going, what his business is, etc. Then the next morning his first business is to go to the police office in Tottenham Court Road—a good two miles from my hotel—and register, stating place of residence at home, profession, place of residence at London with the probable duration of stay; and if one overstays the time specified he must go again and renew registration—all this under penalty of arrest with imprisonment or fine or both, at the discretion of a police magistrate.

If one proposes to move on to the continent he would better take time well by the forelock and stock up with the moral quality of patience, plus the physical quality of endurance. First he must go to the American consular office in Bedford Square, and usually after waiting in queue anywhere from one to four hours, get an official visé of his passport. The next business is to go to the French consular office in Cavendish Square and get a visé authorizing him to enter France. At both these places he leaves photographs. Then if he wishes to go by the convenient Folkestone route—the only one that will land him at Paris in a day trip—he must go to the military authorities, sign away any claim for damage or loss on the journey, and get a permit. Then he must go to Tottenham Court Road for authorization from the police to move on. At Victoria station, whence he departs for Paris, he must exhibit his passport duly viséd with his permit to go by that route, and get an "embarkation card," which entitles him to pass the gate to the train. Arrived at Folkestone, he must exchange his embarkation card for a "yellow slip," which will allow him to go on board the Channel transport. When half way across French officers set up a visé office in the smoking-room while the crowd standing in queue waits its chance to get by. A "white slip" given with the French visé enabled the distressed and flurried passenger to board the train for Paris. I refrain from detailing the trials of getting from the Gare du Nord to one's hotel or to any place where the weary traveler may lay his head. That's another story, so long and so painful that it might mar the grace of what I trust has thus far been a cheerful narrative.

Nor will I weary the reader with the tribulations of the return trip in its entirety, but I think it due to give one brief suggestion of what it means to get out of

Paris these days. There is, of course, the usual registration with the police upon arrival—that is easily done at a local station around the corner most anywhere. But getting away is another matter. One must first have an American visé calling for two visits to the American consular office, with a two days' interval between. Next two visits to the British consular office, with perhaps a single day intervening. And finally a visit to the French police office on the south side of the Seine. With a letter which privileged persons may easily get through ambassadorial favor it is possible to cut down these procedures to two days; but for the average and unfavored traveler it takes anywhere from six to eight days to secure the various official stampings which permit departure from Paris; and during the greater part of this time one must stand in draughty corridors or in steaming crowds waiting his chance. I fear all this will sound like romance—of a very dull and weary sort—but in truth the recital is a plain, unvarnished tale. I was quite able to appreciate the merriment of two clerks in the French consular office in London when I finally reached their desk. "*Qu'est ce ça?*" I ventured to ask. "*Ah,*" replied one of them, "*voilà un monsieur, qui voyage pour plaiser.*"

Why, it may be asked, nearly half a year after termination of hostilities, this persistent scrutiny of the movements of travelers at such tremendous cost of time, convenience, and money? Admitting justification for it in the period of actual war, why is it continued when there is no war? The answer is that official nature—perhaps I should say human nature—in Europe is precisely the same as in our own country. All this business of inspection of passports calls for an army of inspectors, clerks, etc., and each gets his little share of the graft. This explains why the system goes on and is likely to go on for an indefinite period. Probably some years must elapse before the old and easy conditions of travel shall return; and they may never return. Certainly the present annoyances will continue so long as official and political influence shall control. The irony of the whole business is that while the system of inspection is an intense annoyance to legitimate travelers, it places not the least obstacle to the spy and the bolshevist. It is the special business of such to get past visé officers. It is their business to know the ropes, so to speak, and they come and go at their pleasure, unhindered and practically unannoyed. I have it upon unquestionable testimony that, despite restrictions and precautions, England and France previous to the armistice, as well as since, have been as full of spies and propagandists as America.

In London I found living conditions not much changed since last year and prior to the armistice. Everywhere the hotels are crowded. One would imagine that with the restrictions upon travel there would be room and to spare, but not so. The reason is that many of the hotels, large and small, especially in London, were taken over by the government for military and other uses related to the conduct of the war. Thus hotel space in London has been curtailed to the extent of one-third or possibly more. General hotel charges in London have not been advanced materially or at all. For example, Brown's Hotel in Albemarle and Dover Streets, a distinctly British house, where I found satisfactory accommodation, has not advanced its prices for rooms. Table charges are necessarily advanced everywhere, even while the variety and quality of food served is everywhere deteriorated. Butter is mostly a minus quantity, margarine usually being served as a substitute. Meats are not what they were. Not anywhere did I find the famous roast beef of Old England. "You take what the butch sends you," I was told by the steward at Brown's, "and you are bloomin' careful not to kag at what you get." Fish is abundant and it would be good if the English cooks knew how to serve it in any manner excepting in a kind of watery kite-paste which at first instance seems innocuous, then insipid, and finally disgusting. Sugar may be had in a very small quantity, but as with meats it calls for a card of limited allowance. Bread is not the war bread of last year, nor yet is it the bread of other days. Fruits are unavailable excepting for millionaires; and jam, without which no true Englishman makes shift to begin his day, appears to be largely compounded of sawdust. On the whole there is little in the line of food, excepting as one finds it in private houses, that is savory or in the old generous sense wholesome. Still

the people thrive on it. I saw in London no evidences outside the slums of malnutrition, though I was told that children suffer grievously from lack of milk, the supply being inadequate and universally of a watery thinness.

In Paris food was abundant and excellent, I almost wrote super-excellent, for now, as always, French cookery contrives to make any and everything, from strawberries to parsnips, not merely palatable, but delicious. But prices soar beyond all precedent. At the Ritz, at the Maurice, or the Café de Paris, and a dozen other famous places, the charges are appalling, anywhere from 40 to 75 per cent. above those of the best hotels in New York. At a modest hotel where the cookery was excellent the cost of a dinner per person, carefully ordered, was anywhere from \$3 to \$6. What in New York or San Francisco would be called a "full meal"—soup, fish, fowl, fruit, etc.—would cost I will not venture to say definitely, but anywhere from \$8 to \$12. In the little Paris restaurants, where in other days a filling and satisfactory luncheon might be had for two and a half francs, the charge is now three times that sum; and instead of a few centimes for the waiter, present form calls for a franc. The prices of hotel accommodation are in proportion to table charges. At a very good hotel—not the Ritz or the Maurice—comparable to the Bellevue in San Francisco, the charge for an inside room with bath, small but well furnished, and—delightful change from Loudon—satisfactorily warmed, the charge was 40 francs per day, or \$8 in American money, plus a 10 per cent. addition in compensation of "luxury tax." Local transport both in Paris and London I found difficult to obtain, and not uncommonly costly in that the taxicab drivers oftentimes demand special bonuses. The old days when in Paris or London one might whistle a cab from Gods knows where any hour of day or night are no more. The cabs, too, like pretty much everything else, are sadly overdriven and out of repair, rickety, smelly, and three times out of five, dirty.

Alas, also alack! It is a sad tale I have to tell as to prices of things in general. In the good old days one could get an excellent suit of "mufti" even in St. James' Street or in Saville Row for a modest "seven pun." In October of last year the price had advanced to ten pounds; but now you must pay eleven guineas; and nine chances to one you get at the advanced price both deteriorated material and inferior workmanship. With a fine consistency the upward movement has possessed the whole line of men's merchandise. Gloves, handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, underwear, cost as much in London or Paris as in New York or San Francisco. The day of cheapness is gone; and even British goodness of materials is not what it was. But it is in Paris and in respect of woman's wear that price aviation has achieved its supreme record. Everything from pearls to stockings—not to mention headgear—has about doubled in price. Inferior imitations may be had in side streets at prices which look small to Americans, but really worth-while merchandise is not cheap and on the whole not so good as similar goods of American production. I was told by one who ought to know that an expert shopper in feminine vanities and fripperies may do quite as well in New York, San Francisco, or Chicago as in Paris. Under the difficulties of importation American designers have made notable advances and American workmanship in the finer fabrics has improved. And assuredly American prices are not higher than today's Paris prices.

The streets of Paris present these days many unaccustomed and interesting spectacles, from the rows of captured German guns which at intervals of ten feet line both sides of the Champs Elysées from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, to the crowds of foreign soldiery. Many peace commissions have a ceremonial military accompaniment, and these in varied national uniforms give to the prominent avenues an appearance not unlike the march of a comic opera. There are times when one wonders if the strollers on the avenue are not posing for a movie film. The American young woman in Red Cross, Y. W. C. A., or other species of post-war service is conspicuously in evidence. She does many things for the soldiers, some important, some trivial. But her main function is entertainment, and its all but universal form is that of dancing. I fancy it must have been a surprise to many an earnest young woman recruited from Christian Endeavor and similarly pious circles and carried to France

under the inspiration of a perfervid enthusiasm for righteousness to discover that her main business is to dispense cigarettes and to dance with homesick soldiers. There are so many of these young women in Paris, all identifiable by their uniforms, as to give to casual observation the effect of an annual flight of the Epworth League. To the credit of human nature, I have to report that contact with "life" even as it is available in Y. M. C. A. hut and Red Cross canteen has brightened up and humanized many a dull sister. And I have satisfaction in bearing testimony to the self-respectful and dignified bearing of the average young American entertainer.

Train service is in keeping with other general conditions. Everywhere the traveling crowds exceed in volume comfortable facilities. Cars are cold and exhibit the effects of long overusage and of deficient care. Whoever goes by train takes his chances, and he is usually glad to accept a kind of accommodation that in other days would have aroused storms of complaint. Something, no doubt, is due to the laxity which attends all kinds of governmental service, but the main cause is the long use of cars for military transport with the lack of facilities for repair. On one of the French lines—I speak particularly of the road between Paris and Boulogne, over which I passed several times—many of the passenger-cars are of German construction, taken over at the time of the armistice. Very curious it seemd to travel by French railroad in a car bearing its various signs and directions to travelers in German text. Many of these German cars were brand-new, apparently having recently come from the factory.

On the whole, travel in Europe is a difficult, uncertain, and wearying experience. To one who has been through it either during the war or since it is as different from the old days as can be imagined. In all likelihood it will continue to be uncomfortable for long to come.

A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30, 1919.

The Senate and the League.

Signing of the peace treaty at Versailles on Saturday by President Wilson and the four other members of the American Peace Commission is a step, but only a step, toward peace on the part of the United States. Under the Constitution all treaties must be made with the advice and approval of the Senate. There the matter now rests—it is up to the Senate. It goes without saying that the Senate is for peace and that the treaty, in so far as it relates to peace, will be approved unanimously. But involved with the treaty is a definite project for a league of nations—and there's the rub!

One has only to read the daily newspapers to discover that a majority of the Democratic members of the Senate stand with the President for the league of nations and that a majority of the Republican members are opposed to it. Formally the league of nations is not a party issue, but there is lack of clear understanding as to what constitutes a party issue. Just when does a matter under consideration by the legislative branch of the government become a party issue? This question has never been answered. Technically, nothing is a party issue upon which a party in convention has not declared itself. Chairman Hays of the Republican National Committee has no authority to say in the absence of a convention declaration that any matter is or is not a party issue. If a party caucus of senators should adopt or decide to oppose a particular project, that no doubt would be accepted as tantamount to a party declaration, since it would have the practical effect of placing the party, through its representatives, for or against. In the immediate instance neither party has caucused with reference to the league of nations and neither is likely to do so. The Democrats have no need, since they know that they can not by caucus coerce such radical Democratic opponents of the covenant as Senator Reed.

Actually there is no responsible Republican leadership in the Senate on the subject of the league. Mr. Lodge is leading the majority very efficiently as regards the general business of legislation. The committees are doing their work better and faster than during the period of Democratic control. Necessary bills are going through the Senate with rapidity and in good form. In truth the Senate is functioning almost if not quite as well as the firmly led and efficient Republican House of Representatives. But little time relatively has been given in the Senate to discussion of the

league of nations. Most of the talk and such developments as are apparent have been worked out elsewhere than in the Senate chamber. They have been highly interesting in character and have justified the newspaper correspondents in reporting them at greater length than formal Senate proceedings. Hence the country may have been led to believe that the Senate has been giving its chief attention to the league of nations in recent weeks to the exclusion of all else. This fear has been given emphasis by the warning of Chairman Hays that the people of the United States look to Congress to attend to the actual business before it speedily and effectively—to reduce extravagance and waste, to repeal excessive war powers and abnormal legislation, and to get the country back on its feet as speedily as possible. Wherefore we find Lodge and the elder statesmen concentrating their efforts on general business, while those senators who are especially wrought up over the league covenant are individually and with no unity of tactics taking pot shots at the league from varying angles.

Opposition to the league, while widespread and vociferous, lacks unity of purpose and of tactical direction. Knox, Borah, and others, including Lodge, are each practically going it alone, and there is little prospect of unified and concentrated action until the treaty shall be presented to the Senate by the President. Then the opponents of the league will no doubt get together, but after an informal fashion and without caucusing.

Washington correspondents are divided in opinion as to what the outcome in the matter of the league will be. Some of them are impressed with the idea that the opposition can not be so consolidated and brought to bear upon the treaty as to eliminate its league features bodily or nullify them by limiting declarations. None the less the *Argonaut* is convinced by its study of current reports that the opposition can and will be consolidated and that the treaty will not be ratified unconditionally. Either we think the league features of the treaty will be dissected or the act of ratification will be accompanied by interpretative limitations. For this manner of dealing with a treaty there are ample precedents. But consolidation in opposition to the league is not likely to be effected until after certain pressing business before the Senate, including the appropriation bills, are out of the way.

We get the impression very definitely that sentiment against the league grows in the Senate upon information of growing opposition in the country at large. Under the theory that a league of nations would tend to promote the peace of the world, the country seems favorable to it. But concurrently with this sentiment the opinion seems to be growing that the league as defined in the treaty is favorable to Europe rather than to America; that it would impose upon us obligations out of harmony with our traditions and inconsistent alike with our historic attitude and our national will. In brief, we believe that the people of the United States, while favoring a league of nations, look with apprehension and distrust upon a project which though indorsed by President Wilson, by acceptance made his own, is mainly of British origin and by its terms gives to Britain many advantages over the United States.

The Chinese have a novel way of propagating fish. The spawn is carefully collected from the surface of the water, and when a sufficient quantity has been obtained they take a number of hens' eggs, the contents of which have been carefully emptied through a small aperture, and refill the shells with spawn. The holes are sealed up and the eggs put under the broody hens. The hens are allowed to incubate the eggs for a certain number of days, when the eggs are again broken and their contents put into water that has been previously warmed by the sun. In a very short time the spawn hatches, and the young fry are then kept in pure fresh water until a sufficient size to be put into the ponds. At one time a considerable business was done in this style of spawn hatching.

The emerald has been known since early times, both in Europe and in certain parts of the Orient, where its attractive color and rarity have endowed it with the highest rank and a varied lore. Its name may be tracked back to an old word which appeared in Greek as smaragdus, mentioned by Theophrastus over 300 years before the Christian era, and again in Latin as smaragdus, seen in the writings of Pliny, who particularized somewhat on its properties and supposed medical virtues, and was even shrewd enough to suspect its identity with the much more common beryl, although eighteen centuries elapsed before this suspicion was derived by scientific proof.

KOSOVO AND ITS RESULTS.

Even the most sober common sense may permit itself to note the significance of the fact that the treaty of peace was signed on the anniversary of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, and also on the anniversary of the battle of Kossovo, the most sacred of all days in the history of Serbia. The battle of Kossovo was fought on June 28, 1389, against Turkish invaders who had vowed to make of Europe an extension of the Mohammedan world, who nearly did so, and who would have done so but for the valor of the Serbians. The fate of the Serbian armies, which then stood as a wall of flame and steel for the salvation of Europe, was a fate deliberately chosen by themselves as an honorable alternative to the baseness of compromise and a safe surrender. The Turks had already learned something of the edge of the Serbian sword, then guarding the portals of Europe, and they were willing to promise anything in return for the opening of those gates. They were vastly superior in power to their Slav and Christian enemies, who must have been sorely tempted to avoid a struggle that could end only in one way. But we are told that the Serbian Czar received an autograph letter from the Virgin Mary inviting him to choose between the Kingdom of Heaven, which was in her gift, and the Kingdom of Earth, which was in the gift of the Turks. Czar Lazar chose the heavenly kingdom rather than the kingdom of this world. He summoned the Serbians around him, and the great battle of Kossovo was fought until there were no longer any Serbian soldiers left alive to continue the struggle. And in the meantime we are told that the Christian nations of Europe, whom Serbia was dying to save, and whom Serbia by her death did actually save, were uniting their prayers for the little nation whom they could have aided by their armies.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the war that came to an end on June 28, 1919, had its rise and its roots in that other war that came to an end in the destruction of Serbia on June 28, 1389. The Turkish power had been largely broken by the Serbian resistance so far as the conquest of Europe was concerned, but none the less the Turkish Empire in Europe had been established. Bulgaria surrendered to the Turk five years later, and the flag of the Prophet was soon to fly from Constantinople. Bosnia was conquered by the Turks in 1463, and Herzegovina in 1476. It was the beginning of a cycle that has now been closed, at least we may hope so. The whole of the Balkan States passed under the Turkish yoke, and millions of Christians became the subjects of the Turkish Empire. It was the birth of a cancer that was steadily to corrode the body politic of Europe for five hundred years, the ever-fruitful source of wars and revolutions and massacres, of treacheries, basenesses, and cupidities. There has hardly been a decade since the battle of Kossovo when the Turkish scourge over Europe might not have been destroyed by a single glow of the old Christian crusading spirit of Richard and the Knights Templars. But Europe had become sordid and materialistic. Its ideals were dead. In past centuries it had fought for a Christian sentiment. Now it would not fight even for the liberation of millions of Christians held in serfdom by a Moslem power upon Christian soil, and actually within the very home of the Eastern Christian Church. The Turk has much to answer for, but perhaps the heaviest count against him is his successful corrosion of Christian political morals throughout Europe during five centuries, although we may ask in some doubt if it was the corrosion of morals that produced the toleration of the Turk, or the toleration of the Turk that produced the corrosion of Christian morals. It does not make much difference. The present facts continue.

Europe, during the last fifty years, has been trying to undo the results of the battle of Kossovo. History is in very truth a continuous thread of causes and effects, but that thread grows always stronger, as the rivulet in the mountain becomes the torrent in the valley. If Europe had come to the relief of Christian Serbia five hundred years ago there would have been no Turkey five years ago to open the gate to the German armies marching eastward. There would have been no temptation to Germany to march eastward. If Europe had replaced Serbia as the warden of that gate at any time within the last five centuries, the war that has now finished so far as Germany is concerned would never have been fought. There would have been no Slav peoples within the Austrian Empire, for Serbia long since would have led them out of captivity. There would have been no Russo-Turkish war, for Turkey would not have been there either to provoke or to wage it. There would have been no Balkan wars, no Macedonian massacres, and no Pan-Germanism summoned forth from the depths to resist the rightful resentments of Pan-Slavism. Europe, having chosen the immoral policy toward the Balkans, might have renounced it at any time. She preferred to buttress it by other immoralities. In Turkey she had created a Frankenstein monster, and she industriously fed it until it turned upon her and devoured her. The battle of Kossovo had become a world war, always as inevitable as

the sunrise. No step is missing in this tremendous drama of Nemesis.

And so the Pan-German tide recedes to its lowest ebb, and we are confronted with the wreckage upon the shore. We do well to exult, but the exultation should be moderated. The German obstacle being removed—at least momentarily—we may now begin the real work of the war. It is well to realize that it is not yet actually begun. The task of the statesman must be even greater than that of the soldier, and unfortunately there are no statesmen upon the horizon. Materialism seems to have banished genius, not only in the domain of statecraft, but also of all other domains. Having established the principle of human equality, it is natural that we should resent the inequalities of genius. A real statesmanship would have foreseen at once the political achievement in which the war must culminate. Pan-Slavism, called into existence by Turkish atrocities, would have been recognized as the only possible barrier to German atrocities. Pan-Slavism was already an accomplished fact so far as sentiment was concerned. Its power stretched from the Baltic Sea to within sight of Constantinople, and clear down to the Mediterranean. It is true that the Slavs were not united, or only loosely so. Their enemies had seen to that. There were differences in religion, artificially fostered, and there were sectional jealousies and local patriotisms. But these would have disappeared, were fast disappearing. It was the dread of Pan-Slavism that called pro-Germanism to arms. It was now or never for Pan-Germanism, which knew the ultimate meaning of that great Slav world far more clearly than our statesmen seem to know it now. In a very real sense of the word the war was a struggle between Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism. Western civilization arrayed itself on the side of Pan-Slavism and became its ally. Only through the triumph of Pan-Slavism could the world endure. We have only to look at the great historical essentials, and we shall cease our long and tiresome tabulation of the friends and the enemies of Germany. There was only one enemy, and that was Pan-Slavism and the allies of Pan-Slavism. Surely it will be one of the most flagrant mockeries of history if we shall first fight a great war in support of Pan-Slavism, and shall then allow it to crumble under the disintegrating hand of a false and doctrinaire democracy. In that case the war must be fought again, and the soldier must compensate for the puerilities of the statesman.

The Slav world is now actually split into a dozen fragments. They are intoxicated by their freedom, and bewildered by their clamorous opportunities. In the far north there are Courland, Esthonia, Lithuania, West Prussia, and Russian Poland. To the south there are the Ukraine and Galicia and Bohemia. Still further south we have the liberated Slav provinces of Austria on the Adriatic, Carniola, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. There are Bosnia and Herzegovina, and there are the independent states of Serbia and Montenegro, and there is the mighty background of Russia herself. A glance at the map will show a Slav wall without a break or a missing stone from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Its peoples have various languages and religions, but they are all Slav. A common racial root should be stronger as a plea for unity than all the surface diversities for disunity. These people are willing to be guided and taught, and they will respond so much more quickly to a sentiment than to material self-interest. How can there be any hesitation as to a choice between the conflicting policies that now present themselves? On the one hand we have a policy of almost incredible stupidity that fosters divisions and "independences," that seems veritably to exult in partitions so long as they are the verdict of ballot-boxes, that is willing to contemplate the creation of some twelve or fifteen autonomous little states that would have as much chance of survival as a rabbit in the cage of a snake, that must inevitably fall a prey either to Germanism or to Bolshevism, and probably to both. On the other hand is a policy that would at least suggest a federation of the Slav world, that would accept such a federation as a goal at all costs to be attained, that would recognize a federated Slavdom as the logical end of the war, seeing that it was for a federated Slavdom that the war was fought, that would give to the Slavs of Europe that mighty incentive to unity and to national dignity. But it seems likely enough that the follies will prevail, that we shall first countenance the partition of the Slav world by our ridiculous and unwanted plebiscites, and that we shall then solidify that partition by a league of nations pledged to prevent any and every change, world without end evermore. And presumably wherever a fragment of the Slav world may be found that seems incapable of self-government it will be controlled by the league of nations itself, and we may yet find ourselves inviting the opinions of Japan and China on the disposition to be made of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar.

The Slavs themselves must necessarily play a large part in the decisions that must soon be made, unless the whole of Slavdom is to be engulfed by Bolshevism. Already there has been a fatal loss of time, and no single word of encouragement to that Slav world to work out its great destiny along the clearly appointed lines. For some seven months we have been debating whether West Prussia is Slav or German, although

every schoolboy knows it is Slav, no matter to what extent German tyranny may have changed the balance of its population. And East Prussia also is Slav. As a result of our deliberations we have decided that Danzig and the territory that leads to it shall belong neither to its original owners nor to those who stole it, but that it shall be controlled by an international board, which seems to be the last possible word in political incapacity and ineptitude. Further south we have allowed the Galicians and the Ukrainians to fight each other, although a single authoritative reminder of their Slav unity would have healed the breach. Both Galicia and the Ukraine would accept the government of Russia tomorrow if the Bolshevism that we have been steadily strengthening by our alternating affronts and obeisances were out of the way. On the Adriatic we have another picture of threatened Slav disunity that might have been prevented if the conference had adopted a Southern Slav Confederation as a basis, if it had assumed such a confederation to be one of the great aims of the war. As a result of vacillation and of a tedious political pedantry we find that the whole Slav world is becoming a veritable chaos of conflicting voices, and that the Slav barrier alike to Germanism and to Asiaism that might already have been accomplished is in a fair way—at least in its northern and central stations—to become fuel for the fires of Bolshevism. So far there has been no reference to the need of such a barrier against Asia. The need may be far off or it may be very near, but sooner or later there must come a mighty upheaval in China, and a torrent of the yellow races moving westward into Europe may well be on the time-table of fate. And here once more we have invoked such a calamity by the iniquity of Shantung. The Chinese delegates, be it observed, have refused to sign the treaty. Why should they sign it? And if they will not sign the treaty, what becomes of Chinese participation in the league of nations?

We may earnestly hope that the Southern Slavs will compose their differences and that they will not play into the hands of their enemies by perpetuating those disagreements that their enemies so assiduously created. If the Southern Slavs can form their confederation we may reasonably hope that their northern brothers will follow suit, and that we may then anticipate a drawing together of the two great branches of the Slav world. The King of Serbia said recently that his people could live on amicable terms even with the Bulgarians. Why, then, should there not be something more than amicable terms between the Southern Slavs and the Poles? But why is there no incitement to this end from the peace conference? Why is it not assumed to be one of those things that must at all costs be done? It was the crux of the war, and it is now the crux of the peace. Ballot-boxes are a means to an end, not an end in themselves. There is no virtue in wrong actions, no matter by what orthodox, democratic mechanisms those actions are done. But an avowal of conference policies would be enough to secure the enthusiastic adhesion of the Slavs to a plan for their racial unity. And unless that racial unity is speedily achieved we shall assuredly see a further westward advance of Bolshevism and the nullification of the fruits of the war. A peace treaty with Germany will then avail us nothing and we shall find that our rejoicings are tragically premature.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1919.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James A. Stillman, who succeeds Frank A. Vanderlip as president of the National City Bank of New York is the son of Mr. Vanderlip's predecessor and a "chip of the old block." He represents, in some respects, the business man antithetical to Mr. Vanderlip. Mr. Vanderlip welcomed reporters; indeed, was a Chicago financial editor himself earlier in his career. Mr. Stillman shuns publicity. But he likes golf and sailing. He has been president of the board of directors of the National City Bank until Mr. Vanderlip's resignation.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice, who is to accompany her explorer husband on a new journey through the interior of South America, is the daughter of the late Senator Stephen B. Elkins. Her first husband was George D. Widener, a victim of the *Titanic* disaster. Mrs. Rice was saved from the ill-fated liner. As a memorial she built the Widener Museum at Harvard. Her beauty and charm have given her an important place in Philadelphia, New York, Newport, and Boston society, but she has devoted most of her time in recent years to her own scientific work.

H. T. Parson, who has been elected president of the great Woolworth stores to succeed the late Frank W. Woolworth, founder of the system, has been acting president of the company ever since the death of Mr. Woolworth. He was born in Toronto September 18, 1872, and first became associated with the company in 1892 as an auditor in the main office. At that time the stores in the chain numbered only fourteen. Since then Mr. Parson has been identified with the executive department of the company, and in 1916 was made vice-president and general manager.

André Citroën was one of the engineers with special training released from service at the front in France when public opinion finally realized that the industrial effort of the rear must have technically trained men in the prime of life. Unlike Renault, Citroën had no estab-

lished business with a large plant and thousands of hands. In the summer of 1915, when the ministry of armament told him to go ahead and make shells, he possessed only a plot of land on the right bank of the Seine beyond the Pont de Grenelle. Business enterprises had not prospered along the Quai de Javel. The land was used for growing cabbages and cauliflower. But the quarter was populous, and Citroën was looking for labor. He started with one building and a hundred 75-cm. shells a day. Three years later his plant covered acres. He was turning out in Paris over ten thousand shells a day and directing another large plant, almost as important as the Paris one, at Roanne. In 1918 nearly 5000 people were working on the cabbage patch of 1915.

OLD FAVORITES.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unmeditated art.
Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:
Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.
All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is hark,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.
What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—
Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:
Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her power:
Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unheholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:
Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.
Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.
Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chant
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.
What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?
With thy clear joyance
Languor can not be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.
Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?
We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things horn
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.
Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL.

Cornelia Stratton Parker Writes a Sketch of the Life and Work of Her Husband.

There are no valid reasons why a wife should not write the biography of her husband. If it be objected that there may be a certain unconscious emphasis of partiality it may be replied that whatever the narrative loses in equilibrium and in accuracy it gains in sentiment and sentiment, be it said boldly, is the better of the two. The true and complete biography we are never likely to have. All attempts are no more than approximations. But there are no reasons why we should stint ourselves in the matter of sentiment. Here at least is truth.

But this volume is hardly a biography. It is a story of fourteen years of Carl Parker's life from the time of his marriage to the time of his death. His public career is by no means slighted, but it is his domestic life that is always more apparent. He has been described as a Federal mediator who had "the trust and confidence of both sides in disputes between labor and capital; his services were called in whenever trouble was brewing. . . . Thanks to him, strikes were averted; war work of the most vital importance, threatened by misunderstandings and smouldering discontent, went on."

Mrs. Parker says that she met her future husband at Berkeley University on September 3, 1903. Two months later he called to show her his pictures of Idaho, and the acquaintance fast ripened into friendship:

But the deciding event in his eyes was when we planned our first long walk in the Berkeley hills for a certain Saturday, November 22d, and that morning it rained. One of the tenets I was brought up on by my father was that bad weather was never an excuse for postponing anything; so I took it for granted that we would start on our walk as planned.

Carl telephoned anon and said, "Of course the walk is off."

"But why?" I asked.

"The rain!" he answered.

"As if that makes any difference!"

At which he gasped a little and said all right, he'd be around in a minute; which he was, in his Idaho outfit, the lunch he had suggested being entirely responsible for bulging one pocket. Off we started in the rain, and such a day as we had! We climbed Grizzly Peak—only we did not know it for the fog and rain—and just over the summit, in the shelter of a very drippy oak tree, we sat down for lunch. A fairly sanctified expression came over Carl's face as he drew forth a rather damp and frayed-looking paper bag—as a king might look who uncovered the chest of his most precious court jewels before a courtier deemed worthy of that honor. And before my puzzled and somewhat doubtful eyes he spread his treasure—jerked bear-meat, nothing but jerked bear-meat. I never had seen jerked anything, let alone tasted it. I was used to the conventional picnic sandwiches done up in waxed paper, plus a stuffed egg, fruit, and cake. I was ready for a lunch after the conservative pattern, and here I gazed upon a mess of most unappetizing-looking, wrinkled, shrunken, jerked bear-meat, the rain dripping down on it through the oak tree.

I would have gasped if I had not caught the look of awe and reverence on Carl's face as he gazed eagerly, and with what respect, on his offering. I merely took a hunk of what was supplied, set my teeth into it, and pulled. It was salty, very; it looked queer, tasted queer, was queer. Yet that lunch! We walked farther, sat now and then under other drippy trees, and at last decided that we must slide home, by that time soaked to the skin, and I minus the heel to one shoe.

After deciding to be married, Mrs. Parker being then eighteen, it seemed advisable to discuss ways, means, and where abouts. For some inscrutable reason the young people decided to go to Persia, but Mrs. Parker herself can not recall the steps that brought them to that conclusion:

Can you see my father's face that sunny March day—Charter Day it was—when we told him we were engaged? (My father being the conventional, traditional sort who had never let me have a real "caller" even, lest I become interested in boys and think of matrimony too young!) Carl Parker was the first male person who was ever allowed at my home in the evening. He came seldom, since I was living in Berkeley most of the time, and anyway we much preferred prowling all over our end of creation, servant-girl-and-policeman fashion. Also, when I married, according to father it was to be some one, preferably an attorney of parts, about to become a judge, with a large bank account. Instead, at eighteen, I and this almost-unknown-to-him senior stood before him and said, "We are going to be married," or words to that general effect. And—here is where I want you to think of the expression on my conservative father's face.

Fairly early in the conversation he found breath to say, "And what, may I ask, are your prospects?"

"None, just at present."

"And where, may I ask, are you planning to begin this married career you seem to contemplate?"

"In Persia."

Can you see my father? "Persia?"

"Yes, Persia."

"And what, for goodness' sake, are you two going to do in Persia?"

"We don't know just yet, of course, but we'll find something."

Carl Parker had already had an adventurous career, including a job as reporter on the *Spokesman Review* for the munificent salary of \$9 a week. It was at Spokane that he met his elder Brother Boyd, who tells a story illustrative of his character:

About then Carl's older brother, Boyd, who was somewhat fastidious, ran into him in Spokane. He tells how Carl insisted he should spend the night at his room instead of going to a hotel.

"Is it far from here?"

"Oh, no!"

So they started out with Boyd's suitcase, and walked and walked through the "darndest part of town you ever saw." Finally, after crossing untold railroad tracks and ducking around sheds and through alleys, they came to a rooming-house that was "a holy fright." "It's all right inside," Carl explained.

When they reached his room there was one not over-

broad bed in the corner, and a red bead showing, snoring contentedly.

"Who's that?" the brother asked.

"Oh, a fellow I picked up somewhere."

"Where am I to sleep?"

"Right in here—the bed's plenty big enough for three!"

And Boyd says, though it was 2 a. m. and miles from anywhere, he lit out of there as fast as he could move; and he adds, "I don't believe he even knew that redheaded boy's name!"

Then there was the South African trip to expert a mine and for which no funds were forthcoming, and after that the homesickness for California and the decision that Persia, after all, left much to be desired as a place of residence. Young Parker at last borrowed money enough to take him back to Europe, and finally came home as fast as he could to Berkeley:

I had planned for months a dress I knew he would love to have me greet him in. It was hanging ready in the closet. As it was, I had started to retire—in the same room with a Freshman whom I was supposed to be "rushing" hard—when I heard a soft whistle—our whistle—under my window. My heart stopped beating. I just grabbed a raincoat and threw it over me, my hair down in a braid, and in the middle of a sentence to the astounded Freshman I dashed out.

My father had said, "If neither of you changes your mind while Carl is away, I have no objection to your becoming engaged." In about ten minutes after his return we were formally engaged, on a bench up in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum grounds—our favorite trysting-place. It would have been foolish to waste a new dress on that night. I was clad in cloth of gold for all Carl knew or cared, or could see in the dark, for that matter. The deserted Freshman was sound asleep when I got back—and joined another sorority.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker were married on September 7, 1907. Parker was working for a bond house on \$100 a month with headquarters at Seattle. Then he was recalled to the San Francisco office with increased salary, but the work was distasteful. And by this time there was a baby:

Those were magic days. Three of us in the family instead of two—and separations harder than ever. Once in all the ten and a half years we were married I saw Carl Parker downright discouraged over his own affairs and that was the day I met him down town in Oakland and he announced that he just could not stand the bond business any longer. He had come to dislike it heartily as a business; and then, leaving the boy and me was not worth the whole financial world put together. Since his European experience—meeting the Webbs and their kind—he had had a hankering for university work, but he felt that the money return was so small he simply could not contemplate raising a family on it. But now we were desperate. We longed for a life that would give us the maximum chance to be together. Cold-bloodedly we decided that university work would give us that opportunity, and the long vacations would give us our mountains.

The work itself made its strong appeal, too. Professor Henry Morse Stephens and Professor Miller of the University of California had long urged Carl to go into teaching; and at last we decided that, even if it meant living on husks and skimmed milk all our days, at least we would be eating what there was to eat together, three meals a day every day. We cashed in our savings, we drew on everything there was to draw on, and on February 1, 1909, the three of us embarked for Harvard—with fifty-six dollars and seventy-five cents excess baggage to pay at the depot, such young ignoramuses we were.

The journey was an unmixed delight, and especially for a woman who had never been farther from California than Seattle:

And to be in Boston! We took a room with a bath in the Copley Square Hotel. The first evening we arrived Nandy (Carleton, Jr.) rolled off the bed; so when we went gallivanting about Boston, shopping for the new home, we left him in the bathtub where he could not fall out. We padded it well with pillows, there was a big window letting in plenty of fresh air, and we instructed the chambermaid to peep at him now and then. And there we would leave him, well-nourished and asleep. (By the time that story had been passed around by enough people in the home town, it developed that one day the baby—just seven months old, remember—got up and turned on the water, and was found by the chambermaid sinking for the third time.)

The journey east was to be unexpectedly extended and prolonged. Professor Miller of Berkeley recommended a year in Germany, and although the prospect seemed to be an impossible one it was none the less embarked upon with parental aid and with a gratifying success from the scholastic point of view:

So the little family that fared forth from Oakland, California, that February 1st, for one year at Harvard had ended thus—almost four years later a Ph. D. *summa cum laude* from Heidelberg. Not Persia as we had planned it nine years before—a deeper, finer life than anything we had dreamed. We asked Professor Miller, after we got back to California, why in the world he had said just "one year in Europe."

"If I had said more I was afraid it would scare you altogether out of ever starting; and I knew if you once got over there and were made of the right stuff, you'd stay on for a Ph. D."

Carl Parker was enormously successful at the university, at least if success may be judged by popularity. The author tells us that from January 1st to May 16th they had only four nights alone together:

The red-letter event of that term was when, after about two months of teaching, President Wheeler rang up one evening about 7—one of the four evenings, as it happened, we were at home together—and said: "I thought I should like the pleasure of telling you personally, though you will receive official notice in the morning, that you have been made an assistant professor. We expected you to make good, but we did not expect you to make good to such a degree quite so soon."

Again an occasion for a spree! We tore out hatless across the campus, nearly demolishing the head of the College of Commerce as we rounded the library. He must know the excitements. He was pleased. He slipped his hand into his pocket, saying, "I must have a hand in this celebration." And with a royal gesture, as who should say, "What matter the costs!" slipped a dime into Carl's hand. "Spend it all tonight."

Carl Parker was invited to give a course of lectures on the Economics of Agriculture and was guaranteed

a class of twenty-five. One hundred and thirty enrolled, but he excluded forty of them for insufficient knowledge. And then his democracy got him into trouble:

It was about this time, too, that Carl got into difficulties with the entrenched powers on the campus. He had what has been referred to as "a passion for justice." Daily the injustice of campus organization grew on him; he saw democracy held high as an ideal—lip-homage only. Student affairs were run by an autocracy which had nothing to justify it except its supporters' claim of "efficiency." He had little love for that word—it is usually bought at too great a cost. That year, as usual, he had a small seminar of carefully picked students. He got them to open their eyes to conditions as they were. When they ceased to accept those conditions just because they were, they, too, felt the inequality, the farce, of a democratic institution run on such autocratic lines. After seminar hours the group would foregather at our house to plot as to ways and means. The editor of the campus daily saw their point of view—I am not sure now that he was not a member of the seminar.

A slow campaign of education followed. Inrenched powers became outraged. Fraternities that had invited Carl almost weekly to lunch now "couldn't see him." One or two influential alumni, who had something to gain from the established order, took up the fight. Soon we had a "warning" from one of the regents that Carl's efforts on behalf of "democracy" were unwelcome. But within a year the entire organization of campus politics was altered, and now there probably is not a student who would not feel outraged at the suggestion of a return to the old system.

Heidelberg gives one year after passing the examination to get the doctor's thesis in final form for publication and Parker studied hard and visited much in order to acquire the material for the task:

The time we had when it came to the actual printing of the thesis! It had to be finished by a certain day, in order to make a certain steamer, to reach Heidelberg when promised. I got in a corner of a printing office and read proof just as fast as it came off the press, while Carl worked at home, under you can guess what pressure, to complete his manuscript—tearing down with new batches for me to get in shape for the typesetter, and then racing home to do more writing. We finished the thesis about 1 o'clock one morning, proof-reading and all; and the next day—or that same day, later—war was declared. Which meant just this—that the University of Heidelberg sent word that it would not be safe for Carl to send over his thesis—there were about three or four hundred copies to go, according to German university regulations—until the situation had quieted down somewhat. The result was that those three or four hundred copies lay stacked up in the printing-office for three or four years, until at last Carl decided it was not a very good thesis anyway, and he didn't want any one to see it, and he would write another brand-new one when peace was declared and he could get safely to its destination. So he told the printer-man to do away with the whole batch. This meant that we were out about a hundred and fifty dollars, oh, luckless thought!—a small fortune to the young Parkers.

The author quotes at some length from her husband's reports on various labor disputes that came within his cognizance. It need hardly be said that Parker's judgments were often, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, erroneous ones and based upon false standards of social justice. Thus we have the following from his report on the Wheatland riots:

There were armed men in the crowd, for every crowd of 2000 casual laborers includes a score of gunmen. Evidence goes to show that even the gentler mountainfolk in the crowd had been aroused to a sense of personal injury. —'s automobile had brought part of the posse. Numberless pickers cling to the belief that the posse was —'s police." When Deputy Sheriff Dakin shot into the air, a fusillade took place, and when he had fired his last shell an infuriated crowd of men and women chased him to the ranch store, where he was forced to barricade himself. The crowd was dangerous and struck the first blow. The murderous temper which turned the crowd into a mob is incompatible with social existence, let alone social progress. The crowd at the moment of the shooting was a wild and lawless animal. But to your investigator the important subject to analyze is not the guilt or innocence of Ford or Suhr, as the direct stimulators of the mob in action, but to name and standardize the early and equally important contributors to a psychological situation which resulted in an unlawful killing. If this is done, how can we omit either the filth of the hop-ranch, the cheap gun-talk of the ordinary deputy sheriff, or the unbridled, irresponsible speech of the soap-box orator?

But another move upward for the Parkers was pending. Max Rosenberg invited the young professor to write a book and offered to finance the whole affair, which should include a trip throughout the East:

It seemed to us something too wonderful to believe. I remember going back to that lunch-table, after Carl had telephoned me only the broadest details, wondering if it were the same world. That Book—we had dreamed of writing that book for so many years—the material to be in it changed continually, but always the longing to write, and no time, no hopes of any chance to do it. And the June-Bug coming, and more need for money—hence more outside lectures than ever. I have no love for the University of California when I think of that \$1700. (I quote from an article that came out in New York: "It is an astounding fact which his university must explain, that he, with his great abilities as teacher and leader, his wide travel and experience and training, received from the university in his last year of service there a salary of \$1700 a year! The West does not repay commercial genius like that.") For days after Max's offer we hardly knew we were on earth. It was so very much the most wonderful thing that could have happened to us. Our friends had long ago adopted the phrase "just Parker luck," and here was an ex-ample if there ever was one. "Parker luck" indeed it was!

Carl Parker died on March 17, 1918, within a few days of his fortieth birthday. There have been few, lives so full of activity or animated by more sincere intentions of beneficence.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL: THE LIFE OF CARLETON H. PARKER. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending June 28, 1919, were \$123,217,139.55; for the corresponding week of last year, \$109,148,083; an increase of \$14,069,056.55.

In the report issued Saturday morning, June 28th, by the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank a drop during last week of approximately three and half million dollars in gold reserves was shown. However, this is equalized by corresponding increases in bills discounted and in uncollected items, so that only a slight decrease of \$184,000 in the total resources actually shows. The statement compares the condition of the bank at the close of business on Friday, June 20th, with that of June 27, 1919. The gross deposits are the same as one week ago, but a drop in amounts due member banks is equalized by an increase in deferred availability items. The Federal Reserve notes actually in circulation show a further drop this time from \$7,024,000 to \$6,838,000.

Under the management of Mr. Carlos S. Greeley, the Blankenhorn-Hunter Dulen Company, investment bankers of Los Angeles and Pasadena, have opened up offices in suite 1001, American National Bank Building. Mr. Greeley is a director of the company and has

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recently returned from overseas, where he was an officer in the Three Hundred and Sixty-Third Regiment of the Ninety-First Division. He was formerly associated with E. H. Rollins & Sons and entered the bond business on Wall Street in 1912. The concern with which he is now connected has taken a prominent part in the underwriting of municipal and corporation bonds in this state for the past ten years.

A writer in the *Financial World* believes that a reviewer of financial conditions in the first half of 1919 "would be remiss in his duty to his readers if he did not give some space to the industrial and oil securities which have been the sensation of the New York Stock Exchange." Public and professional speculators have steadfastly adhered to these securities as the mediums through which to make the largest profits, "even though the risk has been far greater than in any other line of speculative stocks." The central idea back of the speculation, the writer says, "has been that America was going to lead the world in supplying the material for the reconstruction of the waste places caused by the war, and that a phenomenal demand for all raw and finished products would last for years." This theory has had the full support of the speculative element. The writer presents a table of stock prices in which he believes can be found "much material for study as we look over the high, low, and high prices which were scored

on June 3d, which is now recognized as the day for the top of the four months' upward movement." The list is a long one, as follows:

	High	Low	June 3
American Car & Foundry...	1919	84 1/2	106 1/2
Am. Hide & Leather...	108 3/4	13 1/2	38 1/4
Am. Hide & Leather pfd...	128 1/2	71 1/4	126
Am. Beet Sugar...	90	62	87 1/4
American Locomotive...	87 1/2	58	86 1/4
American Smelting...	87 1/2	62	82 1/2
American Woolen...	130	45 1/2	130
Associated Dry Goods...	107 1/2	64 1/2	107 1/2
Baldwin Locomotive...	107 1/2	64 1/2	107 1/2
Bethlehem Steel "B"...	86 3/4	55 1/2	85 1/4
Central Leather...	109 3/4	56 1/2	103 1/2
Chandler Motors...	201	103	201
Corn Products...	68 1/2	46	67 1/2
Fisher Body (automobiles)...	88	38 1/4	83
General Cigar...	84 1/4	47	81 1/4
Kelly-Springfield Tire...	129 1/2	68	129 1/2
Lackawanna Steel...	88 1/2	62 1/2	86 1/2
Mexican Petroleum...	205 1/2	162 1/4	205 1/2
Maxwell Motors com...	58 3/4	26 1/4	58 1/2
Maxwell Motors 1st pfd...	83 1/2	50 1/2	76 1/2
Maxwell Motors 2d pfd...	46 1/2	19 1/2	46 1/2
Midvale Steel...	54 1/2	40 1/2	54 1/2
National Lead...	83	64	82
Nova Scotia Steel...	97	46	94 1/2
Ohio Cities Gas...	59 3/4	35 1/4	57
Pierce-Arrow (no par value)...	66 1/2	38 1/2	66 1/2
Republic Iron & Steel...	95	71 1/2	95
Sinclair Oil...	69 3/4	33 1/4	68
Studebaker Co...	124 3/4	45 1/4	123 1/2
Royal Dutch, N. Y...	119 1/2	70 1/4	117 1/2
Texas Co...	292	185	283 1/4
U. S. Food Products...	81	49	78 1/2
United Cigar Stores...	142	107 1/2	133 1/2
U. S. Rubber...	165	97 1/2	164 1/2
U. S. Industrial Alcohol...	119 1/2	73	116 1/2
U. S. Steel...	111 1/2	88 1/4	109 1/2
Utah Copper...	85	65 1/2	82
Virginia-Carolina Chemical...	80	51	79 1/4

Attention is called by the writer to the fact that the list shows an enhancement of values all the way from twenty to two hundred and fifty per cent., which "would seem to have pretty well discounted the big things which the pools and promoters of stock speculation have been so husily feeding the public on." The move is described as "much like that of 1915 and 1916, but it did not extend over so long a period, nor have the gains been so large as they then were." The 1916 market culminated in a 2,000,000-share market, just as did the boom of 1919. The total of transactions on the New York Stock Exchange on June 3d was 2,199,285 shares of stock, as near as could be calculated. The ticker was so crowded that it "ran for twenty-five minutes after the close of the market at 3 o'clock." It had a similar run in the highest day of 1916.

During the past couple of weeks the stock market has been suffering severe setbacks, owing to a decided tension in the money market. Professional pools had been running things in a manner somewhat too sensational to suit the ideas of the large hanking interests and, with mid-year money requirements impending and the enormous tax demand, the situation worked the undoing of a great many speculative pyramids.

The result finds the market in a very much better condition than it has been in for a month or so, though it must not be expected that stocks will immediately regain their equilibrium and begin starting up again in such riotous fashion as recently.

The business outlook, however, is favorable, and in some lines remarkably so. The revictualing of Europe means enormous requirements from this side of the Atlantic and the stocks of our various food and packing companies should respond in much better fashion to this outlook.

Various European trade interests are in this country ready to place contracts for the repair of war damage, and it would seem to be only a matter of ocean freight rate adjustments that would either give a good deal of this business to our people or send it across the border to Canada.

Meanwhile trade with neutral nations has only started seemingly on a long career of prosperity. Labor difficulties are cropping up here and there, but there seems to be nothing very serious in all this, though it is gratifying to see that at last Washington has been aroused by recent bomb explosions and the comparatively few disciples of Lenin and Trotsky in this country will run decided risk if they continue their propaganda of violence.

The agricultural outlook is so favorable as to form in itself the basis for a very considerable hull movement in the market later on, and that the earlier weeks of summer should be regarded as buying time for the standard issues and those of a more speculative nature that have merit and have not been advanced too far already.

Stephens & Co. are now offering the investing public the second series of bond issues for the units of the Associated Dairy-men of California in the form of \$180,000 first mortgage 7 per cent. serial gold notes of the Milk Producers' Association of Central California. These notes are dated July 1, 1919, and are due \$18,000 annually July 1, 1920, to July 1, 1929, inclusive. They are tax exempt in California and normal Federal income tax up to 4 per cent. is paid by the company. The first series was for \$90,000, and it is expected that before the financing in mind is finished it will amount to over \$1,000,000. The Milk Producers' Association of Central California is a unit of the Associated Dairy-men of California, operating in the San

Joaquin Valley, with plants at Oakdale, Stockton, and Modesto. The successful association of producers of food products in California and elsewhere has been demonstrated in many lines. Milk, the most important food factor, contains or produces many valuable by-products, among them casein, sugar of milk, and albumen, in addition to and without disturbing its universally known products, butter and cheese, and the association is equipped with plants to manufacture all these commodities for its own account, so that the producer's interest in the product extends from its origin as whole milk to the actual delivery of the varied finished products into the hands of the consumer. The ultimate result is increased revenue for the producer and a lowered price to the consumer.

The properties of the association as at present are appraised at \$292,559.40, and two additional units are to be constructed at an estimated cost of \$68,000, making a total value of \$260,559.40.

"Introducing American Investors to the Investment Trust" is the caption of the following article in the *World's Work*:

"The rolling years bring wondrous changes. Having helped to build the railways, and cultivate the wide spaces of the new world, we may have to turn our faces eastward and re-delve the Garden of Eden. Mesopotamia is a land that Western effort may cause to overflow with wheat and oil, if not with milk and honey. Africa is a continent as large as the United States of America, Mexico, Australia, and Europe put together, or, say three times the size of the United States, and with only 30,000 miles of railway, against their 260,000 miles. Farther East, Asia's teeming millions have scarcely begun to be reached by iron highways."

"These are not the words of an idle visionary, but of a hard-headed hanker, a financier with international vision—Mr. Robert Fleming, speaking at the last annual meeting of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Trust Company, Ltd., of London. As head of that institution, Mr. Fleming has seldom failed to visit this country at least once a year for the past twenty years, and for twenty-six years before that. It is probably safe to say that he has a better knowledge of the investment values of American railroad securities as a whole than any American. He has been the great student of the railroad development in this country, he has played a part in that development by bringing the savings of the British people to work in it. He has the spirit of the merchant adventurers, to whom he referred in his report; he is looking for new fields for British capital to explore. 'If we fail to continue expanding our overseas industrial possessions,' he said, 'America will take our place, and industry at home will languish.'

"The Metropolitan Trust Company is one of the many so-called investment trusts of England, Scotland, and the Continent that lead the money of their countrymen into foreign lands, and keep watch of the investments made there. The investments of this particular trust, as of those of many others, have largely heretofore been in the United States. But the war has transformed the United States into a creditor country; it now has much more owing to it by other countries than it owes to them. The probability now is, Mr. Fleming says, that his business in America, in its larger aspect, has come to an end, and, he continued, 'the greater likelihood is that America, if it is to collect the interest on the debt Europe owes to it, must invest money on this side.'

"Does not this merchant adventurer of the old world, in pointing out the necessity for this course for the new, also show the way for its fulfillment? Has not the sea of foreign investment been charted by these European investment trusts? Is not that the ship for safely carrying American savings to the ends of the earth?

"Already leading American investment bankers have launched this ship; the investment trust has come to America, or the United States has come to the investment trust. Whichever it is, the result is certain to be of great benefit to this country, and, under proper management at the helm of these investment trusts, for those who embark their savings on the venture these investment voyages are likely to prove profitable. The American investor should know more about these investment trusts.

"They have the approval of such broad-visioned men as Mr. Paul M. Warburg and Mr. Leopold Frederick as holding the best solution for many of our war-born financial problems. Mr. Warburg is a trained international banker, and until recently a member of the Federal Reserve Board. No one knows better the workings of our financial machinery. Mr. Frederick was largely instrumental in bringing dollar exchange into existence in the trade between this country and South America. Before that an exchange commission had to be paid to the world bankers of London. The opinions of these two men are valuable.

"But the opinions alone of able financiers are not sufficient to direct American savings across the seas. The views of these men, however, are practical. There is no question but

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that American money is adventurous, probably more so than that of our British cousins. But it has so far found plenty of excitement in its own country, as is evidenced by the amount lost in fake and worthless securities each year. It can seek at home the enchantment of distance that British money can not get without going off the British Isles. An appeal, however, can be made to it by the investment trust that should be able to deflect some of the stream that is now going into new oil stocks, for instance, and send it on much safer adventures in foreign fields. The investment trust has strong points of appeal for the American investor who is not willing to gamble with his money; it also has an appeal for the average American who wants to take a speculative risk with his savings with a view to getting a high return on his money. It is an ideal measure for continuing the education of the millions of new American investors. The government and our investment bankers owe it to these new investors to continue their

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education along sound investment lines. The launching of these investment ships should have the good wishes of all.

"The Metropolitan Trust Company, Ltd., according to its last report, had 230 separate investments. Nearly half of them were railway and street railway securities. About a fifth were government issues, in which there had been a considerable gain due to subscriptions for the successive British war loans. The rest was in the securities of commercial and industrial concerns, in electric lighting and other public works, and in the issues of other investment trusts. The interesting thing about these investments was their distribution by countries. More than a third were in the United States, although the Metropolitan Trust, like other foreign investors, had sold back to this country many of our own securities early in the war. More than a fourth of the investments were at home, an abnormal war condition; but the remainder were spread out over the growing parts of the world, the countries represented in the order of the amount of funds they have attracted from this one investment trust being: Argentine, British colonies and de-

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pendencies, Brazil, Mexico, Central America, other South American countries, the Philippine Islands, Cuba, and other countries. And the captain of this investment ship is now turning his eyes to the East and to Africa.

"The size of these investment trusts of England, Scotland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany is not large, but there are many of them. The largest in Great Britain is the British Investment Trust, Ltd., of Edinburgh. It has outstanding \$9,300,000 of 4 per cent. debenture stock, which we call bonds, \$6,000,000 of 5 per cent. preference, or preferred, stock, and \$4,000,000 ordinary, or common, stock. The risk in its investments is spread over 312 different issues. The Metropolitan Trust has \$4,000,000 of 4 per cent. bonds, \$2,000,000 of 4½ per cent. preferred, and \$2,000,000 of common stock. The total capitalization of the investment trusts of Great Britain is only about \$350,000,000 and this represents a growth of twenty-five years. This country with its greater income and greater ability to save, as shown by the Liberty Loan subscriptions, should be able to start on a larger scale.

"For the American investor who wishes a high degree of safety in his investments, the bonds of an investment trust should meet his requirements. The preferred stock will give a higher return with less safety. The common stock in an ably managed investment trust will offer excellent speculative possibilities. The common stockholders of the British Investment Trust, for example, have received average dividends of 13 per cent. for ten years past, those of the Metropolitan Trust 12 per cent.

"American investors can purchase foreign securities, either through investment trusts or directly, with the view to taking advantage of enhancement in the value, for the purpose of benefiting by the foreign exchange situation, which at present greatly favors the American who will buy foreign issues, or to secure an interest in foreign companies that will buy supplies in this country. The British Argentine railways, in peaceful times, buy annually about 350,000 tons of British coal. They should buy foreign securities to meet our greater responsibility as a creditor nation; they must buy if we hope to continue selling goods abroad on the enormous scale that we have now reached. A temporarily impoverished world can not continue our customer unless we grant it the credit, and the investment trust is a good ship to carry that credit."

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company's engineers are again at work on the dam at Lake Spaulding, one of the company's reservoirs above Emigrant Gap, near the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The work now in process will add fifteen feet to the famous 260-foot concrete structure which backs up the waters of the South Yuba and insures electric power and water for the farms of the Sacramento Valley during the arid season.

Much has been written of Lake Spaulding in recent years. The work of damming the South Yuba gorge was first entered upon in

1912 and in November of the following year the dam was completed to a height of 225 feet above the stream, the water let in, and the Drum power plant on Bear River gorge, nine miles below, opened for service. This piece of construction work raised the reservoir capacity of Lake Spaulding from a mere nominal figure to the substantial one of 42,000 acre feet.

In 1916 it was decided to add thirty-five feet to the dam's height and the completion of this work, which raised the dam to 260 feet above stream level, increased the water storage capacity of Lake Spaulding by 21,900 feet, making 63,900 feet in all. And now the concrete-mixing plant is once more called into active service, and when its labors cease some time about next November there will have been another fifteen feet added to the dam and the storage capacity of Lake Spaulding increased between 10,000 and 11,000 acre feet. This new work will not provide the "Pacific Service" system with any additional horsepower in electric generating capacity, but while it will not furnish additional kilowatts it will certainly furnish additional kilowatt-hours, the estimate of the engineers being at the rate of 1500-kilowatt hours for each additional acre foot of water storage. This will not increase the output of the water-power plants below Spaulding during full water season, but by providing the company's ditches and canals with a more generous supply of water it will enable the plants to pull heavier loads in the short water season, a decided boon to the agriculturist, who fears a dry year much more than he fears the worst succession of storms that nature can send him.

The raising of the water level of Lake Spaulding naturally has the effect of altering the landscape around it, and in this connection it will be necessary to increase the size of four smaller dams that fill gaps in the earth's surface at the lakeside where there would be a generous escape of water were it not for these protecting structures. Work on these smaller dams is not so easy as on the big dam, for the reason that the materials have to be carried across the lake on barges in place of being right at hand. However, it is expected that before the first winter snows come upon the scene the construction work will have been completed and a new Lake Spaulding placed at the service of the electric company's consumers.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company have purchased and will shortly offer 6 per cent. bonds of Drainage District No. 1, Butte County, California. This district comprises 16,000 acres of well-developed and intensely cultivated farm lands above Biggs, and about midway between that city and Chico. The town of Richvale is included in the district. These bonds are secured by a tax lien on the entire acreage within the district at an unusually low debt per acre, approximately \$10. They will be offered to the public to net about 5½ per cent., tax exempt.

PLAINT OF A BOURGEOIS.

Middle-Class New Yorker voices the Woes of His Set.

I rise to a question of privilege, a question being about the only privilege I have left. For I am one of those despised creatures known as a bourgeois. After talking to certain parlor Bolsheviks here, to a few genuine Bolsheviks in Europe, and reading much up-to-date literature on the subject, I am not even sure that I have the right to ask a question. But with the courage of desperation I nevertheless ask it: What is going to become of us?

If this sounds like the cry of a man going down for the third time in a sea of political fury, it sounds just the way I feel.

As long as it was only the capitalist who had to "go" I could view the situation with relative calm. Evidently the new movement was not aiming at me. But to my chagrin and amazement I find that I am only a degree if any less objectionable than a capitalist to the Lenine-Trotsky school.

It does not decrease or temper my chagrin to find that the man who sells peanuts at the corner and the publisher who gives me a job is equally objectionable. The peanut vender is bourgeois; so is the publisher and the editor and the butcher and the baker, and the candlestick maker. They are deriving private profits from activities which must be "nationalized" and "operated for the benefit of all."

If peanuts are to be sold it will be by the state, and as for editors and other idlers "who produce nothing," I am not sure that we shall have anything of the sort in Bolshevikia. A nationalized press with a Burleson at the head and state-paid directors, such as those who run the railroads, and the wire companies, will answer all the requirements of the new régime.

If any one thinks that these are fanciful or far-fetched statements, he has not kept up with modern thought on these subjects. Just wait until the Soviets, those "highest expressions of democracy," get to work here, and

the nationalization of newspapers and peanuts will become a stern reality.

Meanwhile, awaiting the full ripening of the Bolshevik state, our own proletariat is getting what is coming to it by a method less laborious than revolution and Soviets and the like. Our proletarians agree perfectly with the Bolshevik idea that everything belongs to the man who works with his hands. But how much simpler to take your everything in the form of wages rather than have the Soviet take it for you!

I confess to the shameful fact that I have, or did have, a clerk. He was a high-school boy who had been getting a salary of \$20 a week. The other day he resigned, giving as his reason that the paperhandlers who roll the paper from truck to basement and from basement to the presses got \$35 a week; why grub in an office when one can draw down \$35 per for rolling paper around with a crowbar? Why, indeed?

But the point is that the paperhandlers have solved the problem of getting their share without the aid of imported political machinery. No doubt in accomplishing this they used the crowbar, a simple, efficient, thoroughly American instrument; but we bourgeois have no crowbars. All proletariat seem to have them.

My landlord says that he must raise the rent owing to the high price of janitors and elevator men. The cook demands \$45 a month, and the man who formerly worked around the place for 30 cents an hour now wants \$4 a day whether he works or not, rain, etc., being entirely at my risk. Everything to eat and wear is out of the reach of any one except a member of the capitalist or working classes. It is the same story from every direction. And it comes to this, that we bourgeoisie can't live any longer, not because any one is going to take the trouble to shoot us or hang us, but because we shall starve. Nobody wants us; we are not even, like the capitalist, worth skinning. It is a sad end of what was once considered a worthy level of existence.

But shall we go down and out without a struggle? There must be quite a lot of us bourgeois. The whole strata lying (and lying prone as it happens) between the capitalists and the proletariat are the bourgeoisie. Our old-fashioned census does not classify us, but deducting the manual workers and the capitalists from the total population leaves something like 35,000,000 persons.

I now and hereby call upon 35,000,000 to arouse themselves. There are more than 2,000,000 of us in New York City alone. Let us meet in Madison Square (not the Garden, for we could not afford it). The proletariat and capitalist classes will stone us; the police will club us, but nevertheless let us utter a protest if it is our last act prior to extinction. Let us at least have a decent funeral; to hear one's obituary is a novel even if painful experience.

Of orators we shall have a plenty, since talk is still cheap. I will provide the soap boxes—it is all I have left.—Daniel T. Pierce in *New York Times*.

A Song of Many Peoples.

Asked to name the oldest tune in the world, few could give the correct answer. It is that to which we now sing the words, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and the air, which can be traced in distant Asia and Africa, as well as in most European countries, has an interesting history.

Its origin is lost in antiquity, but it is supposed to have been learned from the ancient Babylonians by the Egyptians, who popularized it in Africa and Asia Minor. It is still sung by the Arabs (says *London Answers*).

The Crusaders caught the tune from the Saracen enemies and sang it under the walls of Jerusalem, which today, perhaps, vibrate to the same notes, chanted by our victorious troops. The air was ultimately carried into Europe, where it survived in various forms among the folk songs of the different nations.

In 1709, after their defeat at Malplaquet, the French, following a false rumor of the Duke of Marlborough's death in battle, composed a satiric lament, "Malbrook Is Off to the War," detailing the supposed death and burial of the English general and the ascension of his soul to heaven.

The words were sung to the old popular air, whose lilting rhythm lent itself to the swing of the twenty-two verses.

Like most popular songs, this one was of short-lived popularity; but in 1781 it suddenly echoed from one end of France to the other. The young Marie Antoinette gave birth to an heir, and the baby prince, in accordance with French custom, was placed under the care of a robust peasant foster mother. The nurse used to put her royal charge to sleep with the old song of her village home, and the girl mother began, almost unconsciously, to repeat the simple refrain.

As if by magic the song became the craze of the day. It resounded through the stately galleries of Versailles, passing to the kitchens and stables, whence it was taken up by crowds

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of Paris and speedily passed on from town to town and from country to country.

Napoleon himself, though a hater of music, never mounted his charger to go into action without singing softly a few bars of the ancient melody.

The air is still popular in France, as it is in England and America.

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Assets \$60,509,192.14
Deposits 57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up . . . 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds . 2,387,011.92
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Black Sheep Chapel.

The adopted child of unknown parentage has certainly worked overtime in the hands of the modern novelist, but Margaret Baillie-Saunders fetches him forth once more upon the stage. In this case he is known as Roger Pencraft, ward of George Pencraft, dealer in sawdust, artist, saint, and devoted lay official of a High Anglican Church.

But Roger's parentage is not exactly a secret, at least it is an open one. He is the son of a Mme. de Sales, with whom George Pencraft was once in love, but who deserted him for a more attractive and more worldly alliance. Mme. de Sales gives birth to Roger and then marries his father, but allows their child to be cared for by charity until her old lover discovers and adopts him.

And now Mme. de Sales, or rather Mrs. Maltowers, as she is now, wishes to reclaim her son, or at least to give him the opportunity to choose between the wealth of his parents and the comparative poverty of the Pencraft family. For this purpose he visits his parents, and then begins the struggle between the worldly and the unworldly life as represented by Maltowers on the one side and Pencraft on the other. For a time it seems that Maltowers will win, and that the boy will be changed from something suspiciously like a pious prig into a society hound. But righteousness prevails in the end. When at last Roger learns the true facts of his parentage he renounces the fortune that Maltowers has left him and begins to study for holy orders. In the meantime his boyhood sweetheart, estranged by Roger's worldliness and the waning of his affection, has married George Pencraft and we find her on the last page with the baby to which she is full entitled.

Probably we are expected to admire Roger Pencraft, and to a certain extent we do admire, while fully recognizing his effemi-

nate nature. The whole atmosphere of the story, an atmosphere of High Anglican ceremonial, is one with which the average reader may find himself somewhat out of touch, but it is none the less an enjoyable novel and one of marked literary merit.

BLACK SHEEP CHAPEL. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Temptations.

It is strange how little we know of Yiddish literature, and particularly of Yiddish fiction. It ought to be known if these translations of the stories of David Pinski may be taken as in any way typical.

They are, of course, stories of Jewish life and they revolve around the central theme of temptation. The best of them all is "Beruriah," and if the theme is an old one—the testing of a woman's faith—it is here handled with a masterly eloquence and tenderness. Some of the stories are of antiquity, and these may be less attractive to some than those that deal with modern life. Foremost among the latter is "Drabkin," the story of a workman who passionately resents the conditions and the injustices of labor and who finds that he himself becomes guilty of everything as soon as the tables are turned and he becomes master instead of man.

The author knows how to tell a story, but we feel that very much of his power comes not so much from art as from a warm and passionate sympathy that is necessarily followed by enlightenment and understanding.

TEMPTATIONS. By David Pinski. New York: Brentano's.

A Disappointed Man.

A noted publisher said recently that the world is still awaiting the faithful autobiography of a man. Marie Bashkirtseff had supplied the autobiography of the woman, but men had been more reticent—perhaps more prudent.

We do not know if "The Journal of a Disappointed Man," with its introduction by H. G. Wells, will supply the lack. We are not sure that it is a real autobiography, since there is nothing to show that W. N. P. Barbellion ever existed outside the brain of Mr. Wells. Nor, perhaps, does it very much matter.

Barbellion begins his diary as a boy. He has a strong scientific bent and his writings are being published when he is only eighteen. Two years later he becomes an assistant at the South Kensington Museum and then come the incipient stages of the disease—paralysis—which is to be the dreary medium through which he must henceforth look upon life. Barbellion dies at the age of twenty-eight, after a few years of an intense introspection of which we have the record in these pages.

Perhaps the diary of an incurably sick man has some disadvantages as a study of human nature unless we may look upon sickness as doing no more than bring latencies to the surface. However that may be, the picture is not wholly a lovely one. Barbellion is a brave man. He does not repine. At the same time he translates the universe into terms of his

own ego. Nothing interests him so much as his own states of mind and he records them with unflinching fidelity. He marries a charming woman, but he can never quite persuade himself that he loves her. Perhaps his love is only "a dragging chain of attraction," although later on he seems to reassure himself on this point.

We find ourselves always trying to disentangle the true Barbellion from the creature of disease. What manner of man would he have been had he been physically normal? Would he then have wandered through the London streets sick for human companionship and oscillating between the extremes of hope and despair? Would he have had so poignant an appreciation of music and of the beauties of nature? Would he then have paid a greater attention to his own moods than to the great battles of the war? And, once more, we may ask if disease changes character or only discloses it?

If Mr. Wells invented this diary he invented it truly. It may be imaginative, but certainly it is not fanciful. If it owes its birth to Mr. Wells he must be congratulated on surpassing himself, and even Mr. Wells must find that no easy thing to do.

THE JOURNAL OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN. By W. N. P. Barbellion. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

W. E. Hornung, who before the war was well known in both England and America as a writer of spirited stories of mystery and adventure, spent much time during the conflict as a correspondent with the British armies in the field and he has gathered together his best and most permanent observations for a book which E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published under the title, "Notes of a Camp Follower on the Western Front."

H. G. Wells, who was a personal friend of the author of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man," says in his introduction to this book: "In this diary of an intensely egotistical young naturalist, tragically caught by the creeping approach of death, we have one of the most moving aspects of our universal struggle. W. N. P. Barbellion was the son of a newspaper reporter in a Devonshire town. He was born in 1890, and, though early set to his father's business, trained himself with little help from others to be a fine zoologist; but he was also a horn writer and kept a journal, which has now been published. He wrote it for publication and took elaborate pains that it might not be lost. It was his work of art, but executed with a scientific conscience. According to a note at the end of the journal, he died in December, 1917, of an incurable creeping paralysis. In the journal itself we have a record of his fight with this disease and with the weakness and stupidities of the world. The journal was to him his escape from the littleness and the routine of life."

Carl W. Ackerman's "Trailing the Bolshevik," published June 20th by the Scribners, abounds in vivid glimpses of social and economic conditions in the land of the Bolsheviks. Railway travel has become so thoroughly socialized apparently that passengers usually dispense with the formality of a ticket. "Although I have traveled over 7000 miles in Siberia and Manchuria," Mr. Ackerman says, "I have never purchased a railroad ticket. Traveling is vagabonding in Russia. Few travelers purchase tickets. There are no regular collections and often one can travel as far without a ticket as with one." Cooties and other discomforts tend, however, to equalize this advantage of dispensing with tickets. "All night long the passengers would be crowded in the box-cars and coaches," he says. "In the morning, at the first stop, they would climb out into the snow and run, like prisoners fleeing from a guard, to the shanties where boiling water was kept for the travelers. After the tea was brewed from chunks of 'tea cake,' a preparation of tea and some solid matter, they rushed back to the cars, placed their kettles inside the doors, and washed their faces and hands in the snow."

According to the New York Post, H. G. Wells, who has been discovering God of late years, has now discovered the devil. "Mr. Chesterton," the Post says, "could have told Mr. Wells all about that malign personage long ago; but we rejoice that he didn't, for we would not willingly have missed the gallant, winsome creature of the travel-stained halo that Mr. Wells gives us in his prologue to 'The Undying Fire.' It is rather a picture of Milton's devil that we get, with a blessed sense of humor added—a gay, impish, cynical adventurer, altogether quite an appealing adversary."

Julius Henry Cohen, the author of "An American Labor Policy," is a prominent New York lawyer of broad general experience, though he has made a special study of industrial problems. It was he who designed and aided in carrying forward the institutions established by the Protocol in the garment industry. He also was counsel for the New

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York City Public Service Commission during the street-car strike in 1916.

Briefer Reviews.

"My Child," by Jean Berry (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a little volume of verse devoted to the love of a mother for her child. It is a pity that many fine thoughts should be hidden behind the ungracious texture of free verse.

"New Schools for Old," by Evelyn Dewey (E. P. Dutton & Co.), describes the regeneration of a small and isolated rural school and how, through the devotion and energy of the teacher, it became the mainspring of community effort. The book is well illustrated.

The John Lane Company has published "Fighting Types," a series of thirty-two sketches in monotype of the various types of fighting men and war workers. The sketches are by W. Otway Cannell, and appropriate couplets have been supplied by Hampden Gordon.

Those who would understand why good stories are good should read "How to Study 'The Best Short Stories,'" by Blanche Colton Williams, Ph. D., just published by Small, Maynard & Co. The author analyzes Edward J. O'Brien's annual volumes of the best short stories of the year, pointing out their strength and weakness in a way that can hardly fail to be helpful to the literary aspirant.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a third and new edition of "American Charities," by Amos G. Warner, Ph. D., revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph. D., with a biographical preface by George Elliott Howard, Ph. D.

Every one remembers Irvin S. Cobb's little story, "The Life of the Party," which relates the adventures of Mr. Leary, who went to the fancy dress party arrayed as himself at the age of three, and who found his costume a little hard to explain to an unsympathetic New York in the small hours of a taxi-less morning. The George H. Doran Company has now published this story in volume form.

Every year a pig race is held at Crone-sur-Marne, in the north of France, a prize of 2000 francs being awarded the lucky rider of the winning pig. This race is held in accordance with the terms of the will of a wealthy tradesman of the village, who died forty-two years ago. He ordered that amongst the amusements of the annual fête should be included a race with pigs, to be ridden either by men or boys. The prize, however, was not to be handed to the winning jockey except on condition that he wore deep mourning for the deceased for two years after the race. The municipality accepted the eccentric bequest, and these singular races have been held regularly ever since.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Humboldt Savings Bank.
783 Market Street, near Fourth.
For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all Savings Deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919.
H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Bank of Italy.
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For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1919, will earn interest from July 1, 1919.
A. P. GIANNINI, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE, Security Savings Bank
316 Montgomery Street.
For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum will be payable on and after July 2, 1919.
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.



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SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

American Air Service.

It will hardly be denied that there was much room for criticism in the aeroplane production service during the early stages of the war. It is already a matter of unimpeachable official record, although it must also be said that criticism has lost much of its force as the difficulties of production have been increasingly appreciated.

All this is made clear enough by Captain Arthur Sweetser of the United States Army Air Service. Captain Sweetser does not content himself with mere asseverations. Indeed no man ever wrote less from the special plea standpoint. He tells us in careful detail exactly what it means to produce aeroplanes in quantities, the prodigious number of parts that must be made in a hundred ways and from a hundred localities, and the expert skill that must be developed and then employed. It is a revelation to the non-technical reader, who will be inclined to wonder, not that so little, but that so much was accomplished.

Captain Sweetser's book contains nearly 400 pages. It appears to be complete in every respect, and it should on no account be overlooked by those who want a minute presentation of the whole situation, and one that bears every mark of careful accuracy.

THE AMERICAN AIR SERVICE. By Arthur Sweetser. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Aristokia.

Mr. A. Washington Pezet, author of a charming and almost convincing burlesque, reminds us that many a true word is spoken in jest. He writes from the standpoint of the year 1970. The political and social reformers have attained to full sway in America. Government has become one vast and all-inclusive prohibition. Slavery in the name of freedom is the order of the day.

But a small colony remains. It represents the old order of things. It has been established to satisfy the few conservatives who might otherwise make trouble and who object to a paternalism that has turned the nation into one vast nursery. In Aristokia one may still smoke a cigarette without terror of the law. Some vestiges of personal liberty are allowed to perpetuate themselves in Aristokia.

Of course there is an element of romance. No one is allowed to enter Aristokia for fear of defilement, but John Smith makes his way across the prohibited frontier and promptly falls in love with one of the beauties of the country. The burlesque is admirably carried out and the illustrations by Tony Sarg are all that they should be.

ARISTOKIA. By A. Washington Pezet. New York: The Century Company.

Saint's Progress.

Mr. Galsworthy's new novel belongs to that order of war fiction that emphasizes the moral problems incidental to the struggle. Mr. Galsworthy wrote similar novels before the war. So did Mr. Wells, but the war supplies a new background. Their general tenor is to suggest that we have been wholly wrong about the moral law and particularly about its sex aspects, that there can be no natural impulses to wrong-doing, and that a strong natural desire is its own justification. A certain order of mind, and not a very high order, will read "Saint's Progress" and eagerly discuss "Did she do right?" This question in sex matters should usually be answered by an emphatic negative and without reflection, but the author seems to suggest that it should be answered in the affirmative. The eager disputants then applaud the novel and say that "at least it makes us think," which is precisely what it does not do.

The heroine is Noel Pierson, daughter of a country clergyman of saintly life and narrow views, who likes to tilt a lance against free thought, and usually with disastrous results to himself. One wonders why the clergyman of fiction is usually incapable of logical discussion, why he irritates us so.

Noel is a strong-minded young woman, but none the less intensely feminine. Without the guidance of a mother she has early acquired the habit of thinking for herself, and sometimes with outspoken and disconcerting results. Noel falls in love with a young army officer and announces her intention to marry him. Her father of course counsels delay and prudence. Noel is too young. The engagement is too short. The young people do not know their own minds. Moreover, he may be killed, in which case Noel's position may be an unfortunate one. We all know how the Rev. Edward Pierson would be likely to talk—after the manner of his kind. Finally he forbids the wedding.

Thereupon Noel takes the matter into her own hands. As she is not allowed to marry in the conventional way and so to seal her betrothal bargain, she marries unconventionally. That is to say she deliberately gives herself to the man of her choice. We are allowed to suppose that the actual initiative was hers and that she acted with premeditation and calculation. The lover is represented as a man of honor and incapable of a he-

trayal. We are not allowed to suspend judgment in the matter or to deplore the heat of unrestrained passion. Noel acts deliberately, knowing exactly what she was doing, and resolved to translate a tentative union into an actual one. Then her lover goes to France two days later and is shot dead in his first battle.

Noel has a baby and is unashamed. Naturally she shrinks somewhat from the opprobrium that follows illegitimacy even in wartime, but she refuses to wear a wedding ring and openly proclaims the fact that she is unmarried. Eventually she falls in love with another man and he marries her, although he is well aware of her behavior and she is equally well aware that he has been living with one of her women friends. And so the curtain goes down to the sound of wedding bells, and presumably every one lives happily forever—unless, of course, we shall presently have another novel with another shuffling of the cards, and in which every one's misconduct is fully justified on the ground that they were only obeying their natural impulses.

The story is, of course, surpassingly well told. That goes without saying. The stage is well peopled with distinctive characters and the action flows smoothly forward.

SAINT'S PROGRESS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

University of Pennsylvania.

The University of Pennsylvania took its rise from the effort to provide a building in which George Whitefield should preach. That was in 1740. But the building was to be used also for another purpose—"for a charity school for the instruction of poor children, gratis, in useful literature and the knowledge of the Christian religion." Nine years later came the academy that was actually the foundation for the university and that was certainly an extension of the "charity school" of 1740.

The boys of those days were not wholly unlike those of the present generation if we may judge from the minutes entered on November 15, 1752: "Agreed that a small Ladder be bought, to be always at hand for the Convenience of Mending the Windows."

It is a complete story of the university that has been told by Mr. Horace Mather Lippincott, and told well, with a clear eye to the thread of history and to essentials. We are shown the gradual growth of the university as its departments were added and as it attracted by its merits the support of the community. There is probably no other institution of its kind in America that has contributed so much to the learning of the nation or to the support of the standards of collegiate knowledge. Nor must we forget the impressive statistics that appear on the last pages of the book, showing that the university contributed nearly thirteen thousand men to the fighting forces of America and of her allies and that 262 were killed and wounded, the killed—significantly enough—being double the number of the wounded. The volume is exceptionally well illustrated from drawings by Edwin F. Bayha and from prints.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. By Horace Mather Lippincott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Punishment and Reformation.

Mr. Lane is a recognized national authority on penology. When Dr. Wines' volume first appeared in 1895 it was received as a standard pronouncement on a problem then beginning to disturb the public conscience. We have now this new edition, carefully amended by Mr. Lane, and with the addition of several chapters devoted to the developments of the last few years.

Self-government, says Mr. Lane, is an effort to train persons in the art of living in concert. Criminals are those who refuse to



live in concert, or who do not know how to do so. If we are to reform the criminal it must be along the lines of self-government. His punishment must be of such a kind as to make good his defects. By intensifying these defects we defeat our own ends. Moreover, the criminal must be treated as an individual. General theories crumble away when we are confronted with the particular man or woman who has become a criminal.

Mr. Lane devotes his final chapter to the prevention of criminality. He deals with the home, the school, the church, and even with prohibition. He has some hope of eugenics, but not of compulsory eugenics. Nor of the long-haired and theoretical variety. Eugenics does not mean a remedy that is to be applied by rich people to poor people. Moral degeneration has no relation to the caste system. It is to be found upstairs as well as downstairs. Eugenics means the gradual education of the public in the fact that certain causes are followed by certain results. He does not ask for eugenic legislation nor approve of it.

The book is an eminently sensible one. In its new edition it should command a renewal of the attention so rightly accorded to its first appearance.

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION. By Frederick Howard Wines, LL. D. Revised and enlarged by Winthrop D. Lane. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Democracy.

This little volume of three essays by William Roscoe Thayer will disappoint no one who is looking for excellence of ideal and of tone. The author's object is to show of what a true democracy consists, the reasons for our failure fully to attain it, and the self-discipline that must precede all efforts toward either democracy or peace.

A good many ideals have been shattered during the last few years. There was a time when we believed that education would be the salvation of the world. Perhaps we believe so still. And yet Germany in 1914 had a larger proportion of educated people than any other nation in the world. Education without a self-discipline in virtue is much worse than no education at all. Of all the requisites to democracy and freedom, self-discipline is supreme, and it is precisely self-discipline that has been neglected.

We may suspect that the author sometimes allows himself to be carried into platitudes, but they are always benevolent. Thus he says that "the desire for freedom, born into every human being at his birth, accompanies him until his death." The assertion seems to be open to grave question. If the whole human race, or any majority of it, had desired freedom it would have been attained long ago. A

love of freedom implies not only a desire to possess it, but also to confer it, and we must therefore conclude that this supposed passion for freedom is not widely discernible nor generally effective.

DEMOCRACY: DISCIPLINE: PEACE. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

New Books Received.

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND. By Warren Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. A biography.

PREFACES. By Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Humorous sketches.

MODERN RUGBY FOOTBALL. By John E. Raphael. London: Grafton & Co. With illustrations.

THE HARVEST HOME. By James B. Kenyon. New York: James T. White & Co. A volume of verse.

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE, 1870-1919. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A volume of history.

NAPOLEON'S STRUGGLE WITH THE HUN. By Harry Herbert Hughes. Wichita, Kansas: The Johnston Press and Publishing Company. A history.

THE JOURNAL OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN. By W. N. P. Barbellion. New York: George H. Doran Company.

An autobiography. With an introduction by H. G. Wells.

THE DICKENS CIRCLE. By J. W. T. Ley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. A narrative of the novelist's friendships.

HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By George Foot Moore D. D., LL. D., Litt. D. Volume II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Issued in the International Theological Library. Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism.

MIND AND CONDUCT. By Henry Rutgers Marshall, LL. D., D. S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Morse lectures delivered at the Union Theological Seminary in 1919.

In some parts of Holland the farmers have taken a hint from nature, and as a result have their own gas plants. On the drained, marshy land below the sea level natural gas is plentiful, and plants have been installed to put it to practical use. The installation comprises a well, into which water from the soil filters, with a gas generator therein, this extracting the gaseous properties from the water and conducting them to a reservoir containing a supply for the house. The gas thus obtained provides all the wants for cooking, heating, and lighting in the house or any other part of the farm. After the plant is once installed, which can be done at a small expense, the cost is nothing, and the quality of the gas is said to be particularly good.

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"EYES OF YOUTH."

Well, we're in luck! Fresh from its year's run in New York comes this intensely interesting, original play. It is by Max Marcia and Charles Guernon, the former name that of a play-writer who forswears the stereotyped. He will be remembered as the author of that absorbing and exceedingly dramatic play, "On Trial," which launched the talented writer on the high tide of success.

In that play Mr. Marcia shed light on a dramatic tangle in the affairs of the characters by turning backward and having scenes in their past lives enacted. In "Eyes of Youth" the fair young heroine gazes into the magic crystal of a Hindu seer and sees three possible futures unfold before her terrified vision. But the author does not repeat himself, and one of the valuable qualities of the play is the frequent recurrence of the unexpected. And these unexpected happenings are always logically probable and consistent.

Three potential destinies does the fair girl see depicted in the magic crystal, and every one of the transformations through which she passes are quite possible with this queer, receptive, impressionable human nature being what it is. That is the quality of the play; its romance, mingled with its reality. And, as in life, smiles and tears alternate even in the saddest moments of the most terrific revelations. Indeed the response of the audience is allowed to be a most joyous one, for the comedy of the piece is so genuinely founded on life that in the laughter one continually recognizes the personal note which says, "Yes, I have known or felt that, too."

And in Marjorie Rambeau, not so very long ago the admired leading lady at the Alcazar, we have the opportunity of hailing an actress of fresh individual charm, of versatility, of delightful adherence to naturalistic methods of speech, and action, and acting. She is so intelligent a player, and, like Max Marcia, the best known of the collaborating authors, so free from stereotype that it is very plain that the charming woman has dependable brains and knows how to use them. She is the kind of actress that has worked out the details of smile, gesture, the expression of her features, the emotions expressed by her body, so carefully and completely that the acting venture has not a flaw in it, and we forget that she is acting.

And these naturalistic methods render her particularly and peculiarly in sympathy with the play. She is obliged to portray Gina in three different phases as a being changed from the present phase, in these widely diverse destinies from which, "with a pure heart," she must make her selection. And we watched the actress with growing admiration, as we observed with what sure, easy strokes she limned these three characters so changed by a few fleeting years. We would be apt to say with relief at the end of the first "episode"—as each magic revelation is called, "Well, we know she won't choose that!" Then comes the second, and, facing its sordidly tragic issue, we fear, actually fear, the third, and dread lest she must, in protection of her pure and precious soul, turn to the first.

No doubt the brilliant work of the actress in the second phase is the most admired of the three, for the realistic nature of the impersonation, and the dramatic effectiveness of the scenes through which a changed and reckless but still recognizable Gina is passing makes the strongest claim on the absorbed interest of the spectator. Yet in that first phase how skillfully this discerning actress indicated the taming effect of the self-disciplining destiny which Gina was undergoing. It was sad, yet amusing, to observe a spontaneous, warm-hearted, natural woman trying to make herself into a pedagogical automaton and failing utterly. And dimly we were aware that the scene pointed the need, now growing more and more recognized, of never to cease trying to so improve our educational methods as to be able to place teachers and children in as natural relations as possible toward each other. Those men who in pursuance of studying realities wrote that play have gone, it is very plain, into the school rooms where young children are taught, and have seen the sad yet funny side of pedagogy. It is cheering, however, to recollect that Gina was dismissed as an old-fashioned teacher.

Like the others is founded upon the

melancholy truths of life. A courtroom scene is always interesting, and this one is extremely well done. It depicts a "frame-up," and well do we know, as we sit in our seats watching the decorous and carefully lawful development of the conspiracy, that these things are taking place daily, and that many a woman in gay metropolises like New York is driven into the outer darkness of an awful, unknown destiny because her husband has grown tired, or revengeful, and can only free himself by "a frame-up."

You perceive that such a play, although cast in the most entertaining form, leaves plenty of residue for reflection. The t. b. m. needn't think if he doesn't want to, and he has ample opportunity to laugh. If he is not too much of an idealist he will take very kindly to the "second episode," which portrays the effect of five years' tangle under a famous impresario upon the receptive nature of a sweet home girl who had known but little of evil.

That she had known, or divined, something may be deduced by the visions seen in the crystal globe. For no one is bound to accept a purely psychic or supernatural explanation of the visions. Something is said about possible hypnosis on the part of the yogi. And then there is the theory that we have all heard of self-hypnosis, produced by gazing into the glittering depths of the crystal and resulting in a series of pictures evolved in the subliminal consciousness of the subject. We all know how earth-bound are all heavenly visions reproduced in word pictures by psychics for the delectation of their less inspired mates. They are all plainly conceptions of the finite human mind, faint reflections from that subjective self of which we are so astonishingly ignorant. So, if we will, we may accept Gina's crystal-born visions as inspired by the pure and holy magic of the yogi, or, if we prefer a logical explanation, we may believe that out of the fragmentary knowledges, perceptions, apprehensions, divinations in a nice girl's mind Gina, self-hypnotized by the glitter of the crystal, and intuitively conscious of warnings given out by the varying personalities of her less trustworthy suitors, imaged from the depths of her subjective consciousness those three dire destinies so different from a girl's romantic imaginings.

It would be a calamity if so immensely interesting a play were not well acted. Fortunately Marjorie Rambeau is well supported, the most striking impersonation, aside from Miss Rambeau's work, being that of the Hindu yogi by Mr. Crane Wilbur. Mr. Wilbur has made a striking figure of the swami, his fine, athletic shape and well-cut features combining to bestow upon the mysterious owner of the crystal that impressiveness of personality so essential to the rôle. Nor does the actor make the usual mistake of falling into a drone in uttering the lines of the swami. He remains impressive when he speaks; something that many actors fall down on when they try to act up to an imposing make-up.

Not the least of Mr. Wilbur's contribution to the part is the character of the countenance he has given to the yogi, which is so East Indian in its Oriental beauty of feature and dark coloring as to have lost all Western characteristics. And this suggestion was admirably carried out by the faded yet picturesque costume and the graceful dignity of motion and gesture.

The cast is a long one, all the principal rôles being satisfactorily acted. Of these one of the most important, that of Gina's father, was particularly well acted by Mr. James McDuff. Mr. A. Burt Wesner and Mr. Forrest Seabury supplied a successful foreign flavor and very lively comedy to a couple of scenes in which they figured, Mr. Norbert Sills won handclaps in his single scene, and Mr. Ben Erway was appropriately feeling in his portrayal of Gina's favorite brother. A little crudity of speech in Miss Mary Reynolds, as the younger sister, is forgiven—or almost forgiven—because the young lady acted in her principal scene with the requisite snap and earnestness.

And there were others, Mr. Elliott's Goring, the rich and gray-haired suitor, giving forth a dangerous suggestion of implacable will; Mr. Corbett Morris' faithless lover, with its underlying emotion of falsity; Mr. Arthur Belasco's dancing master, his face, as he gave false witness, masked by that still impassivity with which evil intentions hide themselves. But the list is too long to complete. The judge was good, the prosecutor was good, the detective was good. So were every one of the children, a most intelligently trained group. Why, that youngster under the dunce's cap actually had personality; and not a baby one, either; his accents showed that. Queer business, this acting; always something of a mystery, I imagine, even to the people that do it.

There are many young players who long passionately to be natural, and never can quite compass it under the eye of the public. I can think of a young local actor who plainly strives to be easy and rollicking, but is always a little wooden in his movements, and who won't or can't let his hands and arms move in natural ways. I recall an ambitious young actress who is trying her best to speak with apparently unstudied simplicity and natural-

ness and who most often succeeds, but who has frequent relapses into an artificiality of intonation that momentarily deprives us of the illusion.

To them one can safely recommend their studying Majorie Rambeau's methods. For she is natural; so natural that we know such an excellent result is produced only by careful study. And she has diversity, having achieved freedom from being cast into a mould. In one evening she shows us four widely different women growing from a common stem. It is a feat, for, though these women are moulded into different forms by that potter's thumb, life, yet it has moulded them out of the same clay, and Miss Rambeau makes us accept implicitly that postulate and admire its result.

As for the public, which does not go to the theatre to study, it is going to enjoy the pleasing sensation of enjoying novelty, realism, and romance combined into one. Combined most interestingly, too, so that every one who sees the Marcia-Guernon play is going to come forth as I do, saying to their friends, "Don't fail to see 'Eyes of Youth.'"

"A TEMPERANCE TOWN."

It is always rather curious and disconcerting to realize how thoroughly plays, like last year's millinery, become démodé. They must be, as a general thing, at least thirty years old, or else only three or four, to be worth the resurrection.

Now as to these Charles Hoyt farces and comedies; in their day they were in the front ranks. They were given costly productions and the best people, frequently, of the type required, were engaged to play in them. And the public laughed; rocked in its seat; and Charles Hoyt grew rich.

And who would not think it, in times like these, a most felicitous idea to resurrect a play of such a title and with such a theme. Yet on Sunday afternoon, at least, it was evident that the public found the theme far less interesting than usual. And this one of the three days when the bibulous public was regrettably celebrating the passing of King Alcohol!

But what is the matter with "A Temperance Town"? you say. To which I reply, "It isn't because there is no telephone nor automobile in evidence. It isn't even because there is none of the up-to-date slang—except for an interpolated phrase or two—so dear to the heart of the public. It is just that the humor has become so flat and archaic that it is like yesterday's stale beer."

It was the Alcazar company that saved the day, if it can be considered to be saved. And yet they had very much flattened out pegs to hang their characterizations upon. It seems so odd. Why, the public used to roar at the Hoyt plays, and in "A Temperance Town" the dialogue is unbelievably flat. Perhaps, without our knowing it, it is one of the poorest. Perhaps because Charles Hoyt was trying to prove something, he got too far from gay irresponsibility and came a cropper. At any rate I think one could read the play with a countenance of unmoved gravity.

However, the players worked so hard that they succeeded in stirring up the audience to laughter. Richardson, who was almost unrecognizable in the rôle of a fool village clown, woke things up with a song and dance delivered in good, professional style, and won a salvo of acclaim. Henry Shumer as the village drunk, in order to make us laugh at the indolent "Mink," worked harder in five minutes than Mink would have done in a week, and finally began to draw in his rewards. So did Mitchell Ingraham as the octogenarian. So did most of them, in fact, that had comedy rôles.

There is a long list of characters; nineteen, to be exact. And the management has gone to expense to engage extra players, all of whom do commendable work. The two girls, Belle Bennet and Jean Oliver, look taking, but are supplied with little to do with any snap to it, although Emily Pinter joyously abandons herself to the freak make-up of a freak girl.

There is a rural atmosphere to the temperance town, a stern minister and some sanctimonious citizens are in evidence, and there is a fight on between the "wets" and the "drys." The "wets" have the sympathy of the author, who occasionally allows Mink to become oratorical, and a little tedious. However, not to be too partisan the bad effects of whisky and gin are duly exhibited, although intimations are conveyed that the best fellows in town go to the one saloon that still surreptitiously serves liquors.

The audience did not seem to take the proper interest in the liquor subject, testifying a much keener enjoyment on jokes bearing on other matters. And in fact the liquor humor was not particularly humorous. Yet one would have thought it a very salty subject. Odd, very odd, and so is the public.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Lived on Train.

Not much was heard during the war of the train which was Sir Douglas Haig's mobile headquarters during active operations. The silence which was necessary for so long may

pardonably be broken now. Whose the idea first was is not definitely known, but those concerned in the sudden moves of G. H. Q. before the train system was adopted blessed him.

Documents and maps and all the impedimenta of the staff had formerly to be packed on lorries, and with the best will in the world, backed by the best organization, it was impossible to have things unpacked and straightened out into working order at the new headquarters before some irate G. S. O. came thundering for documents that could not immediately be found (says the Manchester Guardian). The train changed all that. It was a compact combination of a first-class hotel and an up-to-date office. It was fitted throughout with telephones and silk-shaded electric lights that cast a discreet and comfortable radiance in the thickly carpeted compartments. Here were ranged the offices and bedrooms of the principal officers of the general staff.

Clean, white paint and polished brass, smokerooms with deep saddle-bag armchairs, cozy dining-rooms, bathrooms—all these were on the wonderful train; and when a change of position was decided on all that was necessary was to set the locomotive going. There was no need to disturb a single map or paper, and much was saved in good humor and smooth working.

A colored woman at Wilmington, Delaware, is a grandmother at the age of twenty-seven.



XIII

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You not only pay the coalman for coal, but you help to pay the wages of his truck driver, hookkeeper and hill collector. That's service charge in the coal business.

You not only pay us for water, but you pay for the maintenance and repair of your service pipe and meter, for meter reading, billing and collecting. That's service charge in the water business.

The coalman includes his service charge in the price per ton.

The water schedule separates service charge from the price per cubic foot.

In both cases you get service and must pay for it.

A ton of coal dumped in the middle of the street wouldn't do you much good. If we didn't give you service how would the water get into your house?

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Alcazar.

"The Walk-Offs," most recent of the social satires by the Hattons, has first San Francisco disclosure by the New Alcazar Company next week, commencing at Sunday's matinee. Like their "Upstairs and Down" and "Lombardi, Ltd.," this comedy skates over thin ice in depicting the flirtations and diversions of so-called Bohemia and a sensation-craving society fast set possessed of more dollars than sense. Its keynote is struck in a negro valet's fable about the Garden of Eden and how the Creator, giving ear to Eve's complaint that she was lonely with only the companionship of Adam and the animals, made some folks from lumps of clay and set them out in the sun, but before their brains were put in they got dry and walked off. The scenes are laid in the studio of a sculptress and on an artist's roof garden, where a costume hall is given. There is a very notable cast, including Belle Bennett as the wild, whimsical heroine; Walter P. Richardson, a forceful Kentucky wooer who subdues her after the methods of Petruchio; Jean Oliver, as a little devil of a Russian model; Thomas Chatterton, as a studio lizard; Vaughan Morgan and Emily Pinter, who "carry on" after their divorce; and the special engagement, as the lovable sculptress, of Rosahelle Joyzelle, well known in artistic and society circles of California, who was leading woman with the distinguished tragedian, Frederick Warde, in last winter's Mission Play at San Gabriel.

To follow comes the first stock presentation anywhere of "Polly with a Past," made possible through David Belasco's brotherly interest in the Alcazar and his admiration for the fine quality of its productions.

Curran Theatre.

Majorie Rambeau came back to her native city last Sunday night, and showed, through the medium of a dramatic masterpiece, "Eyes of Youth," at the Curran Theatre, why she is regarded in the East as America's greatest emotional actress. This was Miss Rambeau's first appearance here in years and the actress was enthusiastically greeted.

"Eyes of Youth," a distinctive dramatic novelty, was written by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon. It consists of three acts and four episodes, the episodes being visualizations of Gina Ashling's insight into her future through the medium of a crystal and under the guidance of a Hindu mystic. The result is that the audience, standing with the young heroine on the threshold of several possible careers, is enabled to go with her into the future and see what is revealed behind each door of her choice.

Miss Rambeau discloses her remarkable artistry by her portrayal of four separate and distinct rôles. From the gentle old maid schoolteacher she becomes the flamboyant and

vulgar operatic star, the wronged wife, and finally a drug addict without friends and without home.

Rosamonde Joyzelle.

Thousands who witnessed last winter's Mission Play at San Gabriel, as well as California society in general, will be interested in next week's Alcazar déhüt of a gifted young woman who has adopted the nom du théâtre of Rosamonde Joyzelle. She is the daughter of the late G. Alexander Wright of San Francisco, ex-army officer, clubman, and of international reputation as an architect, who designed many public buildings in this city and was a leader in civic development. He was the owner of the beautiful estate called "Knollwood" in Napa County. In the recent eighth annual season of the sacred drama at the San Gabriel Mission playhouse Miss Joyzelle appeared in support of the distinguished tragedian, Frederick Warde and received great praise for her personation of the radiantly lovely Señora Josefita Yorha, of the blood of Castile, a character suited to her charm, distinction, and magnolia type of Southern beauty. In the Alcazar's first presentation of the Hattons' satire next week Miss Joyzelle is cast as a delightfully poised New York sculptress, Mary Carter, whose studio the sensation-craving Bohemian crowd turn into an open house.

Fairmont Hotel.

Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel continues to be one of the most popular places in the city. Every evening since Monday, when an unusually merry carnival prevailed, the tables have been crowded both at dinner-time and later in the evening, and the dance music of Henry Busse and his famous orchestra continues to be most alluring. The entertainment offered in Rainbow Lane is of a high order of excellence and Vanda Hoff is still the reigning dance sensation of the city. Pearl Lowrie has already made a host of friends.

The afternoon teas in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel always find groups of congenial friends, and the Sunday evening Lohby Concerts attract a large audience of music lovers. This Sunday evening the soloist will be Norman Smith, a pianistic prodigy of nine years who created a furor recently by his remarkable playing at the Greek Theatre, and whose repertory includes works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Raff, MacDowell, Friml, Jensen, and other composers.

Bohemian Club Concert.

The annual concert given by members of the Bohemian Club will take place at the Tivoli Opera House next Thursday afternoon, June 10th, at half-past 2, when selections from "Life," music by Domenico Brescia and hook by Harry Leon Wilson, will be the principal feature of the programme. Those who were privileged to hear the work of Composer Brescia at the Bohemian Grove last Saturday

night are ardent in its praise. The Symphony orchestra which will interpret the selections will number seventy picked musicians and the Bohemian chorus of sixty voices will be heard in several numbers from the work. Four selections from "The Twilight of the Kings," the Grove Play of last year, hook by Richard M. Hotaling and music by Wallace A. Sahin, will be played under the baton of the composer, and excerpts from other Grove Plays of former years will be given under the direction of their composers. Several compositions of Ulderico Marcelli will also be played, including his "Burning Arrow Dance." The soloists will include Lowell Redfield, Charles F. Bulotti, and Easton Kent, and Richard M. Hotaling will read a synopsis of "Life." Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum hill for next week will have as its headline attraction Nellie V. Nichols, who needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences. As a singing comedienne and impersonator of types she is unrivaled. She holds her audience from the moment she appears on the stage, and the close of her act is always the signal for calls and recalls and a demand for encores that will not be denied. She will present an entirely new act.

Dave Ferguson, a comedian of fine reputation in musical comedy, will with the assistance of his own company present a sketch called "The Rounder of Old Broadway," a comedy incident of Broadway's white light district which tells in humorous story and song a part of New York's night life.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin will introduce their entirely new act, "An Egyptian Frolic," in other words they will sing, dance, and chatter in their refreshingly original, natural, and amusing manner. Miss Baldwin wears stunning costumes and the two furnish twenty minutes' delightful entertainment.

Espee and Dutton will appear in an entertaining act which enables them to display their great versatility.

The remaining acts in this exceptionally fine bill will be Emile and John Nathane in novel and sensational gymnastic feats; Lew Williams and Ada Mitchell in "June Time," and Frank Dohson and his Thirteen Sirens.

The latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will serve as a finale to one of the best bills ever presented in vaudeville.

CREEDS OF THE BRITISH YOUTH.

In his novel, "The Making of an Englishman," which has been published in this country under the title, "The Little Beloved," W. L. George, the young English novelist, has written some striking characterizations of the British. Himself born in France and educated there, he is particularly eligible to compare the two races.

"You (the British) are the dignity, the solidity of the world," he writes. "The French are its passion, you are its reason. You are the hearers of restfulness."

In this hook he interestingly sets forth the creeds of the British boy and girl. The following is Mr. George's conception of the creed of the boy:

"I believe in the gentlemen of England. I believe that I must shave every morning and every morning take a bath: and have my clothes made to order, in such wise that no man shall look at them twice. I believe in the church, the army, the navy, and the law, and faithfully hold it to be my duty to maintain my caste if fate has called me to a walk in life other than these. I believe that I must have a decent club. I believe that I must not drink to excess nor be a teetotaler. I believe in my father's politics. I believe that I must not tell lies, nor cheat at cards, nor apply the letter of the law in games. I believe that I must perjure myself to save a woman's reputation, even if she has none; and respect all women except those who are not respectable, for they are outlawed. I believe that I must hold my feelings in check, feel shame when they master me, and yield to them only in secret, because I am a gentleman of England."

Continuing, Mr. George outlines feminine postulates, which are not so succinct as those which he prescribes for the boys:

"I believe I must tell the truth, obey my parents and love them. I must conform to the rules of my caste, hold such ideas as it allows its women, and respect, in order, my father, my eldest brother, my mother, and my sisters. I must be kind to my grandmother, to my other relatives, to friends and servants—that is, be kind to those whom I do not respect. I believe in the Almighty as stated in the creed I have been taught to profess. I believe that paint and false hair are sinful. I believe in courtesy and good clothes, which must be neither much ahead of nor much behind the fashion, and such as befit my age. I believe in baths and clean linen. I believe that I must like, in order, music, books, and pictures, but my liking for them must not be hysterical; also I must see to it that all my reading be not light. I believe in love, and



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that, in the name of love, provided my conscience tells me it is holy. I may transgress certain of my rules. I believe that love must be pure and noble, steadfast and true; I believe that it comes but once in life, and that it must be sacrificed if it threatens the eventual happiness of the loved one. I believe that I must not tell the loved one that I love him, but must await his pleasure. I believe that I must wait for success, for love, for death, and that I must not complain in the waiting. I believe that I must listen, not speak; obey, not command; respond, not exact. My life is not my own; I believe that my business is to find its master."

In Russia bricks made of coal dust combined with molasses and resin are used for paving.

TIVOLI--Special

Thursday Afternoon, July 10, at 2:30

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Selections from "LIFE," music by Domenico Brescia, hook by Harry Leon Wilson. Selections from "The Twilight of the Kings," and Grove Plays of former years. Symphony Orchestra of 70. Prominent Soloists and Chorus of 60.

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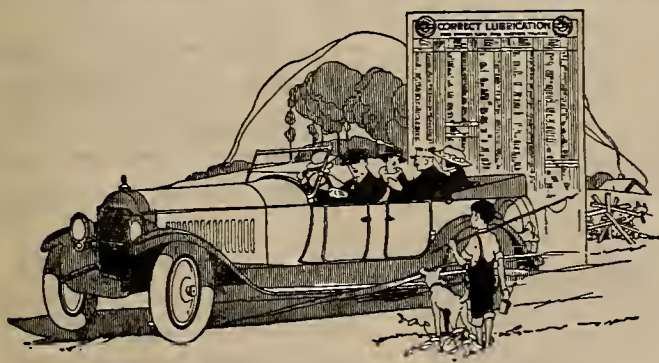
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VANITY FAIR.

A correspondent of the New York Times has been taking a sort of plebiscite of the mothers of boys who have returned from the war. He wanted to know the opinion of the said mothers as to the effect of war upon the manners of the said boys. Some other ladies seem to have chipped in, and the discussion grew animated and even embittered, as it will sometimes do.

It seems that the manners of the boys has deteriorated, according to the majority view. They are by no means so ladylike as they were before this horrid war began. A New York woman advanced her evidence in the shape of a boy whom she knew well. Before he went to war he had home-made manners of the most approved kind. She had met him on his return and "he had said things to her that she had never in her life before had said to her in polite society." One wonders what they were. It would have been better to have told us, because now we shall imagine all sorts of unspeakable things. It seems hardly possible that he could have heard in the army anything worse than the conversation prevalent in "polite society" at home. But there you are.

Then a man interposed. He knew the boy in question. He said that he had been in command of 250 mountaineers, most of them older than himself and he could hardly be expected to retain the demeanor of a well-mannered schoolboy. "You fancied you were still talking to the schoolboy who went away," the man said, "and the schoolboy, too suddenly grown up for his taste and judgment to keep step, very likely talked to you as an equal—that is, more or less as if you'd been simply another schoolboy. Speaking so, he might easily seem both coarse and vulgar. That wouldn't mean at all necessarily that war had vulgarized the youth. It would only mean that war had not had time in the forcing process of making a man overnight to polish him nicely."

One lady was of opinion that it was better that the men should lose their lives than their

manners and that those who had been killed were really the lucky ones. Better to die than to lose the prettinesses of the afternoon tea, to acquire a disinclination for the suavities of the drawing-room. Most of the ladies did not go quite so far as this, but they were generally of opinion that the boys had lost something.

But the man, already quoted, had a different opinion. Naturally and wisely he expressed it diffidently. He did not think that the boys had lost anything. On the contrary he thought that they had gained. They had gained simplicity, and this meant a disconcerting habit of saying precisely what they thought. And that, of course, is dreadful from the feminine point of view. It fully accounts for the charge of a loss of manners.

An Eastern jury has awarded to a man the substantial sum of \$150,000 for the alienation of his wife's affections. He asked for \$250,000, but the jury seemed to think that the estimate of the value of the wife's affections was too high, and this in spite of the fact of the general advance in prices. They may have suspected profiteering.

The case was quite a bad one. The plaintiff had enlisted in the army as a private. The wicked rich man turned up while the husband was away from home on his military duties. He spent money on her lavishly and to an even larger amount than the \$150,000 that he must now pay to the husband. Nothing can be said in extenuation of his behavior. But we can not understand upon what basis the lady's alienated affections were valued. Personally we should have thought that they were worth nothing at all. The husband assessed their value at \$250,000, which was a subtle compliment to the lady herself. The jury took a more moderate view. They said that these tender and fragile flowers were worth only \$150,000. Probably they were married men.

Now if the feminists knew their business, which they do not, they would demand the abolition of laws which consider a woman's affections as a commodity to be bought and sold, like cheese or coal. In this instance the husband had suffered no pecuniary loss whatever. Quite the contrary. It was money in his pocket, seeing that henceforth he will not be called on to sustain affections of so costly a quality. If the rich man had stolen a watch he would have been forced to replace it or pay its value. He did not steal a watch, but a wife, and the jury proceeds on precisely the same basis to assess her value in dollars and cents. In other words they treated her as a piece of property. Of course they grossly

overestimated her value, seeing that wives of that sort are worth about four for a nickel. None the less the whole procedure was a commercial one, and based on the principle that a wife is a piece of property.

The New York Times asks why shopping is not made more attractive to men. Nothing is done to persuade the man into the shop. Nothing is done to keep him there. The shops do not advertise in such a way as to attract men. Women turn instinctively to the newspaper announcements of the department store, but it never occurs to a man to do the same thing unless he is definitely searching for some specific article.

Men not only ignore the department store, but they actually hate it. They associate it with weary half-hours of waiting on the sidewalk while their better halves are engaged in the mysterious occupation of shopping, which, says some humorist, begins with the eating of an ice-cream and ends with a quarrel with the manager over the price of the store. Why not have waiting-rooms for men, where they may smoke? Why not make the man feel at home? Indeed, why not persuade him to buy something? Says the Times correspondent:

"Another criticism which I think is legitimate is that the average big store does not try hard enough to make shopping a comfortable process for a man, either when he is buying for himself or when he is with a woman. Every store of any size has a well-furnished, comfortable rest room for its women shoppers; but when a man wants to wash his hands or take a puff or two at a cigarette he is directed to some cubbyhole in an inaccessible part of the store. Nine times out of ten these places will not even have a chair in them.

"It might be argued that the general sitting-room of the store could also be used by men. Some men do use them, but many of these are of the type that it does not do any store any good to have hanging around. The average man who is required to choose between waiting, while his wife or mother shops, in a sitting-room filled with women whom he does not know, or standing outside of the store, will make the latter choice. Only a few days ago I saw at least six men standing in front of a well-known store in this city, and every one of them look tired and grumpy. I heard one man admonish his wife, who was just entering the store as I passed, not to stay in there any longer than she really had to.

"What is the result of this? The man waits outside for what to him seems like a long time. He gets tired, and the incident creates an impression in his mind that is distinctly antagonistic, not only to that store, but to department stores in general. He does not enter the store—the thing that the merchants spend thousands of dollars in inducing women to do—and, consequently, he does not make any purchases for himself. Neither does he see any of the so-called 'impulse' merchandise that might suggest in his mind a present for the woman he is with. Again, the woman who has a husband or other escort waiting outside the store is pretty apt to rush her own buying. This means that she is likely to purchase less than she otherwise would, or that what she buys runs an even chance of being returned."

The difference, of course, is not one of method, but of psychology. The woman's mind is one of indirection, the man's of direction. The woman shops because she wants to buy, not because she needs something. The man shops because he is on a definite quest which is rarely susceptible of enlargement either by blandishment or persuasion. That is why store advertisements are not addressed to men. The man is already aware of what he needs and where he can get it.

ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.

"Robinson Crusoe" has passed the 200-year mark without losing any of the vitality of youth. Few if any books have done the world better service; none has so powerfully and wholesomely influenced succeeding generations of the young. Defoe's method was subjective. The appeal of "Robinson Crusoe" is to the imagination. Under its stimulation constructive instincts of normal youth are quickened, and the healthy impulses of the moral nature set in motion. The lessons of "Robinson Crusoe" are the fundamental lessons of life. Youth is taught to look upon work as the primary law of existence. Courage, persistence, initiative, and independence are inculcated. The will to make the most of adverse circumstances and to employ to the full every available resource is held up for emulation.

But "Robinson Crusoe" was not written for the young. Disgusted with the artificialities and frivolities of his time, Defoe set about showing by absolute contrast the infinite superiority and incomparably greater satisfaction of life lived on a plane of actuality and simplicity. The work was probably not intended for a satire. But it reacted upon the age in which it appeared as a satire so convincing and convicting as to undermine the

artificial manners, superficialities, selfishness, and vices of the period as no other agency could have done. The inane fop of the court of Charles II, the admired model of his time, was not mentioned. But Defoe mercilessly revealed him to his contemporaries for what he was by taking a castaway and setting him down on an unknown and uninhabited island in the Pacific, there to work out his own salvation in twenty years of loneliness. The startling vividness of the contrast cut English pride to the quick; and Defoe's masterpiece accomplished more for decency in England than all the Puritan homilies and canting faragos of pious ranters now remembered or long since forgotten.

After 200 years the world begins to show signs of catching up with the philosophy of "Robinson Crusoe." The educational implications of that philosophy are consciously or unconsciously coming to be recognized, and more and more to be grafted into educational practice. The beauty of Defoe's moral conceptions, and the significance of his appeal for natural living in love for nature and fealty to nature's laws, become more evident as the years go by. And the political threads in the philosophy of "Robinson Crusoe," spun as they are into the design of service, are only coming now in this tremendous era of the world's history to be seen as the warp and woof of the fabric of right human relationships.—Hartford Times.

There are one million people in India engaged in the production of silk. Caterpillars and moths of the mulberry silk industry of India are entirely domesticated creatures. The Indians collect the cocoons spun by caterpillars and allow them to hatch. The females are kept until they lay eggs and when the caterpillars are large enough they are placed on trees to feed. When a tree is stripped a piece of cloth is hung from a limb and the caterpillars crawl onto it and are moved to another tree. Tassar, or tussore silk, comes from China and Japan. Muga silk is a product of Assam. Eri silk comes from caterpillars which feed on the castor oil plant. It is of great value in India, because it is the only silk that can be spun from cocoons without killing the insects in the cocoons, and is therefore the only silk that can be worn by a strict Hindu.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Small Edward was very fond of candy and asked: "Mother, can God make anything He wants to?" "Of course, He can," was the reply. "Well," exclaimed the little fellow, "I'd just like to see Him make a stick of candy with only one end."

A fool has seldom been answered "according to his folly" with more appropriateness than was the local preacher who boasted at a dinner-table that the Lord had opened his mouth to preach without sending him to college first. "Indeed," replied a curate who was present, "how very interesting. A similar event happened in Balaam's time."

A food faddist harangued a moh on the marvelous benefits to be obtained from a vegetarian diet. "Friends," he cried, "two years ago I was a walking skeleton—a haggard, miserable wreck. What do you suppose brought this great change in me?" He paused to see the effect of his words. Then one of his listeners asked: "What change?"

The war-tax habit is contagious. Everywhere, now, it's so much for this, and that, and a little hit more. But the other day in a criminal court the acme of taxing was achieved when the court sentenced a man to two years and ten days. "What's the ten days for?" demanded the prisoner. "War tax," snapped his honor, as he called the next case.

A British railway official tells an amusing story of the tourist in Ireland who left the train at every station and went ahead to the luggage van to ask if his trunk was safe. After the sixth time the exasperated guard replied: "Begorra, I wish the Lord had made ye an elephant, instead of an ass, an' then you'd always have your trunk in front of you."

Professor Brander Matthews detests the purist and the pedant. "And," he mourns, "you find them in the most unexpected places. Only recently, at Columbia, I introduced a very brave young airman to a very pretty girl. He said to her: 'Do you go in for aviation?' 'Dear me, no,' she rippled, 'one goes in for bathing, but one goes up for aviation.'"

"John," said the clergyman to his new man, "do you—er—ever employ strong language?" The new man blushed, self-consciously. "Well, sir," he faltered, "I—I may be a little carelesslike in my speech at times." "Ah," murmured the clergyman, "I'm sorry, John—

I'm sorry! But we will converse on that at some more fitting time. Just now I want you to go to Jenkison & Blenkinson and settle this bill for repairing my summer house. And you might talk to them, John, as if it were your own bill, in a carelesslike sort of way. Will you, John?"

One of the latest boosting signs posted through the East to draw people to California reads: "Easterners, attention! Come to California! Why waste your time in the East when the West Coast lures? We have the climate, air, and thirst for tourist and drinker and—we have three more hours in which to drink when prohibition goes into effect. Come!"

Charles M. Schwab is authority for the statement that it was the Yankee way of doing things that not only astonished Europe, but won the war. "They just couldn't comprehend it," he declares, adding: "It reminds me of the American who went over there in 1915. Said he to some London friends: 'I've just come over to give your old war the once over, and if it's any good I'll buy it.'"

According to returned doughboy officers Paris fashions are getting more hold and amazing every day. "While I was at Monte Carlo," remarked one, "I saw a lovely girl standing with a friend of mine. She had just joined him and was obviously proud of her costume. 'How does my new gown show up?' she purred. 'To the knees,' he answered promptly, and rubbed it in by adding, 'And what stunning huckles you have on your garters.'"

A chemist was boasting in the company of friends of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said, "not even one of the most uncommon sort." "Come, now," said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke, "I'm sure you don't keep any spirits of contradiction, well stocked as you pretend to be." "Why not?" replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the room, and returned leading his wife by the hand.

An African king had taken a liking to a missionary and, wishing to please him and make him stand between him and the white governments who were inclined to punish him for certain crimes, brought before him the five hundred most beautiful maidens in his kingdom. "They are the loveliest flowers of my land," said the monarch; "pick one from among them for your wife." The missionary, who already had a wife at home, was greatly embarrassed, but not wishing to hurt the feel-

ings of his host, much less offend him, replied diplomatically: "You honor me, but I dare not choose lest the others grow jealous." "That's easily fixed," replied the monarch: "take them all."

When two Americans meet on the street of any Rhineland town (says the *Watch on the Rhine*) conversation like the following may ensue: "Bon jour, Red. Where were you gesteren ahend?" "Last evening? Why, I was schlafen." "Schlafen hell!" "I hope to step in your mess kit if I wasn't schlafen. Where was you?" "Schokolade party, and s-o-m-e time, take it from me. Three frauleins—swell janes—beaucoup cognac, and piano spielen. Krank head dies' morgen."

They tell a story of a bootlegger in Kansas who, during confinement in the county jail, received a visit from some temperance women who brought him flowers and tracts. The bootlegger, instead of thanking them, berated them for their ingratitude. "You folks hustled up the greatest temperance movement in this county in years," he wailed. "I was selling them fellows whisky that was diluted as high as 75 per cent, and if you'd left me alone another month I'd a had 'em drinkin' pure water."

A stylishly dressed woman entered the restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare written in French, and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish to order." Could a woman, dressed in the height of fashion, confess that she was unable to read French? Taking the pencil, she made a few dashes, and the order read: "Dinner, 50c," "March 20th," "Vegetables," "Please pay at the desk," "No tips." The waiter brought her a heefsteak and chip potatoes, but she did not dare to raise a word in protest.

In Georgia they tell a story of a politician who was forever seeking to win the votes of his district to the end that he might be sent to the House of Representatives. In one speech this politician thought it might be well to make reference to his humble origin and early struggles. "Gentlemen," he said oracularly, "I got my start in life by working in a general store for \$3 a week, yet I managed to save money." At this juncture there came from the audience a shrill pipe: "Say, Bill, was that before the invention of cash registers?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Oblivion.

I met a magnate looking glum.
He said, "I thought that I had fame—
That my career was going some—
The papers often print my name.
I thought I'd voiced myself aloud
On vital questions of the day—
That I was known to all the crowd,
And yet—he turned his face away—
"It seems I'm harmless, flat, and pale—
I did not get a homb by mail!"
—Mabel Houghton Collyer, in *Life*.

A Memory.

How well I remember our childhood's diseases,
As old recollections present them to view;
The fever and ague, the colds and the sneezes,
The mumps and the measles and chicken-pox, too.
The remedies mother administered quickly—
The syrup of squills, ipecac, calomel;
And then, if next morning we still appeared sickly,
She called in the doctor, who made us get well.

The old-fashioned doctor,
The family doctor,
The white-whiskered doctor
Who made us get well.

His eyebrows were bushy, his forehead was wrinkled,
His manner was hearty, his voice deep and gruff;
And through his big glasses his little eyes twinkled,
As he gave us a dose of some vile-tasting stuff.
He felt of our pulse, and he said, "Stick your tongue out!"
He told us to stay home from school for a spell;

Then, "I'll see you tomorrow. Good-morning,"
he flung out,
That old-fashioned doctor who made us get well.

The old-fashioned doctor,
The family doctor,
The white-whiskered doctor
Who made us get well.

But now we have specialized diagnosticians,
Who take our blood pressure and temperature;
They're highly efficient these modern physicians,
And yet they don't always accomplish a cure.
X-rays and vaccine they are awfully strong for;
They pull all our teeth, and we dare not rebel;
And they drag our case on till we secretly long
for
The old-fashioned doctor who made us get well.

The old-fashioned doctor,
The family doctor,
The white-whiskered doctor
Who made us get well.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Life*.

Fourteen Points.

Orlando smiled; and Pichon said,
"Your fourteen little points are dead."
"Not so," the President replied,
"My little points have never died."

"I caught the voices in the air,
And heard proclaimed an issue there

No man might dare to straddle;
May I not say I first espied
The onward flowing human tide
With Labor in its saddle?

"You think Shantung brings me chagrin?
Not for Japan it's always been
An economic barrier.
I promised to remove all such—
I can't say China likes it much—
But all Japan is merrier."

"I said we'd open our debate—
And hide no plan for any state,
From Omsk to the Trentino;
And nothing's hid, you must agree,
From Clemenceau or George or me,
Or even old Sonnino."

"Let's take the Saar—and there you'll find
That France alone made up her mind,
Without my consultation.
No words of mine would she embrace—
It was, you see, a clear-cut case
Of self-determination."

"The freedom of the seven seas
We have secured with perfect ease—
Debate it, if you choose to;
The league of nations, in its might,
Declares the seas have every right
To flow on as they used to."

"Need I say more?"—"No more!" they cried.
And straightaway to their tasks they hied,
With all their aids and all their clerks,
Applying Fourteen Points to Turks.
—C. M., in the *New Republic*.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sutton have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Martha Sutton, and Mr. Felix Smith. Mr. Smith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith. The marriage will take place July 30th.

Captain and Mrs. Edward Beach have announced the engagement of their niece, Miss Ethel Schneider, to Lieutenant Edgar Queeney, U. S. N. The bride-elect has been the guest of her uncle and aunt for several months in their home at Mare Island. The marriage of Miss Schneider and Lieutenant Queeney will be solemnized in the fall.

The engagement of Miss Amy Requa of Piedmont and Mr. John Henry Russell of Los Angeles was formally announced Tuesday at a luncheon given at the Fairmont by Miss Elizabeth Adams in compliment to the bride-elect, who has recently returned from Washington. The bride to be is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Requa and granddaughter of Mrs. Isaac Requa. Mr. Russell is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Russell of Los Angeles and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot of San Francisco. Present at the luncheon were Mrs. Mark L. Requa, Mrs. Edson Francis Adams, Mrs. Paul Penoyer, Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mrs. Charles Zook Sutton, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mrs. Guy Gilchrist, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Clinton La Montague, Mrs. Bruck, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Marguerite Scheld, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Sally Long, Miss Hannah Hobart, Miss Ruth Mary Hobart, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Mary Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a dinner Saturday at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller in Stanford Court, with their guests going later to Rainbow Lane to dance. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William C. Hetteneheimer, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster gave a tea several days ago at her home, her guests having included Mrs. Ralph McCurdy, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Isahell Jennings, and Miss Julia Van Fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Harry Webb of New York and Mrs. N. J. B. Noonan of Honolulu were guests of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Frank Deering. The guests included Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Berthe Welch, Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. William Henshaw, and Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat.

Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., gave a luncheon this week at her home on Broderick Street, her guests including Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Mary Gorgas.

Mrs. Eugene Northington entertained at luncheon Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Her guests included Mrs. John McDonald, Mrs. Edward McClelland, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. Prentiss Hale, Mrs. A. C. Pratt, Mrs. Eugene Hartnett, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. A. E. Gillespie, Mrs. Casey Baker, Mrs. Roy Reynolds, Mrs. Charles Zook Sutton, Mrs. George Cassaday, Mrs. Clay Stayer, Mrs. Walter Chidester, Mrs. Fran' Baker, and Mrs. Euclid Frick.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a luncheon Wednesday at the St. Francis, her guests having included Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Lillie Holbrook, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Jennie Blair.

In compliment to Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon last Monday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. William Porter gave a luncheon Friday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff of Los Angeles, Mrs. Charles Sharp of Los Angeles, Mrs. Charles Harlow of Washington, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Miss Margaret Monroe entertained at dinner Saturday evening at her home in Ross. Among her guests were Miss Eleanor Klink, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Agnes Harrison, Miss Elizabeth Terry, Miss Ruth Finn, Miss Carroll Cambron, Miss Elizabeth Chadburn, Miss Lorna Kilgarif, Miss Helen McKay, Lieutenant Earl, U. S. N., Lieutenant Terry, Mr. John Wright, Mr. John Strachan, Mr. William Cupples, Mr. Harold Pischel, Mr. Dohrmann Pischel, Mr. Rees Dudley, Mr. Harold Logan, and Mr. Russell Kern.

Miss Isahell Jennings gave a luncheon Friday at her home in Menlo Park, a number of the younger matrons and maids having gone to the country for the day.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker entertained at luncheon last Tuesday at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel W. K. Jones and Mrs. Jones gave a dinner recently at their home in the Presidio.

Their guests included General John McDonald and Mrs. McDonald, Colonel Alfred Hunter and

Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, Dr. David Starr Jordan and Mrs. Jordan, Lieutenant-Colonel W. K. Hamilton, and Colonel F. A. Murphy.

Miss Lorna Kilgarif gave a house party over the week-end at her home in Mill Valley, where she is spending the summer. Among her guests were Miss Carroll Cambron, Miss Agnes Harrison, Miss Mary Harrison, Mr. Dohrmann Pischel, Mr. Harold Pischel, Mr. Russell Kern, and Mr. John Wright.

Colonel Sydney Cloman and Mrs. Cloman entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Cedar.

In Vernditch Bottom stands a tree,
Lord of an open place
The like of which you might not see
The length of Cranborne Chase.

O'er hazel brake and sapling oaks
He lifts his lofty head,
Like some old sea-bird on the rocks
With lonely wings outspread.

His floating vans do call a hush
Over the quiet hollow—
It is as if the gorse and brush
Heard him, but durst not follow;

As if they guess'd where he began
To open in the sun,
He and the kindred of his clan
Sighing on Lebanon.

A great house stood hereabouts,
The Warden of the Walk,
Where now of all its ins and outs
Remains a grassy balk.

About him once a velvet lawn
Show'd many a good tree growing;
But he was first to hail the dawn
And last to see day going.

Now all the pleasantness and peace
Are ended like a story;
The woodland creeps about his knees,
But can not hide his glory.

—Maurice Hewlett, in *Land and Water*.

On Observing a Ruined Gravestone.

Mute testimonial to man's impotence!
Frail protest against time and heedless death!
Thou art as useless as the altars reared
To placate gods that are not; thou art vain
As cries of infants calling for the moon.
Thou art the last sad unavailing plaint
Raised for the dead by mourners that have died.
Thou art the flag that in despair men flaunted
To mark their conquest of the conquering grave.
Vain thing! oh, thing unutterably vain!
How many other statues to their grief
Men yet unhorn shall in succession carve
Above thy ruins! Mockery of life!
Thy chiseled marble, crumbled in decay,
Is dumb forewarning of some far-off time
When earth itself shall roll on dead and cold,
And none shall rear a monument for man.

—Stanton A. Coblenz.

The Ballad of the "Dinkinbar."

It was the steamship *Dinkinbar*,
From the Gulf of Mexico
For Liverpool in time of war
With a thousand mules below,
And a bunch of polyglot muleteers
To tend on them also.

A swarthy breed from Eagle Butte,
And a graser from Brazil,
And Daly of the broken nose,
And Ike, and Texas Bill,

In dividers tongues that yarned and swore
And wrangled o'er their play,
As they dealt their decks of greasy cards
To pass the hours away,

And talked of how to burn good pay
And play the blooming fool
Among the wenches and the sharks
In the port of Liverpool.

But Texas Bill a bitter laugh
He'd laugh and shake his head:
"It's me for a new style jamboree
When I strike land," he said.

"My brother lies in deep water
Not over far from here,
Where a U-boat sank both ship and men,
A hit beyond Cape Clear.

"They left him to drown with his drownin' mules
In the light of open day,
An' . . . I guess there'll sure be a fightin' job
While that score's yet to pay.

"So I'm goin' in for a khaki suit
When I get in from sea,
I kin shift my birthplace north o' the line
As handy as kin be,
A' . . . I guess there'll sure be a fightin' job
For a big long thing like me!"

It was the steamship *Dinkinbar*,
At the stormy end o' the year
That came in sight of the Bull and Cow
Which are beside Cape Clear.

And soon as rang the lookout's cry
That hailed the sight of land,
Oh, they were aware of a U-boat there
That signaled them to stand.

She fired a shot across their hawse
And they had to heave to them,
For she could make her fifteen knots,
And the *Dinkinbar* but ten,
And she had her machine gun ready to fire
On all but unarmed men.

Her captain he came over the side,
A cold-eyed swaggering Hun
That wore the Iron Cross on his breast
To tell of murders done,—

And his squarehead crew brought up their bombs
To send the ship below

With the poor living things she bore
That knew not friend from foe.

It was a British ship of war
Was swiftly drawing near,
For she had word of a submarine
Was lurking off Cape Clear.

She came from the south with a bone in her
mouth,

Her shot rang over the sea,
And straight for the pirate's conning tower
It sped like a hiving bee,
It struck—it smashed it like a shell—
That down like a stone went she.

Then the pirate captain ran to the rail
To signal to his crew,
But all he saw was a smear of oil
On the water's face that grew.

And first he swore and gnawed his lip,
And glanced around in fear,
Till a thought came into his mind again
That brought him better cheer.

"Are not the English easy folk
With pirates ta'en in war?
And my luck is good that safe I stand
On the deck of the *Dinkinbar*."

He turned—he saw the muleteers
Come surging from below,
(Like a rustlers' crowd you see on the screen
At a moving-picture show).

And once he looked on Texas Bill,
And then he turned and ran,
For the look he saw it was not good
To see on the face of man.

Then in and out among the boats,
By hatch and alleyway,
Hunter and hunted, to and fro
In deadly chase sped they.

And through the engine-room where stilled
Was now the engine's clang,
On steel ladder and steel grating
Their footsteps slipped and rang,

Till in the screw shaft's stifling dark,
With spent and gasping breath
The U-boat's captain turned at last
To pay his dues to death. . . .

And twice Bill lifted his hand to strike,
And twice he turned aside,
But his brother's blood it called so loud
It would not be denied,
And down in the dark (like those he slew)
The U-boat's captain died.

The cruiser's boat came under the side,
They hailed her with a cheer,
And Texas Bill looked over the rail:
And called both loud and clear,
"Come up, come up, now, lieutenant,
But you'll find no prisoner here.

"For Texas law is life for life
Alike in peace and war,
And life for life has paid this day
On board o' the *Dinkinbar*,"
—From "Small Craft," by C. Fox Smith. Pub-
lished by the George H. Doran Company.

ALL THE WORLD CALLS.

Just because the council of four does not hold a meeting does not mean that President Wilson has a day off for a number of rounds on the links. Quite the contrary—it generally means a day on, as Harold Phelps Stokes proves in the New York *Evening Post* by citing a schedule of one of the President's conferenceless days, May 16th, which runs as follows:

11 a. m.—Prince Charoon and the Siamese delegation to the peace conference.

11:30 a. m.—Dr. A. Markoff and the Carpatho-Russian committee to present the situation in Carpatho-Russia.

11:45 a. m.—M. Olivier president of the National Union of Railway Men of France, to explain the humanitarian and sanitary programme of the National Union of French and Belgian Railway Men.

12 m.—Mr. J. Jacob, president of the Celtic Circle of Paris, to present an anthology of National Bards and Poets.

12:15 p. m.—Dr. Juan Antonio Buero and M. Jacob Varela Acevedo, delegates to the peace conference from Uruguay.

12:30 p. m.—Turkhan Pascha, president of the present government of Alhania, to present the claims of Alhania.

12:45 p. m.—Señor Villegas, ex-secretary of state of Chile, minister of Chile at Rome.

2:15 p. m.—Dr. Edward Benes and M. Kramer, to discuss the problem of Silesia and the Teschen coal basin.

2:30 p. m.—M. Damour, French Deputy, chairman of the committee, to explain the plans for the erection of a statue at the mouth of the Gironde River to commemorate the arrival of American troops in France.

2:45 p. m.—A delegation from the Parliament of Kouhan in northern Caucasia.

3 p. m.—The Archbishop of Trebizond, M. Chrysanthos.

3:15 p. m.—Governor Manning of South Carolina.

3:30 p. m.—M. Joseph Reinach of the *Figaro*.

Which leads Mr. Stokes to conclude:
"A Siamese prince, a labor leader, a Celtic board, Turkhan Pascha, a statue deputation, the Archbishop of Trebizond, Governor Manning, a newspaper editor, and a dozen-odd delegates of one sort and another would seem to offer a 'day off' that would have made even Roosevelt jealous. But it evidently wasn't strenuous enough for Mr. Wilson, for

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afternoon, and dancing Saturday
night—and a garage free for
guests' use—emphasize the Whit-
comb's up-to-dateness.

when Colonel House went around to see him
just before lunch he found him busy at work
on his forthcoming message to Congress."

The Moroccan encampment, whether it is
military or that of some traveling band, is
always picturesque. The tents of persons of
distinction are often surmounted with copper
balls and decorated with arabesques of cloth.
Camping is a fine art in Morocco, where the
roads are almost impassable, and the chief
means of transportation is by caravan. All
day one rides across the great plains, prodigi-
ously covered with iris, daffodils, daisies, but-
tercups, and wild lavender. Perhaps a wild
hand of horsemen will gallop by, their robes,
sea green, salmon colored, and blue, stream-
ing in the wind, their horses richly caparisoned
like those of some crusading king. Occasionally
one skirts a little village built
of mud and wattle and surrounded by fields
of wheat and barley. Here and there the
white-domed shrine of some saint rises se-
renely above the plain. And at sundown the
shepherds playing on their reed flutes drive
their flocks of sheep and goats home from
pasture. Then it is time to pitch the tents
near a grove of orange trees or on a fairy
carpet of red anemones. One dines on roasted
sheep and cous-cous, and is lulled to sleep
by the songs of the guard under the intense
blue of the African sky.

The geophone, a listening instrument de-
veloped by the French during the war to de-
tect enemy underground mining operations,
is to be used by the United States Bureau
of Mines as a possible aid in locating miners
who have been entombed after a disaster.
A miner pounding on a coal seam can be
heard with this instrument 1200 feet away.
Recently a pit boss who happened to be near
while the geophone was being tested in a mine
put the instrument to his ears. He heard so
distinctly that he called out in a startled
tone: "Mack is tamping in a charge. We
had better move away." A coal seam 300
feet thick separated Mack from the startled
boss at the time.

Flowers are said to have a remarkable ef-
fect on the voice. One famous singer never
cared to smell a rose; he said the perfume of
a bouquet of flowers made his throat "off
singing for a week." In several cases well-
known singers have suffered from the odor
of tuberose, and a famous opera singer de-
clares that the odor from a bunch of violets
makes his voice quite husky.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

San Francisco is soon to receive a visit from Colonel Antoine Depage, director of the Belgian Red Cross and founder and director of hospitals maintained in that corner of Belgium which was not overrun by the Germans. Colonel Depage is director of the Edith Cavell School for Nursing, in which an effort is now making to establish a California ward in continuation of the famous California House maintained in London during the period of the war under the direction of Miss Julie Heynemann. The special purpose of Colonel Depage's visit here is to meet and give thanks to those who in the period preceding our participation in the war gave hospitality and kindness to his wife, later a *Lusitania* victim. Colonel Depage is expected to arrive in San Francisco July 9th and will be quartered at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Macleay arrived last week from their home in Portland and are guests at the St. Francis. They spent the week-end in Burlingame with the former's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant.

Major and Mrs. Henry Kiersted will arrive within a day or two from Fort Douglas, Utah, where the former has been stationed for some time. Mrs. Kiersted has recently been in New York with her mother, Mrs. Peter McBean.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund and their daughter, Miss Beatrice Lund, have gone to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham have reopened their home on the Russian River for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. George Harding arrived Sunday night from the East. Mrs. Harding will remain for the summer with her sister, Mrs. James Ward Keeney, but Mrs. Oxnard has already left for Santa Barbara to remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lee Taft arrived in San Francisco last week from Chicago and are at the St. Francis.

Miss Helen Cannon returned last week from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. Robinson Duff of New York left last week for Santa Barbara, after a month's sojourn here. In the southern city she will be joined by Mr. Duff.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller has returned to San Francisco from a visit of several days in Napa. Colonel William Stephenson, who with Mrs. Stephenson was stationed for several years at the Presidio, has been retired from the service and will spend the summer at the old Stephenson home in Portland, Maine. Recently the army officer has been on duty at Governor's Island.

Mrs. William Perkins and her daughters, the Misses Helen and Margaret Perkins, have gone to Summer Home Park on the Russian River, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Lewis Hohart and her children left during the week for Del Monte, where they will remain until the close of July.

Captain Ranold Banon will remain in California indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox have gone to Montecito to pass the holidays with the latter's mother, Mrs. Burne. Later Mr. and Mrs. Fox are anticipating a visit from the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Earl V. Armstrong, who are in the Yosemite Valley from their home in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houghtelling of Chicago have returned to their apartments at Stanford Court from a trip to Southern California. They have as their guests the former's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Houghtelling of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper have returned to San Francisco from a trip to Del Monte.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, who has been wintering in New York, has gone to Thompkinsville, Long Island, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Nixon.

Mrs. Ture Steen and her son and daughter, Mr. Ture Steen and Miss Elizabeth Steen, who passed the winter in Berkeley, will sail within a few days from New York for France. During their sojourn in the Eastern city Mrs. Steen and her children have been guests at the Commodore Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin arrived during the week from Omaha and have been guests at the St. Francis for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kelland and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Kelland, have returned to San Francisco from the Atlantic coast. Miss Kelland has just completed her studies at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart will leave within a few days for their ranch at Beowawe, Nevada, where they will spend several weeks. They will be accompanied by Miss Ysabel Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis and the latter's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Aylott Cotton, are spending the months of July in Santa Cruz.

Colonel Frederick Kelland, who came to California two months ago with Mrs. Kelland and their children, has been ordered abroad and will

sail in the near future. During his absence his family will remain here with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge.

Miss Julia Van Fleet left last week for Los Angeles, where she is the house guest of Dr. and Mrs. Granville McGowan. Miss Eleanor McGowan recently passed several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James Van Loben Sels arrived last week from China and are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Orena, whose marriage took place a fortnight ago in Los Angeles, have been spending several days at Del Monte.

Mr. Oscar Cooper and Miss Jane Cooper arrived last week from New York. Mr. Cooper having come west to attend the midsummer jinks at the Bohemian Grove. Little Miss Cooper is with her grandparents, Judge James Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, at their apartments on Gough Street.

Mrs. Irving Wright has gone to Miramar for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. Lewis Bradbury of Los Angeles spent several days of last week in San Francisco. During his stay here Mr. Bradbury was a guest at the St. Francis.

Miss Marie Brewer has gone to Santa Barbara, where she is the house guest of Mrs. Macondray Moore.

Mr. Fentriss Hill has returned to San Mateo from a visit to the Atlantic coast.

Captain Albert Payson has given up his apartments at Stanford Court and has taken apartments on Van Ness Avenue and Bush.

Miss Lucy Hanchett has returned to the Santa Cruz Mountains, after a brief sojourn at the Hanchett home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Gilbert Hawkins and her little son have arrived in New York from England and will visit in the East for a few weeks before coming to California for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto have gone to Miramar, where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels left Tuesday for San Diego, after a brief visit in San Francisco. During the absence of Mr. Spreckels over the week-end at the Bohemian Grove, Mrs. Spreckels was with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery has gone to the Feather River Inn to spend several days.

Mrs. Willard Drown has returned from a visit in Medford, Oregon, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, who has been spending the week at Tahoe with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law, will return on Monday. Mr. Hopkins arrived in Virginia recently from France and will return to San Francisco within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton left Monday for Portland, where they will make their home during the coming year.

Miss Marion Zeile has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor at Menlo Park during the week.

Mrs. Burton Elkins left Tuesday for Santa Barbara, after having spent the weekend in San Francisco.

Miss Sylvia Van Rennselaer, who has been visiting Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, left Thursday for Del Monte. Miss Van Rennselaer will leave the middle of July for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, the Misses Elena and Betty Folger, and Miss Marie Louise Winslow have gone to Del Monte to remain over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams and their children arrived Sunday from South Africa, where they have made their home for several years, and will spend the summer in San Francisco. They have the house of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, on Vallejo Street, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell have gone to their country home at Tahoe for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Evan Williams has returned from a week's sojourn in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sutton and the Misses Martha and Cornelia Sutton passed the holidays in St. Helena. Mr. Felix Smith, the fiancé of Miss Martha Sutton, will be their house guest until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson have returned from a trip to Southern California and have reopened their home in Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan and Miss Eleanor Morgan have gone to Santa Barbara for a sojourn of several weeks.

Miss Anne Peters is spending the week-end at Mare Island, where she is the guest of Commander James Reed and Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marion Baker are spending the week-end in Del Monte.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp and Miss Adrienne Sharp have returned to San Francisco from a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman will leave the first of the week for Southern California, where they will remain for several weeks. They will be accompanied by Miss Kate Boardman.

Mrs. William Porter and Miss Maud O'Connor have gone to Del Monte to remain over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Harrison have returned from their wedding trip and have taken a house in Claremont for the remainder of the summer. Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Dumble, Houston, Texas; Mr. B. A. Young, Chicago; Mr. K. F. Stein, Portland, Oregon; Dr. Harry Swartz, Los Angeles; Mr. O. J. McDonald, Salt Lake City; Judge John A. Perry, Denver; Mr. I. F. Baker, San Diego; Ensign Charles F. Weber, Stockton; Mr. A. P. Meaker, San Diego; Mr. A. S. Ardmore, Australia; Mr. and Mrs. William M. Merrick, Winslow, Arizona; Mr. T. H. Crawford, Montreal; Mr. H. D. King, Tonopah.

It is said by animal trainers that the giraffe has never been known to emit a sound of any kind. No matter what the animal may suffer when ill or injured, he remains silent. And scientists have advanced the theory that, because of the extreme length of the neck, sound is difficult or impossible for the giraffe.

WOES OF SMALL WOMEN.

A certain actress of New York who is much in the public eye of late has given voice to a plaint on behalf of those who are small of stature. She says:

"Small women are never taken seriously. 'Even the servants don't take her seriously. They think she is too little to have a servant and too little to boss the household, so they think they must run the house. 'A small woman may be a genius of finance, but no one believes it; they think she is too little to handle much money or to know how to invest or to take care of it.

"Dignity and small women seem to most people an incongruous combination. Especially in Europe no small woman is considered beautiful. She can't even be cute, for there is no word that corresponds to 'cute' in foreign languages. That is a blessed American euphemism.

"If she tries to sell things or work seriously at charity bazaars or any such function, men are much more apt to chuck her under the chin than they would be a tall, stately woman.

"The most important parts on the stage can't be played by a very little woman. In order to become a big star the little woman has many handicaps to overcome.

"All little women love big hats, but are told they are too short to wear them. So the milliner sells them little hats that they never like and think unbecoming.

"I can drive a motor-car as well as any big woman, but can't be seen behind the wheel, so the policeman stops the car to find out who the youngster is that is running away with the car. Also it's hard to see a small chicken or dog over the hood.

"I might be a good tennis player, but can't reach the high balls and couldn't hold many if I could reach them.

"I enjoy riding horseback, but every one thinks I should ride a Shetland pony.

"I must stand for all insults regarding my size. I am too little to fight.

"When I go up to a railroad ticket office to buy a ticket, the agent asks if I want a half-fare ticket.

"The management thinks that I am too little to go about alone; I must always have a chaperone.

"Every one seems to think he must talk 'baby-talk' to a little woman in order to be understood. Our intellects are judged by our bodies.

"She goes to the modiste and admires a gown on a tall, striking model, but is told that such a gown is designed for tall women and all the models are five feet six inches in height. I think only six inches difference in height would make no difference in looks, but can't convince the modiste lady that I am right."

VOTED HER OWN TICKET.

"I had a curious and interesting experience not long ago," writes Mrs. George Bass, chairman of the Woman's Bureau of the Democratic National Committee, in the latest issue of the committee's official bulletin.

"I am wondering," she continues, "if it is not typical of the condition in a good many thousand households, especially in those new suffrage states where the women have been given presidential suffrage. A great many people are asking whether women will vote as their husbands do; a good many husbands are asserting that they will, and a perceptible number of wives, like this one, are saying nothing."

"We were traveling in the Southwest, and it is not necessary to say which state my friends came from, but when they found me in the observation car we exchanged greetings, and then the man began to rally me on the subject of my political activities. As he is a standpat Republican, who boasts that he would rather vote for a yellow dog on his ticket than for St. Paul on the opposition ticket, his remarks were not designed to harmonize with my views."

Telling how she argued politics with this man for two hours, while his wife sat silently knitting, Mrs. Bass says:

"When we came to Williams, or wherever it is you change to go to the Grand Cañon, they took leave of us. He expressed his regret at my hard-headed obstinacy—you know, a man, especially a Republican, always thinks you obstinate if you don't agree with him—and then went ahead with some of their luggage. I made my adieu to his wife, feeling still a bit irritated because she had seemed to pay so little attention to our long debate upon such vital subjects. As she kissed me good-by she said:

"I never mentioned it before, Elizabeth, but I am a Democrat. When I voted last fall Jimmy took it for granted that I was going to vote his ticket, and he marked a sample for me, all very nicely, and took me with him when he went to the polls; but I didn't make any of the marks he showed me. You can see what would happen if I tried to talk politics with him, but I know enough to vote the kind of ticket I believe in, and you

can count on me for anything I can do without making a domestic hurricane."

"Then she joined her Republican husband and they went happily on their way. So did I, for I am coming to believe that she is one of a great many women who are knitting away and saying nothing."

A certain sign that the age of coquetry and extreme femininity is returning is the news that fans are coming back into fashion, if the British observers are correct. Not for years, the manufacturers say, have there been so many orders for fans of every description, from the hand-made lace and tortoise-shell varieties of the duchess to the little inexpensive chiffon spangled fan of the young girl. There could be no stronger evidence of a general return on the part of woman to her ancient arts and wiles than this reinstatement of the fan. During the war there was little time for fans and all such feminine frippery, but even before the war outbreak fans had not held their usual place in woman's favor for many years, because at that time it was not quite the fashion to be delicate and feminine.

Raglan Castle, which has been presented to the British nation by the Duke of Beaufort, hereditary keeper of the castle, is one of the most picturesque ruins in the country. During the troublous days of the Civil War it sheltered King Charles I, and after the king's departure withstood the Roundhead siege for nearly four years. It was by order of Parliament that the stately castle was reduced to ruins. After his surrender to the Ironsides the Earl of Somerset petitioned Parliament to allow him "to die out of restraint," as he was aged and infirm and unable to move without assistance. That touching appeal lies in the archives of the House of Lords endorsed: "Nothing done. Dead."

Africa is a sick country—one of the sickest in the world. Malaria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia fill the swamps and forests with death. The fear of death is so constant a companion of the black people that they have come to consider their native witch doctor as more important than the ruling foreign government or the chief of their own tribe. But once the white man sets foot on the fever trail the witch doctor might just as well throw away his crazy medicine. In his heart he knows he is a humbug (says the *Christian Herald*). One of them accused of this by a missionary, while he accepted the accusation, replied: "It is my business. There is money in it. I can not give it up."

The college started in Boston by the Central Labor Union opened its doors with more than 150 enrolled students. The purpose of the college is to provide higher education for the workers. The students include both sexes and all ages. In one instance a father and daughter sat together. Among the first lessons are: "How to Write English," "Shop Committees and Collective Bargaining," "Masterpieces of Literature," and "The Distribution of Wealth."

July and August

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Rector—My dear young lady, I hope I am mistaken, but I thought I saw you talking during the sermon yesterday. *Stray Lamb*—You certainly are mistaken. Why, I never talk in my sleep.—*London Opinion*.

"Waiter," cried the diner, "there's a fly in this ice pudding." "Serves him right, sir," replied the waiter; "let him stay there and freeze to death. He was in another gentleman's soup yesterday. I'll be downright glad to get rid of him."—*Sphere*.

"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is?" "Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Nell—I heard you were out on the golf links yesterday. What did you go round in? *Stell*—My new Scotch plaid. Really, dear, it fits perfectly.—*Manchester Guardian*.

"So she has lost her husband? Has she recovered from her grief yet?" "Not yet. You know how slow those insurance companies are in settling."—*Kansas City Star*.

"She doesn't dance very gracefully." "Neither does she dance disgracefully. And that's a point, too."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Didn't you enjoy yourself at the dance, Jane?" "No, sir; it was my first public 'op, and it'll be my last. I was insulted most

'orrible. A sergeant came over to me 'an 'e sez, 'Is yer programme full?' An' I'd only 'ad an ice-cream an' a bun."—*Tit-Bits*.

Pretty Girl (to soldier just discharged from hospital)—And how did you feel when the bullet went through your arm? *Soldier*—Well, I felt distinctly bored, don't you know.—*Washington Star*.

"I think," said Bertie, "that Mrs. Winkle must be what is called an optimist." "How's that, dear?" asked Bertie's mother. "Well, she told me that she always puts out her tubs to catch soft rain water when it rains hard."—*London Answers*.

Leary—Still waiting for your ship to come in, eh? *Weary*—Oh, they've come. Whole fleet of 'em. All hardships.—*Judge*.

Edith—When it comes to love, I wouldn't give a thought to how much a man is making. *Maud*—Neither would I, dear. What would primarily interest me would be how much he had already made. There's no use taking chances.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Oh, Charley, have you half a minute to spare?" "Yes. But only half a minute, my dear." "Well, I only want you to explain to me exactly what's meant by the covenant of the league of nations."—*The Passing Show*.

Lady (to applicant for position as gardener)—You are, of course, strictly sober? *Applicant*—Yes, mum, often.—*London Blighty*.

Traveler (on the aerial express)—I want to drop into Hickville, conductor. *Conductor* (looking at watch)—Strap on your parachute—you walk the plank in seven minutes.—*Buffalo Express*.

Mr. Styles—I was mistaken when I said you had no capacity for business. *Mrs. Styles* I thought you'd change your mind. *Mr. Styles*—You certainly have helped along the millinery and dressmaking business a whole lot.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Say, looky yur," began a citizen of the Sandy Mush, Arkansas, region, entering the Palace drug store in Tumlinville. "You fellers sold me this yur rat pi'zon last week, and three or four of my children got hold of the box and et right smart of the stuff. It didn't 'pear to damage 'em none, and I'll be dogged if I don't believe I've been swindled."—*Judge*.

"Out after hours again, hey?" said the father. "Only ten minutes late," replied his son. "Well, go at once to your room, sir, lock yourself in, and bring me the key. This thoughtlessness must be checked."—*Farm and Home*.

Butcher—I am in need of a boy about your size. I would pay you ten shillings a week.

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"Phew! How can you smoke such cigars as this one you've given me?" "I can't. That's the one you handed me yesterday."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The golfer must keep his eye strictly on the hall." "That must be why pretty girls don't go in much for golf."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Visitor—And how did my little pet like the theatre? *Little Girl*—Not very much. The actors didn't act as if they was just actin'; they acted as if it was all real—an' that made me feel uncomfortable. *Visitor*—Why? *Little*

Girl—I felt as if I was peepin' through a key-hole into somebody else's house.—*Farm and Home*.

First Farmer—How do you find your new hired man, Ezry? *Second Farmer*—I look in the shade of the tree nearest his work.—*Buffalo Express*.

"A lack of understandin' kin be mighty comfortin'," said Uncle Eben. "De worse you talk to a mule de more he feels complimented by de attention he's receivin'."—*Washington Star*.

"Why did you never marry, auntie?" "Because, dear, I never found a man who would have me." "Oh, auntie, were you always as homely as you are now?"—*Detroit Free Press*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2207.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 12, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Chancellor and the General.

The vexed question as to the authorship of the war seemed to be settled when Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg, with that admirable blending of pride and humility that is characteristic of the German temperament, announced that he, and he alone, had inspired its birth and directed its conduct. Commenting last week upon this momentous confession, we expressed some doubt as to the temper in which it would be received by the distinguished exile at Amerongen. Would it be regarded as an act of sublime self-immolation, or as one of usurpation? Would the ex-emperor be willing to merge himself in the background, so to speak, to become one of the supernumeraries of the drama, to accept a mere speaking part, while Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg stepped gracefully into the spotlight and proclaimed himself the central figure in the greatest event in human history? It seemed unlikely.

But the situation has now become still more complicated. Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg's claim or confession applied, as we understand it, only to the political direction of the German Empire. He was not a soldier, but a statesman. His was the master mind that conceived the project, that launched and inspired it, while delegating its actual accomplishment to the colossal armies of Germany and to their leaders. There was still room

for the emperor, for the War Lord. The lesser laurels might still be his. The historian of the future would of course pay the greater homage to the animating and directing mind of Von Bethman-Hollweg, but at his side, slightly to the rear, there would still be room for the emperor into whose hands was confined the thunderbolts forged by Jove. But now even this slender solace has disappeared with the confession of General von Hindenburg that it was he, and he alone, who directed the armies in the field, that the emperor had nothing to do with it. Von Hindenburg is quite willing to be "stood up against a wall" if by that act he may be allowed to establish his supremacy.

Nothing now remains but to await the confessions of Von Ludendorff and Von Tirpitz. We can hardly believe that they will acquiesce in these adroit efforts to rob them of their rights as authors of the war. Surely they will not permit themselves to be crowded from the stage. But they are strangely silent, and time passes.

In the meantime our sympathies are with the emperor, who thus finds himself in the very devil of a dilemma. He can hardly rebuke his henchmen lest an unthinking world shall judge him guilty of ingratitude. His reputation, his fame, are absolutely the only things remaining to him from the wreck of his empire, his only solace in his immeasurable calamity, the only eminence upon which he can now stand. And even these are delicately carried off by Von Bethman-Hollweg and Von Hindenburg, who are willing enough to pay whatever price may be demanded for an official certificate to their greatness.

The Senate and the Treaty.

While very obviously senatorial sentiment with respect to a league of nations runs high and in positive disapproval of the project as defined in the peace treaty, no definite plan of action respecting it has been devised. Mr. Lodge heads one group of protesting Republicans. Messrs. Borah, Brandegee, Poindexter, and Johnson—all Republicans—represent another. Senator Reed, Democrat, takes still another and equally positive position. But while these various factions and elements stand in general opposition, they stand likewise at odds with each other, and if the sentiment is to become effective there must be developed a plan upon which they can unite.

Combination, we believe, of all the factors in opposition will finally be made upon the project to formally approve the treaty as it shall be submitted by the President, but to accompany the act of acceptance with resolutions of reservation and interpretation. By this method, for which there are ample precedents, the Senate may practically eliminate from the treaty, so far as the United States is concerned, everything to which objection has been made. It would have the effect of amending the treaty, and at the same time avoid the difficulties and delays of direct amendment.

The Argonaut's Washington correspondent is convinced that the project for interpretative limitation is a growing one and that it will ultimately be adopted by the Republicans, with some aid from the Democratic side. Senators McCumber and McNeary, Republicans, who have been counted as for the league without amendment, have, within the week, declared themselves favorable to interpretative accompaniment. Senator Reed, Democrat, will surely support a limiting resolution, and recent remarks by Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia indicate that his vote will go to the same effect.

Many proposals in limitation of the treaty project have been suggested, but that which finds most general acceptance is the Root draft, as follows:

1. In advising and consenting to the ratification of the said treaty the Senate reserves and excludes from its consent

the tenth article of the covenant for the league of nations, as to which the Senate refuses its consent.

2. The Senate consents to the ratification of the said treaty, reserving Article X aforesaid, with the understanding that whenever two years' notice of withdrawal from the league of nations shall have been given, as provided in Article I, no claim, charge, or finding that international obligation or obligations under the covenant have not been fulfilled will be deemed to render the two years' notice ineffectual or to keep the power giving the notice in the league after the expiration of the time specified in the notice.

3. Inasmuch as, in agreeing to become a member of the league of nations, the United States of America is moved by no interest or wish to intrude upon or interfere with the political policy or internal administration of any foreign state, and by no existing or anticipated dangers in the affairs of the American continents, but accedes to the wish of the European states that it shall join its power to theirs for the preservation of general peace, the Senate consents to the ratification of the said treaty, excepting Article X, aforesaid, with the understanding that nothing contained therein shall be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions, or to require the submission of its policy regarding questions which it deems to be purely American questions to the decision or recommendation of other powers.

Article 10, which by adoption of the draft above would be rejected preemptorily, is that provision in the covenant guaranteeing the "territorial integrity" of states members of the league. It is in its full text as follows:

The high contracting parties shall undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all states members of the league. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the executive council shall advise upon the means by which the obligation shall be fulfilled.

Other reservations, it will be seen, provide (1) definite and expeditious means of withdrawal from the league; and (2) for declining to yield to the league any part or authority in affairs purely American.

Twenty Years of Berkeley.

In twenty years the State University at Berkeley has more than doubled the scope and volume of its activities. But in appraising the values of Dr. Wheeler's career in the presidency there is much more on the credit side than multiplication of facilities or increase in the number of students. When Dr. Wheeler came to Berkeley in 1899 the forces in Western education tended toward utilitarianism so strongly as to menace higher academic standards. Broadly speaking, the Western schools were addressing their energies more to vocational training than to scholarship. It was inevitable and entirely proper that Berkeley should to a degree fall in with the current movement, but it was none the less important that it should sustain the scholarly tradition established by Gilman, the LeContes, Swinton, Gayley, Moses, Bacon, and others. It is to the credit of Dr. Wheeler that while seeking to broaden the school in its utilitarian function he held fast and built upon that which had been established prior to his time. In educational as in other spheres there is, not uncommonly, jealousy and fear of professional rivalry, but of this spirit there was none in Dr. Wheeler. In strengthening the faculty in numbers he was careful to strengthen it in scholarship and in the powers of inspiration. Thus there came to it the late Professor Stephens, Professor Loeb, and others, not only to bear part in the work of upholding academic standards, but to share as well in the repute of Berkeley.

In 1899 the State University was in need, not more of stimulation of its internal energies, than of popular understanding and appreciation. While in no sense neglecting the practical side of things, while largely augmenting its practical courses, Dr. Wheeler interpreted Berkeley to the state in terms of scholarship. Valuing at its full the vocational obligation of the university, he placed a still higher value upon its obligation to the

humanities; and in his addresses, in his writings, in his goings and comings among men, he helped California to appreciate the larger as well as the lesser but more immediate values of education. A man of less individual culture, a man intolerant of high-class co-operation, a man of lower academic standards, might have reduced Berkeley, even while promoting growth in its general activities, to the relatively low level of many another Western school. That Berkeley is strong today, not merely in numbers of its faculty and student body, but in scholarship and character, stands to the credit of the retiring administration.

This period of twenty years has brought to the internal organization of Berkeley much that tends to its dignity and to its usefulness. If not as yet fully equipped in the matter of buildings, it is measurably so; and additions and enlargements have been made with judgment and taste. A little aside from the regular work of the university there has been developed a great summer school which attracts to its faculty the best talent of the country and annually brings to Berkeley many thousands of eager and ambitious students. These developments have grown upon the initiative and energy of Dr. Wheeler. Further creditable to him is the system of student government which has become a pattern for the colleges of the country.

When Dr. Wheeler came to Berkeley he was essentially a man of the East, more definitely a New Englander. By his own choice and declaration he is now a Californian: his permanent home will be here. And for him there is still abundant opportunity of service. If there be one need in California of more importance than others it is that for detached men at once known and accredited. We have able men by the score, but there are too few among us not presumptively so attached to interests or causes as to qualify availability for public service. Dr. Wheeler suffers under no handicap. Free from obligations of personal necessity, detached from any private interest, widely known, highly accredited for learning and ability, master of fine powers of expression, he should now at the age of sixty-five be, not at the end of his career, but in the mid-current of useful life.

As to Prohibition.

The truth with respect to prohibition in its extreme form is that it has come about, not in obedience to public sentiment, but through evasion of public sentiment. Common judgment no longer justifies the saloon as we have known it in times past, nor will tolerate it. But public sentiment, which condemns the saloon and which unquestionably would put "hard liquor" under the ban, will not, when it has opportunity to assert itself discriminately, deny the legitimate use of light and non-harmful beverages.

The condition as we find it today has come about through trickery on the part of radical advocates playing upon the timidity of political human nature, from the White House down the line. Not one man in ten of those whose votes in Congress and in legislatures have imposed prohibition in its extreme form is really in sympathy with the principle involved. What has been done is the result of a shrewdly devised campaign of political terrorism. Evidences in support of this fact are in plain view to everybody, and their validity will be acknowledged by honest advocates of extreme prohibition if there be any such outside the limited groups whose mental processes are controlled by prejudice or emotion.

Prohibition rests upon an illogical basis. There is neither sound common sense nor sound morality in prohibiting the legitimate use of something because there are those who abuse it. In logic and in morals reforms should be imposed upon the abuser rather than upon the legitimate user. When there has been time for the public mind to grasp this fundamental consideration, and when the public has come to understand that extreme prohibition is not only illogical, but an invasion of private and individual rights, there will be a movement to undo what has been done and to re-establish the order upon another basis. Common sense will assert itself as it inevitably does when given time to take in the facts and to comprehend their significance.

So far back in the history of the race as record or tradition runs men have made and used beverages more or less stimulating. Human appetite and human purpose not be changed radically by the enactment

of a law. Law adjusts itself to man, not man to the law. Now that prohibition has been put into the Constitution of the United States, the process of fitting the rule to public sentiment may be both difficult and slow: none the less it will be done. Either under a system of non-enforcement or through interpretations, the public will, in the long run, will work itself out in practice.

The real danger is that the movement backward will be so radical and rapid as to discredit both law and government. The stage has been set to that end by conditions which make extreme prohibition a rank form of class legislation. For today the man of means is amply provided, while the man without means must suffer the restrictions of the law. Here in San Francisco the cellar has suddenly become almost as important as the library. Practically every well-to-do man has stocked up against his future needs or desires, while the poor man must perforce yield to the law. A rule which thus works out inequitably, yielding privilege to the rich and restriction to the poor, is assuredly doomed.

The true hope of the situation is that out of the conflict of prejudice, interest, sentiment, and appetite there will come a rational solution under which the saloon with its gross evils shall be destroyed forever; that hard liquor like any other poisonous and demoralizing thing shall be held in leash, and that allowance shall be given to legitimate use of those lighter beverages which, used moderately and decently, are commonly harmless and often helpful.

Editorial Notes.

The fact that prohibition is being put into effect as a "war measure" coincidentally with the ending of the war is only one of a curious jumble of anomalies. To illustrate: The President, though obviously too fearful of political consequences to exercise his executive powers, has tried to postpone prohibition by "passing the buck" to Congress. Congress, likewise politically timid, has declined to accept responsibility upon the theory that authority in the matter of "war policy" rests with the President. Finally, the officers of administration at Washington by a course of vacillation have left aspects of the situation in doubt. It is not yet determined if the law prohibits certain low-grade beverages; nor is it certain upon what policy the legal department of the government will proceed in the matter of prosecution. Up to the very hour of the coming into effect of "war prohibition" there was uncertainty on the part of the department to which had been assigned enforcement of the law. To be specific: On the morning of the last day of June it was announced by officials of the Department of Justice that the law prohibited the sale of 234 per cent. beer and light wine. Later in the day it was announced that United States district attorneys had been instructed by the Department of Justice not to interfere with sales of low per cent. beer and wine for the present. Later the Attorney-General issued a statement that "it will be unlawful to sell for beverage purposes any distilled spirit and any beer or other intoxicating beverage or vinous liquor except for export." Washington correspondents report that inquiry of the Department of Justice on July 1st was met with the admission that the department had reversed itself. It would seem that long before the date fixed for putting prohibition into effect the Administration should have determined and announced its policy. A course which declares one policy on Monday and another on Tuesday is not calculated to increase respect either for law or government on the part of the average citizen.

The clause in the peace treaty demanding surrender of the ex-Kaiser and his subjection to criminal trial was a concession to Mr. Lloyd George, who insisted upon it because in his pre-election campaign last year he had given pledge to that effect. Anger and resentment ran high at the moment, and Mr. Lloyd George, than whom there is no man quicker to gauge public sentiment and to adjust himself to it, made a popular hit in his promise to punish the Kaiser. But it now appears that under process of sober second thought the British public is more wisely-minded than it was a year ago. It sees—or at least discreet leaders see—that the effect of severe treatment of the Kaiser will be to make him a martyr in the view of his people, to increase irritation and resentment, and in effect to postpone peace

in its essentials. On the other hand, to try him as the responsible author of German cruelties in the war and then to impose upon him a light penalty would be to turn the whole matter into a farce. It is a case bristling with difficulties, and one in which a false move would surely entail embarrassing consequences. It is plainly in evidence that the British authorities see this and that they are now seeking a way to escape from a difficult situation.

Prosecution of individual violators of humanity in the war will no doubt be demanded—and properly so. Officers under whose orders innocent persons in Belgium and France were lined up against stone walls and shot to death will probably be brought to trial—and properly so. Those who ordered the execution of Captain Fryatt merit and should suffer punishment. Likewise in many other cases there ought to be, and no doubt will be, prosecution and punishment. But to go back of specific acts and to involve directly a man against whom only a remote and moral responsibility may be established, furthermore a man whose punishment would be a stimulus to German resentment and to political reaction, is at once a difficult and a hazardous procedure. The wisest course in the matter of the Kaiser will be not to make him the hero of a sensational trial for offenses committed in his name, but to interne him under circumstances in no wise tending to promote his dignity either in England or in some neutral country not adjacent to Germany. Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord; and surely William Hohenzollern, beaten, deposed, broken, and humiliated, is getting what is fairly coming to him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A "Land of Liberty."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1919.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Last evening, while dining in a leading San Francisco restaurant, my attention was attracted by the entrance of what appeared to be a family party of four, including a young man in his khaki uniform. The soldier wore the gold stripe indicating overseas service and walked with two crutches.

The members of the party were shown to seats and three of the number, not including the soldier, ordered appetizers. The waiter begged their pardon, and said he was prevented from serving them liquor with a soldier in the United States uniform seated at the table. If he were in the uniform of England, France, Italy, or Belgium it would be all right, but in the United States uniform it was different. The young soldier was compelled to withdraw to another table while his friends enjoyed their accustomed beverage.

And this in a land of liberty! That soldier boy could face Boche bullets on the battlefield, but he could not be trusted to eat or drink without the meddlesome, paternal guardianship of prohibition.

If this is the sort of democracy for which that brave boy fought—"God save our native land!" A. A. DENISON.

From an Unreconcilable.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28, 1919.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I am afraid your correspondent, F. Graham Tollit, is to be numbered among those who "have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, neither do they understand." Were it otherwise he would have discovered that the kernel of my letter, for which he so seriously takes me to task, is not in what it said, but in what it implied. For the peace of his mind, let me assure him that there is no perplexity in mine in connection with that of the German, nor is there any failure to understand the Anglo-Saxon attitude towards striking a man when he is down.

I happen to be a Welshman and the product of an English public school, and my sporting instincts are as equally developed as those of Mr. Tollit, but I decline to admit that when the opponent has been, not an honorable foe, but a German, that the treatment should be the same. To me the youth of Germany today are, potentially, the beasts who outraged and maimed the little girls of Belgium and France—who, no doubt, were equally as pretty as his present German friends now are—and these same girls are potentially the mothers of such. No amount of association would ever alter my feelings toward the German, on whom I would visit "the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation."

Yours very truly,
ARTHUR T. OWEN.

From a Reformed Democrat.

BERKELEY, CAL., June 30, 1919.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Having had the *Argonaut* for something more than forty years, naturally I read everything in it except the so-called society news (that I skip). I had much rather go without my dinner than miss the *Argonaut*, which is the only paper daring to speak right out.

When Barbara Moss, in the *Argonaut* of May 31st, gave her little song urging Woodrow Wilson to come home, I felt that I wanted to tell her a few things, for—

Oh, Barbara Moss, you have made a mistake,

For there's no one that wants Woodrow here;

Wherever he goes, he kicks up a fuss,

So he'd better remain over there.

He blocked the peace pact with his rotten old league

When the Germans were ready to sign,

And he's meddled with what was none of his biz,

Till he's muddled up the whole line.

Instead of the friends that we formerly had,

We have enemies now, not a few,

So he'd better remain across the big pond

Where he seems to find plenty to do.

For Woodrow is trying to give us away

To the people across the rough sea,

But we still have a few of our patriots left

Who swear that thing never shall be.

So Barbara had better fix over her bright jingles and tell Woodrow to lose himself somewhere, for a recent letter from Paris tells me that they are deadly tired of him over there and wanted to say good-by to him long months ago, for he has made a hotch of everything he's touched and makes speeches

and speeches that no one wants to hear. Woodrow would probably bust and be scattered all over the landscape if he could not speechify. The morning paper says that he has already started to make us a visit. The Lord help us. I am told that there are actually some senators who believe in that league of nations. They should be furnished with a copy of the Constitution of this United States and be made to learn it by heart.

Very truly yours,
A. Cross.
(Once a Democrat, but not now.)

An Exercise in Cancellation.

OAKLAND, July 7, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: You publish the story of Mrs. Bass about the woman who fooled her husband by voting the ticket opposed to the one which he supported. Mrs. Bass thought this a very smart trick, but in fact it is proof of the utter folly of woman suffrage. The Federal census shows that 80 per cent of the women of voting age are married. If every wife vote against her husband, the votes balance and the result is the same as if only the husband voted. On the other hand, if every wife vote the same ticket as her husband, the vote is merely doubled, with the same result as if only the husbands had voted. From this situation there is no escape. Mrs. Bass' extra smart woman voter merely had her vote killed by that of her husband, and she killed his, and the result of the election was not at all affected, and both might as well have snubbed the poll and stayed at home.

JOHN P. IRISH.

California House.

An Account of a War Benevolence.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Some months ago you were kind enough to print a letter of mine thanking your readers for the home newspapers sent to California House in London for our soldiers boys in the various aviation camps in England. At the same time you promised, in my name, to let those generous readers know of our future plans. May I, if your space permits, redeem that promise?

The foundation of California House depended upon the imaginative insight of a small group of Californians, whose swift response to my appeal in 1915 made it possible for us to start a form of war service of which we ourselves did not, for some time, fully grasp the importance. To every one who helped us, then and since, we owe a debt of gratitude we can never sufficiently emphasize.

For nearly four years California House devoted its energies to the reeducation of disabled men. It must be remembered that when we started all the technic of occupational and vocational training, accepted now as a matter of course in our military and Red Cross hospitals, simply did not exist. In looking back upon those first months—already so remote—I am amazed at the tenacity with which we attacked problems which later engaged the attention of experts all the world over. We had to fight down apathy and even hostility. In the existing pressure upon the medical services Dr. Commonsense was the only physician upon whose support we could rely. Groping ourselves, we did not realize that we were pioneers blazing a new trail through dark forests of unknown terrors: hideous wounds and mutilations, undreamed-of complications of physical and mental suffering. We had to educate not only those great children—our wounded boys—but ourselves and the general public, as well.

In 1916 we added to our ever-increasing responsibilities the maintenance of a small convalescent hospital of twenty-five beds, and again we made—through the kindness of Mrs. William B. Bourn, who had in the interval visited California House—a second successful onslaught upon the pockets of our Californian friends. To them, and to subscribers from all over the United States and Hawaii, we owe our subsequent comparative freedom from financial worry till the American Red Cross undertook to support us till the end of the war. The twenty-five beds in our small hospital were reserved for cases the Belgian surgeons despaired of (*"les tristes débris de la guerre,"* wrote the colonel in command of the Belgian army medical service in England). Pitiful as they were—these broken boys—with what eagerness did they respond to every plan we formed for their benefit. The war was not all tragedy. Shall those of us who were privileged to work for it ever forget the triumph when the first of our "incurables," who for two years had been chained to his bed, helpless as a log; who had been carried in, like a sack of potatoes, on the back of a comrade, walked out of the hospital—six feet of exultant manhood! The whole Belgian colony was agitated as by the performance of some modern miracle, and every paralyzed Belgian soldier in England implored us to take him in. I may add that of those we were able to accept—all too few, alas—every one was cured.

Against what terrific odds this work was carried on few can realize. The incessant Zeppelin raids, so demoralizing for men whose nerves were already stretched to the point of agony by innumerable operations; the sharply limited rations for patients with the ravenous hunger of youth and convalescence; the difficulty of obtaining materials, tools, and all the thousand and one requirements of a large establishment.

In 1916, also, through a visit by Mr. John Galsworthy, we were discovered by the British, and the first Kitchener House was the result, with further heavy responsibilities to be recklessly assumed. By that time California House was a centre to be gravely visited by officials of every nation. A deputation of Russian doctors implored us to transfer our energies to Moscow, where we would have, they told us, so vast a field for our labors that no one lifetime would be sufficient to grasp it. We found, however, that the field we had chosen was rich enough in its opportunities for discovery of methods of amelioration and reconstruction. We had become sculptors in human clay, and no words can ever convey the thrill with which we followed the slow or swift process of mental recovery in cases that had seemed hopeless, and the physical improvement that almost invariably kept pace with it.

The long years, so crowded with work undertaken under such pressure of suspense and fatigue, passed at last, and our formidable task at California House ended on the first day of March, 1919, when the last of our wounded boys, smiling wanly but happily, limped to the taxi that was to start him on his journey homeward bound to Belgium. His step was feeble, but the grip of his thin fingers was eloquent, as he said good-by to us (hardly less moved than he) and glanced up with eyes brimming with tears at the flags drooping so forlornly after a night of rain. "I can't believe," he murmured, "that I may not come back again. Will there be no California House for us in Belgium?"

Even before the armistice our Belgian friends had begun variations on the same wistful theme. We were very proud of that spontaneous chorus of appreciation, which grew more and more clamorous when the deliverance of Belgium brought the inevitable end nearer and nearer. From every class of society came the same insistent plea: "Don't, don't break off the association that has meant so much to us during these years of sorrow and exile." Even soldiers in the trenches, wild with impatience and delight, implored us to be allowed "to come home to California once more!"

At a meeting of the executive committee held in December, 1918, we wrestled with this final problem—how to keep permanently alight the little flame that had burnt so bright and clear during the dark years of the war; how in this world

of wonders could we grant the prayers of our friends for some corner in Belgium, however modest, to be a permanent memorial of "California House"!

We decided in the first place to present to some existing Belgian institution the entire equipment of our small hospital, and with it to furnish and if possible endow the twenty-five beds in a ward to be known as "The California House Memorial Ward," with each bed to be dedicated to one of our Californian boys who has made the supreme sacrifice. We would be glad to know whether your readers agree with us that this would be a fitting climax to our labors, a splendid conclusion to the work that has been carried on through the generosity, under the name, and under the flag of California.

Her majesty, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, chose the Edith Cavell Hospital and School for Nursing as the institute likely to benefit most from the gift we contemplate. She urged the vital need of the moment in Belgium: scientific nursing. "Whether you wish to help little children, or young mothers, or the wounded soldiers—to whom you have specially devoted yourself—it is upon nursing that you must depend. When the health of a whole nation is lowered, is it not upon intelligent care of the sick and weak that we must rely for ultimate recovery?" Her majesty expressed, with strong feeling, her sense of obligation to America. Both the king and the queen shrink from anything that might savor of exploitation of the generosity which has been so tirelessly shown them and their people. My assurance that California House had been supported entirely by voluntary contributions, that some of our subscribers had given unasked as often as five or six times, surprised the queen as much as it touched her. His eminence, Cardinal Mercier, also urged upon me the need of the nursing sisterhood. "Tell your compatriots," he said, his deep eyes blazing with enthusiasm and unshaken conviction, "that their help came to us in our darkest hour; they have understood that the very essence of religion is giving—in the sense of sacrifice and service—that giving is in itself a religion!"

Will those who subscribe to this religion, as we ourselves do with all our hearts, help us to the extent of their power? We know there are many who would esteem it a privilege to aid us who may hesitate because they will feel their contribution is all too small. After the heavy pressure on every one of us we have ceased to weigh or measure. The will to give is all we value, so that our assurance to the queen that we shall not offer her one reluctant dollar may be amply justified.

Only those who have been in Belgium can appreciate the colossal problems of reestablishment that await the gallant little country that never for one moment bowed its head to the conqueror. All she pleads for is help to help herself. What we contemplate is no charity, but a memorial of war service that was gladly undertaken and that builded better than it knew, winning for itself an abiding place in the affections of a people who were strangers to us all and are now our grateful and devoted friends. Those who have lost most and suffered most will have learned the hardest lesson of the war: that service is happiness, and that the recipients of our gifts may be, in the deepest sense, our real benefactors.

JULIE HELEN HEYENMAN,

Chairman the California House Executive Committee.

MR. VANDERLIP AND THE WAR.

An American Banker Summarizes the Situation with a Glance at the Possibilities of the Future.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, author of "What Happened to Europe," says that he went abroad to learn at first hand what war had done to the finances of the old world. Mr. Vanderlip is a banker, and it is natural that the money situation should attract his attention. If he had been only a banker he would have given us a volume bristling with statistics that would doubtless have been read by the banking fraternity, but that would have been still-born so far as the public was concerned. But Mr. Vanderlip is more than a banker, much more. That is why he put his technical investigations upon one side when he reached Europe. He found that there was something more important than money. National bankruptcy, he says, is a calamity, but there are nations in Europe that have been overwhelmed by something more disastrous than bankruptcy. For this reason Mr. Vanderlip tells us first what has happened to Europe, and then goes on to suggest what may happen to Europe in the future unless we shall take quick steps to prevent it.

We were badly in need of such a book as this, a book written during the five days of an Atlantic passage, a book of red-hot impressions, and yet a book of authority, not only for its authorship, but because it represents facts gathered from a notable galaxy of experts. Mr. Vanderlip went everywhere and talked with every one—statesmen, bankers, traders, and labor men. He learned about international politics, commerce, and railroads. He learned also about the man in the street, and the man in the street is usually overlooked because in our middle-headed way we exclude from our inquiries the chief factor in the situation. It is the breadth of Mr. Vanderlip's book that makes it remarkable. He is free from the curse of the specialist. He sums up for us the situation in its entirety, and without labored arguments nor efforts to prove the obvious. For example, he says that Russia will be dominated and exploited by Germany unless America shall show unexpected intelligence in the matter. Of course Russia will be dominated by Germany. Our fatuous disposition of Poland is a guarantee of that. And if Germany dominates Russia we shall have lost the war, and we shall have to fight it again, and with Germany on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic, which will make it decidedly interesting for us. There are 100,000 Germans who speak Russian. How many Americans are there that can speak Russian? How many Englishmen or Frenchmen? At least 50,000 of the *intelligencia* of Russia have been killed. Mr. Vanderlip thinks that they may have been killed at German instigation, and in order that only illiterates may remain when the time comes for commercial competition. That is the sort of thing that Germans would do, he says.

But none the less we have carefully flattened out a road for them into Russia, and the blessed principles of self-determination and of democracy have been duly honored. When the war started, says Mr. Vanderlip, the axis of German ambition pointed toward Bagdad. Now it will swing toward Moscow. There we have the international war situation in a nutshell. While we were gazing with horror toward Verdun and Ypres, the Germans were laughing in their sleeves and forcing the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which secured for them more than they had hoped to gain. The Germans were fighting for a road into Asia and for nothing else. They have paid a hideous price for it, but they won it. It will be permanently theirs unless America shall show "unexpected" intelligence. And now we may observe the frenzy of the pacifist, the Bolshevik, and the pro-German, as they furiously assert that we have "no business in Russia," and with a sob in their voices demand the instant return of "our boys."

Mr. Vanderlip's comments on the international political situation are confined to a page or two. But they contain more sound meat than is to be found in the usual tome of 500 pages. Never was the problem more tersely expressed than in the two sentences, "When the war started the axis of German ambition pointed toward Bagdad. Now it will swing around toward Moscow and the rich world beyond." The rich world beyond includes Siberia and Vladivostok and the frontier of Japan. It is strange that some of our alleged statesmen allow themselves to descend into an abyss of cackling hysteria on the subject of Japan, but are blankly indifferent to the arrival of Germany herself as the Pacific Ocean neighbor of Japan. But Mr. Vanderlip does not argue these points. He merely states them.

But Mr. Vanderlip has something even more serious than this to say. It is not the international situation that moves him to foresee for the people of Europe "a catastrophe that they themselves do not dream of at the moment, a catastrophe that may be marching with the grim certainty that marks tragedy." It may be averted if America is wise enough; otherwise it "can not be averted." He does not mean American charity, but he does mean the throwing of the whole national strength into the breach. Europe must be saved from a financial and industrial breakdown, for "there are possibilities of a cataclysm in the situation and time will move very rapidly." But America must learn to understand, and possibly her comprehension may be quickened by the realization that whatever happens in Europe may be repeated here, and that in national maladies there is a certain contagion that defies alike reason and the stretches of the separating ocean.

We have been invited to an almost wearisome extent to study the policies of governments and the complex problems of high international politics. We have examined frontier lines and the supposed aspirations of nationalities toward democracy and ballot-boxes. We have weighed the "claims" of statesmen, and we have pored over the pages of history in order to decide between rival ownerships and disputed sovereignties. Mr. Vanderlip now invites us to consider the case of the man in the street, and the various things that he is likely to do in certain eventualities. After all, the man in the street has some right to be considered. Lincoln said once that God must be quite interested in common people, since he had made so many of them. But it is hardly a case for abstract consideration just at the present time. The man in the street is either in the saddle or he has his hand upon the pommel. What is he likely to do? Vote? Doubtless he will be pleased enough to vote when normal times come round again. It can not do any particular harm, although we may doubt if it will do any particular good. But just at the present time there are millions of men in Europe who are not thinking at all about votes. One can not eat votes, nor manufacture commodities out of votes, nor clothe oneself in votes. Votes cut a very poor figure when confronted with stern and awful necessities. Mr. Vanderlip seems to be afraid that these people may conceivably go mad, acquire rabies, run amuck. Even self-determination may not be accepted as a satisfactory alternative to food, nor ballot-boxes to clothing and work and wages. He appears to think that this is a very great question, much greater than treaties, balances of power, or cessions of territory—much greater than finances or banking or tariffs. Because if the people should go mad, then all these things would disappear in the maelstrom.

What is the average man likely to do if immersed for sufficiently long in the inferno now prevailing in Europe? Paderewski was recently reported to have said that there are no children left alive in Poland, and no old people over fifty years of age. Just what he meant by Poland I do not know, but there are thirty million people in the whole of Poland, and this destruction of the young and the old may be accepted as a gauge of their misery. During the last twelve months, says Mr. Vanderlip, hundreds of thousands of people have died of starvation in Europe. From that fact we may make some sort of rough calculation as to the far greater number of people who have nearly starved to death. Moreover, Mr. Vanderlip speaks only of a

period of twelve months, which includes almost eight months of peace, and of course he says nothing of the people who died of starvation during the progress of the war. One million people in England are receiving unemployment wages and large numbers of them are being debauched by those unearned wages and are increasingly unwilling to work. In Belgium there are 800,000 in receipt of unemployment wages, and Belgium is a very small country. In the east of Europe there is practically no mechanism for relief of this sort. There are no governments there. Even if there were food to give the people, there are no transportation mechanisms to carry it to them. In the whole of Serbia, for example, there are only nine locomotives. On the Russian frontier there is a long and broad belt that for military reasons was turned into a howling wilderness by the retreating Russian armies. There are no railroads, no roads at all, no fields, nor factories. In Russia itself there are practically no locomotives. They are all worn out and deserted. Moreover, there is no coal. The situation is nearly the same in Greece, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Lithuania. The whole of eastern Europe is one vast sink of misery. Mr. Vanderlip says that the situation will be worse in 1920 and that it will be impossible to prevent another horror of starvation even if the ports of Europe are amply supplied with food. Of course the situation can be remedied, but as a matter of fact it has not been remedied. Practically nothing has been done. But what is likely to happen under such conditions as these? It is of no use to ask starving and bereaved men to solace themselves with the Versailles Conference or to thrill with joy at the thought that they will presently have polling booths or even boards of supervisors. And there are tens of millions of these people, and they are closer to the great cities of western Europe than we are to Chicago.

Mr. Vanderlip is a decidedly uncomfortable person. There is a certain persuasive and obdurate veracity about him. He does not seem to think that the world is ruled by majorities, nor any part of the world. With a dash of the pen he sweeps away a blessed delusion. He says that minorities rule. A Prussian minority made the war. About 5 per cent. of the Russian people are Bolsheviks, but none the less they rule. Audacity and organization rule every time. One man who knows precisely what he wants will always win against twenty men whose wishes are vague or undefined. There is a certain sheep-like docility about human beings and they will always follow a loud voice and a personal magnetism. The Russian army, he says, is governed by a system of discipline that would make a Prussian officer turn green with envy. Trotzky is a bloodthirsty wolf, like Nero. He delights in massacre. Lenin, on the other hand, is an aristocrat and something of a gentleman, a man of ability and with fine characteristics. The old days of terror are over in Russia. A stern morality has taken possession of the people. But there are great changes coming. The dictator is certain to arise in Russia. Dictators always arise after periods of chaos. Rome, which had the wisest government that the world has ever known, and perhaps the most beneficent, used to appoint a dictator at the outbreak of war, and so she saved herself the chaos after the war. We have grown more democratic since then and we do not like dictators, but we get them just the same. France, after the democratic hysteria of the Terror, passed under the dictatorship of Napoleon and then returned to her king. Russia will do the same. History always repeats itself, and Russia will emerge as France emerged and with her incalculable natural wealth as a basis.

But in the meantime we may give a heedful eye to the minorities that rule the world. The minorities in Europe are Bolshevik and they appeal to a hideous welter of unthinking misery. Bolshevism may spread in Europe, says Mr. Vanderlip, either through contact with Bolshevik countries or by spontaneous combustion. About one-half of Europe is now Bolshevik or in immediate danger of becoming so. A placid optimism says, Let us send food to these people and then they will not be Bolshevik any more. But you can not send food because there are no railroads and no ships. Moreover, where is the food? This is not a case of a devastated city, but of a devastated continent. It is a case of scores of millions of people. And there are still others who say, Let us raise wages and shorten hours, let us assuage the tiger with peanuts. But it will not work, says Mr. Vanderlip. The strike for higher wages has been tried and the higher wages were given, but the increase in wages became at once an even greater increase in prices and the worker was worse off than he was before. You may as well look facts in the face, says the uncomfortable Mr. Vanderlip. There are minorities all through Europe that are not at all interested in higher wages or in shorter hours. They are pointing to your whole social system from basement to garret and pronouncing it a failure. They demand that it shall be utterly razed. They are promising to destroy the temple and to build it again in three days. They will have nothing to do with compromises nor concessions. In England the minimum of irreconcilables throughout the masses of union labor is from 10 to 15 per cent. It is an "active and distinctly forceful" minority. The majority men are

usually indifferent and do not go to the union meetings. But the Bolshevik is always on the spot, is always watchful, always insistent, and he always votes. They have a "fanatical industry." England is staid, sober, conservative. But how about the Latin countries? How about the countries that have actually been overrun by war? Mr. Vanderlip wrote his book before the present outbreak in Italy. He thought somewhat highly of the prospects in Italy. He says the Northern Italians have a genius for industrial organization. None the less we are now witnesses of an incipient revolution in Italy, our newspapers are already talking about the Italian soviets. It is all very stupid, we say. What do they think they will gain by it? Why don't they look at Russia? And yet it is we who are rather stupid to talk in that way, and without a realization that starving men become wild beasts and with a terrible rapidity when they realize that food can not reach them, that there are no railroads, nor ships, nor factories. But of course there is a remedy if America shall show an "unexpected" wisdom. She must step into the breach with all her financial weight. She must establish credits, not in the spirit of the usurer, nor even of the trader, but with an immense resolve to arrest a conflagration that may otherwise prove itself to be illimitable, irresistible.

For we ourselves are not exactly in the position of one who can draw aside his skirts and pass by on the other side of the road if he be so minded. We, too, says Mr. Vanderlip, have our great conservative, phlegmatic, almost voiceless majority, and we have also our active radical minority. We have Socialist newspapers with a million circulation. Incredible numbers of incendiary pamphlets are circulated through the tenements of the East Side. Our merchants sit placidly in Wall Street intent on their usual avocations while revolutionary speeches are being made outside. It would be well for us to observe what is going on. "America is the greatest of democracies, pledged to the sovereign rule of majorities; and America should beware of the power of minorities." SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9, 1919.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sands of Dee.

"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.
The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.
"Oh! Is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."
They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

—Charles Kingsley.

The Last Buccaneer.

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish Main.
There were forty craft in Aves, that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannon round about;
And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free
To choose their gallant captains and obey them loyally.
Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel torture from Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keelhaul them, and starve them to the bone.
Oh, the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colihris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.
Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.
And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, the world's so hard I can't be worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove I'd fly across the main
To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once again.

—Charles Kingsley.

American soldiers who fought against Spain in 1898 lost in weight on an average of twenty-two pounds each; the average American soldier at the end of the fighting in 1918 weighed eight pounds more than he did when the selective service act or his own volition brought him into the army.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dudley Digges, whose portrayal of the weakling in "John Ferguson" has established him in America as an actor to be reckoned, is a graduate of the Irish National Theatre in Dublin. Prior to that he had gained something of a name for himself in Dublin as a member of a company of amateurs, presenting a repertory of about twenty old farces.

Diplomatic circles in Washington are much interested in the arrival of a woman diplomat, who comes as a secretary of the Danish legation. Miss Gerda Anderson, who is filling this important post, is an expert in five languages. She was formerly secretary of the Danish legation at Petrograd and later held a similar position in the ministry of foreign affairs.

Lord Ribblesdale, who recently married the widow of Vincent Astor, has had a popularity in British society by reason of his personal bearing, rank, and sporting proclivities, as great as that possessed by the former Mrs. Astor in America. Long known as "the handsomest peer in Parliament," Lord Ribblesdale is an imposing figure and has long been famous in many walks of life.

An explanation of the rise of Sir Douglas Haig to the command of the British armies in France is perhaps to be found in the following battle narrative by Field-Marshal Lord French: "The action of the First Corps on this day (September 14, 1914), under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig, was so skillful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river."

The most influential paper politically in New York, according to a correspondent, is a weekly publication, the editor of which makes no pretense of being a brilliant writer. He has the largest personal following politically of any man in the metropolis and he is so close a student of the public and is in such close contact with the people that in the last twenty-five years he never has failed to forecast accurately the result of an election in New York. The man in question is Joseph J. Reilly, editor of the *Chief*.

The most virile and representative man in England at the moment is Lord Leverhulme, formerly known as William Lever, the soap-maker (according to the *Wall Street Journal*). He may be the richest as well. Nobody knows. He has, at any rate, the largest and most prosperous industrial organization in Europe. He is a bull in all market matters, too. He is always a buyer. His faith in Britain and British business and everything British is absolute and complete. There is never the smallest cloud in the blue sky of his optimism.

Major-General George B. Duncan, former commander of the Seventy-Seventh (New York) Division, which helped drive the Germans out of the Argonne forest in the great American drive north of Verdun, has a large face and head, and he has a figure to carry them. In every respect he suggests a powerful man, mentally and physically, while the Celtic wistfulness of his eyes and the large mobile mouth together give him the look of a captivating whimsy. General Duncan has temperament, and any subject of conversation appeals to him.

Harold Wallace Ross, who is generally credited with having "made" the notable soldiers' paper, *Stars and Stripes*, worked on newspapers all the way from Hoboken to San Francisco, including such way stations as Atlanta, New Orleans, Paris, and Salt Lake City. It is said not true, as alleged, that he worked on seventy-eight different American journals, but it is true that, before the war, he was one of those itinerant reporters—a type that is passing—who, if he stayed with one city editor more than three months at a time, felt that he was getting into a rut. He was born in Aspen, Colorado.

Chase, the portrait painter, who recently "did" all the leading American army officers in oil, says of General Pershing: "His figure has been described as that of the perfect soldier, and I agree with this description. He is a 'stickler' for regulation in dress. He keenly scrutinizes any one with whom he is conversing; you feel that he knows whether you need a hair cut and whether your leather has been properly attended to that day. Your hand instinctively follows up the edge of your coat to make sure every button is buttoned, and you are hoping that your orderly brushed you properly."

Lieutenant-Commander Albert Cushing Read, the first aviator to pilot a plane across the ocean, was born at Lyme, a little village on the Connecticut River in the Granite State, March 29, 1887. He lived the normal life of New England childhood, and later his people moved southward to Massachusetts, from which state a cadetship was given to him in the Naval Academy at Annapolis July 8, 1903. His first official connection with the naval flying service was on June 30, 1915, when he was detached from duty at the torpedo station at Newport and ordered to the naval aeronautic station at Pensacola, Florida, for duty under instruction in aeronautics.

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND.

Mr. Warre B. Wells Writes the Political Biography of the Irish Parliamentary Leader.

Probably no other Irish leader ever had so hard a game to play as the late John Redmond. But for the war it would have been a comparatively easy game. It might still have been an easy game if John Redmond had been more of a politician and less of a man of conscience and principle. He might have placed himself at the head of a revolutionary Ireland and made of himself and of his country a catspaw for Germany and her satellites. He might have allied himself with the cause of autocratic tyranny everywhere. He would then have received the plaudits of the mob and a momentary popularity in two hemispheres that the hand of the historian would have labeled as disgrace. He chose the better part and he died in the shadow, although not, it would seem, without a dawning recognition of his moral value and of the reality of his benefactions to Ireland.

John Redmond brought the constitutional movement for Ireland to the point of success and then found that his work had been undone by a revolutionary movement that substituted the ruin of England for the liberation of Ireland. He himself might have become a revolutionist and a separatist. But he was wise enough to remain a constitutionalist and to refuse any part or lot in a movement that must necessarily culminate in tragedy. Says Mr. Warre B. Wells in the first chapter of his biography of John Redmond:

In August, 1914, John Redmond broke with the separatists once and for all. Principle and expediency met in a fatal clash, and he knew it would be no longer possible for him to work with men who believed that the reduction of the British Empire was an Irish interest. The issue was forced, as it were, prematurely and in circumstances that were unfavorable to Mr. Redmond. Could he have come to Ireland in August, 1914, to be prime minister of a new Irish Parliament—his own achievement—and to conduct recruiting on Irish lines, the magnitude of his supremacy as against the separatists would not have been in doubt. We know how far otherwise were the circumstances in which he declared the true faith which was in him. His speech in the House of Commons at the outbreak of the war, when he offered Irish support to the government, was delivered entirely on his own initiative. He acted then under stress of personal emotion and even—so we have been told—without consulting his principal colleague. Whoever reads the story of John Redmond's political career will observe that there were several occasions on which, for the sake of maintaining Irish unity, he compromised with his inner natural inclinations and adopted opinions which were not entirely his own. But his action in regard to the European struggle never varied, and the stronger his opponents of the Sinn Fein party became, the stiffer grew his own attitude of loyalty to the British cause.

John Redmond had always been a constitutionalist from the earliest days of his association with the Irish party. He was not a democratic leveler like Davitt. He did not share in the revolutionary spirit of the Land League. His first appearance in the House of Commons had been a turbulent one. Parnell was engaged in the work of obstructing the passage of the Coercion bill. The House had been sitting for twenty-four hours and was in the worst of tempers:

When Redmond arrived, Parnell himself was speaking in face of a hundred turbulent and noisy Englishmen. Never had Redmond been more impressed by that pale-featured, calm aristocrat. Then suddenly the end came. Mr. Brand, the speaker, whose business it was to look after the rules of the House and see that members observed them, acted with the courage of despair. He broke the rules himself by announcing that the debate was at an end. Whereupon Redmond, who was watching the proceedings from behind the Bar, saw all his future colleagues file out of the chamber in protest. They were back the next day, when Mr. Redmond took his seat and the oath. Mr. Gladstone rose to deal with the state of Irish affairs. Parnell objected, and the Speaker overruled the objection. The Irish leader objected a second time, and was named for disregarding the authority of the Speaker. Mr. Gladstone moved Mr. Parnell's suspension. The Irish refused to take part in the division, and for this refusal were turned out of the House of Commons, addressing the Speaker as they went each in turn. Mr. Redmond was proud of the unique experience. "I took my seat," he said, "made my maiden speech, and was expelled by force, all on the same day."

Mr. Redmond's leadership of the Irish party was by no means a matter of unanimous consent. Mr. William O'Brien had definitely seceded and formed a new party and was sustained by eight representatives from Munster. Mr. Redmond had refused to accept the Irish Councils bill because he believed that it would have become the high-water mark of Liberal effort. Mr. Healy, too, ranged himself on the side opposed to the Irish leader:

The election campaign was remarkable for an exceedingly bitter personal contest between Mr. Redmond and Mr. T. M. Healy, sustained on Mr. Redmond's side, in the face of violent attacks, with much dignity. "Public life in the country," he said, "is hard owing to such attacks as these, and it is bitter indeed to be subjected to attacks of this kind. My power for good has been small; my abilities are limited. God knows there is no one more conscious of his own shortcomings than I am of mine, but I know that my motives have been honest and sound. I know I have given my best to the service of the people of Ireland. When you are tired of me, when my colleagues in the House of Commons are tired of me, I am quite ready tomorrow to step down and out, and when that day comes I will humbly and loyally do my best to support those who may take my place. But never so long as I live will I allow myself to be driven out by calumny and abuse."

It was the Parliament of 1911 that finally broke the power of the House of Lords. It was a necessary measure if Home Rule was to stand any chance of success, and we are reminded that this great step toward democracy was largely due to the efforts of Mr.

Redmond, who then began to save his energies for the struggle ahead of him:

Mr. Redmond was not very active in political life during the year 1911. He was suffering, perhaps, from a certain reaction after the strain of the past few years, and reserving his energies for the coming Home Rule struggle. In October he received a tremendous ovation in Dublin on unveiling the Parnell monument. It may be remarked in passing that the fact that the monument bore on its base Parnell's somewhat trite remark that "no man could fix boundaries to the march of a nation" drew upon Mr. Redmond new charges of being a "separatist." His own words, however, stood on record—"Separation," he had said, "is impossible; and, if it were not impossible, it is undesirable."

The Home Rule bill was read a second time on May 9th. Mr. Redmond made a great speech on that occasion, claiming that the bill was a measure of reconciliation with the four millions of Irishmen who were living in other countries and that it must therefore be considered as a great act of imperial unity:

"I want to point out this," Mr. Redmond proceeded in a memorable passage—"that that influence has grown considerably in recent times, and the reason is that the citizens of Irish descent in the United States and in your own self-governing colonies have advanced immensely in material wealth, in education, and in political intelligence. That influence does not stand alone. Citizens of German birth and descent in the United States—a great community—have lately taken a leaf out of the Irish-American book. They, too, have found that, while becoming thoroughly assimilated with American life and loyal American citizens, a certain separateness and solidarity in a racial sense gives them a power which they would otherwise lack. I ask the House of Commons seriously to consider, when it comes to American relations with a power to which German sentiment may be opposed, and from which Irish sentiment remains alienated, the joint influence of these two elements upon public opinion and action is a factor which every thoughtful Imperialist ought to hear in mind. For myself, all I do is to point to your recent experience in treaty-making in America as affording some side-light on the question. I conclude on this note—that the Irish question is an imperial one of the first magnitude and urgency, and that if in making ready for these events which you may have to face in the future you want to present to the world a spectacle of rare solidarity; if you want to draw your empire in a single bond of sympathy; above all, if you want to remove the obstacles which stand in the way of that natural community and understanding which should exist between this country and the great English-speaking republic of America, you have the means of doing it now by passing this bill into law." It is unnecessary to stress the significance of this prophetic utterance of Mr. Redmond's in the light of after events.

Mr. Redmond was never sympathetic with the Sinn Fein. His mind was realistic, not retrospective. He had a certain scorn for emotionalism and sentiment, and therefore for the Irish Revival and the Gaelic League. Moreover, he was an imperialist:

In the good, as distinguished from the bad, sense, Mr. Redmond was an Imperialist. He believed in the British Empire, with all its faults, as an instrument of civilization and progress whose existence was not incompatible with national freedom. He believed that within the limits of the empire Ireland's national aspirations could be fully satisfied. He was no less proud of the share which Irish swords had taken in building the empire than of the contribution which Irish pens had made to the commonwealth of English literature. Mr. Redmond, indeed, was the first leader of Irish Nationalism who realized from personal observation the imperial aspect of the Irish question. His visits to the self-governing dominions had satisfied him that, if the Irish question had become an imperial question from the English point of view, the fact that it had become so from the Irish point of view also raised an entirely new set of considerations from those envisaged by the Sinn Fein and the "Irish-Irelander." He could not admit the validity of the full implications of a political theory, based upon an emotional nationalism unrestrained by political facts, which, pressed to its logical conclusion, must mean not only the complete separation of Great Britain and Ireland, but also the disruption of the empire in which the Irish element is everywhere a factor with which to reckon.

What is known as the Curragh Mutiny was the latest Irish sensation preceding the war. An order for the special protection of certain stores was taken to portend the coercion of Ulster and a number of officers threatened to resign if called upon to engage in a work so distasteful to them:

Mr. Redmond took no part in the debates in Parliament on the "Curragh Mutiny," but he did not leave his attitude in any doubt. It was expressed with a warmth of language unusual in him in the following message which he cabled the Australian supporters of the Home Rule cause:

"The Ulster Orange plot is now completely revealed; Carson and his army have not, and never had, the slightest intention of fighting as a fighting force. Against the regular troops they could not hold out a week. The plan was to put up the appearance of a fight, and then, by society influences, to seduce the army officers, and thus defeat the will of the people. The action of the commanders of some crack cavalry regiments, officered by aristocrats, has now fully disclosed the plan of campaign. The issue raised is wider even than Home Rule. It is whether the government are to be browbeaten and dictated to by the drawing-rooms of London, seconded by officers who are aristocrats and violent Tory partisans. The cause of Irish freedom in this fight has become the cause of popular freedom, indeed of liberty, throughout the world. It is impossible to doubt the result of such a fight. The second reading of the bill will be taken on Monday, and proceeded with until it finds a place on the statute book."

The disposition of Ulster was of course the bone of contention in the Home Rule bill. Ulster refused to accept the measure, and the south refused to consent to a partition that would allow Ulster to go her own way. None the less Mr. Redmond was willing to accept an agreement whereby six Ulster counties were to be provisionally excluded from the operations of the bill, although he expressed the conviction that such an arrangement would be unworkable:

No agreement in the "partition" question, however, was reached at the Buckingham Palace Conference. The conference broke up on July 24th. Sir Edward Carson, in his speech in the House of Commons on Mr. Redmond's death, revealed an incident of this time highly characteristic of the man. "As one who has been prominently identified with

this great controversy," said Sir Edward Carson, "I say with absolute sincerity that during the whole of this period I can not call to mind one bitter word having passed between us. Just before the war, when the Irish situation was most threatening, I remember John Redmond coming to me, after the breaking up of the Buckingham Palace Conference, and saying, 'For the sake of the old time on circuit, let us have a good shake hands.'"

Mr. Redmond's attitude was not left for a moment in doubt on the outbreak of the war. He earnestly hoped that the Irish question would be settled in order that there might be no inconsistency in his appeal to Ireland to support the cause of small nations, but in his own position he was outspoken and uncompromising:

On his arrival in Ireland Mr. Redmond lost no time in expressing in plain terms his conception of Ireland's duty in the war. He arrived from England on September 20th, and on his way to his home at Aughavanagh met and inspected some companies of the East Wicklow Brigade of the National Volunteers. He made a short speech to them. "The interests of Ireland, of the whole of Ireland," he said, "are at stake in this war. This war is undertaken in defense of the highest principles of religion and morality and right, and it would be a disgrace forever to our country, a reproach to our manhood, and a denial of the lessons of her history if young Ireland confined their efforts to remaining at home to defend the shores of Ireland from an unlikely invasion, and shrinking from the duty of proving in the field of battle that gallantry and courage which have distinguished their race all through its history. I say to you, therefore, your duty is two-fold. I am glad to see such magnificent material for soldiers around me, and I say to you: go on drilling and make yourselves efficient for the work and then assert yourselves as men, not only in Ireland itself, but wherever the firing line extends, in defense of right, of freedom and religion, in this war."

The inclusion of Sir Edward Carson in the coalition war cabinet was the deathblow to Mr. Redmond's hopes. How could the Irish believe in the good faith of the government when it included a man who was pledged to the repeal of the Home Rule Act on the conclusion of the war?

From May, 1915, indeed, Mr. Redmond began to fight a losing battle in Ireland. He labored manfully throughout the following year to keep Ireland behind him in his war policy; but the circumstances in which, to use the words that he employed afterwards himself, he had been "let down and betrayed" by the government were too much for him. In the second half of 1915 the number of recruits fell away in an astonishing degree, and simultaneously the Irish Volunteers gained a great accession of strength. The National Volunteers, under Mr. Redmond's control, at the same time were allowed—largely by force of circumstances, but not without his own tacit approval—to fall into decay. The question of the application of conscription in the autumn of 1915 gave a great stimulus to the volunteer movement. The representations of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon succeeded in securing the exclusion of Ireland first from the Registration Act and then from the Military Service Act, and this success for a time steadied his hold on the country.

The Irish Convention was Lloyd George's last effort to close the breach and, as we all know, it was a failure. None the less the proposal was sustained by Mr. Redmond:

In announcing, on June 11th, the constitution of the convention, the prime minister referred to the death of Mr. Redmond's brother, Major "Willie" Redmond, who a few days before had been killed in action at Messines. He recalled Major Redmond's last appeal in Parliament: "While English and Irish soldiers are dying side by side, must the eternal conflict between the two countries go on? In the name of God, we here, who are perhaps about to die, ask you to do that which largely induced us to leave our homes; that which our fathers and mothers taught us to long for; that which is all we desire to make our country happy and contented." Mr. Lloyd George recalled also the fact that Major Redmond was "carried tenderly and reverently from the field by Ulster soldiers in an Ulster amulance," and pointed to the circumstances of his death as providing an inspiration for the work of the convention.

John Redmond died in London on March 6, 1918, and was buried in Wexford. The convention adjourned out of respect for his memory, passing first a resolution which declared that he "was valued by all as a great Irishman, a brilliant parliamentarian, an honorable opponent, a kindly friend, a genial and warm-hearted comrade." It was an apt epitome of the character of the Irish leader.

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND. By Warre B. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The region of the Gran Chaco and the Chaca Boreal, the immediate section of the country surrounding the oil district of Bolivia and along the proposed route from the Paraguay River, is without doubt the richest agricultural district of South America. The area of the two Chacos comprise approximately 140,000 square miles. The soil is a rich sandy loam, and contrary to general rules, in timber lands, is of great depth. The temperature ranges from 40 degrees Fahrenheit to 120 degrees, with more often the latter temperature than the former. It has its wet and dry seasons, but the rainfall is very variable, in some parts raining throughout the year, while in other parts one or two rains per year is the general rule. For this reason and on account of the varying temperature, due to different altitudes, it is possible to find any climate desired by the agriculturist. Water is found near the surface in all parts, so that even in the driest regions the grass remains green throughout the year, while heavy dews fall at night. The country is as yet altogether undeveloped. It is inhabited only by half-breeds and Indians, whose sole business is stock-raising. Their only agricultural implement is the spade and their only crops are corn, sugar cane, and tobacco.

The Asiatic town of Malwathi, on the borders of Russia, is peopled by men only. Women are forbidden entrance there.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

Four days of bank clearings for the week ended July 5th amounted to \$116,967,694.22, comparing with the corresponding week of five days in 1918, when the total was \$119,140,010.11.

Total gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco were increased during the week ended July 3d from \$146,749,000 to \$183,664,000, which compares with \$128,240,000 for the week ended July 3, 1918. The bank discounted fewer bills for its customers during the week, the total of bills on hand, \$124,759,000, comparing with \$133,059,000 for the previous week and with \$65,581,000 for the week of 1918. Total earning assets are given at \$133,189,000, against \$141,525,000 for the week before and \$70,575,000 a year ago. Total resources of the bank, \$346,804,000, compared with \$329,380,000 of the week previous and \$230,740,000 a year ago.

Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation amounted to \$201,213,000, against \$194,813,000 a week previous and \$129,284,000 a year before. Total gross deposits of the bank were \$128,144,000, having increased from \$117,347,000 of the previous week and \$94,844,000 of the same week of last year.

What appears to be gross injustice to the

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banks of the country is involved in two recent decisions of the commissioner of internal revenue, one of which would seem to be wholly at variance with the understanding and purpose of the comptroller of the currency.

On May 22, 1918, the chief examiner of each Federal Reserve District, by direction of the comptroller of the currency, sent to every bank in the Federal Reserve system a letter announcing that recent legislation had been enacted permitting national banks, as such, to contribute to the American National Red Cross. He asked further that a meeting of the directors of each bank be called, that this fact be laid before them, and that such action as they might take, whether favorable or adverse, be reported to him.

With notable patriotism and benevolence a great number of banks followed this suggestion, which was tantamount to a direction, and contributed generously to the Red Cross fund. Now, the commissioner of internal revenue has ruled that such contributions, made practically at the instance of the comptroller of the currency, can not be deducted from the profits of the bank subject to income and excess profits taxes. The effect of this ruling is practically to mulct the banks, in some instances, of nearly double their contribution. For instance, a bank which donated \$5000 to the Red Cross, and whose profits are

such as to bring it within the so-called "80 per cent. bracket" of the surtax provision of the income tax, must now pay to the treasury a tax of \$4120 on the \$5000 which it voluntarily gave away to the Red Cross fund, being 12 per cent. on \$1000 and 80 per cent. on \$5000. It is inconceivable that the comptroller of the currency contemplated any such hold-up, and its effect must be not only injustice to the banks, but a strong deterrent against any further generosity should like occasion make an equally powerful demand on their benevolence.

Another ruling from the same source which works serious injustice to the banks is that the interest received on funds advanced to customers to buy Liberty and Victory bonds must be treated, in computing income tax, as gross receipts. Throughout the country the banks advanced such funds to their customers in unlimited amounts, paying themselves for the bonds on the treasury terms, permitting customers to pay for them 10 per cent. down and 10 per cent. a month, and charging their customers only the same interest as that borne by the bonds. Thus the banks made nothing whatever by their transaction, lost a larger available interest on the funds so tied up, and contributed, absolutely without return, the extensive clerical and stationery expenses involved in conducting their Liberty Bond departments.

And now they are required to compute the interest on the funds so advanced, at a loss to themselves and solely for the benefit of the government, as a part of their gross earnings subject to an income tax of 12 per cent., plus 80 per cent. if they come within the 80 per cent. class, and also subject to local taxation in some localities (as in the District of Columbia) of 6 per cent. If perchance the wording of the law permits no escape from the ruling of the commissioner of internal revenue, Congress should be asked at once to grant specific relief from what constitutes a grave abuse of generosity and patriotism. Any other policy involves extraordinary ingratitude and shortsightedness.—*Harvey's Weekly.*

United States Senator Albert B. Cummins, who has for long been one of the foremost authorities upon the problems of transportation service and control, has the following to say about the operation of the railroads in an article written for the *Review of Reviews*:

"I believe that the railways should be operated by private corporations rather than by the government. I emphasize now and at all times the distinction between government ownership and government operation. I understand perfectly that when the government undertakes that the return upon the capital invested shall be certain; that is, guarantees the return, whether by legislative assurance or by explicit obligation, it may be well termed the equivalent of government ownership.

"The truth is that under the existing law there is only nominal private ownership, for it is obvious that when public authority determines the revenues which railroads shall earn, how they shall expend the money which they earn, and most minutely prescribes the manner in which the business of transportation shall be conducted, the technical ownership of the corporation has none of the essential characteristics of private property.

"I ought to say further, in order that there may be no misunderstanding, that I look upon transportation as a governmental function. I believe that the government is charged with the duty of providing the people with adequate transportation at the lowest possible cost, just as it is charged with the duty of providing them with adequate highways, adequate water supply, adequate courts of justice, or adequate police protection. Whether the government can best perform this function through the ownership and operation of railroads or through the instrumentality of private corporations, under public control, is entirely a matter of sound judgment and wise discretion.

"It is recognized by every country in the world that government ownership and operation of railroads is a proper governmental activity, and if a particular government selects the agency of a private corporation through which to accomplish its purpose, it is solely because the commerce of that country can be better served through such agency. Therefore the suggestion that the guaranty which I have proposed is in many respects the equivalent of government ownership does not alarm me; but again I challenge attention to the clear difference between government ownership and government operation.

"I advocate the operation of our railways through private corporations under the strictest control for one reason, and for one reason only. The government can not operate the railroads either economically or efficiently. It is not possible at this time to examine the experience of other countries. I can only say that it is not reassuring, but if there be different minds about that I feel sure that the overwhelming majority of the people of this country have reached the conclusion that their government can not take seventeen billions of railway property, rendering a service

which reaches every nook and corner of the land, employing two millions of men or more, and directly affecting the fortunes of many other millions, and operate it without immense waste and tremendous extravagance.

"It costs the government more to do any given thing in a country like ours, where every man is a sovereign, than it costs anybody else to do the same thing. The history of every enterprise of a business character conducted by the government proves that organized society in its management of industrial affairs can neither practice economy nor attain efficiency."

The *Odd Lot Review* has compiled a table to show what have been the prices of eleven well-known active industrial stocks for four periods ending in June this year, and including the day before war was declared by Germany on Russia in 1914 as follows:

	Beginning of War, July 30, 1914.	Armistice, Nov. 12, 1918.	Present, July 12, 1919.
U. S. Steel.....	51 7/8	99 3/4	108 1/2
Anaconda.....	25	71 1/2	73 1/2
Central Leather.....	28	60 1/2	103
American Woolen.....	12	50 1/4	115
General Motors.....	58 1/8	129 1/2	223 3/4
Marine Preferred.....	3	119 1/2	118 1/2
Am. Car & Foundry.....	44 1/2	85 1/2	106 3/4
United Cigar Stores.....	80 1/2	102 1/2	149
Virginia-Carolina.....	21	58 1/2	75 1/2
U. S. Rubber.....	45	71 1/2	114 1/2
Mexican Petroleum.....	53	165 1/2	185 1/2

The Washington advices by wire to McDonnell & Co. stating that the rails will be turned back to owners by December 1st, that the President will give the matter immediate attention upon his return, and that earnings are beginning to show an improvement are causing a much larger demand for that class of stocks.

Arrangements have been concluded for the purchase by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of the entire properties of the Northern California Power Company. An announcement issued by the president of the former company, Mr. F. G. Drum, on June 13th, disclosed the terms of sale at \$34 a share upon a total issue of one hundred thousand shares, or \$3,400,000 in all. It was announced also that the completion of the transaction would be dependent upon but two things, namely, the official approval of the California state railroad commission and the delivery by the administration of the Northern California Power Company of at least two-thirds of the total issue of stock at the price quoted within thirty days from date of agreement to sell.

This is a very important piece of news, not only to the stockholders and consumers of "Pacific Service," but also to the electric industry at large. It is the culmination of rumors that have been in circulation for some time past. Of late years the interests of the two companies immediately concerned have become more or less interwoven. It will be remembered that early last year, under direction of the power administrator for Northern California, an interconnection of electric transmission systems was effected through which the Northern California became the central link in a chain of high-tension lines reaching from the mountains of Oregon at one end to the Bay of San Francisco at the other. This interconnection, too, though made necessary under stress of war conditions, was understood at the time to be not merely a temporary arrangement; in fact, in public addresses and written statements leading lights of the electric power industry in California have voiced the prophecy that eventually there will be one continuous chain of connected transmission systems which will reach from the Oregon line to the Mexican border.

Then, too, the constantly increasing demand for power by consumers of "Pacific Service" has made it incumbent upon the company's administration to reach out for additional sources of supply. Various projects have been discussed at different times, some involving additions and extensions to the already installed generating and distributing systems of the company, and others concerning new sources of power yet undeveloped. In the meantime, for years past, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has been compelled to purchase power from other companies, and it is worthy of mention that a considerable portion of the Northern California's spare supply has been received at the substations of "Pacific Service" under a contract by which the Northern agreed to supply that company with any amount required up to 10,000 horsepower. This new deal, then, may be said to be directly in line with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's policy of expansion for the benefit of present and future consumers.

The Northern California Power Company is a consolidation of electric power enterprise located and operating in the territory which embraces, principally, Shasta, Tehama, Glenn, and Colusa counties. Its sources of hydro-electric power are located upon streams which are given life from the slopes of Mount Lassen. It owns six hydro-electric generating plants on Battle Creek and Cox Creek, respectively, with an aggregated installation of nearly 50,000 horsepower. At the present time the

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Northern is producing and marketing about 30,000 horsepower of electric energy, but it is needless to say that under the ownership and operation of "Pacific Service" these properties will be developed to the fullest extent possible to meet requirements.

The Northern California Power Company supplies Shasta, Tehama, Butte, Colusa, and parts of Yolo and Trinity counties with electric light and power. It also supplies the cities of Redding and Willows with water and gas, and that of Red Bluff with gas. It has 525 miles of high-tension lines and 1611 miles of low-tension lines. Last, but by no means least, it possesses a very valuable power site on the Pitt River. This power site owned by the Northern represents a potential development of at least 90,000 horsepower.

It will be seen, then, that with a market for its power the Northern California Power Company as a property can be made of far greater value than is possible under present conditions, where the company has been operating over a limited and somewhat sparsely settled

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territory. It is needless to say that its acquisition by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company will enable the fullest use to be made of its generating and distributing systems, so that through this purchase, announcement of which has just been made, "Pacific Service" will be enabled to make provision against the constantly increasing pressure which the universal demand for power brings to bear upon its resources.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., own and offer subject to prior sale \$100,000 Yakima, Washington, 6 per cent. municipal district improvement bonds, exempt from all Federal income tax, tax exempt and legal to secure public deposits in the State of Washington. The bonds are in denominations of \$500 and to be dated (estimated) November 1, 1919.

The city of Yakima, in the famous Yakima Valley, and the seat of Yakima County, has an estimated population of 25,000. It is served by the Northern Pacific and Oregon-Washington Railway and Navigation railroads and is the terminus of the Yakima Valley line (electric). Although farming is

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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$22,831,172.40
U. S. Bonds.....	3,573,318.75
Other Bonds and Securities.....	1,352,012.92
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	6,722,865.51
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	13,371,101.16

\$48,000,470.74

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,461,358.13
Circulation.....	1,962,700.00
Letters of Credit.....	6,757,880.66
Deposits.....	32,818,531.95

\$48,000,470.74

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the principal industry in the surrounding valley, the city has important manufacturing industries, among which are lumber mills, cement plant, vinegar works, beet-sugar factories, flour mills, and creameries. The deposits of the city's five banks exceeded \$9,000,000 in June, 1919. The municipality has a perfect debt-paying record.

Turning points of the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange as reflected by the average price of the twenty industrials and twenty railroads is shown herewith, covering a period from 1904 to 1919. Note the fact that during the fifteen years' time we have had four bull markets, each of two years' duration and four panic bear markets.

In the 1904 panic the average price of twenty rails was 92, of twenty industrials 46; total, 138. Month of March was low.

In the 1905-6 bull market the average price of twenty rails, 138; of 20 industrials, 103; total, 241. Month of January was high.

In the 1907 panic the average price of twenty rails was 81; of twenty industrials, 53; total, 134. Month of November was low.

In the 1909-10 bull market the average price of twenty rails was 133; of twenty industrials, 100; total, 233. Month of September was high.

In the 1914 panic the average price of twenty rails was 87; of industrials, 53; total, 140. Month of December was low.

In the 1917-18 bull market the average price of twenty rails was 117; of industrials, 104; total, 215. Month of October was high.

In the 1917 panic the average price of twenty rails was 70; of twenty industrials, 66; total, 136. Month of December was low.

In the present bull market, 1918-19, the average high price to June 30th of twenty rails

was 91; of twenty industrials, 107; total, 198.

According to these figures the average prices are lower today than in any previous bull market.

Recapitulation—1905-6, total high was 241, January; 1908-9, total high was 233, September; 1915-16, total high was 215, October; 1918-19, total high was 198, June.

However, the year is only half gone and there is yet time to eclipse all previous bull markets. According to the above statistics the bull market should end about October or November, 1919.

The year of 1920 looks bad, being presidential year with its attending complications, labor troubles, and a general realization that we must finance Europe next year. Also the high taxes are here to stay until our war debt is paid, and also that wages can not come down as long as high taxes keep commodity prices up. The industrial corporations seem to be pursuing a policy of capitalizing their enormous war profits this year, and this accounts for many of the sensational moves noted in the present bull market. While the railroad stocks average is forty points behind the bull market of 1906-1909, in those years railroads were the leaders, but times have changed and the industrials have made much money in the past five years, while the railroads have been plunged heavily into debt. Stocks like General Motors, Chandler, U. S. Rubber, Crucible, U. S. Steel, Tobacco Products, United Cigar Stores, American Wool, American Linseed, Baldwin, Central Leather, Corn Products, Wilson Packing, and many others have made more money in the past five years than they would ordinarily earn in twenty-five, hence the sensational rises.

Crucible Steel, for instance, has a book

Report of Condition of

The ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, June 30, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$42,068,637.15
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....	3,600,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	9,774,800.00
Other Bonds.....	7,676,405.46
Other Assets.....	1,383,853.60
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	9,982,184.86
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	30,865,483.75

\$105,351,364.82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,521,360.96
Circulation.....	3,600,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances.....	9,982,184.86
Bonds Borrowed.....	3,140,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank.....	8,648,500.00
Deposits.....	73,459,319.00

\$105,351,364.82

OFFICERS

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value of about \$300 per share now, and has not as yet increased its capital \$1 since the war began. Perhaps will and pay stockholders a big stock dividend. This company has just gone on a 6 per cent. dividend basis and stock has risen \$50 per share since an analysis of the stock was published in these columns sixty days ago.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

Mr. George C. Stephens, head of the investment banking firm of Stephens & Co. of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, just returned from the latter city, says that the bond business in Southern California was never better. Stephens went to San Diego to attend the "annual round-up" of his organization, which this year consisted of a three-day session at Coronado, with dinners, addresses, and business meetings. There were nine present from the San Francisco office and thirty-four in all of a staff of fifty. The various offices of the organization were practically closed during the three days, which were the most profitable and enjoyable the employees of the company have yet had on these occasions.

McDonnell & Co. are offering a limited amount of the 7 per cent. preferred stock of the Brown Shoe Company, one of the largest shoe manufacturers in the world. Although the company's factories are located in Missouri and Illinois, a large amount of its product is distributed locally. This company has no funded debt and its preferred stock has the unique feature of being callable at not less than 120, and, further, that there is a sinking fund of 2½ per cent. of the entire issue, which must be used annually to purchase stock in the open market up to 120.

The Anglo and London Paris National Bank is offering \$1,640,000 Sonoma County highway 5 per cent. bonds in denominations of \$1000, dated July 1, 1919, and due serially 1920-1949. These bonds are exempt from all local and state taxation in California and from the Federal income tax.

Sonoma County, with a southern frontage of twenty miles on San Pablo Bay and a western frontage of sixty-five miles on the Pacific Ocean, has an area of 1577 square miles. The principal sources of revenue are deciduous fruits, dairy products, and stock raising. The county furnished in 1917 approximately half of the poultry and eggs produced in the State of California. Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Sebastopol, and Healdsburg are the largest municipalities and the county is served by the Northwestern Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Petaluma and Santa Rosa railroads. There are twenty-two banks in the county with combined deposits on December 31, 1918, amounting to \$19,417,000.

Response by the nine national banks of San Francisco to the call of for statement of condition as of June 30th shows a loss of about seven million since the call of May 12th, but a decided gain since the first of the year. The total deposits June 30th were \$307,933,845, which compares with \$315,180,058 May 12th and with \$295,425,373 December 31st last. Resources June 30th were, for all the banks, \$446,751,958, against resources May 12th of \$446,230,743 and on December 31st of \$432,054,209. The figures for June 30th are:

	Resources.	Deposits.
American.....	\$ 24,153,537	\$14,582,686
Anglo & London Paris.....	105,351,364	73,459,319
Bank of California.....	107,380,387	76,297,175
Crocker.....	48,000,470	32,818,531
First.....	44,875,234	27,467,689
Mercantile.....	17,968,766	8,188,451
Mercants.....	11,944,313	12,412,486
Seaboard.....	4,831,816	3,533,826
Wells Fargo Nevada.....	32,246,071	59,153,679
Total.....	\$446,751,958	\$307,933,845

Human Bloodhounds.

In the police stations of the Australian outlands black trackers are employed to run down thieves and other criminals.

According to Mr. Norman Duncan, the author of "Australian Byways," it is largely on account of these black fellows that the fear of the law remains alive in the more remote parts of the country. The best trackers are brought straight from the bush from the half-savage tribes on the other side of the frontiers—arriving young, fresh, eager, proud of the distinction and savagely delighted in the prospects of man-hunting.

One tracker led his trooper a remarkable chase after a horse stealer who had escaped from jail in New South Wales to the north-western wilds. They had no real rest night or day. It was a country of wild and stony ground that took meagre impressions of the passage of a traveler, and confusing rains fell. Occasionally the tracker was almost on the heels of the fugitive. At times he lagged, baffled, a week and more behind. For days in the ranges the ground was so difficult for the tracker that he could not make a mile an hour.

When the tracks were lost the black fellow ran the country like a bloodhound until he had picked them up. Once the fugitive himself came to desperate straits for water; the

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IMPORTERS and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

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Resources
OVER
ONE HUNDRED MILLION
DOLLARS

The ANGLO AND LONDON
PARIS NATIONAL BANK

of San Francisco

tracker made out that he was lost and exhausted, that he had stumbled, fallen, and scraped moist mud from a dried-up spring with which to rub himself and cool his skin in that extremity of thirst and weariness. At the end of a chase of fifty-six days, during which the black fellow had tracked the man every yard of the way, they captured the fugitive.

Nearly all the rubber overshoes, boots, or arctics made in the United States are produced in the locality between Providence and Boston.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

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RESOURCES OVER - - \$10,000,000



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PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH - Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH - Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919.

Assets.....\$60,509,192.14
Deposits.....57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....306,852.44

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DIVIDEND NOTICE—Humboldt Savings Bank.

783 Market Street, near Fourth.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all Savings Deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919.

H. C. KLEVASAHL, Cashier.

The White House

DEMOCRACY

A Novel of Today

By SHAW DESMOND

A novel of the moment by a brilliant young Irishman whose work is attracting wide attention abroad. It details the struggle between Capital and Labor—not from a partisan viewpoint, but as a vast human spectacle of immediate and the most dramatic significance. The energy of action and character throughout is due to Mr. Desmond's own experience in English politics, as well as to his native power as a story writer. \$1.60 net

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Red Signal.

We do not complain of the novelist who represents the German spy as a very stupid person, because that is undoubtedly what he is. Whether he is quite so stupid as the author of "The Red Signal" would have us believe is another matter. Hilda Lessing is held practically a prisoner on the Schwartz farm, but when her uncle Otto sends her there he forgets to mention that she knows German, and this makes it easy for her to understand the German spies who seem to have selected the vicinity of her window for their dark plottings. Nothing more was needed than the young railroad engineer who carries Hilda's gleanings to Washington and so frustrates the malign intentions of the plotters. The story is by no means without its attractions at a time when credulity supplies us with so many of our pleasurable excitements.

THE RED SIGNAL. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A Padre in France.

Most red-blooded clergymen wanted to go to the war. Many of them shouldered rifles and went in the best of all ways. Many others who were too old went as chaplains, and G. A. Birmingham—otherwise and more correctly known as Canon Hannay—was of this class. A tyrannical doctor pronounced him as unfit for the front, so he was assigned to duty at the base, a dull and monotonous duty, but one demanding even greater sacrifices than the front. At the base are gathered those who are too old and too young for the battle lines, as well as those who have already been robbed by the battle lines of their value as fighting men.

Canon Hannay tells us much about life at the base and it need hardly be said that he has an unobstructed eye for its humor. Religion was represented in a dozen different

forms, and sometimes there were rivalries, intolerances, and stupidities. He gently chaffs the Y. M. C. A. for their difficulties in trapping the wary quarry by means of concerts while concealing their pietistic aims. The "regular" clergyman was a little apt to look down upon the lay worker in the same field, but the one supreme obligation was to win the sympathy of the men. It was no easy matter, and perhaps there were many who realized for the first time the actual dislike felt toward their cloth by the armies at large. The dislike was very largely overcome, but it was the chaplain who had to go to the men, and not the men to the chaplain.

Canon Hannay has written a very attractive book. Not only is it wholly free from cant, but it is evidently inspired by a warm-hearted sympathy that must have given peculiar effectiveness to his ministrations. And above all there is the genial humor with which we are all so pleasantly acquainted.

A PADRE IN FRANCE. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Holiday Husband.

The modern heroine usually succeeds in misconducting herself outrageously and so far evading the penalty that she marries and lives happily ever afterwards. Indeed we seem to have been fundamentally mistaken as to the moral law. We had supposed that virtue lay in self-restraint. On the contrary it is to be found in self-indulgence.

But Dolf Wyllarde takes the old-fashioned view. The heroine of "The Holiday Husband" is the overworked secretary of the Colonial Women's League, and as her superiors are women it may be supposed that she has a particularly bad time in her dark basement office and without the solace of either friends or home. When she has the chance to go to the country for two weeks' vacation with a congenial male friend she seizes the opportunity, and lives to realize that she has done an inexcusable thing and that a certain Nemesis invariably follows every lapse from self-control. We are not asked to believe that she was "leading her own life" or seeking "self-expression" or any of the other interesting things that the modern girl is sometimes supposed to be doing when she has been guilty of nothing less than plain immorality. The characters are admirably drawn and the picture as a whole is a vivid and faithful one.

THE HOLIDAY HUSBAND. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Naval Power in the War.

It is well that we should have a second edition of this satisfying book by Commander C. C. Gill, with its review of the naval operations of the war and of the part played by the United States warships. It is a small volume of some three hundred pages, but none the less it tells the whole story in such a way that its technical accuracy in no way interferes with its easy and lucid style. Its basis is a statement of naval power at the beginning of the war and of the plans of the warring navies. Chapter IV is devoted to

the action in Heligoland Bight, and this is followed by the Coronel and Falkland engagements. The centre of the stage is naturally occupied by the battle of Jutland, and we now easily understand the manoeuvres of that historic struggle. The submarine war receives its full measure of consideration, and finally we have a chapter on American participation and some useful appendices of statistics and reports. Commander Gill's book may eventually be superseded by fuller knowledge, but at the moment it holds the field and is likely to do so for some time to come. Its maps and diagrams are indispensable.

NAVAL POWER IN THE WAR (1914-1918). By Commander C. C. Gill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A unique appreciation of the personality of the author of "The Education of Henry Adams" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is that of Gene Stratton Porter, who, after expressing her interest in and enjoyment of the biography, adds: "One very distinct impression I got from the book was, 'What a charming occupation being Mrs. Adams would have been.'"

The iconoclastic American Press made a great impression on Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice by refraining from the time-honored question of "how he liked America." He very recently arrived in England, after a three months' absence, having toured Eastern and Middle Western America lecturing on events of the war, which he describes at length in "Forty Days in 1914" (George H. Doran Company), his recently published book. His statement to the press ran as follows: "I have no intention of inflicting on my readers my impressions of America, for which, by the way, none of the many reporters who interviewed me asked me, thus shattering one illusion which I believe I shared with many Englishmen."

In a letter to his publishers written from Hollywood, California, Major Ian Hay Beith writes: "I am enjoying a much-needed holiday, and spending most of my time in and around the Lasky Studio, where they are making a film of 'The Admirable Crichton.' My friend, Cecil de Mille, is producing it, and I am consulted as the expert on English customs. It is great fun and easy work. Next week we are going off to an island in the Pacific to do the shipwreck scene."

Dr. William J. Crawford's new work, "Experiments in Psychical Science," has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. It contains the account of Dr. Crawford's further experiments in the investigation of psychic phenomena by scientific methods. His former work, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," published by the Duttons two years ago, attracted a great deal of attention because it was the first attempt to apply scientific methods and scientific tests to psychical manifestations.

Maurice Francis Egan, ex-minister to Denmark, who relates the events of his ministry in "Ten Years Near the German Frontier" (George H. Doran Company), received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at Columbia's one hundred and sixty-fifth commencement. Honorary degrees were conferred upon eight men.

Cardinal Mercier has written his memoirs, and arrangements have now been completed for their publication in both serial and book form on both sides of the Atlantic. It is said that a London daily has paid a great price for the right to print portions of the cardinal's wonderful story. The George H. Doran Company will publish the book in America.

New Books Received.

TRAILING THE BOLSHIEVKI. By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Twelve thousand miles with the Allies in Siberia.

WHAT HAPPENED TO EUROPE. By Frank A. Vanderlip. New York: The Macmillan Company. Five months' study in Europe.

THE BOOK OF THE NATIONAL PARKS. By Robert Sterling Yard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A complete survey.

ZIONISM AND THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company. A view of Zionism in its various aspects.

THE MASON WASPS. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

JUST ME. By Pearl White. New York: George H. Doran Company. The autobiography of an actress.

YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL. By George Weston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

WHY WE FAIL AS CHRISTIANS. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company. A discussion of the principles of Tolstoy.

NEW VOICES. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. A review of modern poets and poetry.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE, 1867-1914. By William

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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Harbutt Dawson. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A survey of German thought and progress during the last fifty years.

ON THE COAST OF FRANCE. By Joseph Husband. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The story of the United States naval forces in French waters.

SOCIAL STUDIES OF THE WAR. By Elmer T. Clark. Litt. D. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Conditions in Europe.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The fourth volume.

THE POLITICS OF INDUSTRY. By Glenn Frank. New York: The Century Company.

A footnote to the social unrest.

WHAT IS AMERICA? By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company.

"Where do we go from here?"

SMALL THINGS. By Margaret Deland. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A record of the reactions of war upon small and unimportant people in France.

INVENTIONS OF THE GREAT WAR. By A. Russell Bond. The Century Company.

A record of ingenuity.

A STOP AT SUZANNE AND LOWER FLIGHTS. By Greayer Clover. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Letters and sketches from the war.

The Summer Servant Question Solved

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES perform many-sided service in the household. Whether you have a servant or not, housework will be greatly simplified if you will begin to make use of the electricity available at every switch.

The shortage and high cost of domestic labor, particularly during the summer months, when the orchards and canneries offer more flattering inducements for female occupation, make it necessary for the housewife to give more of her attention to the routine household duties.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS, WASHING MACHINES and IRONS are only three of the electrical servants you can put into service by merely pressing a button. Each one is necessary for the proper and efficient running of any household. They perform the routine duties of the home in less than one-third the time, without any of the inconvenience, back-breaking labor or drudgery of the old-style methods of keeping house.

Every housewife should have these three appliances. Your electrical contractor-dealer will tell you how easily they may be purchased and how you will be more than repaid for your expenditure in a very short period by the saving in help and laundry money and in physical labor. Your electrical dealer will gladly demonstrate. Ask him.

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PRIMARILY, I am a tomb—not an ordinary sepulchre for the reception of human remains, but for something far more stately, ranging from a dignified structure of simple architecture to the most magnificent resting-place of the royal dead.

MY BIRTH dates back to time immemorial—further back than the year of 2380 B. C. MY NAME was derived from that marvelous structure, the "Mausoleum at Halicarnassus," erected by Artemisia to the memory of her husband, King Mausolus of Caria, about 353 B. C. It was regarded as one of the "Seven Wonders of the World."

SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

TO THE END that I am built in a substantial manner and with the grace and beauty of proper architectural harmony and proportion, great care must be taken in the selection of the designer and builder that my name may pass on unblemished.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Reconstruction.

There seems to be a general conviction that civilization has been shaken to pieces, and that it is for us to pick up the shattered fragments and build them up into a new social order after a design that must now be formulated. Unfortunately the fragments are living men, who may have ideas of their own and who may not assent to the benevolences designed for them. Indeed they may even have projects that they intend to apply to us. It may not be so much a question of what we shall do with "discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines" as what they will do with us.

Mr. James B. Morgan, assistant secretary of the Federal Farm Loan Board, thinks that agriculture will solve the problem of reconstruction, and so he tells us at some length of the ancient Roman plan and also of the systems that have been proposed in Canada, Great Britain, and France. But the analogy of these countries with the United States is not a very close one. The Canadian army was not so large as our own and it was drawn mainly from agricultural districts. Great Britain and France are densely populated, and therefore rural life does not imply isolation. France, moreover, has always been a conscriptive country. It might be an admirable thing if our returned soldiers and sailors could be persuaded into the agricultural life and trained for its needs, but can they? Certainly we can make no greater mistake than to look upon them as passive factors waiting to be "put" and to "stay put." Those who were drawn from agricultural life will doubtless return to it—some of them. The rest are not likely to adopt it to any great extent.

None the less it is well that we should have so clear a statement of possibilities. Everything that tends toward the development of agriculture makes for the comfort and wealth of the world and the author sketches a program that ought not to be wholly unattainable. His chapters on farm credits are particularly valuable.

THE PLACE OF AGRICULTURE IN RECONSTRUCTION. By James B. Morgan, A. M. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The State and the Nation.

Civilization may be defined as that progressive science that has been devised by men in order that they may be able to live together peacefully. Laws are the machinery of civilization, and they may be said theoretically to express and enforce the "will of God." The progress of civilization and of law-making is therefore a study of the first importance if laws are to be rescued from their present dark function as the implement of class tyrannies, intent, not upon justice, but upon domination.

The only review that can properly be made of such a book as this is to say that it is a history of political evolution from the present day until now, from the usages of nearly savage people to the complex organism of the present state. The book may be read as an ample and detailed study of human political systems, in which case it will respond freely to the most exacting tests. Or it may be used by those philosophically minded as a basis for the more important question as to the extent to which political development has widened our conceptions of human freedom and of social justice. It is a question that by no means answers itself, and one that the masses of men seem to be more than ever resolved to face and to solve. A political system stands self-condemned unless to some extent it is an expression of the "will of God," unless it abates discord and establishes domestic and foreign peace. If our systems have not done these things, if they have no millennial suggestions, then they must be adjudged as examples of movement without advance.

THE STATE AND THE NATION. By Edward Jenks, M. A., B. C. L. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Soul of Belgium.

Henri Davignon has written, in "The Two Crossings of Madge Swalue," a peculiarly sympathetic record of the emotions that animated Jean Swalue, a Belgian, and Madge Nidington, his English bride, when the war broke out, and Madge was obliged to revise all her estimates of life's values.

Madge is a brave, bright, lovable English girl, full of strength and resolve. Jean is a fine character, the soul of courage, constancy, and loyalty. So greatly does he love his wife that when she fails in her attempt to live in Bruges and Belgianize herself, he puts aside his fervent attachment to his country and tries to make himself over into an Englishman.

Henri Davignon has a deep and thoroughly sympathetic perception of the wide differences between English and Belgian character. He has used for his ruling motive the impossibility which Madge faced of sinking her Englishisms and adjusting herself to the life of Bruges. Then comes the heroic resolve Jean, appalled by the devastation wrought in

the beloved country that he had left, hastened back to join the army, and soon his fate was swallowed up in the black night that lowered over Belgium. And Madge, the widow, bravely resolved that Jean's son should be reared a Belgian.

The book closes with the widow's return to the historic town of Bruges, and to the life so essentially different from that for which all her training, her standards, her experience had prepared her. The weight and strength of her resolution is perceived by the reader because of the sympathetic insight with which the author has made clear the tenacity of Madge's unshakable nationalism.

A few brief pictures are given, incidentally, of the terrible scenes of the invasion; always a valuable revelation to readers too prone to forgive and forget. For the German soldier is depicted as that dangerous force, an unthinking machine, obeying implicitly the frightful commands of officers to whom he looked up as to superior beings. The book is well translated.

THE TWO CROSSINGS OF MADGE SWALUE. By Henri Davignon. New York: John Lane Company.

Napoleon and Germany.

An almost unmeasured eulogy of Napoleon marks this historical sketch of his struggle against Germany. The eulogy is largely deserved. Justice, however tardy, should now recognize that Napoleon was a champion of democracy and that his overthrow was the triumph of aristocratic tyrannies.

The author claims no literary merit for his book. It has none. A serious history should not refer to Mr. Roosevelt as "Teddy," and there are some other lapses from decorum. At the same time it is a useful book. The facts are there and they are lucidly arranged and presented.

NAPOLEON'S STRUGGLE WITH THE RUSS. By Harry Herbert Hughes. Wichita, Kansas: The Johnston Press and Publishing Company.

Briefer Reviews.

Some quite clever verses will be found in "Nursery Rhymes of New York City," by Louis How, just published by Alfred A. Knopf.

The child, says Stephen Paget, asks questions about God and about sex. What sort of answers should be given? The reply will be found in a tiny volume entitled "Adolescence," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., a reprint of an address delivered by the author to Oxford University Extension Students in the Sheldonian Theatre in August, 1917.

"Reading the Bible," by William Lyon Phelps (Macmillan Company), is an essay on the Bible from the literary point of view. There is no doubt that we lose much of literary pleasure from our neglect of the Bible, and here we should find a stimulus from the author's appreciative summary. He divides his little book into three parts: Reading the Bible, The Short Stories of the Bible, and St. Paul as a Letter Writer.

Under the title of "Inventions of the Great War," A. Russell Bond has written a fascinating account of the scientific expedients called forth by five years of struggle. Necessity is evidently the mother of invention and war is vastly more stimulating than peace. The book contains seventy-nine unusual illustrations that add very largely to the interest of an exceptional and needed book. It is published by the Century Company.

Out-of-work pay at the end of March was being paid in Great Britain to 1,077,686 persons. There were, at this date, 240,015 unemployed in the London and Southeastern district alone.



Cigarettes in War and Peace.

It was at the Ritz, and a young man who looked as though he had lately been in uniform was sitting in the grill-room with two pretty girls. They were very pretty and very smartly dressed. Tea was finished and all three were smoking cigarettes. The girls were dainty and graceful about it, though they smoked like veterans. But as soon as one cigarette was about half smoked they would put it out on the ashtray and light another.

"You girls," said the man, "make me think of something that happened one night at Chateau Thierry. Nowadays I am not thinking of what happened there, or any place else in France, if I can help it! But those cigarettes bring up that scene.

"I was in a dugout and they were bringing in some wounded. They were pretty bad. As soon as one died, we carried him out into the open—he didn't matter any more—and another took his place. Lord! how the doctor worked. And a funny, bow-legged K. of C. man was distributing cigarettes.

"They didn't last long. Finally, he had only one left and there were three boys who needed that one. So he put it in one fellow's lips and lighted it for him. Then he just squatted there and kept holding that one cigarette, first to the lips of one of the three and then to another. They took alternate puffs. Then two of them fooled the third. They swore they had had two puffs to his one and he must have two! He was dying faster than they were and they knew it. The bow-legged man kept it up until the cigarette burnt his fingers. There were only ashes left when you threw away a cigarette in France!"

One of the girls pouted. "You're too bad," she complained. "The war is all over! Why do you tell us such a doleful story?"

But the other girl eyed the ash tray and her face got very, very red. "I suppose it's still terrible to smoke them that way—or smoke them at all, if the boys in the hospitals do not have enough. Do they?"

"They do not!" he said.—Jane Gray in New York Tribune.

A Western Fable.

On the eastern slope of the Manzano Mountains in New Mexico stand the ruins of an old mission church, and a few scattered walls and foundations, which bear the impressive name of Grand Quivira, and which are monuments to one of the greatest and most enduring lies ever told by the tongue of man (writes Niksah in the Savannah News).

The lie was started by a certain Indian back in the sixteenth century. He was found living among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico by the great Spanish explorer, Coro-

nado. Because he was a queer, dark-looking fellow, the Spaniards called him The Turk, but in reality he was a member of another tribe of Indians, living far to the east.

The Turk was anxious to return to his own people, so he told the Spaniards that to the east was a great land, the home of a people called the Quiviras, where was much gold and great houses. Coronado went in search of the place, taking The Turk as a guide, and found that the Quiviras were a savage tribe of wandering Indians who had no wealth whatever. He killed The Turk for having told such a monstrous lie.

But the lie strangely persisted, in spite of all Coronado wrote and said about the true state of Quivira, and for a long time men continued to search for Quivira, with its gold and great houses. Later, these ruins in the Manzano country were supposed to be the remains of the mythical city, and treasure-seekers dug all about them in the hope of finding buried gold.

Finally, Bandelier, an astute government ethnologist, made a study of the matter, proved that the Quiviras had never been anything but a poor nomad tribe, and that the ruins were those of a mission built by the Spaniards for the purpose of civilizing the Indians.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, holds, contrary to the customary viewpoint, that the man caught out in a blizzard should stop the moment he finds that he has lost the sense of direction. He should make himself some sort of a snow house if circumstances permit; if they do not, he should sit down with his back to the wind, rest his head on his knees and go to sleep, and wait for the storm to blow over. That, at any rate, is what the Eskimos invariably do when they find themselves in such a situation, and it is what is done by wise white travelers in the Arctic. And when they are correctly dressed they do not freeze to death, nor do they suffer any particularly severe hardship from the cold.

A very curious net is made by the tailor bird of India, a tiny yellow creature. To escape snakes and monkeys this bird takes a dead leaf, flies up into a tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf to a green one hanging from the tree. The sides are sewn up, an opening to the nest thus formed being left at the top. The leaf, apparently hanging from a twig, would never be taken for a nest.

A patent has been granted for a violin with a cylindrical body, for which its inventor claims many advantages.

Very choice

VAN DYCK

CIGAR

FOUR SELECT SIZES • We suggest EXCEPTIONALES, 15c straight (wrapped in foil)

GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc.
M. A. Gunst Branch, San Francisco.

"Very Choice" is the verdict of smokers who appreciate higher skill in cigar making



"THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY"

George Scarborough is responsible for this jolly little comedy which enthrones Ruth Chatterton in a rôle particularly well suited to her. It is a comedy piquantly set off with worldly and sentimental trimmings cunningly entwined. It has dialogue that crackles pleasantly with wit and humor. It has the cheerful atmosphere that surrounds the prosperous West when it ventures into the sophisticated East. It has a nice, jolly father, two pretty and thoroughly American daughters, a very engaging widow, and a neat assortment of highly diversified suitors for Judith, the well-poised young beauty who is bound to marry a real man, if she has to lay a trap to test his manliness.

In fact the point of the entire comedy is in the laying of the trap. Judith, who used to be a Western madcap, and has become an Eastern society bud, has suitors to burn; among them a woolly Westerner; the man who runs her father's ranch. And the perspicacious young thing rather suspects that he is the only real man among her suitors. Hence the trap.

Judith played a very daring game, for she made pretense of being that kind of lovely woman "who finds too late that men betray." Rather a ticklish motive for a play-writer to handle. However, Mr. Scarborough and Ruth Chatterton between them emerge with flying colors. The comedy mood is adhered to, but lightly, delicately, playfully; even when the father of the roguish innocent, so blithely gambling with her own reputation, feels the assault of the first horrid doubt, even then the comedy mood persists, and without offense.

"The Merrie Month of May" is a drawing room comedy, and the author has made the action continuous; that is, at each rise of the curtain the action is carried on from precisely that moment of time in the play at which the previous curtain fell. This has the happiest of effects, being conducive to clearness and a sense of reality.

Ruth Chatterton was more roguish and piquant in this play than in any rôle in which we have seen her. She dressed the character exquisitely, pretty Judith doing herself proud as the cherished daughter of a multimillionaireish Western senator. She looked daintily, prettily provocative, and in the reading of her lines she showed a flexibility and expressiveness of look, tone, and manner that doubtless delighted the author of the play, and most certainly charmed the audience. Her only fault was a slight tinge of didacticism.

The general company, also, was most happily cast; Lucile Watson as a delightful widow, with a warm heart and a gift for mellow satire; just the sort of rôle in which this actress shines; and Flora Sheffield as a nice little puppy of a girl flapping its curly ears joyously because life is so full of fun.

Katherine Emmet was cast as a spinster; also with a gift for satire, though not quite so mellow as the widow's; and the actress rendered her part with due neatness and precision.

Edward Fielding was a boyish-hearted, gray-headed senator, whom he made so desirable a wooer that the house sympathized warmly with the widow's swift surrender. Sydney Booth was excellent as a griggish congressman, Charles Trowbridge matching him with a cynical, man-about-town rôle. Lawrence Eddinger was very good as a chucklingly friendly old darky servant, and James Rennie played the rôle of the Man.

And the actor got under the skin of the ranchman whose heart beat with a wild Western fervor of love for pretty Judith. Mr. Rennie is one of those fortunate players who has a magnetic voice. Also he has telling eyes, and a personality that lends itself to expressing what he wishes it to. It expressed manliness, loyalty, silent yet fervent love, and a Western brand of chivalry toward women. The actor contrived, while looking sun-burned, tongue-tied, and inelegant beside Tod's slick Eastern rivals, to suggest the romance of a repressed yet thoroughly unswerving love. Tod was the Man for whom Judith, the Western made up, sought and found amid the thicket of sophisticated Eastern suitors.

The company made a most agreeable impression; the stage serving as the setting for a particularly likable lot. Even toward the griggish congressman and the cynical man-about-town our hearts softened when they

knew discomfiture, the two rôles being so well played.

The play, of course, is just a merry little drawing-room comedy. But the neat, trim manner in which the author has cast his gayly sentimental idea into shape is so happily matched by the brightness, refinement, and agreeable wit and humor of the company that the combination is thoroughly pleasing entertainment; the kind of entertainment that has a delicate finish of art.

THE DREAM.

We've all had it, every one of us. Let's buy a country cottage! Lot, \$250. House, \$250. Furniture, 25 cents. We'll just build a living-room, wont we?—say forty by twenty-five. And a porch. Bunks in the living-room, a wired-off summer kitchen on the porch, and we'll economize on the plumbing. We build.

Lot, \$1500 or \$3000. Cottage, \$2500 or \$5000. A huge plumbing bill mounts up. The projected shower becomes a modern bathroom. The bunks expand into bedrooms. The curtained-off corners give way to dress closets. A kitchen is added to the original plan. All very nice and comfortable. Much more sensible. We couldn't possibly have lived such a very simple life.

And now comes the furnishing. We haunt auctions. We make curtains. Our friends send us the plants toward creating a garden of friendship.

We take possession. The house is a seething mass of crated furniture. The cat is in the sulks and the dog has run away. We've forgotten a refrigerator—or economized—and the joint begins to smell bad.

A tempestuous week follows; or two weeks; or three weeks; or four weeks; as may be. Finally the curtains are up, the rugs are down, and the plants are set out. We work, we toil, we sweat. But we don't complain. We love it all, for it is a novelty.

But the money; how it flies. The cottage is such a darling and we really can't stick to that idea of importing bunged-up pieces of furniture from the attic, or the auction room. We must have a golden brown living-room, a Japanese blue dining-room, and verandah furniture. (The porch has become a verandah.)

In the meanwhile it is rumored that the lot next door has been regarded with a favorable eye by a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker. Horrors! Our undesirable neighbors will be only twenty-five feet away. They can hear every word we say!

Buy the lot! We buy it. Seven hundred and fifty dollars, or a thousand, or more, as may be; plus the et ceteras: surveying, typewriting, a notary's, possibly a lawyer's, fee.

We find the gardening work rather killing. By supernatural exertions we shanghai a gardener, who tyrannizes over us, gets drunk, steals our tools, but saves our aching backs. For that we endure all his sins and pay his extortionate bills.

We put down every item that the house, the lot, the furniture, the garden cost. But we never dare to add up.

In the meanwhile we feel we must show off our possession. What is the use of having possessions, if we don't show them off? Besides, a stealing feeling of lonesomeness begins to sneak in upon us, as the summer waxes and wanes.

We invite our friends for week-ends. They respond with enthusiasm. Perhaps we have a maid, perhaps we haven't. That is as maids will. If we haven't we regard the multitudinous heaps of dishes accumulating upon the draining board of the sink with dismay. We seem to be perpetually afloat in tides of dishwater.

Dishwater is greasy. It smells bad. We don't like it. We discover a growing indifference to the society of our friends; under the circumstances.

We stop inviting them. In our increased leisure we begin adding up the bills. We make a few discoveries as soon as we stop hiding our heads in the sand.

We return to the city with enthusiasm with the coming of fall. (We had spoken of the possibility of spending the fall in the country.)

Perhaps the above processes have spread over two or three summers. Then—

We let the cottage. Then—

We put the cottage up for sale. Then—

We sell the cottage. It has totaled up, all told, to twenty, or thirty, or forty times that original estimate. We gladly sell it for three-fourths, or possibly two-thirds, of what it cost us. (Note—Never build a country cottage. Always buy one from somebody who longs to get rid of it.) Another dream busted. Never allow a dream to become realized. It is fatal. A dream should remain a dream.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Armenian population of the United States is said to be between 75,000 and 100,000, most of whom came into the country after the massacres of 1895-96.

GREECE AND THE PEACE.

By Anatole France.

Strongly opposed as I am to all imperialism, to the spirit of conquest, from whatever side it may arise; holding for a criminal act the partition of territories to suit the ambitions of princes or the avarice of capitalists; maintaining, as I do, that no power has the right under any pretext whatsoever to annex populations without the freely expressed consent of the people themselves—I should certainly show no favor to the claims of Greece if I had discovered among them any secret ambitions. These claims appear, however, to be justified. And it is the pressing needs of the Greeks and Armenians, the desire to rescue these martyred peoples from misery and death, that has forced me to join in this discussion.

While at Athens in 1906 I went, accompanied by two excellent men, MM. Andréas and Coromilas, on a visit to the Greeks of Thrace, who, having fled from their burning cities, had come to seek refuge in the mother country, where they had commenced life afresh and taken up again their peaceful domestic duties, their work and their songs. After their defeat in 1913, the Bulgarian soldiers committed atrocities in Eastern Macedonia which surpassed in horror even those of 1906. The town of Serres was burnt to the ground; at Demir-Hissar all the eminent Greeks were massacred; at Petrovo women were shut up in a mosque and burnt alive. This was, however, but a feeble example of what these same barbarians were to accomplish in 1916-1918, during the Great War. When the victorious English and Greek troops penetrated into Eastern Macedonia, they found the Greek towns and villages reduced to one-sixth of their population. The rest had died of hunger. Famine, carefully organized, had destroyed more than a hundred thousand men.

While fighting on the side of the Central Powers, the Turks as well as the Bulgars armed themselves against the Greeks, and subjected them to famine and deportation. Their range of extermination was sufficiently vast, extending over nearly the whole of Thrace and all Asia Minor. A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, somewhat disposed to intervene on behalf of the Christians of the Orient, wrote from Constantinople: "The massacres of the Greeks, organized by the Turks and Germans, have had, in common with the Armenian massacres, the extermination of a race as their object." And this is his conclusion: "To sum up, four hundred and fifty thousand Greeks have been deported and are dead; one hundred and fifty thousand have been enrolled in labor battalions; two hundred and fifty thousand have taken refuge in Greece. It should also be borne in mind that three hundred and fifty thousand refugees had fled to Greece before the entry of Turkey into the war. And these tragic events still continue in spite of the armistice." This evidence is reliable. The armistice, therefore has not put an end to massacre. In Constantinople Greek sailors have been killed. To what dangers, then, must the Hellenes and Armenians in the centre of the empire be still exposed!

Let us hearken to the voice of the Greeks of Thrace and Asia Minor, who denounce the persecutions they have suffered and demand their reunion with the mother country. But, first of all, let us see if this reunion is possible, and if it is in conformity with the principles expressed by the most humane and the most just among all those men who are preparing at this moment the peace of the world. With this object in view, we must establish as accurately as possible the demographic distribution of Hellenism in Thrace and Asia Minor. To do this we shall have to consult the statistics furnished by the Turks, who were more interested in diminishing the number of Greeks than in increasing them. These statistics, moreover, have been challenged by the Committee of Unredeemed Greeks sitting at Paris. We will take them as they stand: the more truthful they are, the better.

That the Greeks dominate in Thrace is not for a moment in doubt. The ethnological maps drawn up by the Bulgars do not show the descent of the sons of Khoum as far as the Ægean Sea. The treaty of San Stefano, which formed a sufficiently vast Bulgaria, did not comprise the names either of Southern Thrace or even of Adrianople. The Greeks predominate over the Bulgars in Thrace in the proportion of at least seven to one. They predominate likewise in number over the Turks in the four *sandjaks* composing the vilayet of Adrianople, where 267,675 Hellenes are to be counted as against 245,513 Musulmans.

It is well to note that at Constantinople, even, the Greeks, reunited with the Armenians, predominate over the Turks, and that in the Byzantine city the Turkish majority is, according to M. Andréas, not only relative, but provisional, for its results from the great numbers of Musulmans summoned from all quarters of the empire to the Sultan's service. Armenians and Greeks, moreover, united in martyrdom, are brothers in faith and genius, and are at the same stage of moral and intellectual development.

In the province of Smyrna there are 219,000

Musulmans and 449,000 Greeks, whose influence is manifested even less by their number than by their superiority in commerce, art, and agriculture. And the Turks themselves proclaim that Smyrna is Greek when they refer to it in their proclamations as *Giaour-Ismir* (Smyrna the Infidel).

At the risk of prejudicing my thesis, and influenced solely by high moral scruples, I shall ignore the fact that in 1914 the Entente Powers offered Smyrna, and in 1915, Thrace, to King Constantine as the price of his alliance. For one can not admit that diplomats, whoever they may be, and for whatever motives, can traffic in secret with territories and peoples.

But the noble Venizelos, now the head of the Hellenic government, has not asked the reward due to him for his services in the Allied cause. Why should we repay his people with ingratitude, when our obligations towards him can deduct nothing from the cause of justice, but, on the contrary, ought to satisfy its highest ideals? If Greece nourishes no imperialistic aims, if she turns her eyes towards the unhappy sons from whom she is separated, and if these sons in Asia, long tortured and robbed, hold out supplicating arms towards her, why should we not favor this reunion by virtue of the right at last recognized for all peoples—that of disposing of their own destiny?—Translated from *L'Humanité*.

In Venezuela nearly every man, woman, and child over nine years old smokes cigarettes.



XIV.

Not a Meter Rental

There is an idea in some quarters that "service charge" is the same as "meter rental."

In so far as the service charge for water in this city is concerned, this is a mistake.

You pay no rental for your water meter.

The service charge is a cost charge, not a rental charge. It represents the cost of serving you individually with water.

We have always charged for service, even before meters were installed throughout the city.

In theory every consumer was supposed to pay his share of the cost of service. In practice this was not the case.

Such was the inequality of the old way of billing that some paid nothing for service, some paid only a fraction of the cost, and others paid too much.

At present the service charge is figured separately from the water charge, and every consumer pays what his individual service costs.

The charge depends on the size of the meter.

But nobody who understands the service charge will mistake it for a meter rental.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Alcazar.

"Polly with a Past" is one of David Belasco's cherished properties and its touring value is still undiminished, but as a special dispensation he has consented to its presentation by the New Alcazar Company, commencing next Sunday afternoon. This wizard of stagecraft is keenly responsive to Alcazar aim, purpose, and achievement and loses no opportunity to manifest it in a practical way. His special release of "Polly with a Past" is significant of Belasco's faith in Alcazar class and quality. There is no more delightful comedy on the stage than this witty romance of the self-reliant, well-poised American girl of East Gilead, Ohio, who merrily masquerades as a demure maid in the apartment of a trio of reckless young New York bachelors and shocks a fashionable seaside resort by pretending to be a French adventuress of hectic hue. It is a rare part for Belle Bennett, who is showing amazing development and winning great popularity. There are splendid opportunities for Walter Richardson, Thomas Chatterton, Vaughan Morgan, Rafael Brunetto, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Jean Oliver, Edna Shaw, Emily Pinter, and other favorites. The special appearance of Emelie Melville in one of her exquisite grand dame characterizations will be an added delight.

To follow comes Bayard Veiller's tremendous emotional drama, "Within the Law," which has never been acted before at the Alcazar. It could not be more timely than just now—and it has already earned a million dollars for its producers.

Curran Theatre.

With the performance of Sunday, July 13th, Marjorie Rambeau will open the farewell week of her stay at the Curran Theatre, appearing in "The Fortune Teller" for the first time here.

Miss Rambeau herself regards the play as her greatest starting vehicle, and that she is not alone in her opinion was demonstrated by the reception and triumph that Broadway gave her.

The star has a rôle that calls for completely different work than that of "Eyes of Youth." The theme is the mother love that has the power to regenerate, not only a drifting wastrel son, but a mother whose life has been blackened by continual misfortune. Miss Rambeau has the unique rôle of a fake fortune teller in a small circus sideshow, and the son is played by Hugh Dillman (Miss Rambeau's husband), who assumed the rôle in the New York production.

Considered critically and emotionally, "The Fortune Teller" is a play unique in the annals of the American stage, is absorbingly told, and embraces many entertaining characterizations such as are possible in the fertile field provided by the locale.

"Tea for Three." Roi Cooper Megrue's brilliant comedy, comes to the Curran Theatre next Sunday with the New York cast, embracing Arthur Byron, Frederick Perry, and Elsa Ryan.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will shatter all vaudeville records.

Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont, two of the most gifted legitimate stars appearing in vaudeville, will head the new show in the patriotic melodrama, "An American Ace," which has been adapted for vaudeville by Mr. Granville from Lincoln J. Carter's four-act play. It makes a strong patriotic appeal and really performs a mission. Among the thrilling and realistic sensations in the play

are the aeroplane battle in the clouds, the boys going over the top, the fight at the cathedral, the bombing of the village and the explosion of the aero bomb, the ace outwitting the German spy, and the most wonderful trench scene ever produced on the stage. Mr. Granville will appear as Lieutenant Phil Drake and Miss Pierpont as Muriel Dandoy. They will have the support of the biggest company ever assembled for a vaudeville production.

Eddie Janis and René Chaplow will introduce their new oddity, "Music Hath Charms." Mr. Janis with a violin is a positive musical treat and Miss Chaplow is a splendid delineator of character types.

Harry Hines, a San Francisco boy, who some years ago left this city to try his fortune in the East, returns home, bringing with him the reputation of being one of the funniest, cleverest, and most amusing monologists in vaudeville.

The Three Jahns are expert equilibrists who bring to this country a splendid reputation gained in the European music halls for sensational daring, novelty, and ability.

Dave Ferguson and company in "The Rounder of Old Broadway"; Espe and Dutton, and Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin in "An Egyptian Frolic," and Nellie V. Nichols and the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will be the other acts.

"Hobo College" Opens.

The "Hobo College" came into being recently in New York, under the direction of James Eads How, the "millionaire hobo," of Chicago. The hobs are now said to be open for membership to any full-fledged hobo desiring courses in such subjects as "sociology," "industrial law," and "public speaking."

The "college," How explained, is the outgrowth of institutions which, he said, have been conducted in Chicago and Cincinnati.

"The idea has taken hold in other cities," he said, "and if we can educate discharged soldiers and inveterate hoboos so that they can get jobs, our purpose will be accomplished. The classes will continue all summer, and we will operate an employment agency on a small scale."

The idea, it appears, is to open the day with a search for employment. The applicant arrives between 9 and 9:30 o'clock, and is sent out to interview a prospective employer. If he fails to find a job, he returns at 11 o'clock, and is invited to take part in the college courses. These continue until 2:30 o'clock, when a "jungle luncheon" is served.

"We will have three major subjects in the college," How said. "In economics, or sociology, we will try to give the pupils an idea of labor conditions. The course in public speaking will enable the pupils to talk more intelligently and should increase their chances of getting positions."

While there are numerous records of tempestuous senatorial conflicts, verbal and physical, the rule generally followed in debates is one of extremely careful and punctilious courtesy. A Senate contradiction is polite and inoffensive. Where the man in the street would exclaim in some heat, "You're a liar!" Senator Reed Smoot would say, "The senator is mistaken." Senator Lenroot would remark, "The senator is unaware of the facts, and Senator Lewis would interject tersely, "I am fully aware of the deep studiousness and vast learning of my eminent and esteemed friend, and, therefore, I am loath to question his reading of the facts bearing upon this issue; but nevertheless I am constrained to decline to follow him to the fullest extent of his implications."—Detroit News.

HUNTING KILLER WHALES.

Vivid Story of the Chase in the Seas of the East.

It was 6 o'clock when I came on deck, and the sun was just rising out of the sea, a great red ball of fire. The man in the "barrel" at the masthead was swinging about watching the water ahead. Suddenly he clapped the glasses to his eyes, gazed toward the open sea, and shouted excited "Kujira!" (whale). writes Roy Chapman Andrews in Asia. I jumped as though a bomb had been exploded on the bridge and whirled around just in time to see a silvery fountain of spray shoot up almost in the eye of the sun. It hung a moment in the air, then drifted away on the wind just as two other white jets spouted out of the water near the first. A moment later I saw three black bodies which revolved slowly and then disappeared in the hollow of a great swell. Instantly the ship was all astir. Members of the crew were rushing back and forth along the deck. The little vessel leaped forward, describing a long swing, and headed for the whales. In five minutes the ship had reached the mirrorlike patches of water where the whales had gone down, and with her engines at "dead slow" was swinging in a wide circle waiting for the animals to come up and blow. Suddenly three snow-white jets shot up about a quarter of a mile away. The engine-room bell clanged impatiently, and the vessel leaped through the water at full speed. The whales came up astern next time and we swung about to intercept them, but they spouted only once and slipped under water and headed towards the beach.

The *Main* was now twisting and writhing about as though possessed of a demon. We circled about, each time coming closer to the whales, but the animals were still heading for the rocks not more than half a mile away.

Then something happened which made me forget my seasickness and the cold and the wind. The man in the "barrel" with both hands to his mouth was bellowing "Takamatsu! Takamatsu!" and pointed wildly out to sea. Melson wheeled around, his face red with excitement and shouted: "Killers! Now we'll get 'em. The killers are coming. Stand by and you'll see some fun."

I jumped to the gun platform by the side of the captain and when the ship rose to the crest of a huge billow we saw half a dozen scythe-like black fins cutting the water in streaks of white foam. On they came, six abreast, their high dorsals aloft like the standards over a charging cavalry troop. They were the dreaded killer whales, the savage sea wolves, which hunt in packs and are the terror of everything that swims.

Just then the gray whales spouted two hundred fathoms away. The killers darted forward after the gray whales like bloodhounds. They seemed literally to fly through the water toward their victims, who were now blowing lazily. Suddenly one of the gray whales spied the killers, and, hurling his gigantic body half out of the water, he turned head-down in a long dive. The others followed, but by this time the racing killers had nearly reached them and all went down together. The ship was running at full speed in the wake of the whales, but lay to with engines stopped at the spot. We hovered for fifteen minutes over the spot where the killers went down, the *Main* rolling drunkenly on the swell. About fifty fathoms off the water was beginning to smooth itself into a glassy green patch within two circles described by the animals swimming just beneath the surface. A devil fish shot to the surface followed by two killers. The huge black whale thrust itself half clear of the water, falling back in a shower of spray as the killers dashed for its head. The devil-fish twisted about, threshed the water with its ponderous flukes, tried to dive and escape, but the killers closed in on it.

Instantly it rolled to the surface, this time almost under the bows of the ship. I saw the captain bend over the gun, the tip of the harpoon drop a little, and the next instant a blinding cloud of vapor shot into our faces. The blast of the gun was deafening. Through the clearing cloud of smoke I saw black flukes hurtling out of the sea, and the devilfish fell back with a tremendous, smashing blow upon the water. Then the gigantic figure quivered, straightened out, and slowly sank. For a moment there was not a sound on the ship save the measured "flop, flop, flop" of the line on the deck as the deadweight of forty tons dragged it from the winch. The killers had disappeared at the flash of the gun, but before the winch brought the carcass of the devilfish to the surface we saw all six of them in full pursuit of the other two gray whales which were racing for the shore. I tried to follow them with my glasses, but they were lost in the surf and I never saw them again.

Snake bite caused 23,918 deaths in British India in 1917, nearly 300 more than in 1916. There were 2176 persons killed by wild animals, 102 less than in 1916. Tigers got 1009; leopards, 339; wolves and bears, 280; elephants and hyenas, 89. Of the 456 set down to "other animals," 89 are assigned to pigs, and 199 to crocodiles.



The Golden Pheasant

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Restaurant Refined

Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

Aviation Slang.

We've stood for baseball slang from "skidding into second on a greased hook slide" to "picking the old apple for the circuit," and now comes Chevalier Bayard of the Aviation Corps, the gallant gentleman without fear and without reproach, and twists our language into a pretzel-shaped something like this:

"The bus lost her flying speed, and like a dud I pulled the joy stick back and kicked on the rudder. I flopped into a tail spin, and just flattened out over the trees. I panicked on the tree tops, and completely washed out the machine in a jolly crash!"—Life.

The opinion arrived at during recent years by electrical men that a much-needed saving of fuel would result from the electrification of railroads appears to be confirmed by a report recently presented before the Western Railway Club, in which it was proved that 100,000,000 of the 140,000,000 tons of coal now burned annually by our railroads could be saved by general electrification.

The "rat centre" of the world is declared to be London, England. It has been estimated that the British metropolis has as many rats as human beings.

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it."—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE WALK-OFFS" The Hattons, Snappy, Sparkling Society Satire WEEK COM. NEXT SUN., JULY 13

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EDDIE JANIS and RENE CHAPLOW in Their New Oddity, "Music Hath Charms"; HARRY HINES, "The 58th Variety"; THREE JAHNS, European Equilibrists; DAVE FERGUSON and Company in "The Rounder of Old Broadway"; PERCY BRONSON and WINNIE BALDWIN in "An Egyptian Frolic"; ESPE and DUTTON, Topnotchers of Versatility; HEARST WEEKLY; NELLIE V. NICHOLS, the Famous Character Singing Comedienne.

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Last time Sat. night—Miss Rambeau in

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Starting Sun. Night, July 13—Farewell Week of

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VANITY FAIR.

Now what would you wear if you were going to a peace conference—as a delegate, of course? You see, there would be no precedents whatsoever to guide you. You would have to meet the representatives of some twenty-five other nations, and however strong the bond of sartorial ugliness may now be, there must be little distinctive differences of taste and custom that make the problem a real one. Would you wear a frock coat and a silk hat and be on the safe side, or would you cultivate the shirt-sleeve style and so prove yourself to be an American?

There are dangers even in the silk hat. In Europe the silk hat is like the laws of the Medes and Persians—it changes not. (By the way, who are the Medes? Were they neutrals?) But in America the silk hat constantly changes its shape, and its contour betrayeth its date. Most of the Americans

wore silk hats when they arrived in Paris, and they were all of different shapes. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says that these hats looked fine so long as their wearers were not grouped, but when they were collected together it was a matter for comment.

There is a certain kind of collar that seems to be favored by statesmen. It is described as the high-winged variety. Most of the Europeans wore this sort, but Count Brockdorff-Rantzau outdid them all. His collar was three inches high and he seemed perpetually engaged in elongating his neck in order to avoid decapitation. Moreover, it was too tight. One wonders why he wore that sort of collar for an occasion not without its own peculiar and inherent embarrassments. President Wilson wore the regular turn-down collar and Secretary Lansing did the same, but whether it was coincidence or the flattery of imitation we are not informed. Henry White wore different kinds of collars on different occasions, which suggests to the correspondent that there may be some mysterious ambassadorial propriety in these matters and that a debate on Poland may call for one sort of collar and the signing of a treaty for quite another. But there may be a simple explanation. Probably Mr. White buys his collars singly, as we do, and of course you can never be sure of getting precisely the same article each time.

The British representatives presented a

shocking appearance. They seemed to have dressed in the dark and to have selected their garments by chance. Some of them wore Derby hats and cut-away frock coats, which is sartorially correct in England, but loathsome. Then Mr. Lansing did the same, and of course the American secretaries had no choice. All of them appeared similarly attired, and British diplomacy scored one more point. The victory was nearly complete when Colonel House surrendered unconditionally, but the President remained invulnerable. He was never seen without the impeccable frock coat and silk hat.

The business suit was much in favor everywhere, and here, at least, the American had a clear field. There is a snappiness, says the correspondent, about the American business suit that none of the other tailors of the world has been able to attain. One could always single out the American suit on the Paris streets. The British suit is made to drape and hang; it keeps one warm and covered and it is wide-necked, so that a man, if he will, may draw his head down into it like a turtle going into its shell.

The New York *Sun* reminds us of our good fortune in California that it is rarely hot enough to compel us to dispense with our waistcoats. Now a man has no particular love for his waistcoat, but he has a great and an abiding love for the pockets that it contains. Usually there are five, four outside and one inside. The inside receptacle is the despair of the pickpocket. It is inaccessible even to the most adroit. Now to lose five pockets at one fell swoop is no small matter. That leaves the man with only the nine pockets of his coat and trousers, and as these are already working overtime it is almost impossible to ask them to do the duties of the waistcoat pockets also. Where is the fountain pen to be housed, and the memorandum book? A new home must be found for the watch, and the knife, and the various small articles that now come so readily to the hand. Even if the remaining pockets were not already overloaded they are not suited to the new guests. They are too wide and deep. The climates that demand the occasional shedding of the waistcoat are at a grave disadvantage. Northern California might do worse than include in her promotion literature the proud boast that you may wear your waistcoat all the year round.

We are sorry to see that the New York *Sun* advocates the carrying by men of vanity bags, or what would correspond to vanity bags in the baser sex. Indeed, the *Sun* is inclined to believe that some of the fellows who carry brief cases have actually no briefs either in the bags or elsewhere, but that they have secretly taken a leaf from woman's book. Some one once said that if you held up a reformer and looked in his brief case you would find sandwiches, and it is certain that violin cases are used for the transport of articles other than violins. But it is to be hoped that this matter will not be pressed, although it must be admitted that men are becoming effeminate enough to do almost anything. The pockets of a man give him mobility. He can make a casual call at a drug store for a toothbrush and a piece of chocolate and he is ready for a voyage. And he has his hands free. Imagine the intolerable nuisance of having to open a bag every time you want a pencil, or a knife, or a carfare. So long as women have no pockets and wear corsets they can be kept in subjection. Give them pockets and emancipate them from the corset and they will rule the solar system. But do not tell them this.

An English paper has recorded that Canadian troops returning to the Dominion are bringing with them 25,000 brides (says Lucian Swift Kirtland in *Leslie's*). The impressiveness of this figure has stirred the question: "How about the Americans in France?"

A little more than a year ago American soldiers began to arrive in France by tens of thousands daily. They were not vacation bent. Today they are returning home—and many of them will point out the Statue of Liberty to a pair of bright eyes under a French millinery creation, and not an overseas cap. There is even ground for France's fears that the always ascending line on the doughboys' matrimonial chart is meaning a real drain against the nation's vitality of youth. It is estimated that before the last troopship will sail from Brest harbor at least twenty thousand French girls will have become American wives.

It is impossible to do more than approximate the statistics at the present time. There have been rumors of this wholesale slaughter by Dan Cupid, but in a world of rumors including such spectacular predictions as that the Peace Conference would break up in a fiasco and that Europe will be laid waste by Bolshevik armies, the report of the doughboy's taking a wife at first did not have enough sensational glue to stick and irritate the imagination. It was not until casual visitors at the American passport office saw the waiting-room always crowded with soldiers and their French wives that the Paris world realized

that the rumor had been carrying an amazing amount of truth.

Mr. Kirtland tells us something else about the American bridegroom in France. He refuses to take the *dot* which immemorial custom has prescribed shall accompany the French bride. Says Mr. Kirtland:

"Evidently the American boy does not ask to be paid a dowry by a girl's parents for taking a wife. He seems to scorn it. He has an infinite faith that he marries for love and that he himself can earn a living for the two of them. It may be taken for granted that this makes a decided difference in his popularity with the parents, who had been saving and scrimping for years for that *dot*. The butcher's daughter, for instance, may have an advertised *dot* of 6000 francs. This makes her an heiress in her community. Along comes a Yank. He doesn't even ask a question in that direction. Naturally the girl's mother thinks very soon of how interesting it would be to have those six thousand francs to spend herself. The rival French suitor finds that the parents' encouragement is going to the Yankee.

"But it takes two to make a contract. If there is this romance on the side of the girl—a something which she was never led to expect from matrimony under the custom of 'arrangement,' it must also be true that the American man is believing that he has found romance. The girl finds her hero worship fulfilled. The doughboy finds the French girl sympathetic and charming. I think her sympathetic charm is her great secret."

The Federal Farm Loan system is now doing about 15 per cent. of all agricultural land loan business in the United States. A report of the Farm Loan Board at the conclusion of the second year of operation shows that loans closed in the last twelve months amounted to \$120,238,000. The aggregate of farm loans made by all agencies, public and private, is estimated at about \$800,000,000 annually.

In some parts of England, and in France and Italy also, it is believed that a girl who buries a drop of her blood under a rose bush will have rosy cheeks.

The deepest well in the world is at Czuchow, in the coal field of Upper Silesia. It has reached a depth of over 7348 feet below the surface.

STATEMENT
of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities
—OF—
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
HIBERNIA BANK
DATED JUNE 30, 1919

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$10,795,852.50), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$11,493,500.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,000,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,162,000.00), of the County of Bergen, New Jersey (\$200,000.00), of the County of Cuyahoga, Ohio (\$90,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$29,096,122.47
2—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS comprising Steam Railway Bonds (\$1,768,000.00), Street Railway Bonds (\$1,486,594.51), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds (\$2,242,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	5,022,981.00
3—CASH IN VAULT and in banks.....	3,263,179.38
4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	30,802,117.65
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon, Nevada and Washington.	
5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	229,500.00
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.	
6—(a) REAL ESTATE situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,188,322.96), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$1.00), Alameda (\$43,339.72), San Mateo (\$21,806.26), and Los Angeles (\$76,680.06), in this state, the actual value of which is.....	1,330,150.00
(b) THE LAND AND BUILDING in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....	965,623.90
7—ACCRUED INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS.....	300,962.65
TOTAL ASSETS	\$71,010,637.05

LIABILITIES

1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$68,093,556.06
NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS.....	83,560
AVERAGE DEPOSIT	\$804.98
2—ACCRUED INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS.....	300,962.65
3—RESERVE FUND, ACTUAL VALUE.....	2,616,118.34
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$71,010,637.05

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco }
E. J. TOBIN and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself says: That said E. J. TOBIN is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

E. J. TOBIN, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1919,
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In the scrimmage the little man had been knocked down and trampled on. "Stand back there," shouted the benevolent stranger. "Give him air, and hurry up with the handy." "Never mind about the air," murmured the patient in a faint voice.

Browning had lately taken to lecturing on the teetotal platform. "So you want to marry my daughter, sir? What are your principles? Are you temperate?" he asked a candidate for the position of son-in-law. "Temperate!" was the reply. "Why, I am so strict that it pains me even to find my boots tight."

It appears that not long ago, at a gathering of artists, a certain Futurist painter approached Louis Wain and said, "Why do you always draw cats, cats, nothing but cats?" "It is true that I draw cats," returned Mr. Wain, fixing the Futurist man with his eye, "but at least I do not call them landscapes."

A Chinese diplomat mentioned something about a Chinaman having committed suicide by eating gold leaf. "Well," said a society woman in the company, "I can't understand how that could have killed him." "Probably," answered the diplomat, seriously, "he died from the consciousness of inward guilt."

A man was waiting somewhat impatiently in a postoffice while the young woman clerk discussed the gossip of the day with one of her admirers. His annoyance being evident in his countenance, she remarked, with Cockney sprightliness: "Well, you needn't look at me as if I were poison." "Not so much poison as a counter-irritant," he replied gravely.

Paddy was showing a gentleman over his master's new house, and after he had gone through it the gentleman said to Paddy, "Well, it's really a very fine house, and beautifully finished." "Oh, no," said Paddy, "it's not finished yet." "Indeed!" said the visitor; "why, what more do they intend to do to it?" "Well," said Paddy, "I heard our master say the other day that he was going to have a mortgage put on it."

While in the army an officer was accompanied by a sergeant that, to hear him talk, was one of the brainiest men Uncle Sam had hired. One Sunday, in a certain town, a young woman met the officer and sergeant on the street and asked them if they cared

to go to her house and have a cup of coffee. On arriving they were introduced to the woman's mother, who made excuses in regard to her appearance. She remarked, "I'll go and put on the percolator." The sergeant said, "Oh, you look all right the way you are."

A professor of history met one of his class who had returned from fighting on the western front, and asked if he had learned any particular lesson from the war. "Yes, I have, professor," replied the young man. "I discovered that it is a great deal easier studying history than it is making it."

A newspaper in Canada is responsible for the statement that John Lay denies that he had his tonsils sunburned by gazing skyward Friday afternoon at the airplane that was cutting didos in the sky. Lay is represented as claiming that the machine shifted its position often enough to keep him turning about, so that part of the time his mouth was in the shade.

An eminent evangelist was asked one day to conduct a meeting at a chapel in South Wales. A woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as light bringer and comfort giver. "That's good, sister!" commented the visitor. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?" Just then he felt a vigorous pull at his coat tails by the local preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press those questions, sir; press those questions. That's my wife."

There was only one dealer in bicycles in a small town. A lady was one day commenting on the number of wheels to be seen in the streets, and observed: "You must be making your fortune if only half of the machines ridden by the townspeople come from you." "Well, mum, I don't know so much about that," was the reply. "You see, I have to sell a good many of my machines on the 'Kathleen Mavourneen' principle." "The 'Kathleen Mavourneen' principle!" said the lady. "I never heard of it. What is it?" "Why, payment on the hire system. Don't you know the song, mum? 'It may be for years, and it may be for ever.' Good-morning, mum."

Here's another one at the expense of the colored boys who fought in France. Seems a detachment walked square into the centre of a German ambushade of machine guns, which without warning broke loose at the rate of several thousand shots a minute. Simultane-

ously two colored infantrymen from Dixie started for the Mason-Dixon line. After an hour's hard running one of them looked back. "Hy dar, nigger," he shouted to his comrade, "look at all them flies a-followin' you!" "Get out ob mah way, fool," yelled the other. "Dem aint flies, dem's bullets!"

The prominence given to the name of the Earl of Dalkeith owing to the report of his engagement to Princess Mary, since denied, recalls a story once told about his grandfather, the sixth Duke of Buccleuch. As Earl of Dalkeith he put up for Parliament, and one day was canvassing an old farmer on his father's estates. The voter, ignorant of the identity of the canvasser, said he did not know the earl. "But you know the duke?" said the friend accompanying the candidate. "Yes, I know the duke—he's a gran' mon!" said the farmer. "Then you'll surely vote for the son?" pleaded the canvasser. But the farmer was not to be won so easily. "I'm no sure about that," he slowly replied; "it's no every coo that has a cauff like hersel'."

At a recent gathering at the Lambs' Club, George M. Cohan told the following story: "When I was a youngster our town was thrown into a frenzy of excitement through the appearance of a chap known as Jack the Kisser. He used to jump out of dark places, grab the girls, kiss them, and run away. A friend of mine and a girl were discussing the kisser, he declaring that a man could kiss a girl whether she willed it or not, and she maintaining that it couldn't be done. Finally they decided that the only way to prove their contentions was to try it. They did. And the man won after a brief struggle and kissed the girl ardently for several minutes. Then he released her. 'Oh, well,' said the girl, 'you really didn't win fair. My foot slipped. Let's try it again.'"

Secretary Carter Glass was discussing a certain stockholders' meeting out of which a wail arose from the minority stockholders. "The minority stockholders," he said, "can always get justice—if they are able to fight for it, but all too often they are like the small boy in the restaurant. This lad had saved up enough change to gratify the longing of a lifetime and purchase an order of roast duck, but when it was set before him it was so small that he looked at it in disgust and finally summoned up enough courage to call the waiter. Just as the waiter arrived the boy noticed that at the very next table a big fat man was being served with roast duck also and that he got a huge portion. 'What do you mean giving me a little dab of duck like this and serving a whole bird to that fat slob over there?' he shrilled, and added, 'Get me the manager.' The waiter bowed and smiled. 'The fat slob is the manager,' he explained."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Rubaiyat of Protest.

I sometimes think that never soars so high
The Cost of Living as when'er I try
My New Poetic Drama to unload;
No more of this—they simply will not buy!

Alas, that Dream should vanish into Prose
When Editors our Manuscripts Dispose!
Some Ivory-Domed Incumbents they! Whose
brains—

Ah, whence and whither flown? God only knows?
And this we know—whether our Deathless Flight
The Hudson River never shall Ignite—
Better One Verse within the Daily Press
Than in the *Atlantic Monthly* lost outright.

And that perverted, Weird, Vers-Libre stuff—
They get away with Some Things pretty Rough;
Lift not your Voice to cast Asparagus—
The Magazines accept it Fast Enough!

Give us one Honest Jingle ere we pass—
A Distich of the Fifty-Fifty Class;
A One-Way Rhyme; to soothe Our scattered Wits
To rest—and then, Turn down the Empty Glass!
—Laura Simmons, in *New York Evening Post*.

Three Salers.

Three Salers went sale-ing out into the West;
Out into the West as the sun rose high.
Each thought of the hargain that she would love
hest,

And wondered what marvels her money would
buy.

For men must work, and women must spend,
Tho' money is scarce, and no one will lend,
And the Bargain Sales he raging.

Three wives sat up in their bedroom dim,
And they turned up the gas as the sun went
down.

They looked at fat parcels, and purses so slim:
And happily planned their next journey to
town.

For men must work, and women must spend,
Tho' ruin be sudden, and credit will end
And the Bargain Sales he raging.

Three husbands still gaze on the silks and lace,
In the morning gray, when all hope has flown;
But the women are sleeping and dreaming in
peace

Of a land where the sale-bills are never torn
down.

For men must work, and women must spend,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner the end,
And good-by to the sales and their raging.

—London Blighy.

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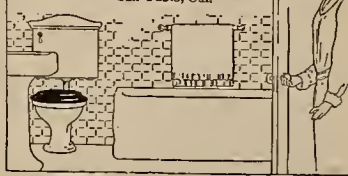
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. George T. Maye gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis in compliment to Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia.

Mrs. George Pope and Miss Helen Crocker gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Del Monte Lodge. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mr. Richard McCreary, Mr. William Crocker and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Miss Mary Gorgas gave a tea Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Martha Sutton.

Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a dinner Saturday evening at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear gave a dinner Saturday evening at Del Monte having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Macleay of Portland were the guests of honor at a dinner given a few evenings ago by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant in Burlingame. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Frederick Kohl, Mr. Gordon Tevis, and Mr. John Parrott.

Miss Elizabeth La Boyteaux gave a luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a luncheon Thursday at his home in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a house party over the week-end in Menlo Park. Their guests were Miss Hannah Hobart, Miss Sylvia Van Rensselaer of New York, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Brooks Sawyer, Mr. Wakefield Baker, and Mr. Barreda Sherman.

The Misses Katharine, Christine, Mary, and Barbara Donohoe gave a tennis tournament over the holidays at their home in Menlo.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt gave a house party over the week-end at Tahoe. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, and Mr. Philip Westcott.

Miss Dorothy Loomis gave a dance Friday evening at the Burlingame Country Club. Her guests were Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Olivia Howard, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Gertrude Martin, Miss Gertrude Murphy, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Elizabeth Newell, Miss Barbara Harrison, Miss Virginia Harrison, Miss Marjorie Davis, Miss Nancy Davis, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Leonore Armsby, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. Allan Drum, Mr. Clarence Postley, Mr. Edward Dean, Mr. Kenneth Pope, Mr. Otto Bergstrom, Mr. Richard Turner, Mr. William Kuhn, Mr. Merrick Robertson, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. John Hooker, and Mr. Hulbert McFarland.

Mrs. Andrew Rowan gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Frank Deering.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a house

party over the holidays at their home in Sonoma County. Among their guests were Miss Amy Requa, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William Hetteneheimer, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger gave a dance Saturday evening at Woodside in honor of Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a picnic supper Friday evening in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy gave a luncheon Friday at their home in Burlingame.

In compliment to Miss Sylvia Van Rensselaer of New York, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Palace Hotel. Those in the party were Miss Van Rensselaer, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles, Miss Grace Cuyler of New York, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Jean Boyd, and Miss Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall gave a house party over the Fourth of July at their country place at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre entertained at dinner Saturday evening in Menlo Park, their guests including Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Isabel Jennings, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Edward Harrold, and Mr. Marshall Madison.

Fairmont Hotel.

Rainbow Lane in the Fairmont Hotel is proud in the possession of Pearl Loweree, a San Francisco girl who is bound to create a sensation in wider fields. Pearl has an able partner in Henry Busse. These entertainers, along with Vanda Hoff in her nature dances, and other clever people, make Rainbow Lane a delightful place to spend the evening, and tables for the dinner de luxe are in demand every night except Sunday.

Director Rudy Seiger announces Señora Luisa Silva, a grand operatic contralto, as the soloist of this Sunday evening's Lobby Concert, when his orchestra will present a peculiarly pleasing programme of popular and classical selections.

The theory that increasing divorce is due to growing desire for freedom on the part of women, and to their economic independence, does not correspond with the fact that more and more women demand and receive alimony, which indicates that freedom is not the only object sought. In the twenty-year period prior to 1906 alimony was sought in only 13.2 per cent. of cases and granted in only 9.2 per cent. In 1916 alimony was sought in 20.2 per cent. of cases and granted in 15.2 per cent. It is practically always the wife who gets the alimony. The ease with which alimony is obtained, however, varies greatly in the states. It is granted in less than 1 per cent. of cases in Pennsylvania and in 61 per cent. of cases in Michigan. Children figure in a diminishing proportion of cases.

During the war London and other cities in Great Britain successfully operated government kitchens in the poorer quarters. Glasgow is about to launch into the enterprise of a kitchen that will provide 2000 portions each meal, to be served at noon and in the evening. Food will be supplied at the lowest possible price, but on a paying basis. The cooks will be trained and the aim is to raise the level as well as lower the cost of living. The Glasgow experiment is but the first of the kitchens to be established by the Corporation Committee for National Kitchens.

CURRENT VERSE.

In the Red Cross.

Her near presence teases the slender young red-head,

Playing at war-work, laughing as she plays.
The look in her eyes bodes a deal of mischief—
God help the bold ones till she mend her ways!

Just passed the boundary set for childhood—
Ah, there's a breath of April with the liss,
Lanes and little places with echoes of a one-step!
God help the shy ones, how soon their luck will pass.

She never caring for the solemn moment's,
Dusty feet that go trampling the ground;
She never heeding anxious, praying persons—
God help the wakeful, how her sleep is sound!

The fragrance of violets steals quickly upwards,
All of the sky is full of shooting stars.
Half of a kiss would surely never matter—
God help our memories, what should they be but scars!

—Gordon Hamilton, in Poetry.

Holy Russia.

The ghostly blood of thee is in my veins,
Back through the centuries of death and birth,
Sometime I thrilled with thy gigantic pains,
My kin lie somewhere covered with thine earth.

And ever as in dreams I seem to see
Those streets and people with their colors cold:
Thou hast the singing hummers of the sea,
The tides of restless passion ages old.

I know thy humors and their contradiction,
I know thy fevers and hallucinations,
I see beneath the painted mask of fiction
Thy face of fierce and weary exaltations.

And art thou come to gaze with wakened eyes
Into the sick world's travail and her grief,
Lost thou from thy long battling surmise
The end of battle and the world's relief?

While we are creeping in our crooked ways
Along the crumbling roads of worn-out creeds
Where Ignorance walks royally through days
That smell of death, decay, and bloody deeds.

While we still cry to God for strength to kill,
Reminding Him that Britain rules the waves,
And grind young bones for the commercial mill,
And build munition works among the graves.

Still crying "Honor," "Country," and "The Flag,"
"The last heroic fight in Freedom's name!"
Though Kings make mouths at Kings, and Prelates
brag—
They boast of murder and they reek of
shame!

Thou that hast touched the mystic wounds of God,
And strewn with broken hearts the Virgin's
feet,

Feeling beneath the burden and the rod
His justice and Her pity in the street.

Justice and Pity, crying in the wind—
We only hear the guns that never cease,
The flapping of our flags has made us blind!
We may not see the sacred gods of peace.

But thou dost build fanatic temples for them,
And thou dost pave the road with sanity,
And all the train of bitter ghosts adore them,
Who died to puff a monarch's vanity.

I hear thy orchestras of holy cheers,
The drum that life has snatched away from
death,
And all the sighing rhythm of thy tears,
And the brave laughter of thy trumpet-breath.

PEACE! But a cynic whispered in my ear
How kings like worms still wrangled for a
crown

That lay amid the dust—and I could hear
A hum of money-changing in the town.

I feared that afterwards, when all is won,
We shall forget the meaning of thy deed—
And man will creep as he has always done
Along the little gutters of his greed.

—From "Poems," by Iris Tree. Published by the John Lane Company.

Haig on "Yellow Peril."

Field Marshal Haig, in the course of his address when installed as rector of St. Andrew's University, said that he would mention a few of the more obvious of the existing possibilities of strife. There was, in the first place, "the Yellow Peril," a problem which was, in fact, a matter of the utmost seriousness, deserving all the thought that could be given to its solution. He spoke of the work of the Chinese who had been brought to France and said the Chinese must eventually demand a place in the European labor market, competing with highly paid labor and infinitely higher standards of living. Again, India, with a population of over 300,000,000 souls, was already beginning to turn towards social, industrial, and political development. Such a policy as that advocated by the ex-Kaiser could only result in almost unending strife between the West and the East. The solution he would offer for this and other problems was very different. This tremendous problem was only capable of solution by bestowing upon all races, however insignificant, British freedom and justice, and thereby in the course of many years leveling them up to British standards of life.

Lithuania has a population of 6,000,000 and is larger than Switzerland and Denmark combined. In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and partly in the sixteenth centuries Lithuania was the largest state in Europe.

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Hotel Whitcomb

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Such exclusive features as the glass-enclosed Sun Room on the Roof, with its tea service each afternoon, and dancing Saturday night—and a garage free for guests' use—emphasize the Whitcomb's up-to-dateness.

Alaskans Making Good.

What the Alaska natives are doing and are willing to do as proof positive of their fitness to live under the Stars and Stripes is impressed on all who come in contact with the natives and their numerous activities along lines of advanced citizenship and patriotism. By way of a minor illustration that shows which way the wind blows with them: The natives of Juneau, through the press, advocated the killing of dogs that there might be more food for human consumption. They advised their native friends to protect the deer from their dogs that might kill deer during their helpless condition following this past winter's deep snows, when many starved and all were weakened for lack of food.

Down at Kake the natives have only about one-third to one-quarter the number of dogs that they had last year. One who went through the village last fall and again this spring remarked on the fact that there were almost no dogs in town.

"Yes," said a representative citizen, "the natives became convinced that from a sanitary standpoint and an economical standpoint they were keeping entirely too many pets. As a result of this conviction they began reducing on dogs and improving on health and food supply."

"We have no real need for dogs in this part of the country, where all the traveling is done by water, except a few that are trained to hunt bear. We intend to reduce our worthless stock still further and keep and breed only the very best bear dogs," said another citizen of Kake.

Another point that impresses even a casual observer is that the natives all take local newspapers and read carefully—often very slowly—the events that are taking place locally and throughout the world. If a native is not a regular subscriber to a newspaper you may be sure it is because he can not read one word of English or any other printed language. Even parents who can not read will subscribe for a paper for their ten and twelve-year-old children, who have possibly had the advantages of two or three years in school.—Alaska Dispatch.

Lithuania is shut up tight in its many fire-warmed houses during the long ice-gathering winters. Sport starts in the spring, when the rivers roar with hurtling ice-floes, says a story sent out by the Lithuanian National Council. But Lithuanian boys and girls are not frightened. They pull out their canoes and slip into the swirling floods and go down the rapids dodging the huge blocks of ice that the warm weather has loosened. Parents and friends stand shouting on the shores. They shriek advice and encouragement, but the canoers can't hear them for the noise of the water and ice. Far down the river they land on the soft mud banks, and all are escorted to the home of the winner of the race, and fed with poppy cakes and home-brewed beer. The game is a dangerous one.

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—years of learning and improving, just as they have been years of growth and expansion for the Sperry Institution. Today—the ten mills and forty-four distributing points on the Pacific Coast have made the Sperry trademark the symbol of service and uniform quality in every household. The confidence of housewives is the greatest reward these years of Service have earned.

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PERSONAL.**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. J. R. Macomber and Mr. Kirke Macomber arrived the later part of the week from Palmdale and are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock have purchased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone in Burlingame and will take possession of it this month. They have been joined by Mr. Gordon Hitchcock and Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., who have been attending college in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant and the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Arthur Lord and Mrs. Ethel Hager have returned to San Francisco from Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have gone to Ross to spend the remainder of July with Mr. and Mrs. George Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Harrison have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their home at Claremont.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lee Taft of Chicago returned during the week to the St. Francis from a trip to Paso Robles.

Mrs. Frank Anderson is spending a fortnight in Monterey with Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca Deering left Tuesday for the Orient. They will return to San Francisco in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Steifel of New York and Miss Helen Margaret and Miss Muriel Steifel arrived in San Francisco last week to spend the rest of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Kindleherger sailed Saturday for their new station at Pearl Harbor in Honolulu, after a brief visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willmar. They have been at Pelham Bay Park for the past year.

Mrs. John Drum left last week for Tahoe to be with Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall for several days. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland also spent the holidays at the Newhall home.

Miss Bessie Zane has returned from a visit with Count and Countess Eric Lewenhaupt in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Cyril Tobin and her sister, Miss Noeline Haskins of New York, have taken a cottage at Miramar for the summer.

Mrs. William von Phul returned the first of the week from New Orleans and has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the summer. Mrs. von Phul was accompanied from the South by the Misses Alzire, Marcia, and Betty von Phul. Miss Claude von Phul will remain for several months with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Trufant, Jr., in New Orleans.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin returned Monday to San Mateo from Del Monte. She chaperoned a group over the week-end to the hostelry which included Miss Arabella Schwerin, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Captain Ronald Banon, Mr. Chouteau Johnson, and Ensign Richard Schwerin.

Mr. Philip O'Connell of Stockton has been spending the week in San Francisco at the St. Francis.

The Misses Marion and Louise Winston arrived the close of the week from Los Angeles and are visiting the Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe in Menlo Park. Their uncle, Mr. Lewis Bradbury, who has been at the St. Francis for several days, has left for the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Jones have given up their house in San Rafael and have taken an apartment on Arguello Boulevard.

Major Samuel Knight arrived Tuesday in New York from France, where he has been for several weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Clinton Jones, and Mr. Marshall Madison passed the week-end in Menlo Park at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, who arrived last week from New York, have been spending the week at Del Monte.

Commander Charles Hartigan, U. S. N., has been appointed naval attaché to Brazil and with Mrs. Hartigan and their children sailed last week for South America. They have resided in Washington for the last two years.

Miss Coralie Mejia returned Monday from Burlingame where she was the guest of Miss Evelyn Barron over the week-end.

Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr arrived Thursday from New York and has joined Mr. de St. Cyr in San Mateo, where they recently purchased the residence of Mr. Eugene de Sabla.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Macleay have returned to Portland from a brief visit to San Francisco and Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné and Master Christian de Guigné, Jr., have gone to Del Monte for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills have returned to Boston from a trip to New York and Washington.

Miss Dorothy Hancock of Washington will arrive within a few days to visit Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent in Burlingame.

Mr. Paul Verdier has gone to New York to await the arrival of Mrs. Verdier from France.

They will remain on the Atlantic coast for several weeks before coming to San Francisco to occupy the Hanford residence on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, who have been staying with Mrs. Pickering, Sr., since their return from New York, have taken a house at Washington and Laurel Streets.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Frank Gross have arrived from Panama and will be stationed for some months at Mare Island. Mrs. Gross has recently been visiting in Los Angeles with her mother, Mrs. Frank Hicks.

Miss Helen Pierce spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Miss Isabel Jennings.

Mr. George Tallant has returned to his home in Santa Barbara from France.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas arrived Monday from Monterey and are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Nikolai Sokoloff are here from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans have returned from their wedding trip and have opened their home in San Rafael.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre.

Miss Helen St. Goar has gone to Westwood to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker.

Miss Mary Elena Macondray left Tuesday for Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime.

Major and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt arrived the close of the week from Fort Douglas, Utah, and spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. Louis Chappalear will arrive in San Francisco this month for a short visit before sailing for their new station in the Philippines. At present Mrs. Chappalear is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sarah Peabody, at Bremerton.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and the Misses Rosemonde and Margaret Lee have returned to San Francisco from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. A. R. Richeson of Portland arrived Monday in San Francisco and is at the St. Francis. Colonel Richeson is ill at the Letterman Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosborough have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend the rest of the summer.

Miss Julie Heyneman spent the Fourth at Bolinas as the guest of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan.

Miss Grace Cuyler left Friday for her home in New York, after a fortnight's visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb have returned to Santa Barbara to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Mabel Cluff-Wilson and her children arrived during the week from New York and are visiting Mrs. Cluff in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne, who have been in New York for two years, will return to California in the fall and will take a house in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Koshland of New York, who have been at the St. Francis since their arrival from the East, have gone to Tahoe for the rest of July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze have reopened their home in Palo Alto for the summer months.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard is passing several weeks in Los Angeles at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spicker returned Monday from Burlingame, where they passed the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Drum.

Mrs. James Keeney and her sister, Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia, left Wednesday for Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker. They will remain in the south for three weeks.

Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove have given up their apartments at the Hotel Monroe and have moved to the Hillcrest for the summer.

Mrs. George T. Marye will leave the 25th of July for Santa Barbara to spend three weeks with Mrs. John Beale.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler and Miss Sarah Butler of New York have gone to Santa Barbara to spend the remainder of the month at El Mirasol.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh has gone to New York to meet Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, who has arrived in the Eastern city from Paris.

Mrs. Alfred Montgomery sailed Saturday for Honolulu to join Lieutenant-Commander Montgomery, U. S. N.

Mr. Richard McCreery will leave in August for England to join Mrs. McCreery. They will remain abroad until November.

Commander and Mrs. Thomas Hutchins left during the week for their new station in Honolulu.

Colonel Antoine de Page of Belgium arrived in San Francisco Wednesday and is staying at the Palace Hotel. He was accompanied by his aide, Captain Van de Velde.

The Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart will leave the first of next week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart at their ranch in Beowawe, Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have gone on a camping trip in the Feather River country.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. A. H. Woolley, British Columbia; Mr. H. J. Wheeler, Buffalo, New York; Mr. C. E. Spratt, Spokane; Mr. M. L. Pierce, Salt Lake City; Mr. W. H. Gaskill, Los Angeles; Mr. M. M. Moore, Sacramento; Mr. Tenant Lee, Los Angeles; Judge John A. Perry, Denver; Mr. D. E. Taylor, Pinole, Colorado; Revs. Michael, Michael Flannigan, Vincent McManus, John Walsh, Francis Duffy, and John O'Brien, six Roman Catholic priests, from Ireland on way to Australia; Mr. David T. Gay, Washington, D. C.; Mr. J. F. Fletcher, St. Joseph, Missouri.

A negro—John Ward of Goldsborough, North Carolina—had thirteen of his eighteen sons in the Ninth and Tenth United States Cavalry, while his seventeen daughters were busily engaged in war work. Among this man's thirty-five children were, it is stated, two sets of quadruplets and five pairs of twins.

A successful experiment with peanuts has been carried out by the British at Fellujah, on the Euphrates River, about thirty-eight miles west of Bagdad.

PRISON FARM IN FLORIDA.

Writing in a Florida newspaper, a correspondent tells the following interesting facts relating to Florida's new system of prison administration:

"We have just returned from Raiford, where there is a prison farm of 18,000 acres and 475 inmates, and yet not a gun, not a guard, and, more than all, not a 'whipping boss,' an office the most degrading to one's moral attributes, whose influence is infectious and polluting. Oh, what a stigma it has been! We are proud to say that the 'whipping boss' no longer exists at Raiford. His occupation, like Othello's, is gone. The insignia of his office has been placed in the discard, to be preserved only as a relic of barbarism.

"The prisoners are happy, if singing songs of mirth is indicative of happiness, and, from a material point of view, the new system is emptying dollars into the state's treasury where only dimes were emptied before. Superintendent Bitel says that if the farm is not interfered with by the legislature or incoming officials in the course of a few years it will pay the expenses of every institution in the state—asylum, the boys' and girls' reformatories, the school for the blind, deaf and dumb, and other public institutions:

"The farm has now only 4000 acres under cultivation and three manufacturing plants established, and this year will be more than self-sustaining, including all betterments, so what must it be when the entire 18,000 acres become productive and other profitable manufacturing are added to it? By next season 4000 more acres will be planted, as that many more acres are under fence.

"The prison farm has 1100 head of hogs, 750 head of cattle, consisting of Angus, Jersey, and range; 125 mules and horses, 2500 chickens, 250 turkeys, 400 acres in pecans. It has eleven miles of railroad, connecting with the Seaboard Air Line and Atlantic Coast Line railroads; it has a sawmill operated by its own electric power plant, a grist mill, rice mill, corn crusher, a dairy, the net income from which is \$25 per day. It has a shoe and mattress factory.

"Of the 475 inmates three only are white women and fifty-one colored women. It cares for the hospital subjects of the entire system—all the halt, maimed, and blind—and all are looked after with scrupulous care.

"One of the prisoners—Mr. Mendenhall—was detailed to show us over the buildings, and we gave them all a careful inspection—the kitchen, the hospital, the sleeping quarters—and found all spic and span and sanitary in every particular. There are tubs and shower baths. There is a large auditorium where religious services are held on Sundays and moving pictures and other amusements are staged on Saturday nights, which all the prisoners attend, and the doors are open to the public. The night we were there an original minstrel show was staged by the negro prisoners. There was no coaching, and the performance would have done credit to either Coburn's or O'Brien's minstrels. If it had been staged in New York or some other big city and had been known in advance under what conditions it was undertaken we doubt if any hall would have been large enough to have held the audience and the criticisms would have been immense. Next Saturday night the white prisoners are to stage an original play, and so the alternations file on.

"The prisoners are given every Saturday afternoon for rest, recreation, and enjoyment. Under the old régime the meals were eaten in silence—not a word was allowed to be spoken. Now a general conversation may be enjoyed. One, though not in prison bonds, may well appreciate the change."

UNIQUE COSTA RICA.

Probably the secret of the success of Costa Rica in keeping herself so free from revolutions for many years is that she is the one country between the Rio Grande and the countries of South America where the population is preponderantly white. The Costa Ricans are also probably the most vigorous people of Central America, descended from the original Spanish immigrants who were fortunate enough to settle in a country in which the Indian population was small, so that they did not find it necessary either to kill off the Indians or to amalgamate with them.

There are forty or more old Spanish families in Costa Rica which are much intermarried, and in them the rule of the nation has been vested for several generations. Gonzalez was of that breed, and so is Tinoco, both of them of pure Castilian descent and of a much higher type of man than the usual Central American ruler and politician.

Such an experienced observer as Frederick Palmer has called Costa Rica the one real republic of Central America and the "most peaceful, the happiest, and the best governed of all the republics in the south." Its buildings, hospitals, and national institutions are modern and up to date, and its banana and coffee plantations are well and carefully tended. The war affected the trade of the country considerably, but travelers recently

from there declare that in spite of this Costa Rica remains the most prosperous of the Central American countries and a real exhibit which justifies the Monroe Doctrine.

This unusual Central American country was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1502, on one of his later voyages, and he was so impressed by specimens of gold shown to him by the natives that he named the country Costa Rica—gold coast. A few years later Spain created the kingdom of Guatemala, which then included the whole of Central America and a portion of Mexico. Costa Rica became a province of this old Castilian kingdom and remained such until the revolutionary period of 1810-1825, when Spain lost the greater part of her mainland possessions in the Western Hemisphere. The kingdom thereupon became separated into five political divisions—Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. In 1821 they renounced their allegiance to the Spanish crown and became independent states.

For many years Costa Rica was under the rule of a dictator, Don Braulio Carillo, and after his death in 1847 she adopted her constitution, which has several times been modified.

Refused Dicken's Copy.

Among the many distinguished traits of Charles Dickens was his inability to prepare manuscripts which could be read with accuracy or pleasure by the unfortunate compositors assigned to "set" them. James Howard, a former compositor in the printing house which published Dickens' "Edwin Drood," found occasion recently to make some remarks on the subject.

"His writing was just impossible," says Mr. Howard. "Our firm recognized the difficulties of our task and allowed us 50 per cent. extra payment for the work. But this inducement did not attract us. There were about eighteen of us working on 'Edwin Drood,' and we were all anxious to get other work to print. Our attitude toward Dickens was, I believe, reflected in his attitude toward us. We said very unkind things about him and he reciprocated.

"We did the best we could with the manuscript that came along. We used to hold long discussions as to the meaning of some mark on his copy, and often we could not decipher it and had to make a guess. The proofs were sent to him, and he used to tear them to shreds. When the corrected proofs came back they were in a worse state than his original copy. Dickens had corrected them beyond recognition. It was obvious that he could not read his own writing, for the changes he made were nothing like the original.

"Dickens used to write some very sarcastic comments on our work, but fortunately we were not always able to decipher even those."

The only important peace treaty ever negotiated by women was that known as the "Ladies' Peace," arranged by Louisa of Savoy and Margaret of Austria.

A machine for making stick candy has been invented that has a daily capacity of 3000 pounds.

July and August

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has our client a good case?" "Good for a thousand dollars."—*Boston Transcript*.

Astronomers are making an attempt to weigh light. Some grocers have been doing it for years.—*London Opinion*.

Crabshaw—If you don't like the bone-dry law, why don't you take a trip abroad? *Gay-boy*—I would only I think it will be easier to get a drink than a passport.—*Life*.

"You are the only man in your company, corporal, who hasn't applied for demobilization papers. Why is it?" "I'm the only one as is married, sir."—*London Opinion*.

"No, duke, my father would never put up a million dollars to buy a title." "Then why did you encourage my attentions?" "I was just shopping."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Fortune Teller (reading cards)—You have money coming to you, but no sickness whatever. *Client*—That's singular! I'm the new doctor across the street.—*Kansas City Star*.

She—Oh, Carl, there was once a time when you used to lovingly stroke my chin. You don't do it any more. *He*—Yes, but that was when you had only one.—*Detroit News*.

"What kind of a mine you got?" "Dunno yet; just started to bore. Maybe copper, maybe gold, perhaps oil. We'll capitalize

whatever we strike."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Friend—I suppose the baby is fond of you? *Papa*—Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

"Well, what do you think about prohibition now?" "To tell you the truth," said the man who has reformed, "I think that if they would quit talking about it maybe I could forget it."—*Washington Star*.

Edith—Jack told me I was so interesting and so beautiful. *Marie*—And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even during his courtship.—*London Opinion*.

"This fellow is honest, anyhow. In getting up a sort of office questionnaire, I asked each man to state what work he did. Gave him a blank form." "Well?" "He left it blank."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"I suppose you could solve this great political problem in a few words." "Oh, yes," replied the ready explainer. "But with an eloquence like mine, is it kind or generous to be brief?"—*Washington Star*.

"He is what they call 'a parlor Socialist,' isn't he?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Not a regular 'red'?" "No. He's what I should call a pale pink, and liable to fade at that."—*Washington Star*.

Dearborn—Say, old man, do you know who is the minority leader in the House? *Bensanhurst*—Sure, I know, if you mean my house; but, to tell the truth, I'm ashamed to tell you.—*Yankers Statesman*.

Young Chlae—Well, Ah got to run along. Ahs gwine to wash foh a lady, an' Ah doesn't want to be late. *Aunt Dinah*—Doesn't want to be late? Humph! Ah reckon yoh isn't a ve'y 'sperienced washlady.—*Life*.

"A man in your position must be well informed." "True," replied Senator Sorghum, "and yet he has to take care not to use up too much time in investigating things the public has lost interest in."—*Washington Star*.

Male Shapper—My wife sent me for some fillet. *Clerk*—For yourself or for her? *Male Shapper*—What difference does that make? *Clerk*—If it's for yourself, it's beef; if it's for her, it's lace.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"Ah, your idioms; I can not grasp them." "What's the trouble, count?" "The politician is happy because he was whitewashed."

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"Yes?" "Yet the baseball pitcher who was whitewashed today, he is sad."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"What sort of a girl is she?" "The kind that everybody says will make a good wife for somebody some day."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"The verra best music I effer heard whateffer was down at Jamie MacLaughlan's," said the piper. "There wass fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor, all plain' different cbunes. I thoct I was floatin' in heevin."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Soft drinks are very elaborate and expensive." "That's right," answered Cactus Joe. "But they have this advantage over the old-

time fancy tipples. Fellers aint likely to say, 'Yes,' so often when you say, 'Have another.'"—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Wickwire—If woman was given the credit she deserves, I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history. *Mr. Wickwire*—I guess you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse.—*London Blighty*.

"A good mixer, isn't he?" "You betcha!" replied a citizen of Grudge. "He can tell more funny stories, borrow more money, pay less of it back, get more signers to petitions, be elected to more lodge offices, and do less honest work than any other three men in town."—*Judge*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2208. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 19, 1919. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. De Valera.

If the admirers of Mr. de Valera wish to welcome that gentleman to the city they are well within their rights in doing so. No one would question the propriety of their action nor limit its warmth.

But that the city should extend an official reception to Mr. de Valera, that it should do this at the public expense, is a gross impropriety. Mr. de Valera is here on an errand of avowed enmity toward a nation with whom we are on terms, not only of friendship, but of actual military alliance. He has loudly professed his friendship for another nation with whom we are at this moment in a state of war. Unless he has been grossly misrepresented he has expressed the hope that that enemy nation would win the war. Members of the Irish party to which he belongs did actually concert military measures in aid of Germany and tried to procure the landing of enemy forces in Ireland. So far as they were able they helped Germany to win the war. At this moment there are various Americans in Federal prisons for a breach of our neutrality laws by provisioning German warships from the port of San Francisco before America entered the war. And with America actually at war, the city of San Francisco, with wounded American soldiers at every street corner, ex-

tends its official welcome to Mr. de Valera. It is an insult to the nation, to the city, and to the army. It is bad Americanism.

Americans are extraordinarily sensitive to foreign comment and to foreign interference. Their blood would boil if any other nation were to commit an act parallel with this public ceremonial in honor of Mr. de Valera. It would be regarded almost as an act of war. An incident far less provocative than this nearly led to war in the case of Venezuela, and there are many other similar incidents that might be cited. We can only hope that there will be some general recognition throughout the country that this hysterical business does not truly represent San Francisco nor her loyalty to the great war principles of the nation.

The Treaty.

President Wilson's address to the Senate in submitting the peace treaty was in much better spirit than his speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, upon his return from France in February. The former experience appears to have instructed him that threats and vituperation are bad diplomacy. Last week's address was smooth, bland, rhetorically graceful, and on the whole conciliatory. Yet it had the characteristic fault of going all around the subject without going into it. Neither the Senate nor the country got any real information as to how and why things were done as they were done at Paris. In brief the address was soothing, but not satisfying; it tended toward good nature, but it shed no light upon controverted matters. It leaves the issue of the league of nations precisely where it was before; and in this sense it is helpful to the President's cause. For if as in the Faneuil Hall speech he had assailed the senators who stand in opposition as men of "narrow vision" and of "pigmy minds," and if he had reiterated his boast of "fighting blood," it would have been to start the coming campaign upon a low and unseemly level. He has opened it, if not with candor, at least with dignity; and that is very much to the good.

The announced intention of the President is to take his league of nations and his defense of the peace treaty—including the matter of Shantung and the French alliance—directly to the people. He will make an extensive swing around the circle, pleading for acceptance of the treaty as it has been drawn, without reservations. Probably he will deal only in generalizations, that being his propensity and habit; but he will be wise if for once he shall forego rhetorical circumlocution and get down to unrestrained explanations in plain speech. The American people would like to know the motives which have led the President to disregard our national traditions, to go beyond the authority of Constitution and laws to involve the United States in the mazes of European politics. They would like to know under what motives and under what theory of right and propriety he took upon himself the function of arbiter in affairs geographically remote, racially outside our understanding or obligation, and of questionable propriety and morality. They would like to have a straightforward statement of considerations which led Mr. Wilson to yield consent to retention by Japan of the Shantung peninsula against the protest of China and its apparent contempt alike of the rights of that country and of the principle of self-determination of rights previously proclaimed as sacred. And finally the people would like to have a plain and unequivocal statement of why and under what influences the President yielded one after another of his famous fourteen points. Rhetorical generalizations to the effect that failure to accept the findings at Paris in their entirety and without reserve will "break the heart of the world" do not fairly answer these demands, and they will not be accepted as sufficient or conclusive. It is a case where Mr. Wilson, if he is to convince the people

of the United States and win their support, must get down to brass tacks, so to speak.

The Senate, which must finally pass upon the treaty, is in a mood distinctly hostile to the President, and for this he has only himself to blame. He ignored that body in his formation of the American delegation to Paris, filling up the commission with official subordinates and personal friends so subservient in spirit as to interpose no objection to anything he might propose or do. He went himself to Paris without consulting the Senate and without its approval. He carried himself there as an autocratic figure, independent of counsel or advice from the Senate. Returning to America in February, he assailed leading members of the Senate who had ventured to criticize his course, in opprobrious terms. At a later time in Paris, and in contempt of the ideas and wishes of the Senate, he involved the United States in a series of proceedings which from this side of the water appeared unnecessary, in excess of executive authority, and of questionable propriety and equity. The Senate will demand a good deal of explaining from the President, and he will do well to bear in mind both its authority and its dignity, to keep his temper and to deal in plain speech, not in the spirit of an autocrat, but of a coadjutor.

The Senate, particularly its Committee on Foreign Relations, would like an opportunity to deal with the President face to face upon the various points at issue. Detached and individual addresses before the public on the President's part will tend less to harmonize the situation than embitter it. Mr. Wilson will be invited to appear before the Committee on Foreign Relations, there to talk the matter out. That he will consent to this is not an assurance. He has the right to decline, and he probably will do so. Give-and-take in detailed argument is not his common way of action. He dislikes interruption; he resents questioning; he grows irritable in personal contact on equal terms. Furthermore, he is not a man of detail. His mind comes to its judgments by intuitive processes. He is disconcerted by opposition and criticism, and he does not easily admit or accept discussion upon even terms. Probably he will decline open conference with the committee and rely upon popular appeal in the form of public addresses throughout the country. In this case it is the announced purpose of the more positive senatorial critics of his course at Paris to follow him up and to match his speeches with arguments in rebuttal. By this means they believe that they can win the popular verdict.

A tentative project now under consideration at Washington is for the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to call before it all the members of the peace commission and to interrogate them with respect to the conference—the matters presented to it, the arguments made, the secret understanding arrived at. It is doubtful if the committee will pursue this course. The truth is that it holds in contempt the group of subservient gentlemen whose part in Paris was merely that of concession, approval, and silence, who so far forgot their dignities as to serve as mere candle-holders while the President took to himself the whole authority and power of the group.

While the coming campaign with respect to the treaty, with its involved league of nations, is likely to be an active and possibly an acrimonious one, the outcome appears to the *Argonaut* to be plainly in view. We believe that the Senate will accept the treaty, including the league of nations, but that it will accompany the act of approval with resolutions of interpretation and reservation. The senatorial reservations will, we believe, include nullification so far as the United States is concerned of Article X of the covenant, under which nations holding membership in the league shall undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity of all members of the league. Likewise we believe that the Senate will de-

clare that nothing contained in the treaty or the covenant of the league shall imply a relinquishment by the United States of its traditional attitude towards purely American questions, or to require the submission of its policy regarding questions which it deems to be purely American to the decision or recommendation of other powers.

Subject to these reservations the treaty may be accepted in its entirety without prejudice to American interests. There will still remain other points, very particularly that of the Shantung peninsula, offensive to American sentiment. But under the necessity for some settlement of contentions involved in the war, concession to the President's wishes will almost certainly be made.

Henry Ford Thinks.

Mr. Henry Ford, giving evidence in his libel suit against the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, says that he signed and issued many of his famous pleas and protests against war without reading them and for the purpose of making people think. They were actually the work of a Mr. Delavigne, who, but for these disclosures, might forever have languished in obscurity. We must confess that we had our suspicions as to the authorship of these proclamations. We did not believe that Mr. Ford had written them. We did not believe that he was capable of writing them. With that homely colloquialism that aptly expresses his mental attainments he would probably have dismissed them as "highbrow stuff," and unworthy of attention from the practical people. But then, of course, some concession must be made to popular sentiment, and Mr. Delavigne was hired to do it. It was necessary to make people think. A great world crisis necessitated some sort of cerebral extension that Mr. Ford himself was unable to achieve either by example or precept. And now we are beginning to wonder if Mr. Ford himself has not been made to think. There are what may be called premonitory symptoms of mental activities, and as these are revolutionary times who knows what development the future may have in store for us? But we should like to ask Mr. Ford a question on a matter of ethics—Mr. Delavigne will explain the term to him. Since he accepted the applause, such as it was, elicited by Mr. Delavigne's pacifist pronouncements would it not have been becoming also to accept the responsibility for utterances to which he had attached his name and for which he had received the praise? To do Mr. Ford justice, he did admit the responsibility was his, but at the same time he evades question after question by attributing to Mr. Delavigne opinions and statements that he himself has signed. It is a small matter, from the reformer's point of view, and it may be that Mr. Delavigne himself will explain why he thinks that all professional soldiers are murderers and that in all history he can not find one man to justify war. We wonder if Mr. Delavigne would have been willing to put his own name to this nasty nonsense, and what he now thinks of Mr. Ford for putting it there for him. But that, of course, is a domestic matter.

None the less Mr. Ford is indisputably beginning to think. We are sure of it. When he denounced preparedness in 1916 he explains that he meant over-preparedness, although he does not tell us who shall judge of the surplusage—Mr. Delavigne presumably. He now approves of "sane preparedness for defense," although he gives us no gauge for sanity. He still believes that history is "nothing but tradition," but he has been reading some history, and who knows what felicities of discovery may still be in store for him? None the less we regret to find that Mr. Ford clings to his old theory that history is "bunk." Music and the other arts do not interest him. He still hardens his heart against beauty in all its insidious and mischievous forms.

But all these things will come. Mr. Ford is on his way to them. Align him with some point on the landscape, watch him patiently, and it will be found that he moves. Probably he knows now where Germany is. He may even be aware that a line carried resolutely across Europe will "fetch up" somewhere in Asia and on the Pacific—the world being unsuspectingly round—and that we have only to cross the Pacific to find ourselves in America and then onward triumphantly to Detroit. As the proprietor of a newspaper he may learn many things. At least we hope so. It is never too late. Nothing would now surprise us after the fact that Mr. Ford set forth only two briefs summers ago to

make us think, and that he should now be showing undeniable evidences of developing the cerebral latencies in his own nature.

Shantung.

The principle of open covenants openly arrived at has not yet come very substantially to our aid in the matter of Shantung. We are still groping in a fog of uncertainty and conjecture. Documents that seem to be official are presented to us without any guarantee or even evidence of authenticity. The existence of most formidable treaties is suspected, but there is no one to tell us with authority whether they exist or not. The process of extracting information from those that have it is much like the operation of drawing teeth.

We know, of course, that the Shantung Peninsula has been practically handed over to Japan for some indefinite period quite indistinguishable from eternity. To assume that it will eventually be handed back is to trifle alike with intelligence and conscience. What we do not know is the form that the resentment of China will take, and the possible action of some hundreds of millions of people is not exactly a matter for indifference or levity. Another thing that we do not know is the nature of the compact with Japan by which China was first compelled to become a belligerent and then plundered as the reward of her aid. If the documents that have been given to us are actually authentic then we are confronted with a piece of secret diplomacy that is black and abominable and for which a terrible price must at some time or other be paid. And the documents seem to be authentic.

Our own skirts, or rather the skirts of our representatives in Paris, are by no means clear. That we are to receive nothing in the way of hard cash matters very little. There are other considerations than hard cash. There is the league of nations, for example. No man has the right to commit a crime, nor to assent to a crime, on the ground that some supposed good may come of it. Good never comes from crime. If it be actually true that we must give our assent to the rape of China as the price of Japan's adhesion to the league, then it would seem that the league has been born in sin and is being reared in iniquity. For the benefit of the pious—and we have suffered much at their hands—we may say that the blessings of Providence will not rest upon any project thus conceived and thus based. The peace of the world can not issue from it nor any good thing. That China and Japan under such circumstances should be invited to join a peace league becomes a joke, and a particularly sinister and ugly joke.

But what better, it may be asked, could have been done under the conditions?

It is hardly a case of what should have been done, but of what should not have been done. If our representatives in Paris were invited to give their assent to the atrocity outlined in the documents they should have refused their assent, and without a moment's consideration of the results. The results of right doing are not at any time to be feared, but the results of injustice are always to be feared. And we may say that we look with the gravest apprehensions upon the attitude of China as she realizes that she has been wantonly robbed by one of her allies, and with the preconcerted assent of the others. And China is by no means a negligible quantity in the affairs of the world.

Evidently we have entered the era of revelations, and we can only hope that they will be complete and unaccompanied by acrimony. The *Argonaut* has never been particularly enthusiastic for open diplomacy as a fixed and immutable principle, but it is certainly enthusiastic for a diplomacy of rectitude whether open or secret, for a diplomacy that shall have no part nor lot in the commission of evil that good may come of it, for a diplomacy that shall be based on the good axiom that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

The Irish Problem.

A cynic once said that the average man, the man in the street, would be prepared to offer an instant opinion on any problem whatsoever that might be submitted to him, whether the binomial theorem or the nature of the life on the concealed side of the moon. It is very much the same way with the Irish question. We all think we could settle it. Very few of us know anything whatever about it.

Ireland is divided into three political groups. First of all there is the majority group, the Sinn Feiners, who want complete Irish independence and the estab-

lishment of an Irish republic. The second group consists of Ulster and the Orangemen, who wish to maintain the present system of government. The third group, a small one, is made up of Home Rulers, the diminished following of Parnell and Redmond. Into the reasons for the present apportionment, for the practical swallowing up of the Home Rulers by the Sinn Feiners, there is no need at the moment to enter. The fact is enough.

Suppose we assume for the sake of argument that the British government is anxious to do the right thing for Ireland. The assumption would probably be true, since every instinct of self-interest must be clamorous for a just and abiding settlement. But what is the right thing, the thing that will avoid bloodshed and heal discords?

Let us suppose the enactment of a Home Rule measure upon broad and generous lines. In that case the northern minority assert their intention to fight and they give every indication of being in earnest. They say they will never be governed by a southern majority. Bloodshed and rebellion are not to be avoided in that way.

But, it may be said, why not separate the north and the south and let each part be governed in accordance with its own ideas? For the simple reason that both north and south, and particularly the south, refuse to countenance separation. The south will not allow the north to cut itself adrift and would fight to prevent it.

It will be remembered that an all-Ireland convention was summoned and on the definite understanding that its recommendations for self-government should be carried into effect. The convention was unable to agree. It was a failure. No recommendations were made.

North and south are diametrically opposed in their wishes. They are wholly irreconcilable. Neither will submit to government by the other, and to separate them seems impossible. Acquiescence in the wishes of either seems to mean civil war. It is easy to utter tirades against England for not settling the Irish question, but we are still waiting some definite suggestion as to how it is to be settled without bloodshed and rebellion. There is not a single suggestion in the field that carries with it any reasonable hope of acceptance alike by north and south. And we may believe that nowhere would such a suggestion be received with more gratitude than by the British government.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Punishment of the Kaiser.

SANTA MONICA, CAL., July 14, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have been more or less a constant reader of the *Argonaut* for thirty years, and I usually agree with the stand you take on the various issues as they come and go. I used to enjoy with special relish the brilliant writings of Pixley, and I remember with what eagerness I might say Christmas-like expectancy—we waited in the mining camps of Mexico the arrival each week of our favorite weekly. Therefore, it is in the spirit of an old friend that I write to say that I can not quite agree with you with reference to your stand in opposition to the proposed trial of the Kaiser. I can not subscribe to the theory that to punish that arch criminal would make a martyr of him.

Martyrs are not made by just punishment. It is the punishment of the innocent that creates martyrdom. The reason why the infamous punishment of Napoleon tended to make a martyr of him was because the punishment was unjust. Had he been a criminal like the Kaiser the world would have acquiesced in his punishment and would have applauded the English government for thus administering impartial justice. But the exile to St. Helena not only violated all the rules of hospitality and of war, but of justice as well. Hence the martyrdom.

With the Kaiser it is different. No punishment could make atonement for his crimes, and should he be tried and convicted the whole civilized world will applaud, not only as deserved castigation, but as a deterrent to future national criminals.

H. H. HUGHES.

The jazz band idea, according to a French paper, originated in Paris in the time of the Directory, when people went to ball concerts. In those days as well as now, says the paper, people did not know what to do to amuse themselves; so they made a noise. Those who had great taste for noise went to the concerts of the Cat Orchestra. There were twenty cats with their heads in a row on the keyboard of a harpsichord. The performers by striking the keys worked a device which pulled the cats' tails, causing a caterwauling which gradually took on as much volume of sound as the jazz band and was fully as musical and entertaining. This so-called American invention is only a recurrence.

In speaking of the power of animals to heal themselves a writer notes that the warrior ants maintain regular organized ambulances. When Latreille cut the antennae of an ant, other ants immediately covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid from their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded, it stops the flow of blood by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The London "Times" Asks the Government for Some Sort of Utterance and Action.

The Irish question is now so much to the fore that every authoritative utterance commands at once an audience. We find such an utterance in the London *Times* of June 16th. The question of Ireland, says the editorial in question, has been allowed to drift into a thoroughly unsatisfactory position. It is essentially a British question, but at the same time it must not be allowed to rest wholly upon a basis of parliamentary exigencies. Nor must it be regarded as insoluble:

The Irish question may be "insoluble" in the sense that it may be impossible to secure, at this moment, the hearty assent of even a considerable majority of the Irish people for any practicable policy. But what is not insoluble is the problem of making clear to the Irish people at large the attitude of this country towards them. That attitude is comparatively simple. It is inspired by full and sincere good will towards Ireland, the Irish people in Ireland, and the Irish race the world over; but it is equally inspired by a settled resolve that no foreign pressure and no anti-English intrigue or agitation shall diminish the security of the United Kingdom or the cohesion of the British Empire.

At the same time the *Times* thinks that there must be no interference from abroad, although there have been determined attempts during the last few months to make of it an international question:

As well might the British Parliament suggest that the United States, for instance, should welcome British recommendations in regard to the relations between the Federal authorities and a state of the Union, as that any foreign legislature should expect Great Britain to take account of its resolutions in regard to the position of Ireland. It is because we have regarded and regard the recent resolution of the United States Senate as an episode in American domestic politics that we have hitherto refrained from alluding to it. With American domestic politics, as such, the people of this country have no concern. They follow them with interest and goodwill, just as they follow the course of the home affairs of any other friendly state, but they decline, and rightly decline, to take sides in regard to them, for they are convinced that this would be the surest means of arresting the process of intercomprehension and positive coöperation between the British Empire and the United States which comradeship in arms has done so much to further.

The British public, says the *Times*, have not allowed themselves to be drawn into the controversy now being conducted "with rare bitterness" in America upon the merits of the President's peace policy or of the league of nations:

We may have our views upon the wisdom of some of the methods adopted by the leaders of the peace conference in Paris in framing the peace terms. But we reserve our criticism for our own representatives, since they alone are directly responsible to us. When the peace has been signed by the enemy, or imposed upon him should he fail to sign, we shall reckon with our delegates just as the American people will doubtless reckon with theirs; but, in the meantime, we carefully and deliberately eschew all exploitation of American differences and difficulties as a means of discrediting our own government. The issues at stake are far too grave to allow considerations of domestic politics to influence our judgment of supreme international interests.

There are many millions of American citizens of the Irish race who are naturally and inevitably interested in the settlement of the Irish problem. Some of their political organizations are closely connected with militant organizations in Ireland and the complicating hand of Germany may sometimes be discovered:

We are acquainted with the efforts of German intriguers in the United States to use the American Irish as their cat-paws. We know, too, how large the Irish vote bulks in American home and foreign policy, and we are also persuaded that, without a frank and demonstrably honest attempt to secure a fair and even a generous solution of the Irish question—such a solution as the great majority of sane Irishmen could in future regard as not only tolerable, but satisfactory—the real and the supposed grievances of Ireland may even-venom Anglo-American relations for years to come. It is not, therefore, from any failure to realize the dimensions of the Irish question that we insist upon its essentially British character in the first place. Those who wish Ireland well—and we count ourselves among their number—could make no worse mistake than to treat the Irish question as a purely international problem, comparable with any of the new problems which the peace conference has essayed to solve. And it is precisely because of the British character of the problem that it is incumbent upon the British government to address themselves, without delay and without thought of petty Parliamentary or electoral advantage, to its solution. Every week that passes without proof that the British government are determined earnestly to do their duty by Ireland, is not only a week lost, but an opportunity gained for the disseminators of distrust and dissensions.

The "egregious" report drawn up for President Wilson by Walsh and Dunne for the "American Commission of Independence" ought to be answered at once, says the writer in the *Times*, by a plain and convincing demonstration of its falsity. But the British government seems to have been careless in allowing judgment to go against them by default:

Convinced as we are that an honest settlement of the Irish question is not only urgently necessary, but that it is feasible, we call upon the British government to seek it diligently and to put it forward. When it has been put forward it should be widely made known and explained, so that all may judge of its justice. Only thus, we are persuaded, will it be possible to bring tranquillity and well-being to Ireland, and only thus can the world be brought to understand that, while the Irish question is chiefly a British concern, the British people intend that, within the limits of their own security, Ireland shall be mistress of her fate.

It is to be hoped that such an utterance as this will at least be instrumental in breaking a silence and an inactivity that are becoming mischievous.

Every hearth or fireplace in England was taxed in the reign of Charles II.

A LETTER FROM ERZBERGER.

The German Vice-Chancellor Surveys the World and Finds Much to Please Him.

Mathias Erzberger, vice-chancellor of Germany and minister of finance, wrote a letter to certain prominent Germans in April, 1919—that is to say, about three months ago. Germany, it will be remembered, was at that time on the mourners' bench, or seemed to be. Her penitential voice was loud in the land, and Erzberger was setting the tune and beating the time. She had discovered the error of her ways, she would eschew militarism, imperialism, and autocracy, and would henceforth be a democratic handmaiden in the House of the Lord. Germany was about to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and was almost inclined to bless the hard fate that had awakened her sleeping soul to the beauty of holiness.

Why Erzberger should write such a letter as this it is hard to say. One can easily imagine him as embodying its contents in a secret and silent prayer to the German god—Odin or Thor, or whatever he calls himself. But to write it down in real black ink upon real white paper, to entrust it to the mails—that is the miracle of the thing. We are not told who are the prominent Germans to whom it was addressed, but we may suppose that they lived in some foreign country, since the letter was captured by the censor and has now been published in translation under the copyright of the International News Bureau. Now to write indiscreet letters is a human failing. Lovers do it, and people of that sort whose reason has been emotionally and momentarily suspended. But we do not expect that statesmen will commit such incredible blunders as this. We like to picture them as whispering their deep dark secrets behind closed doors, and under circumstances that will lend themselves, if necessary, to the blank denial. But to write a letter of this sort that is not even a state document, to flip it into the mail like a receipted bill, indifferent to the prevailing state of war and to the censorship—that is a portent so profound as to arouse in us a strong desire to examine the phenological department of the German vice-chancellor. For the benefit of science we should like to identify the cranial "bump" that was responsible for a stupidity so unbelievable.

Herr Erzberger, in this letter, unburdens what it would please him to call his soul. He casts up a debit and credit account for the Fatherland, he estimates the value of accomplished facts, surveys the past, forecasts the future, measures the impalpable forces that are abroad in the world, and all with an admirable and condensed skill that arouses our admiration. Evidently the art of the letter-writer is not wholly lost. Herr Erzberger has it. Apart from its political importance, we are grateful to a censorship that has rescued this gem from oblivion. Bismarck could have done nothing better. Talleyrand and Metternich would have envied its condensation and its comprehensiveness. Macchiavelli would have rejoiced to know that moral obliquity was still in the saddle and Satan still supreme. But to write such a letter and to mail it! There we have the incomprehensible and the miraculous. There, in other words, we have the German intellect.

Herr Erzberger turns his massive mind first of all in the direction of France, but it points repeatedly to the same goal very much like the needle to the Pole. England and America, he thinks, are fairly satisfied, but France is irreconcilable. Nevertheless the present French government is doomed. He says that "strong and influential factors are at work there" to that end. We do not doubt it. German factors. They call themselves syndicalism, pacifism, all sorts of names, but underneath them all is the death's head of Germanism. With the coming support of Russia, says the ingenuous, the republican, the democratic Erzberger, we shall be ready "within ten or fifteen years to bring France without any difficulty into our power. The march towards Paris will be easier then than in 1914. The last step but one towards the world's dominion will then be reached. The continent is ours. Afterwards will follow the last stage, the closing struggle, between the continent and the 'overseas.'" Admirable Erzberger! And with the tears of contrition running down his face. And to think that he wrote this letter only three months ago, and that he found time to do it amid his spasms of hysteria over the fourteen points and his clamorous demands that Germany be admitted at once to the league of peace. And, by the way, whom does he mean by the "overseas" against whom the "closing struggle" is to be waged? Does he mean America? Can he mean America? Ungrateful Erzberger! Has he forgotten Colonel House's efforts to raise the blockade? Has he forgotten the peace without victory, and the exemption of the German people from our war, which was waged only against the German government. But perhaps he meant Great Britain. Let us hope so. But even that is bad enough. In ten or fifteen years, says the vice-chancellor, the war must be fought over again, not in order that Germany's wrongs may be righted, but in order that she may have "world dominion." Let it be repeated that this letter was written three months ago.

Would that there were space to deal with this letter

clause by clause. Never were more good things crowded into smaller space. For example, the "prominent Germans" were informed that "pacifist propaganda will be pushed in every possible way in Entente countries, especially among demobilized soldiers." We had suspected that something of the sort was being done, but we are glad to find the candid Erzberger explaining for us that it is Germany that is doing it. Newspapers, he says, are spreading the idea quite openly. So they are. Speeches are being made, he says. So they are. The tendencies of the French cabinet are being fought. Right again. The Erzberger hand is on the wires and the puppets are jumping. We hear on every side about the greedy French, the avaricious French, the ungrateful French. The good work is going on just as Erzberger said it would. And of course he knew what he was talking about. And then we find a note of exultation, and the "prominent Germans" are invited to rejoice and be glad. Throughout the entire Entente there is a growing tendency "to unite the Wilsonian principles with revolutionary Socialism." The fires of a new and tremendous Terror may yet break forth, says Erzberger, thanks to the Wilsonian principles. Who knows? Barricades in the streets of Paris, bread riots in Verona, hunger strikes in England might operate beneficially to the great German cause. At least the admirable Erzberger believes that almost anything might happen from what we may call the coadunition of the Wilsonian principles and revolutionary Socialism. Robert Burns once wished that some fairy would give us the power to see ourselves as others see us. Here, then, are the Wilsonian principles as seen by Herr Erzberger. He thinks that they are likely to produce revolution in Europe. But then what can one expect from a man who writes a letter like that and drops it in the mail box?

Erzberger is classical in his allusions. He finds comfort in the precedents of history. Rome seemed to be lost when Hannibal stood before her gates. But was she lost? She was not. The Romans were victors in their war for dominion, "for the power from beyond the seas had in itself the seed of death." It will be the same with us, says Erzberger; we shall win. France can never recover. She will die of her sickness. America and Great Britain will snatch her trade. Already the Entente are quarreling among themselves. They are weaker than they were last autumn, and how will it be with them in ten years? They will then be no more than an "historical memory," while Germany goes triumphantly forward to the subjugation of the human race. Even at the risk of being tiresome we may again remind ourselves that this letter was written three months ago, and at a time when Germany's penitence would have brought tears into the eyes of a stone tiger.

Herr Erzberger oscillates gracefully between the realm of prediction and that of definite fact. We have lost something in Poland, he says, but then there is always hope. It is very satisfactory that our deadly enemies, the Czechs, should now be fighting the Poles. The vice-chancellor positively purrs at the prospect. These enemies of ours, he says, can now never be united and we may count this upon the side of "clear winnings." Then again there is the Ukraine. A ray of light may be observed to issue from that particular chink. It is true that "we must give the Austrians the credit for having stirred up the Ukrainians," but the support came from Germany. It was we who actually did it, says Erzberger. And so this gentle little German bee flits from flower to flower of the European garden plot, extracting a little honey here and a little more there. There is always something to be grateful for, says Erzberger, for the truly pious heart. The war between the Poles and the Ukrainians is good, but then there is Lithuania, too. The German work has "proved to have been excellent." Lithuania and Ukraina were delicately taught to hate Poland, and now "our active assistance has torn from the Poles almost the whole of East Galicia and delivered it to our eastern partisans." Excellent work, Erzberger. We begin to understand some of the *coulisses* of the peace conference. But how was it done? By what adroit mechanism were these Slav nations taught to hate each other, to fly at each other's throats. Was it done by clever whisperings of the great and glorious principle of "self-determination of small nations," by a blowing on the embers of tiny sectional patriotisms, by serpentine suggestions of enmity between the Slav peoples who might have been built into a solid and unyielding Slav wall. Really we can hardly be surprised if Herr Erzberger seized the golden opportunity and applied the bloody solvent of "self-determination" to the Pan-Slavism which he loathed and dreaded. God seemed to have joined the Slav nationalities in holy wedlock. Erzberger put them asunder. And, indeed, we can hardly blame him, being a German. The principle of self-determination must have been an almost irresistible temptation to the gentle work of persuading all these Slav peoples to cut each other's throats, so that each might have its own particular little set of ballot-boxes. But we must be careful, says Erzberger. Let us not weary in well-doing. Let there be no folding of the hands to slumber. We must watch as well as pray. Keep the fires of hate a-burning. Our "new allies," the Lithuanians and the Ukrainians, must be nursed. "It is an immense gain

for us that they have been created, and also that they are not only not united with the Poles in policy, but are against them. But we must not forget that these young and promising plants must be well cared for and supported, if they are to be further developed." And one of the ways to do this is by propaganda, and "especially, naturally, in America." The vice-chancellor must now be congratulating himself on the success of his efforts. The propaganda is at work and in fine shape. We are grateful to him for telling us about it, although we already had our suspicions. But of course the propaganda must be backed by actions. This, says Erzberger, is receiving our attention, "as, for instance, the attack on the Poles in East Galicia, which was and still will be wisely and energetically supported by us. But the main thing is constant propaganda for years to come." So it was the Germans, the peaceful and democratic Germans, the penitential Germans, who stimulated the attack upon the Poles in East Galicia. How we do live and learn, to be sure. In the innocence of our heart we were deploring the pugnacity of these Slavs. Why, we said, do they not take a leaf from the book of peace-loving Germans who needed only to be freed from the tyranny of the War Lord to revert to those pastoral pursuits from which they had been momentarily diverted and for which their hearts had ceaselessly yearned? And there were the busy little Germans all the time working away throughout Poland teaching the Poles to bark and bite and scratch each other's eyes out.

And then the vice-chancellor reaches the knotty question of Russia—knotty, that is to say, to us, but not knotty to Erzberger. Will it be believed that he gives only three lines to Russia? It seems simple enough to him and he knows. Germany has now an unobstructed highway into Russia, thanks to the peace conference. She must have had a few horrid moments when she feared that she had lost the war and that she would be excluded from Asia in the north just as she had been excluded from Asia Minor in the south. In that case she would, of course, have lost the war. Erzberger sees that clearly enough. But the clouds rolled by and it was the darkest hour that preceded the dawn. It often happens that way. The principle of self-determination came to the rescue of Germany. Poland, it seemed, could not be considered as belonging to the Poles unless there were enough Poles left alive to constitute a majority. And so Danzig was to be internationalized and the Poles were to have a corridor, a strip of stair carpet, so to speak, to their own front door, which was to be placed under the control of a committee of the neighbors. No wonder that Erzberger should give no more than three lines to the subject of Russia. It was worth no more from the German point of view. He says, "We will undertake the restoration of Russia, and in possession of such support will be ready, within ten or fifteen years, to bring France, without any difficulty, into our power. The march toward Paris will be easier than in 1914. The last step but one towards the world dominion will then be reached. The continent is ours. Afterwards will follow the last stage, the closing struggle, between the continent and the 'overseas.'" *Deutschland ueber Alles.*

Is the letter a genuine one? There seems no reason to doubt it. Certainly it was never composed by a newspaper scribe eager for a sensational "scoop." It is just such a letter as a German vice-chancellor would be likely to write. It covers the ground; it "fills the bill." In its way it is a masterly document, so crammed with a wicked intelligence that one hardly takes the trouble to look for even the semblance of a moral sentiment, for even the pretense of a benevolence. It is a complete German testament of hopes and aspirations and it is precisely the same testament that led Germany into the war. She has forgotten nothing and learned nothing if we may accept Erzberger as her spokesman. She still foresees a Europe prostrate beneath her feet. She still foresees her legions marching into Russia and therefore into Siberia and to Vladivostok, to be the transpacific neighbors of America. And apparently she still foresees her world domination completed by the closing struggle between a conquered and subjugated Europe and the "overseas" whose identity may be left for such sober consideration as we may care to give to it.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16, 1919.

The trackless trolley is now being adopted in a number of small New England towns. It resembles a long auto bus, travels on wide, solid-rubber tires, and is heated, lighted, and propelled by electricity supplied through two trolleys to an ordinary street-car motor. In cost of installation and operation the trackless trolley is said to be much cheaper than its predecessor, as expensive rails, switches, and signals are all unnecessary. It is claimed to be more satisfactory in performance, also, as the swinging trolleys permit divergence to any part of a twenty-five-foot roadway, thus allowing the car to pass slower vehicles, avoid ruts, and even drive to the sidewalk to take on and discharge passengers.

pain enjoys more sunshine than any other country in Europe. Its yearly average is 3000 hours, while in England it is only about 1400 hours.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marion Harland is eighty-eight years of age and is just as active as she was when she was fifty. Henry Cahot Lodge, nearing seventy, is like a young man of forty. Edison, at seventy-two, never seems to get old. Clemenceau, seventy-eight, is at the zenith of his power. Uncle Joe Cannon is over eighty-three and is going as hard as ever.

Miss Helen Herron Taft, daughter of former President Taft, has been chosen by the board of directors of Bryn Mawr College to serve as acting president of that institution next year, Miss M. Carey Thomas having been given a year's leave of absence for a trip around the world. Miss Taft has been dean of the college for two years.

The most picturesque figure of all the Russian Soviet representatives in New York is said to be Isaac Hourwich, the counselor of the bureau. He was professor of economics at Chicago University and received a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University. He was connected with the Department of Labor as chief statistician, and is considered an authority on immigration, having written a book on that subject which is used universally in most of the colleges in the country. He is also one of the most popular figures on the Jewish East Side.

Herbert A. L. Fisher, the British minister of education, was born in London on March 21, 1863. He received his education at New College, Oxford, and in Paris and Göttingen. He was a Lowell lecturer at Harvard University in 1909, and a member of the royal commission on the public services of India from 1912 to 1915. In 1915 he was appointed a member of the government committee on alleged German outrages. In 1916 he was made president of the board of education, and was given the portfolio of the ministry of education January 10, 1919, when Premier Lloyd-George reorganized his cabinet.

Charlotte, widow of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, is seventy-nine years old. She is in good health and lives at the Château de Bouchot, near Antwerp. She seems to have remained in ignorance of the happenings of the last five years and only manifested anxiety when the big guns thundered during the siege of Antwerp. The princess is unaware of the death of her brother, King Leopold of Belgium. The word death is never mentioned in her presence and when, one by one, her old friends and servants die, she is told they have gone on a "long journey." Her tragic indifference makes it impossible to tell whether she understands.

Colonel William Hayward, who recently married Mrs. Morton F. Plant of the noted New York family of that name, won fame as the organizer of the Fifteenth Regiment, New York Infantry, negro troops, which saw continuous service with the French army and had its colors decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Colonel Hayward received the Croix de Guerre from Marechal Pétain and the Distinguished Service Medal of the United States for "personal bravery in action and military leadership of the highest order." The President of France likewise conferred on him the Legion of Honor. He is the son of Senator Monroe Leland Hayward and is forty-two years old.

Signor Francesco Nitti, of open, even jovial, personality, as all who met him in the summer of 1917 as a member of the Italian mission in Paris affirm, is a professor of finance at the University of Naples and, as a writer on industrial and financial topics, is as well known as his colleague, Luzzatti, and ranks as an authority on his subjects with Vincenzo Rossi and Giuseppe Toncolo. The great irrigation works of Italy and the electrification of her waterfalls are in a measure due to his political initiative. His foreign policy, as expressed in 1917, was based on the principle that "the friendship of England, France, and the United States is the most valuable asset for Italy's future."

Countess Markievicz, member of Parliament, who has again been arrested in Ireland and taken to Cork under escort, has been known as the leading figure in the Sinn Féin movement. This arrest adds another chapter to an unusually exciting career. Countess Markievicz took part in the Dublin rebellion in 1916 and received a life sentence to penal servitude. She was released, but was rearrested in May, 1918, and interned. She was again released early this year. When she went to jail some writer said: "To Dubliners remains the memory of a flying figure on a bicycle of which one caught glimpses on the streets of the South Side, or whom one saw at all times in the Rathmines tram-car, gesticulating, talking—usually in French—always careless in dress, but distinguished in spite of her costume—a very tall, very fair, very tense figure that it is very hard to forget."

Commander Ellsworth P. Bertholf, who recently resigned as head of the United States Coast Guard, had been in the service a little over thirty years. He was born in New York City, April 7, 1866. He entered the revenue cutter service as a cadet on September 14, 1885; was graduated and appointed a third lieutenant on June 12, 1889. He has served through all grades of the service, on ships stationed along various parts

of the coast of the United States and Alaska. In 1897 he was a member of the relief party which in mid-winter made the famous overland trip to Point Barrow, the northernmost point of the American continent, for the relief of 200 American whalers whose vessels had been crushed in the ice and who were reported to be in danger of starvation. For the heroism displayed on this occasion Congress voted him a gold medal.

OLD FAVORITES.

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

The old mayor climbed the helmy tower.
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before:
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston Bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells.
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderhy'!" . . .

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the harren skies.
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dewes will soone be falling:
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow.
From the clovers lift your head:
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed." . . .

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow mote he seene.
Save where iull five good miles away
The steeple tower'd from out the greene;
And lo! the great hell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at eventide. . . .

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows:
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderhy!"

"For evil news from Mahlethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyonde the scope,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west hin red to see,
And storme he none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderhy'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two hairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderhy!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderhy!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's hed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then hanks came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out. . . .

I shall never hear her more,
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dewes be falling:
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver.

Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sohhing river,
Sohhing, throhing in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore:
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow:
Lightfoot, Whitefoot.
From your clovers lift your head:
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty to the milking shed."—
Jean Ingelose.

A BOOK ABOUT DICKENS.

Mr. J. W. T. Ley Gives an Account of Some of the Friendships of the Novelist.

A New York librarian said recently that comparatively few people nowadays read Dickens. He is supposed to be out of touch with modern conditions and to have no message for this day and generation. We want something more definite, more concrete, than Dickens can give us. We want what we are pleased to call facts, although sometimes we forget that sentiments and emotions are as much facts as divorce suits and strikes. Dickens was a reformer in every sense of the word, and a sincere one, and his genius was so universal that his reforming power is in no way conditioned by times and seasons. His influence, if it were allowed to assert itself, would be an amelioration today as it was in his own epoch. By our neglect of Dickens we mark the degeneracy of our own literary taste.

For these reasons it is well that we should have a new and fascinating book about a novelist who has probably done more for humanity than any other writer of his kind. But it is not a biography that Mr. Ley has given us. To tell the truth we are a little tired of biographies. Mr. Ley has had a happier thought than this. He tells us something of the relations that existed between Dickens and the great philanthropic and literary lights of his day. Dickens was so much of a reformer that he attracted the sympathy of reformers. He voiced their hopes and provided for them an audience that they could never have secured for themselves. But it was not only the reformers and the philanthropists that were attracted to association with Dickens. His acquaintance in the literary and dramatic worlds was a large one. How could it be otherwise? He himself was not only a star of the first magnitude, but he was a prince of good fellows. Men loved him and sought his friendship. It was something of an inspiration that led Mr. Ley to inquire into these friendships and to give us some particulars with regard to them.

And so Mr. Ley devotes the third chapter of his book to William Harrison Ainsworth. It is strange to read that the young Dickens felt flattered by the compliments of the veteran novelist, who had taken the world by storm by his "Rookwood" and his glorious description of Dick Turpin. Dickens, we are told, was elated by the friendship of such a man:

And so for a time the two young novelists are close friends and constant companions. But after a few years, as Dickens steadily establishes himself and forms a circle of famous friends around him, these two drift apart, until the old ties are severed altogether, and they live on through year after year without ever meeting at all. Ainsworth seems to have lost almost all his friends much the same way. Indeed, the story of his life makes sad reading, for it is a tragic picture that it presents in the 'seventies of the old man, who thirty years before was one of the most brilliant stars in the London firmament, now neglected and well-nigh forgotten. "I recall a dinner at Teddington in the 'sixties," says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, "given by Frederic Chapman, the publisher, at which were Forster and Browning. The latter said humorously: 'A sad, forlorn-looking being stopped me today, and reminded me of old times. He presently resolved himself into—whom do you think?—Harrison Ainsworth! 'Good heavens!' cried Forster, 'is he still alive?'" That is one of the saddest anecdotes I have ever read.

We have a good but a not very pleasing account of George Cruikshank. We are told of his extraordinary claim to be the real author of "Oliver Twist." Shelton Mackenzie tells us that Cruikshank actually made this assertion to him in 1847. In rebuttal—although no rebuttal is needed—the author quotes a letter from Dickens to Cruikshank in which the novelist finds fault with some of the illustrations supplied by the artist for "Oliver Twist" which he had just seen for the first time and asked that they be designed afresh. And yet in a pamphlet entitled "The Artist and the Author," which Cruikshank published in 1872, he has the effrontery to say:

I, the artist, suggested to the author of those works the original idea, or subject, for them to write out—furnishing, at the same time, the principal characters and scenes. And then, as the tale had to be produced in monthly parts, the writer, or author, and the artist, had every month to arrange and settle what scenes, or subjects, and characters were to be introduced, and the author had to weave in such scenes as I wished to represent.

Another intimate friend of Dickens was William Charles Macready, the actor, who says in his diary, under date June 16, 1837: "Forster came into my room with a gentleman whom he introduced as Dickens *alias* Boz. I was glad to see him." In 1842 Macready sailed for America, but Dickens thought it better that he should not accompany his friend to the dock lest his own unpopularity in America should react upon Macready:

On the advice of Captain Marryatt, Dickens did not go to see his friend off for the States, the fear—which Dickens shared—being that the "Nickleby" dedication would damage Macready. America was angry with the author of "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "If I were to go aboard with him," he wrote to Forster, "I have not the least doubt that the fact would be placarded all over New York before he had shayed himself in Boston. And that there are thousands of men in America who would pick a quarrel with him on the mere statement of his being my friend I have no more doubt than I have of my existence."

The quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray receives full attention. The author does not believe that Thackeray felt jealous of Dickens, but it seems that there were two parties in the literary world, a Thackeray

party and a Dickens party, and the feeling ran high between them. Mr. Ley does not believe the story that Thackeray protested against some praise of Dickens that he heard at a dinner party:

We are told—and it is a much more credible story—that on one occasion Thackeray exclaimed: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry with me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my hooks are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false." But of this I am very sure; there was nothing at all petty in his envy of Dickens. He was conscious of his greatness in his art, conscious, no doubt, of his superiority to Dickens in some respects, but no man more readily or more generously recognized and paid tribute to his great contemporary's genius. If there are on record many expressions of his envy, there are also on record many more expressions of his appreciation of Dickens' genius.

Thackeray expressed feelings of genuine regret at the estrangement and of his hopes of a reconciliation. It came eventually, and on the initiative of Thackeray himself. Sir Theodore Martin, who was a witness of the incident, says:

Dickens turned to him, and I saw Thackeray speak and presently hold out his hand to Dickens. They shook hands, a few words were exchanged, and immediately Thackeray returned to me, saying, "I'm glad I have done this: I said, 'It is time this foolish estrangement should cease, and that we should be to each other what we used to be. Come; shake hands.'" Dickens, he said, seemed at first rather taken aback, but held out his hand, and some friendly words were exchanged. Thackeray also said, "I love the man, and I could not resist the impulse."

One of the novelist's best-liked friends of his earlier years was Landseer, although he afterwards drifted somewhat from the Dickens circle. We are told a good story of Landseer, who with other R. A.'s was a "visitor" at the Royal Academy schools. One evening his father—very old and very deaf—came in with his speaking trumpet and said:

"You are not drawing then; why don't you draw?"
"Don't feel inclined," shouted the son down the trumpet.
"Then you ought to feel inclined. That's a fine figure; get out your paper and draw."
"Haven't got any paper," said the son.
"What's that hook?" said the father.
"Oliver Twist," said Edwin Landseer, in a voice loud enough to reach Trafalgar Square.
"Is it about art?"
"No, it's about Oliver Twist."
"Let me look at it. Ha! It's some of Dickens' nonsense, I see. You'd much better draw than waste your time upon such stuff as that."

The author deals sympathetically but justly with the treatment given by Dickens to Leigh Hunt. Dickens, he says, committed a serious breach of good taste:

And now to the unfortunate Skimpole incident. Undoubtedly Dickens can not be acquitted of a serious breach of good taste. The pity of it all was that men came to say, "Skimpole is Leigh Hunt." It is not an exaggeration to say that this is the notion of the average man in the street to this very day. And yet, on the testimony of every one who knew him, the notion is utterly wrong. As a matter of fact the whole of the trouble arose out of Skimpole's *unlikeness* to his original—an apparent paradox, but the actual truth. Few English men of letters have been more charming or better men than Hunt. Even S. C. Hall speaks well of him, which is saying much. This is what he says of Leigh Hunt: "His famous sonnet, 'Abou Ben Adhem,' may have been inspired by an Eastern apothegm, but it was none the less an outpouring of his own large heart." No higher praise was ever uttered of any man. James Payn says that selfishness and haseness had nought to do with Hunt; "they were utterly opposed to his character." Dickens himself says that Hunt's life was "of the most amiable and domestic kind, that his wants were few, that his way of life was frugal, that he was a man of small expenses, no ostentations, a diligent laborer, and a secluded man of letters."

Dickens had a genuine love for Leigh Hunt. Probably he wanted to immortalize his sentimentality, brilliance, and vivacity, but why did he place all his charming oddities and whimsicalities upon a thoroughly odious character? That Dickens should be guilty of such bad taste "will never cease to astonish us":

Hunt did not recognize the likeness. It was left to "friends" to point it out. Dickens was more hurt than his victim. He recognized that there was only one course for him—full and frank apology. That was forthcoming, and that the relations of the two men, though temporarily strained, were not permanently affected is shown by the fact that Hunt wrote frequently for *Household Words*. In the very first number he had a poem, "Abraham, the Fire-Worshipper," and in 1853-4 there appeared the papers now known as "The Old Court Suhrh."

In speaking of Marcus Stone the author tells us of an anecdote that he heard from him apropos of Thackeray:

In conclusion, it will not be out of place if I record one story that he told me. "I heard of Thackeray's death," he said, "from Charles Dickens. The news had not appeared in the morning papers. It was Christmas Eve, and I was going to Gadshill for the Christmas. I met another guest in the train—I forgot who it was. Dickens was at the station to meet us. As soon as I saw him I knew that something had cut him deeply. I went up to him and said, 'What is it?' and he said, in a breaking voice, 'Thackeray is dead.' I said, 'I know you must feel it very deeply, because you and he were not on friendly terms.' He put his hand on my arm, and said, so earnestly, 'Thank God, my boy, we were!' And then he told me about the reconciliation at the Athenæum Club. I know what a consolation it was to him to think of that meeting and reconciliation."

Carlyle receives a short chapter. Carlyle, says the author, truly loved Dickens. On his death he described him as "a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just, and loving man":

Dickens, with that insight of his, which enabled him unflinchingly to see the real man in a friend, saw it in Carlyle and loved him. Froude tell us so. He says, for instance, that in 1860 the sage was fixed to his garret room, rarely stirring out, except to ride, and dining nowhere save now and then with Forster to meet only Dickens, "who loved him with all his heart." And Forster says that Carlyle was "a most dear

friend," and that "there was no one whom in later life he honored so much, or had a more profound regard for."

In 1842, when Dickens was so gallantly fighting for international copyright in America, Carlyle stood by him, and wrote a letter which served him in good stead. Their acquaintance had only recently begun then, but that act served to cement the friendship, and very soon we find Carlyle exercising a remarkable influence over the novelist. The first sign of this appears in 1844, when, metaphorically speaking, Carlyle is at his elbow all the time he is writing "The Chimes," and we find him writing to Forster: "Shall I confess to you, I particularly want Carlyle above all to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done?" And then he proposes the reading which was to become historic: "Don't have any one, this particular night, to dinner, but let it be a summons for the special purpose at half-past 6. Carlyle indispensable, and I should like his wife of all things: her judgment would be invaluable." Mrs. Carlyle did not attend, but her husband did, and in Macclise's drawing of the scene, he is shown occupying the post of honor at Dickens' right hand.

Tennyson, also, was among the friends of Dickens, although the poet practically dropped out of the circle after his marriage. Thenceforth he met Dickens but rarely:

The friendship, however, was never an intimate one. Dickens had a great liking for the poet and a tremendous admiration for his poetry. "He never faltered in his allegiance to Tennyson," says Forster; and in another place, "To Alfred Tennyson, through all the friendly and familiar days I am describing, he gave full allegiance and honored welcome." Mary Boyle tells us: "One day I went with his two daughters . . . and their aunt to meet him at the station. Lifting up the hand-bag which he always carried, he exclaimed: 'Here, girls, I have a treat for you—Tennyson's magnificent poem of "The Idylls of the King." Is it not glorious to think that having written for so many years, a man should now bring forth perhaps the noblest of his works?"

It need hardly be said that Dickens had very many American friends. Oliver Wendell Holmes was among them. So was James Russell Lowell, who was one of the committee which invited Dickens to the Boston dinner. They saw a great deal of each other and formed a strong mutual regard:

There were other American friends whom Dickens liked well, with whom he was very friendly, who showed him many kindnesses, but with whom there was nothing of that intimacy that existed with Irving, Longfellow, and Felton. Emerson was one of these, as might be supposed, and Dickens was glad to welcome him when he came to England. George William Childs was another. There were also George Bancroft ("a famous man, a straightforward, manly, earnest heart"); Washington Allston ("a fine specimen of a glorious old genius"); William Henry Channing ("just the man he ought to be"); John Lathrop Motley (who the late Frederick Locker-Lampson tells us was very fond of Dickens); Richard Henry Dana ("a very nice fellow"); Henry Clay ("a most charming fellow"); Fitz-Greene Hallack ("a merry little man"); David Colden ("I am deeply in love with his wife. Indeed, we have received the greatest and most earnest and zealous kindness from the whole family, and quite love them all"); William Cullen Bryant ("sad and very reserved"); W. H. Prescott (for whose work Dickens had a great admiration: "I wrote to Prescott about his book, with which I was perfectly charmed. I think his descriptions masterly, his style brilliant, his purposes many and gallant always"); Bayard Taylor (whose visits to Gadshill in 1869 were a special enjoyment to the novelist); and Charles Eliot Norton.

Toward the end of the book we have a chapter on Wilkie Collins. Although the friendship between the two novelists was an intimate one there is very little available material regarding it. That the friendship was based on a real sincerity is shown by a letter from Dickens at a time when Collins was ill and threatened with an embarrassing literary disability. Here is the letter:

Frank Beard has been here this evening . . . and has told me that you are not at all well, and how he has given you something which he hopes and believes will bring you round. It is not to convey this insignificant piece of intelligence, or to tell you how anxious I am that you should come up with a wet sheet and a flowing sail (as we say at sea when we are not sick), that I write. It is simply to say what follows, which I hope may save you some mental uneasiness. For I was stricken ill when I was doing "Bleak House," and I shall not easily forget what I suffered under the fear of not being able to come up to time.

Dismiss that fear (if you have it) altogether from your mind. Write me at Paris at any moment, and I will come to London straight and do your work. I am quite confident that, with your notes and a few words of explanation, I could take it up at any time and do it. Absurdly unnecessary to say that it would be a makeshift! But I could do it at a pinch, so like you that no one should find out the difference. Don't make much of this offer in your mind; it is nothing, except to ease it. If you should want help, I am as safe as the hank. The trouble would be nothing to me, and the triumph of overcoming a difficulty great. Think it a Christmas number, an "Idle Apprentice," a "Lighthouse," a "Frozen Deep." I am as ready as in any of these cases to strike in and hammer the iron out.

You don't want me. You will be well (and thankless!) in no time. But there I am; and I hope that the knowledge may be a comfort to you. Call me, and I come.

Mr. Ley's book is a large one and it is not easy to do it justice within the limitations of a review. But it is admirably written and without a dull line from cover to cover. Moreover, it is, to a large extent, upon new ground, in very truth a book to be grateful for.

THE DICKENS CIRCLE: A NARRATIVE OF THE NOVELIST'S FRIENDSHIPS. By J. W. T. Ley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

That women have made good in the mechanical industries appears to have been definitely established. In one of the munitions plants where 2000 girls were at work the greatest output made by two sets of engineers was 15,000 complete sets of fuses daily in two shifts. The girls turned out 28,000 complete sets in the same period of time. In another instance, where the work dealt directly with a drill press, the greatest production where men were working in teams was 3200 pieces each in nine hours' time, while that of girls doing the same work was 4400 pieces each.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 12, 1919, were \$137,956,697.30, and for the corresponding week of last year, \$117,931,893.90, an increase for the year of \$20,024,803.40.

There was a heavy drop in the total of gold reserve held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco during the week ended July 11th. The total of gold in the institution vaults at that date was \$164,769,000, against \$183,664,000 on July 3d and \$134,699,000 July 11, 1918. Bills bought in the open market, however, increased from \$67,118,000 on July 3d to \$76,547,000 on July 11th, which compares with \$16,797,000 on July 11, 1918. Bills secured by government war obligations increased to \$40,781,000, comparing with \$43,955,000 on July 3d and with \$10,357,000 a year previous. Total bills on hand were \$129,780,000, comparing with \$124,759,000 a week ago and \$64,310,000 a year previous.

Total resources amounted to \$345,334,000, as compared with \$346,804,000 July 3d and with \$238,333,000 July 11, 1918.

Total gross deposits of the institution were less than the previous week, the aggregate being \$126,493,000 July 11th, against \$128,144,000 July 3d and \$99,160,000 July 11, 1918.

The Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company are offering subject to prior sale 6 per

cent. bonds are being offered at prices to yield 4.90 to 5 per cent. Eucalyptus School District is adjacent to the city of El Centro and is also located in Imperial County. It has an area of 7680 acres and an assessed valuation of \$430,000 and a bonded debt of only \$20,000. Its 6 per cent. bonds are offered to yield 4.85 to 4.95 per cent. School district bonds are always favorably regarded and are considered among the best of the various types of municipal issues. California school districts are limited to a debt of 5 per cent. of their assessed valuation, and this, together with their tax-exempt feature, renders them unusually desirable.

Beyond question, Europe's industrial organization has broken down and her production is paralyzed. She will be unable to produce again on a large scale for some years, and then she must be financed. There is no place for her to obtain credit except in the United States. Is it any wonder then that the steel stocks are booming and expected to run at 100 per cent. capacity by September, 1919. Meanwhile Europe will have to buy everything she needs from us. Her consumption of American goods and raw materials will be enormous. The prices of industrial stocks have had a wonderful advance, but as yet have not discounted their true values. Twenty leading industrials are selling at an average price only a few points higher than they did in the hull market of 1906, thirteen years ago.

George M. Reynolds, the leading Chicago banker, typifies the optimism of the great West. In a recent interview he says: "The coming expansion can not be stopped. It looks for at least five years of unexcelled prosperity."

It has been evident for some weeks that the West has been more optimistic than the East. It is impossible for a New York man to feel the spirit of the West and to realize what a billion bushels of wheat means without seeing it. The automobile, rubber tire, leather, packing house industries are all "out West" according to the designation of the New Yorker. Is it any wonder then that he fails to find a reason for the sensational advances in stocks of concerns that are out of his immediate vision? It takes a man like Reynolds, who is surrounded by these industries, to see what is happening. Another reason for market strength: The very rich and big holders of stocks have not sold and are not in a position to do so on account of the tax situation. If they sell they must give the bon's share of their profits to the government. Another reason they do not care to sell is because the treasuries of the leading industrials are swelled with their enormous assets and by holding on it is only a question of time until these profits will be distributed to stockholders. Many companies in the meantime will capitalize these enormous assets by increases of capital and the stockholders will receive stock dividends.

The industrial concerns of this country hold today three billion dollars' worth of government bonds, which may be given to stockholders as dividends at any time.

The United States Steel Corporation has \$250,000,000 in government securities, equal to \$50 per share of the common stock. The American Woolen Company has already distributed \$15 per share in these bonds to stockholders this year. So have several other companies.

Corporations and large holders of government bonds are earning additional interest by borrowing on their bonds at outside banks at from 5 to 6 per cent. and then re-lending in New York on "call" at from 7 to 20 per cent.

Taking all of these facts into consideration has a tendency to broaden one's financial vision in matters pertaining to the present advance in stocks. All that the railroad stocks need now is some legislation along the line suggested by Judge Robert S. Lovett, president of the Union Pacific, to stabilize railroad securities and start the upward movement with Union Pacific as the leader. I predict this will come later in the year.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

A miniature rice field, a cotton gin, a plant for dehydrated vegetables, are among the many exhibits planned to exploit some of California's major industries.

The planting of rice, the harvesting, along with a tiny mill, will tell the story of the rice industry in California.

Coordinate with the display of these commodities will be maps from the Department of Agriculture, showing further available lands for these products.

These are to be shown at the California Industries and Land Show, to be held at the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco, under the auspices of the Home Industry League, October 4th to 19th.

Mr. William Fries, who has long been identified with the most important business and financial interests of San Francisco, was recently elected chairman of the board of directors of the Morris Plan Company of San Francisco to succeed the late Jesse W. Lilienthal. At the regular monthly meeting, which

was held July 10, 1919, the directors declared a 4 per cent. initial dividend, payable semi-annually to stockholders of record on date of last meeting. The new chairman, Mr. Fries, is a director of the California Packing Corporation, the Anglo and London and Paris National Bank, and numerous other financial, industrial, and business corporations. The board now consists of the following directors: John A. Britton, Charles W. Clark, William H. Crocker, vice-president; Benjamin H. Dibblie, Herbert Fleishacker, vice-president; William Fries, Coleman du Pont, Allen I. Kirtle, secretary-treasurer; John A. McGregor, C. W. Pennoyer, George A. Pope, W. T. Smith, R. M. Tohin, president; J. S. Wallace.

The Morris Plan Company is a semi-philanthropic financial institution which fills a long-felt want, helping the salaried man to save and protecting those needing small loans from the loan shark by making small loans on very liberal terms.

A meeting fruitful of results to the financial and agricultural interests throughout the state was held recently by the board of directors of the Bank of Italy. At this meeting the board determined to offer for sale on January 2, 1920, an additional 10,000 shares of the bank's recently authorized increase in capital stock: the remaining 30,000 shares to be issued on the second of the following July. The first issue will be offered at a price of \$160 per share, and the second at \$165 per share. This will make the fully paid-up capital stock of the bank \$10,000,000, and the surplus and undivided profits \$6,000,000. By voting this issue at the present time the Bank of Italy will be in a position to take full advantage of the recent amendments to the California state banking law, which places state banks on the same footing as national banks with regard to foreign branches, the purchase of acceptances, and the handling of securities. The bank has already established a bond department in anticipation of the new situation, which will permit state banks to purchase and advertise for sale such securities as are permissible for investment by commercial banks. With this in view, the bank has recently purchased \$1,600,000 Sonoma County bonds.

With its increased capitalization the bank will also be in a position to play a leading part in the development of California's foreign trade, in accordance with the new law, which will permit California state banks to establish branches in foreign countries and to invest in the stock of banks not incorporated in this state for the purpose of international and foreign banking.

The report of the Union Oil Company in its statements for the six months ending June 30th is the most wonderful report in its history. The report shows that total profits were 36 per cent. greater and net profits 25 per cent. greater than for the corresponding period of 1918 and that the financial position of the company has been greatly strengthened in the first half of the present year. The total profits before depreciation amounted to \$7,900,000, as compared with \$6,450,000 for the same period of last year, an increase of \$1,450,000. Provision for depreciation, depletion, labor, and incidental cost of new drilling was \$2,400,000, against \$1,900,000, an increase of \$500,000, and profits subject to Federal income and excess profits taxes, \$5,500,000, as compared with \$4,550,000, an increase over the 1918 period of \$950,000.

The reports of President W. L. Stewart and Controller R. D. Mathews gave the total of crude oil production for the period by the company, and controlled companies, as 4,030,000 net barrels, a decrease of 100,000 barrels. The well on the Chapman ranch was reported to be flowing at the rate of 4000 barrels daily. The company is now drilling two wells in the Lush Dome, Wyoming, and three wells in the Texas fields. Work has been begun on the properties in Mexico.

Sales for the six months aggregate \$25,400,000, an increase in value of \$5,300,000, or 26 per cent. Capital expenditures were \$2,650,000, chiefly cost of new drilling and plant additions. The new refinery at Los Angeles Harbor is reported as now in operation, the first run having been made June 25th.

Current assets are \$25,860,000, an increase over December 21st of \$1,450,000, and strong cash reserves are reported with current assets over six to one of current liabilities. Current liabilities are reported at \$3,950,000, or \$1000 less than at the end of 1918. During the past six months there has been a decrease in the amount of first mortgage bonds in the hands of the public of \$298,000. Purchase money obligations were reduced by \$14,000. Capital stock outstanding amounts to \$43,571,000 and surplus and operating reserve, \$22,800,000.

The quantity of crude oil in storage June 30th was approximately 10,750,000 net barrels, and including stocks reported through this agency 11,850,000 of a total in storage in the state of about 29,000,000 barrels.

Regular quarterly dividends of \$1.50 a share with an extra dividend of \$1 a share

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were declared, payable July 22d, to stock of record of July 10th.

A broadening of scope under the direction of President W. K. Cole of the Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company is announced in the opening of the company's installment bond sales department. This department is designed to encourage thrift and to enable the small investor to acquire securities of merit on a monthly payment basis. The plan, which operated to the great advantage of the public in the recent loan campaigns, will be applied to the sale of the company's 6 per cent. first mortgage certificates. A new thrift campaign booklet has been issued, explaining the plan in detail.

The Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company is offering first mortgage twenty-year 5½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds of the Trinity Building Corporation of New York, part of the recent \$7,000,000 issue.

The Park Union Foreign Banking Corporation of New York is opening a branch in San

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Francisco for the direct purpose of furthering the foreign trade of the United States and to devote itself solely to foreign trade and exchange. This branch is to be under the management of Mr. Arthur A. Wilson, now assistant manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at San Francisco.

The Park Union Foreign Banking Corporation is a combination of the National Park Bank of New York, one of the oldest and best known of New York institutions, behind which are the Delevan, W. K. Vanderhilt, and Stuyvesant Fish interests, and noted for its soundness and conservative policies, with the Union Bank of Canada. The latter institution has been pushing to the front of late years among the great chartered banks of the Dominion and has been giving especial attention to foreign and world trade. Its head office is now in Winnipeg.

Mr. Wilson, manager of the local branch, is well known as an expert in foreign trade matters. He has been with the Canadian Bank of Commerce since 1899, although a young man, and has occupied high positions with

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cent. guaranteed first mortgage certificates in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000, secured by first mortgages on real estate valued at least twice the amount of the certificates issued. The company recommends these certificates as a thoroughly sound investment. The Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company is a mortgage insurance company, and as such operates under the supervision of the insurance commission of the State of California, to whom it has to make quarterly reports of all loans made upon which certificates are issued.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company have purchased and are now offering three attractive issues of bonds of California school districts. Hermosa Beach City School District covers the city of Hermosa Beach, a residential suburb of the city of Los Angeles. The district has an assessed valuation of \$2,124,000 and a total bonded debt of \$80,000. The bonds, bearing 5½ per cent. interest, are being offered to the public at prices to yield 4.80 per cent. Imperial School District comprises over sixty square miles of the highly attractive farm lands of the Imperial Valley and includes the city of Imperial, with a population of over 3000. The population of the district is estimated to be 6000. The district has an assessed valuation of \$2,116,000 and the total bonded debt is \$99,000. Its 6 per

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that institution in its offices at Toronto, New York, Montreal, London, Sydney, N. S. W., was manager at Fort Williams before coming to San Francisco as assistant manager in 1915.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., own and offer \$500,000 7 per cent. serial first mortgage bonds of the Noble Foundation, Ltd., and C. S. Noble of Nohleford, Province of Alberta, Canada, in denominations of \$500 to \$1000, dated June 1, 1919, and due serially \$50,000, commencing December 1, 1920, and the same amount each year until December 1, 1929. These bonds will be secured by first mortgage upon approximately 29,000 acres of farm lands with improvements thereon. These lands lie in two main bodies known respectively as the "Nohleford" and "Cameron" ranches, the former consisting of approximately 9000 acres and the latter of approximately 20,000 acres.

The Nohleford ranch surrounds the town of Nohleford, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about twenty-two miles northwest of Lethbridge, Alberta. The Cameron ranch lies approximately thirty miles northeast of Lethbridge and thirty miles northwest of Retlaw, the nearest shipping point. Three independent appraisals have been taken, which unite upon the following valuations: 9000 acres, Nohleford ranch, at \$50 per acre, average, \$350,000; improvements, \$30,000; 20,000 acres, Cameron ranch, at \$25 per acre, average, \$500,000; improvements, \$20,000; elevator, hotel, store, office, and residence buildings at Nohleford, \$20,000; total, \$1,020,000.

A survey of the June bond market by the National City Bank shows a strong undertone as the result of a general absorption of issues throughout the United States by private investors. Banks as a class have not been as active in the bond market due to local demands. The larger investment houses reported an excellent distribution of issues and some dealers in summarizing their weekly totals found that new records had been established.

New offerings during the month were in large volume and covered the broadest list of securities presented since the armistice. The principal issues were \$54,000,000 Federal Land Bank 4½ per cent. Farm Loan bonds, \$25,000,000 Swedish government 6 per cent. bonds, \$25,000,000 Empire Gas and Fuel 6 per cent. notes, \$8,000,000 Central of Georgia Railway 6 per cent. bonds, and \$6,250,000 Morris & Co. 4½ per cent. bonds.

The trend of prices for Liberty 4½s was slightly downward, the net decline amounting to about three-eighths of 1 per cent. The interesting feature of the government bond market was the listing of Victory 4½ and tax exempt 3½; the former opened at 99.90 and sold from 99.88 to 100, while the 3½s sold from 100.04 to 100.20. Industrial bonds reached their highest average since the armistice.

Toward the middle of the month prices declined slightly and the high money market, which caused material contraction in stock trading, had a sentimental effect which also reduced bond transactions. The feature of the Liberty Bond market was the strength in tax exempt issues. Liberty 3½ reaching 99.70 and Victory 3½s, 100.44. Local traction issues declined following the report of Mayor Hylan's opposition to an increase in local fares. Municipal prices were firm, with dealers reporting a scarcity of tax-exempt issues as the result of the wide demand.

The month closed with an active market. Public utilities advanced in price and the improvement in tractions was attributed to ex-President Taft's address before the Federal Commission of Electric Railways in New York. Industrial bonds continued their up-

ward trend. This class of security is in a particularly favorable position at the present time for many of the companies have large surpluses and have been able to call their bonds. Bethlehem Steel called the first two issues of its 7 per cent. notes, a total of \$15,000,000, while the Cudahy Packing Company called \$1,500,000 of its 7 per cent. notes for the sinking fund. The demand for municipals was not as broad, but prices remained firm. The State of Pennsylvania sold \$12,000,000 4½ per cent. tax-free road bonds which were offered on a 3.90 per cent. basis. There were ten bids for the issue and the sale registers the record price this year for state and city bonds. War Finance Corporation 5s have been actively traded "over the counter." Second-grade rails are attracting attention. Missouri Pacific First and Refunding 5s due 1965 are quoted 87½, about a 5¼ per cent. basis, which compare with 96 in 1917. Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul twenty-five-year 4s are quoted at 72¼, yielding 7 per cent., which compares with 95 in 1917.

Acceptances totaling \$40,000,000 drawn under the \$50,000,000 Belgian export credit have been sent to the various syndicate participants for acceptance and will appear on the market this week at rates from 4¼ to 4½-16.

Acceptances totaling \$10,000,000 drawn under this credit have previously been sold in the market. These bills, all having a maturity of ninety days after sight, are drawn by the Banque Nationale de Belgique acting for a group of Belgian banks. The proceeds are to be used for the purchase of American supplies for reestablishing industrial operations in Belgium.

The combined average of forty active issues as compiled by the *Wall Street Journal* on June 30th was 85.30, compared with 85.88 on May 30th, and 83.45 on June 30, 1918.

The greatest aggregation of California agricultural and horticultural products ever presented will be shown at the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco, October 4th to 19th.

The occasion will be the first annual California Industries and Land Show, to be given under the auspices of the Home Industry League of California.

The exhibits will be made through the counties, fifteen of which are already lined up for the event. Many others have promised participation.

A forecast taken at this time from information obtained through exhibitors, both manufacturers and agriculturists, is that there will be assembled in this great exhibit the rarest and most effective displays of native fruits, cereals, nuts, and textiles ever presented in California.

But it is not alone in the actual beauty of the Land Show, which will be superb in itself, nor in the size nor quality of the exhibits that the interest will be held.

There is a deep, underlying purpose in the big show, and it is a mammoth movement, designed to present in the most pleasing and entertaining manner the producing power of California.

The counties and the smaller cities of the state will be the first to benefit by it.

According to the Land Show Committee, "Develop the country and the cities will take care of themselves." The best possible way of developing the country is by showing what each county can do.

The best selling argument that any county can have this year will be its exhibit of products at the California Industries and Land Show, October 4th to 19th.

The manufacturing interests of California are also to be widely represented.

Something like \$1,000,000,000 is now the amount of the floating debt of the American railroads, as the *Wall Street Journal* understands it. The chief part of this debt consists of capital advances from the government since January 1, 1918. A proposed general equipment trust will take care of \$400,000,000 of the amount. As for the remainder, Director-General Hines proposes to collect it before the roads finance any new work. An extension of time is thought necessary. The *Journal* writer adds:

"The railroads have their billion dollars of floating debt, exclusive of the money borrowed temporarily on the director-general's certificates of compensation due from the government. The latter is likely to be paid back to the banks and the War Finance Corporation when the new \$750,000,000 appropriation to the revolving fund becomes available to the director-general through President Wilson's signature. The railroads owe the government approximately \$745,000,000, made up as follows: Capital expenditures of 1918, in excess of deductions made from compensation, \$352,000,000; New Haven loan, \$48,000,000; advances to railroads on materials and supplies, to enable them to meet current bills, \$100,000,000; equipment ordered by railroad administration not paid for, \$245,000,000; total, \$745,000,000.

"At the end of 1918 twenty-six companies which have made their annual reports showed aggregate loans and bills payable, other than sums due the government, \$295,000,000. The total for all companies is probably above

\$400,000,000, rather than under it. These debts, with the \$745,000,000 to the government, total time to time and may be reduced somewhat by payments to the government by companies whose capital expenditures this year are less than the margin of their compensation over interest and dividend requirements.

"Nevertheless, the railroads will have to find approximately a billion dollars to get out of the hole they are in, to say nothing of going ahead with new work. Director-General Hines has told the House Appropriations Committee that it was his policy 'to force them (the railroad companies), as far as there is any reasonable basis for it at all, to reimburse the government what they owe it before they go ahead and make a lot of additional improvements on their properties.'

"The general equipment trust under which it is proposed to issue \$280,000,000 to \$300,000,000 of certificates will pay for all the cars and locomotives ordered by the United States Railroad Administration, whether delivered in 1918 or this year. The total value of the equipment covered will be approximately \$400,000,000, the difference being made up by the accrued charges to operating expenses for equipment depreciation, which the companies will be allowed to apply as a cash payment on the equipment, if the plan is carried out.

"There will then remain \$600,000,000 to \$700,000,000 for the companies to finance in the investment market. If the director-general pursues the ideas he outlined before the committees of Congress, the first half-billion and more which the companies are able to raise through the sale of securities will have to be turned over to the government. Mr. Hines set no time limit upon the return of these advances. Railroad men and bankers are inclined to think that Congress will have to permit repayment in installments over a period of ten to twenty years, unless all railroad improvement is to be halted indefinitely.

In the same paper an opinion has been expressed that the Baltimore and Ohio road in temporarily withholding dividends on its common stock, acted for the purpose of meeting conditions that have been anticipated as likely to exist with the return of the roads to their owners. Some of the companies expect to be called upon to resume operation at the end of the year "with earnings less than fixed charges." Congress or the director-general, or both, will therefore have to act to prevent a crisis in transportation affairs, "and neither has yet given any definite assurance of prompt and adequate relief." Already holders of B. & O. common stock, "who supposed that the government had given them assurance against possible evil effects of the war upon their investment, are inquiring 'what it was that struck them.'" They recall that President Wilson said at the time of taking over the roads: "Investors in railway securities may rest assured that their rights and interests will be as scrupulously looked after by the government as they could be by the directors of the several railway systems," and that "nothing will be changed that it is not necessary to change."

Furthermore, they "recall that during the three years ended June 30, 1917, fixed by the Federal control act as the test period for determining the basic compensation of the roads for the war-time use of their property, the B. & O. was able to pay 5 per cent. upon its common stock, with an annual surplus of several millions, and that after providing maintenance charges in operating account." Recently they have learned that the Federal compensation finally fixed, after six or eight months of negotiation, "was 4 per cent. upon the common, with a surplus of approximately \$1,500,000," and yet they are now called upon "to forego any return upon their investment for an indefinite period." Why this is the case the *Journal* undertakes to make clear:

"In a nutshell, the directors have taken a step forward to meet a possible, not to say probable, crisis of the near future—a crisis which unless averted by action of Congress or the director-general, or both, will by no means involve the B. & O. alone. The company turned over to the government a system capable of earning the equivalent of 5 to 6 per cent. upon its common stock, despite the fact that the net earnings of the Eastern carriers as early as 1914, in the opinion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, were 'insufficient in the public interest.' At the present time the same system is not earning its operating expenses, yet the President says without any qualification that the roads will be given back to their owners at the end of this year and the director-general says that an increase in economies and waiting for traffic to expand will do it.

"The \$35,000,000 bonds which the B. & O. has just sold will pay off all its outstanding notes and bank loans, but will leave its debt to the government for the additions and betterments and equipment expenditures since January 1, 1918, unprovided for, except as to about \$5,000,000 of the loans now being funded which were contracted last year and applied to capital account. The equipment allocated to the company amounts to upward of \$20,000,000, but this will presumably be taken care of through the proposed general equipment trust.

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The remainder of the debt can not be closely calculated, because of numerous offsetting accounts with the government. The final settlement with the government may involve a debit of \$10,000,000, more or less.

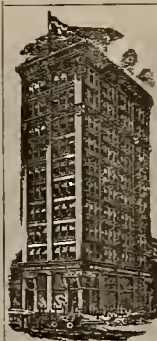
"Now the director-general has recently declared his intention of pressing the corporations to use their private credit for the permanent financing of all the addition and betterment expenditures remaining unpaid. Senator Cummins and others have declared that it is incumbent upon the government to carry this account along indefinitely, until the credit of the railroads has been substantially improved. But the director-general has as yet given no sign of falling in with such a policy, and there remains at least the uncertainty as to whether the debt will be extended or not."

During January, 1919, the prevailing wage for farm labor in Egypt was 40 cents per day. The pre-war wage was about 12½ cents per day.

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JUNE 30th, 1919.

Assets - - - - - \$60,509,192.14
Deposits - - - - - 57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - 2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund - - - 306,852.44

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Authority and the State.

One of the first fruit of the war will be a challenge to the authority of government or the state, a demand that its functions be better defined. Has the state an entity of its own and apart from the well-being of the people? What is its rightful sphere, and what are its proper powers of coercion? Should it be regarded as something that is sacred and beyond the reach of criticism, or should we look upon it as a mechanism to which we turn for the accomplishment of everything that we are too apathetic to accomplish for ourselves? In other words, ought we to direct our efforts to restricting the powers of the state or to their enlargement? If the latter, then we must prepare ourselves for the evils of bureaucracy, for the investment of individuals with extraordinary and despotic powers which are the negation alike of freedom and of democracy. And this seems to be a point already reached.

That the state is the creation of the people has nothing to do with the question. Unlimited powers can not be entrusted to the hands of a lethargic majority. Minorities are not robbed of human rights merely because they are minorities. There must be some principle of limitation to the authority of a state other than that set forth in a written constitution which can always be changed in the interests of a majority. For example, is the state justified in imposing a fiat prohibition? If so, then we may presently have a constitutional amendment establishing a church, and demanding adhesion to that church. Indeed it would be quite easy to pass such an amendment, or almost any other, if sufficient funds were available.

It would be hardly fair to say that this is the line of Mr. Laski's argument. His book is a statement rather than a plea. He sketches for us the history of authority in government and he reminds us of the authoritative voices that have been raised from century to century

in the argument. To say that Mr. Laski shows scholarship would be inadequate. He shows a mastery and brilliant competence for his task and his book may be taken as *facile princeps* in a discussion that is becoming of paramount importance and that will certainly be continued until some sort of decision shall be reached.

AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Yale University Press.

The Wild Swans at Coole.

What is the matter with William Butler Yeats? Is he disgusted with an Irish Renaissance which seems unable to rise above the level of the Sinn Féin or is it that he is plagued with a yearning for popularity? We have always associated his verse and his prose with everything that is delicate, romantic, and mystical, but here we have a volume with hemishes so startling that they must have distressed the proofreader. What has Mr. Yeats to do with Gaby, and Ruth St. Denis, and Pavlova that he should weave their charms into doggerel verse? And why try to be funny about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba? Listen to this:

SOLOMON TO SHEBA.

Sang Solomon to Sheba,
And kissed her dusky face.
"All day long from midday
We have talked in the one place.
All day long from shadowless noon
We have gone round and round
In the narrow theme of love
Like an old horse in a pound."
To Solomon sang Sheba
Planted on his knees,
"If you had broached a matter
That might the learned please,
You had before the sun had thrown
Our shadows on the ground
Discovered that my thoughts, not it,
Are but a narrow pound."

These, of course, are aberrations, but the volume is so small that the aberrations bulk large. But there are compensations. "The Phases of the Moon" is equal to anything that Mr. Yeats has written. The same may be said of "The Double Vision of Michael Robartes" and of some others. Here we have an Irish poet at his best.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.

S. O. S.

It need hardly be said that "S. O. S." means Service of Supply, a branch of army activity of which we have heard too little. Mr. Marcossion first introduced us to these colossal operations when he wrote "The Business of War." That book related to the British army, and he has now rendered a similar tribute to American organization. Imagine what it means to transport a million men to Europe and to see to it that every one among them is supplied with every necessity of life from food to shoe laces, and that the army as a whole is equipped for war. Imagine the problems of embarkation, debarkation, and transportation, of shipping, docks, and railroads. It was not a matter of using an already existing mechanism. There was no available mechanism to use. It had to be created.

Ships had to be found. A vast acreage of docks had to be built, and enormous warehouses to be erected. Whole railroad systems must appear, almost over night. Men, horses, guns, ammunition, and supplies must move forward as a unit. Every demand must be foreseen, every accident forestalled, every alternative provided for. And the greater part of this work must be done in a country torn in pieces by war and exhausted almost to the point of collapse.

This is the story told by Mr. Marcossion, and it may be said that he knows exactly how it should be told.

S. O. S., AMERICA'S MIRACLE IN FRANCE. By Isaac F. Marcossion. New York: John Lane Company.

The Hidden Valley.

Some famous writer said once that there is a novel hidden in every human life if we have clairvoyance enough to read its secrets. Muriel Hine may have had this fact in mind when she wrote "The Hidden Valley" and chose Sheila Travers for its heroine.

For Sheila is commonplace. There can be no doubt about that. The streets are filled with Sheilas, good little girls who have every intention to be married, who know very little of what marriage means, and who are nearly certain to choose the wrong man in obedience to some misguided idealism. In the first chapter Sheila quarrels with a very nice boy because he honestly makes love to her at a time when her only ideal is to be a good sport. Then she falls in love with a young aristocrat called Sandy and successfully withstands the shock of discovering that he has had very many other affairs, and some of them not very creditable. Sandy maintains his position until he makes a vigorous and brutal attempt on Sheila's virtue and then he, too, receives his dismissal. And at last Sheila marries an elderly and cold-blooded politician who calculatingly marries a pretty wife as a step to his own advancement. It is fortunate that this unattractive person dies while Sheila is still young enough to put her painfully acquired wisdom to some good purpose. But they do not always die. Usually they live.

The story is a pleasing one, not because the characters are unusual nor because they do unusual things, but because it is a frank revelation of the mind of the normally good girl and of its initiation into life.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company.

War and Religion.

Mrs. de Bunsen, writing from the English point of view, asks what will be the effect of the war upon religion. The churches, she thinks, will not profit. On the contrary there is a general feeling that they have been tried in the balances and found wanting. They are on the descending arc. On the other hand there is no increase in materialism. Men are turning alike from the churches and from infidelity. They are hewing out paths of their own, and are more attentive to such signposts as psychic research than to the admonitions of creeds.

Mrs. de Bunsen tries to foresee the goal that lies ahead. She does not make the egotistic mistake of sketching a religion of the future, which always means an outline of one's own beliefs. Her task is rather to indicate tendencies and she does this with unusual vision and without anything in the nature of a plea.

THE WAR AND MEN'S MINDS. By Victoria de Bunsen. New York: John Lane Company.

All the Brothers Were Valiant.

The brothers belong to a family of New England sea captains, and their customary epitaph in the domestic log is "all the brothers were valiant." But one of them disgraces himself. He abandons his ships and indulges in a drunken spree on a Pacific island. The ship goes home without him, and the owner, convinced that the captain is dead, appoints in his place his younger brother, who undertakes a final and successful search for the missing man. There is a struggle for the command of the ship, and a gorgeous fight with fists wherein the younger man proves that he, too, is valiant and well able to hold the rather fickle affections of his young wife, who has accompanied him on the voyage. It is an extraordinarily vivid story, a sea epic which keeps us breathless from start to finish.

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Alsace-Lorraine.

In this volume we have a history of Alsace-Lorraine since 1870. It was written as a plea for the restoration to France of her lost provinces and at a time when it seemed possible that they would be subjected to the outrage of a plebiscite. The question is now settled, and in the right way, but this in no way detracts from the value of a book that is not only a competent statement of rights and wrongs, but also a record of the war sufferings of a people whose only offense was their resolve to be French.

ALSACE-LORRAINE SINCE 1870. By Barry Cerf. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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Briefer Reviews.

"The Consuming Fire," by Harris Elliott Kirk, D. D., is an analysis and appreciation of Isaiah, written under the conviction that there can be no better discipline for statesman, citizen, or plain Christian than a thorough study of Isaiah and his world. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Boni & Liveright have published in the Penguin Series a volume of "Sketches and Reviews," by Walter Pater, the first collection in book form of nearly all the known fugitive writings of Walter Pater. There are nine of these essays: "Esthetic Poetry," "M. Le Maître's Serenus and Other Tales," "The Life and Letters of Gustave Flaubert," "Coleridge as a Theologian," "Wordsworth," "A Novel by Mr. Oscar Wilde," "A Poet with Something to Say," and "Mr. George Moore As an Art Critic."

"How to Face Peace," by Gertrude Shelby (Henry Holt & Co.), is one of the now almost innumerable books on reconstruction. Much of it is sensible, but we must confess to a certain feeling of apprehension at some of the recommendations that fall so easily from the feminine pen. For example, "Regulation or complete taking over by the government of certain pivotal facilities in the handling of food is a crying demand." What is this "government" that is supposed to wave magic wands and induce an earthly paradise?

We all like to hear nice things said of us, and perhaps Americans are more prone to flattery than members of the older civilizations. They may therefore be recommended to read "The New American," in which Mr. Frank Dilmot, an Englishman, gives his surface impression of things American. Mr. Dilmot is complimentary. He likes American men and women, American statesmen, and American habits. His observation is not very profound, but he wishes to admire and he always finds justification. Moreover, he writes with grace and suavity. His book is published by the Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

DAUGHTERS OF DAYS. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THREE CHEVRONS. By Major H. F. Bidder. D. S. O. New York: John Lane Company. On Active Service Series.

SKETCHES AND REVIEWS. By Walter Pater. New York: Boni & Liveright. A collection of fugitive writings.

THE OLD FREEDOM. By Francis Nielson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Economics.

THE HOMESTEAD. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. A novel.

THE VESTED INTERESTS. By Tohrsten Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Economics.

PRUSSIANISM AND PACIFISM. By Poultny Biglow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Seventy Years of Hohenzollernism.

THE SOLITARY. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch. A volume of verse.

THE BOY WITH THE GUNS. By the late Lieutenant G. W. Taylor. Edited by his sister, Mrs. Roger Cookson. New York: John Lane Company. A war memoir.

GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK. By Great Artists. Compiled by Alfred Mansfield Brooks. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Art appreciations and criticisms.

THROTTLED. By Thomas J. Tunney. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The story of German and anarchist bomb plots.

THE WINNING CLUE. By James Hay, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A detective story.

Chinese fathers can not leave more property to one son than to another. All must have an equal share.



I Am The Mausoleum!

PRIMARILY, I am a tomb—not an ordinary sepulchre for the reception of human remains, but for something far more stately, ranging from a dignified structure of simple architecture to the most magnificent resting-place of the royal dead.

MY BIRTH dates back to time immemorial—further back than the year of 2380 B. C. MY NAME was derived from that marvelous structure, the "Mausoleum at Halicarnassus," erected by Artemisia to the memory of her husband, King Mausolus of Caria, about 353 B. C. It was regarded as one of the "Seven Wonders of the World."

SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

TO THE END that I am built in a substantial manner and with the grace and beauty of proper architectural harmony and proportion, great care must be taken in the selection of the designer and builder that my name may pass on unblemished.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Shadow of the Past.

We can not escape from the war story, nor indeed do we wish to so long as it is so well told as this one. It is a story of South Africa and of the days immediately preceding and following the beginning of the struggle. Guy Matheson is a young mining engineer who has just gambled away his whole fortune to a casual acquaintance named Holman. As a mark of good-fellowship Holman offers to acquit him of half his loss if he will carry for him to some up-country Boers a letter that he is reluctant to trust to the uncertain mails. Matheson consents, and spends some weeks at the lonely Dutch ranch, only to discover that Holman is a German agent, and that the letter relates to an expected rebellion against British rule. Incidentally Matheson falls in love with one of the ranch girls and allows himself to forget the other girl whom he left behind in the south and to whom he had partially committed himself. Then comes the declaration of war, the squaring of accounts with Holman, and a general rectification of the tangle.

The story is a useful one as showing the attitude of the Boers and their divided councils during the war. The Boers for the most part remained quiescent. Their leaders, Generals Botha and Smuts, took the field against the Germans. But there was a sullen and rebellious minority, as there is today, and this explosive situation seems to have been well pictured by the author, who thus combines history with a very readable romance.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: George H. Doran Company.

While There's Life.

Elinor Mordaunt is beginning to be recognized as a very good novelist who delves into the psychology of character and circumstance. This latest work from her pen is on familiar ground: the English of the country class, immersed in tradition, absorbed in self, and calmly oblivious of the needs, the wishes, the ambitions, the heart-heats of the world outside their class.

In "While There's Life" she indicates the mental unease of a man, master of a fine old property and father of a group of grown children, who in his narrow-minded environment is cursed with sensitive perceptions. A sentence of death from his doctor, a projected trip to Nordan, and the breaking out of the war, all combine to give him freedom. His family believe him to be in Germany, but he has run away to a poverty-stricken district in London to join an old friend, a surgeon, who dedicates his life to the service of the London poor.

The author makes an interesting contrast of the two kinds of lives, and the selfish and unselfish people who live them, and incidentally helps along in the good work of opening the eyes of the most conservative English.

Mrs. Mordaunt is the type of writer who never ventures upon any field without being duly primed. She is an interesting writer, and is an excellent interpreter of her compatriots, whose virtues she loves and appreciates and whose most rooted faults she hopes to see, partially at least, eradicated. Her books, without being great, are interesting, and their seriousness of motive does not cause them to be heavy.

WHILE THERE'S LIFE. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Sir Andrew Melvill.

One might think that the present has furnished us with all that we need in the way of war and that we should be ill-disposed to search the pages of history for precedents and parallels. None the less Sir Andrew Melvill was a great fighter and his story makes good reading, and perhaps all the better for its similarities to the events of the moment. Three hundred years ago Sir Andrew was fighting at Ypres, Arras, and Lens, at La Bassée, Armentières, and Dixmude. This story sounds strangely like the hooks of war reminiscences with which our shelves are loaded and whose writers are still in our midst. We may even permit ourselves to wonder if there are not certain areas of the world's surface mysteriously set apart for the settlements of the world's quarrels. Belgium seems to be such an area, and the Balkan States another. It is bad fortune for any people that they should occupy an international highroad, and certainly civilization seems to have done little to moderate the fury of the competition for occupation and possession. Sir Andrew Melvill fought in small armies and his successors in great ones. Otherwise there is little difference between their exploits. Humanity has learned nothing since Arras and Lens were so furiously fought for, over 300 years ago.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL. Translated from the French by Torick Amerc-Alli. New York: John Lane Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The large demand for Mark Twain's books, which of late has had a sale of 583,967 copies, has awakened an added interest in the per-

sonal and literary life of Mark Twain, and the Harpers are putting through a new edition of Albert Bigelow Paine's "Mark Twain: a Biography." Mr. Paine gave six years to the work, traveling halfway round the world to follow the footsteps of Mark Twain, and living in close daily association with him for four years.

The story of Pearl White's life, as told in her hook, "Just Me," published by the George H. Doran Company, is an entertaining and humorous recital. Her stage debut was, as might be expected, made in little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was a little over seven at the time when a stock company came to the Missouri town where she lived and she hung around till she was allowed to take the place of a little girl who had been playing little Eva, but who was stricken suddenly with measles.

"There are hooks which are Dinosaurs," says W. N. P. Barhellion in "The Journal of a Disappointed Man"—"Sir Walter Raleigh's 'History of the World,' Gibbons' 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' There are men who are Dinosaurs—Balzac completing his 'Human Comedy,' Napoleon, Roosevelt."

For seventeen years J. Castell Hopkins, F. S. S., F. R. G. S., author of "Canada at War," has been the outstanding authority on Canadian events and progress. He is the compiler of the Canadian Annual Review. Premier Borden says "no Canadian writer could be better fitted to record the wonderful war achievements of Canadians at home and abroad."

Another History Error.

Now that the maid (La Pucelle) of France has been canonized, it should be known that her name is not Jeanne d'Arc, as it is generally spelled; nor is it Joan of Arc. She was a peasant, horn of a peasant family named Darc (not d'Arc, which anglicized would be "of Arc"; there is no such place as "Arc" in France) in the small village of Domremy (now called in her honor "Domremy la Pucelle"), a collection of cottages of the humblest character, in which has been built a museum and a monument entirely out of keeping with its character. Opposite the church and surrounded by an iron fence is the small "leanto" cottage in which she first saw the light in 1411. Over the doorway is a niche surmounted by the royal arms of France, and in this niche is the sculptured kneeling figure of the sainted maid, bearing the date 1456.

Down to the beginning of the French Revolution, in honor of the illustrious maid, the village of Domremy was exempted from all taxation. The garden where Joan first heard the mysterious voices is not that surrounding the small cottage where she was born, but in a field at the bottom of a hill some half a mile away. The fine picture by Bastien-Lapage in the Metropolitan Museum shows the wall of the cottage, but this is an artistic license. There was no cottage in the apple orchard where she heard the voices.

A new addition to the equipment of the New York police department is a traveling restaurant. It is intended for the refreshment of "coppers" on long, tiresome beats. The body of the car is twenty-one feet long and seven feet wide, and is mounted on a three-ton chassis. Counters and seats along the sides accommodate twenty policemen, while a coffee machine and a capacious cupboard hold the good cheer. The car is warmed in winter by radiators heated from the exhaust manifold.

Hungarian whisky is distilled variously from turnips, mixed meal, and potatoes and molasses.



THE FIRST NAILS.

On June 16th a young man named Reginald Ford arrived in this country. According to the newspaper reports he is the "nail king of Europe," and he "admits" that he controls the nail market of Europe, writes a correspondent of a New York newspaper.

Also on June 16th, but in the year 1794, another young nail-maker arrived in this country. He came on the ship *Providence* from Glasgow, which dropped anchor opposite the old Fly Market at the foot of Maiden Lane. The following from "Fifty Years' Reminiscences of New York," by Grant Thorburn (published in 1845), tells the story:

"A passenger ship was a rare occurrence at that time; and as soon as we dropped anchor the ship was surrounded by small boats filled with people inquiring for letters, friends, and servants. I asked one of the gentlemen if there were any nail-makers in New York. 'No,' said he, 'they have just got up a machine for cutting nails from iron hoops.'

"Here was a deathblow to my hopes at once. Clothing excepted, my stock in trade consisted only of my nail hammer in my clothes chest, and an English sixpence in my pocket. The captain and crew went on shore in the boat, and likewise did all the passengers, I only excepted; and not having any money to spend, I thought I might as well stay where I was. . . . While I sat on the deck, helping to get ready the vegetables, a boat came alongside, from which three gentlemen stepped on board. One asked for a servant girl, another for a plowman, and the third if there were any nail-makers on board. This to me was like life from the dead. I readily answered 'I am a nail-maker, sir.'

"I sat flat on the deck, with a large dish between my knees, peeling potatoes.

"'What,' said he, looking down, 'can you make nails?'

"I was piqued at the question, and answered briskly that I would wager sixpence (all my stock) that I would make more nails in a day than any man in the country.

"The speaker and the manner set the gentleman in a roar of laughter. However, he gave me his card, and I went to work for him in twenty-four hours thereafter.

"At this time the City Hotel was building on Broadway. That was the first house covered with slates in America; shingles and tiles were the only covering prior to this. When they were ready to put on the slates they could not find nails, nor any one who could make them, for nails were not in fashion, and American nailers knew not how to make slate nails; they came to me, and I made them. I now thought I was of some

consequence in the world, and that I might make myself useful in this wooden country. About twenty-five years thereafter, in passing the hotel, I saw them removing the slates to put on a new roof. I went up and gathered a handful of my nails, and now have them in my house. At this time, also, the steeple of St. Paul's Chapel was being erected."

Rails Across Africa.

Plans are under way in Africa for the restoration of the railway and steamer connection across the continent from where the Congo empties into the Atlantic to the former German capital at Dar-es-Salaam, or "Harbor of Peace," on the Indian Ocean. The connection was completed just before the war, and the eastern terminal of the line was almost immediately destroyed when the town was shelled by British vessels. The German end of the line, now lost to Germany, ran for some 800 miles from Dar-es-Salaam to Lake Tanganyika, and a small steamer had been "made in Germany" and carried in sections over the new railway line to the lake, where it was to be put together and launched to ferry passengers across to the beginning of the Belgian part of the system. The Belgian railway ran from Tanganyika to the upper Congo, passing two unnavigable stretches of the upper river, and from this terminal the traveler continued by steamer to the Atlantic. Few ever made the journey, for the war began within a short time of the completion of the last link. But the next few months are likely to see the development of a steady traffic back and forth across what was once called the "dark continent."

A submarine tunnel under the Shimonoseki Strait in Japan is to be started this year and it is planned to complete it in 1928. The authority for the announcement is the chief of the construction bureau of the Japanese government railways. It is estimated that the tunnel will cost \$10,000,000. Two years will be devoted to studying the geological formation of the strait bed and drafting the general plan of work in preparation for the tunneling. Japan will send engineers to the United States and Europe to study the tunneling achievements of the West. The length of the tunnel will be seven miles, of which one mile will be completely under sea.

Although only 200 hoard feet are used in the construction of the average size airplane, the necessity of best quality wood forces the builders to work over about 1500 feet of the best lumber available. And this comes from approximately 15,000 board feet of standard timber.

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IT'S FARCE'S TURN.

"Polly with a Past," which they are reviving at the Alcazar this week, is one of those cheerful pieces of farcical fluff that keeps youthful audiences in a state of merry giggle. It has already appeared in this city on two separate occasions, if I am not mistaken, but its popularity appears to be undiminished. George Middleton and Guy Bolton are its creators; two playwrights that have a pretty keen instinct for catering to the lighter theatrical tastes. George Middleton also turns out romantic comedies, but always with a heedful eye on the tastes of youth in audiences; or, if not always youth, at least the middle-agers who are always youthful when they are at the theatre.

Polly is the daughter of a minister and of a Frenchwoman. Queer combination, dramatically, but done with a purpose. Polly is a quiet, demure, conscientious little wren, in manner, but her French mother has transmitted to her progeny a voice and histrionic talent. And so demure Polly, for plot purposes, impersonates a dazzling French adventuress engaged in capturing a well-gilded young susceptible, and this about makes up the play. It is killed as comedy, but it is really farce.

Like "Mary's Ankle," it begins by showing three young men pals in their home interior, their high spirits, their jokes and mutual rallyings, and finally their impeccable maid. Yes, they have a maid. Happy young men! But then "Polly with a Past" wasn't written yesterday. Pretty soon they'll be writing plays showing the shifts that the world of today is put in to in order to get its housework done without maids.

This particular maid was not born to be a menial, but had the menial state thrust upon her by starvation. Polly had ventured in the great metropolis in order to have her voice cultivated, and was obliged to become a maid-of-all-work in order to secure the wherewithal to eat. Those things still happen in plays, but rarely, one is led to believe, out of them; at least in America, where everybody is trying desperately to secure members of the haughty and intractable class of toilers to do their toil for them.

However, the starvation motive comes in handy in plays. Belle Bennett has been called on several times recently to impersonate an unfortunate who is suffering from a shortage of meals, and, being a capable young woman in her line, must feel some disdain for these mealy-mouthed heroines in plays who can't rustle up a meal when the larder's empty. However, she made the earlier-manner Polly as mealy-mouthed as the traditional minster's daughter is supposed to be.

Later Polly is a transformed being. Gowned in a vivid cherry-red, plumed, fanned, and toy-dogged, she recklessly slings around kindergarten French—saying, by the way, "Elle est charmant!" Oh, Polly, Polly, where are your genders? And you said you were French! However, we all do it, since the American invasion of the French language. I note, with simple-hearted amazement, by the by, that not once did Polly say, "Oh, la, la!"

The three young men, played by Messrs. Richardson, Brunetto, and Vaughan Morgan—the new juvenile—were obliged to register

various athletic demonstrations of hope, surprise, dismay, and satisfaction, and did valiant work in maintaining the farcical atmosphere. Belle Bennett pleased and satisfied the audience by the spectacular features of her adventuress, and Emelie Melville was quite juicy in the rôle of a highly conventional drawing-room oracle facing the dismaying possibility of being the mother-in-law of an adventuress. Jean Oliver's crisp manner was well suited to the rather stern and didactic, though pretty Myrtle, and Emily Pinter obligingly effaced herself—or tried to—in the rôle of a rather spectacular and somewhat conscious-looking maid. Arthur Belasco, although quite ornamental in other respects, is also rather too conscious looking. Thomas Chatterton, who is steadily developing in ease and general technic, was cast as a senior on this occasion. Vaughan Morgan has made good as a juvenile, and a very good impersonation was that of Henry Shumer, who appeared as an excitable Latin violinist and injected a considerable amount of cayenne pepper in the scene.

"THE FORTUNE TELLER."

In his play called "The Fortune Teller" Leighton Graves Osmon has used a motive powerfully adapted to start the sympathies to working tearfully. The mother motive works very strongly with the majority of audiences. There are fool mothers, of course; plenty of them; domestic tyrants who try to retain their earlier despotic rule over the husky he-men into which their round-cheeked urchins have developed. I have known two cases of selfish mothers who have used all their maternal influence to prevent their daughters from attaining marital happiness because of their desire to retain their love and service for themselves. And, when they failed, sulked for several years before they accepted the olive branch. But, on the whole, mothers are loving, unselfish, and popular with their progeny. The instant response of the average audience to the mother motive demonstrates that to be the case.

"The Fortune Teller," used by Marjorie Rambeau as her vehicle during her final week at the Curran, is holding the audiences there absorbed in sympathetic and frequently weeping response to the scenes of maternal love and self-sacrifice in the play.

Yet, on the whole, it struck me that the author errs in allowing the pathos to border on the lachrymose. Not but what the motive is at all times sufficiently pathetic. But pathos prolonged through three acts is apt to degenerate into lugubriousness.

That the performance did not reach that state is due to the sterling art of Marjorie Rambeau. "The Fortune Teller" is not such an excellent vehicle for conveying her versatility as "Eyes of Youth," and it is surprising that that remarkably good play did not run through the third week. That, however, is San Francisco's loss. What it gains is the interest of seeing Marjorie Rambeau in another rôle, always a desirable thing in players of her ability and charm.

And in the frowsy fortune teller, ohese, unkempt, her still lingering youth almost distinguished under the tremors of "dope" and the hectic blossoms of alcohol, she made us feel that charm: the charm of sincerity.

I can not but feel that a player who radiates such an atmosphere of sincerity is, intrinsically, a woman of genuine sentiment. With what sureness of touch the actress carried on the scene in which Mme. Renée unexpectedly recognizes her son in the dejected youth seeking solace from the cards. Her tears are contagious, and the audience feels intensely with her. And I am not sure but what Mme. Renée's susceptibility to tearful emotion throughout the play is one of Miss Rambeau's touches of nature; an indication of how the woman's nervous system is unbalanced by her past addictions to drugs and liquor.

Mr. Crane Wilbur was excellent as one of those spineless parasites who prey on money-earning women, his whole appearance suggest-

ing the unwholesome character that gets its living by pandering to vice; a notably successful impersonation. Mr. Hugh Dillman, in the rôle of the son, intelligently laid stress on the sunless, too gentle temperament that was impelling the boy toward discouragement and suicide. It is the proper conception, according to the author's idea, although common sense tells us that the youth really was something of a "dud," and that the magnetic resolution breathed into his faltering soul by a devoted mother's strong and sustaining love could not have made him a leader of men. And when the curtain falls, and we are released from the glamour of the play, we recognize clearly that any man capable of that implicit reliance on a fortune-teller's dictum is not built for success.

However, there is a queer suggestion in the play of occultism, and I shouldn't be surprised if the author believes in the truth-telling ability of the cards, even while he recognizes that the professional fortune teller has habitual recourse to trickery.

One could not, by the by, fail to admire the expert, experienced air with which Miss Rambeau handled the cards, and also that suggestion of reassuring certainty and self-confidence which seemed to emanate from the dragged yet still magnetic fortune teller.

There were a half-dozen other rôles in the play, all competently handled by a reliable although not brilliant company. I notice, by the way, that none of the players rush things, and although some of them are not actors of ripe experience, they seem to have already learned to recognize the value of the pause. This I put down to Miss Rambeau's excellent example. Some impatient people, who demand constant action, might declare that the piece was played at too slow a tempo, but every pause served, as does the margin of a book page to the text, to throw into stronger relief the feelings indicated or described by Mme. Renée.

WAR MELODRAMA.

The headliner at the Orpheum, "An American Ace," is a war-thriller. We need it. Yes, even vaudeville melodrama concerning the war is good for us, lest we forget. A lot of people are trying to forget, but it seems to me it becomes us better to try hard to remember.

Well, anyway, "be that as it may," as George Munro used unctuously to remark, the thriller thrills. You bet it does; slangy emphasis may be pardoned. Yes, even although it has done such good service that there are cracks in the scenery; even although the actors, rendered a little callous by the long run of the piece, rattle through their lines like a lot of firecrackers popping, even although the German spies are so pervasive, so openly eaves drop, and so ridiculously furtive that a babe in arms would report them as suspicious characters, even so, the thriller thrills.

For it is founded on tragic realities still raw in the memory, and there are really a number of good impersonations in it. Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont, the featured players, are both excellent. Laura Pierpont achieving, in the English of the French girl at the inn, the illusion of a French accent and her brisk, curt, competent manner is well suited to the courageous personality of the French girl. And Taylor Granville, with his heaving Americanism and swift, darting ways, fills in the conception of our intrepid American aviators. So does Thomas V. Morrison fill the bill with his responsible air, his soldierly kindness, and a tone of genuineness about him as the war-worn colonel, husbanding his resources, heedful of men, yet full of courage.

And that was a capital scene in the trenches, where a group of soldiers were waiting for the attack, enduring the delay as best they could, some laughing and joshing, others writing home letters, musing, or waiting with the gay courage that we know was shown by the American army. There are ten speaking parts in the play, one very important rôle, that of the woman spy, being extremely well rendered by Florence Pinckney, an actress with a fine, English chest voice excellently attuned to melodrama. There were also several excellent mechanical effects in the piece, the battle of the airplanes in the clouds being the one upon which most stress is laid. And truly it is an unusual effect, but the finest and most thrilling stage picture was that presented when the attack broke out and against a background of spitting flame, with the roaring accompaniment of the guns, we saw black silhouettes of running, leaping, fighting soldiers rushing to battle.

There are also a number of other good acts; notably "The Rounder of Old Broadway," in which a night flaneur sees the passing types on Broadway, holds converse with them, and encourages them to show what manner of man or woman they be. Neil Barret, who undertakes two rôles, was particularly good in the rôle of the fallen tragedian, but all three of the other rôles were well done.

Nellie V. Nichols is unpleasantly vulgar in some of her songs, but as soon as she gives

her one Italian impersonation her ability in that line tells. Her Hebraic features mysteriously Italianize themselves, and she sinks her rather assertive personality in that of the Italian peasant.

Eddie Janis and Renée Chaplow are also very successful in their line, he as a gentle and winning violinist who plays with sympathy and great sweetness of tone, she as a snappy little entertainer.

Espe and Dutton can entertain about as well as they can acrobatize and do strong-arm stunts; which is saying a great deal; for acrobatics is a temperament swallow. But the taller of the two has a keen sense of humor, and a spontaneous way of conveying it, while the short blonde is a good deal of a Sandow.

Harry Hines also makes good as a fun-entertainer. They all try hard nowadays to make a gorgeous exit with a hurlesque speech, but Harry Hines made a particularly straight aim with his, and the whole house gurgled its delight.

The Percy Bronson-Winnie Baldwin pair are always popular, and the Jahns, in their equilibrist act, round out an unusually good programme.

JOSEPHINE HART PHILIPS.

Fanning, a small island in mid-Pacific, has never known a barber shop. The inhabitants' hair is cut by two members of the cable staff, who make no charge on condition that a voluntary sum is contributed to the Overseas Red Cross Fund.



XV.

The Case of John Smith

John Smith has a tiny cottage. He uses very little water—about 100 cubic feet a month.

When flat rates were in effect, his bill was 25 cents a month.

Under meter rates he pays 24 cents for water plus 65 cents service charge—89 cents a month.

John Smith used to pay for water only—we served him for nothing.

There were about 2000 consumers in San Francisco who paid from 25 to 75 cents a month under the old flat rates. We served them at a loss.

On the other hand, some consumers paid more than they should. They paid enough more to make up our loss on those 2000.

Making a separate service charge has corrected all that inequality.

Of course, John Smith doesn't like to pay 89 cents a month instead of 25. But we assume that he's a fair-minded man, and doesn't expect to get water at a price so much below its cost that others must make up the loss.

Each consumer now pays his fair share. One does not carry another's burden.

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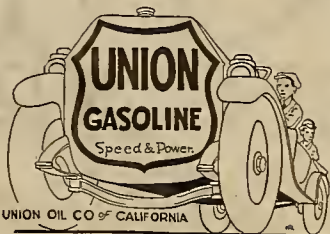
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"Tea for Three"

Beginning Sunday night, July 20th, the Curran Theatre offers one of the most interesting attractions to be seen in San Francisco this season, "Tea for Three," a comedy in three acts written by Roi Cooper Magrue, author of "It Pays to Advertise," "Seven Chances," and other popular plays. The piece, which is under the direction of Selwyn & Co., is described as one of the most delightful dramatic novelties the present season has produced. The average conventional triangular play is a thing to be shunned, but in "Tea for Three" a happy combination of a delicate problem, a sympathetic understanding of everyday human faults, and an abundant supply of hearty and wholesome fun has been effected. Acting of an unusually high order is contributed by Arthur Byron, known for his excellent work in "The Boomerang" a season or two ago in previous plays; by Frederick Perry, a leading man of much renown, and by Elsa Ryan, popular in "Peg o' My Heart" and the British recruiting play, "Out There." Other roles are well taken by competent players. The production is the same seen at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, for the past two months, having been sent across the continent especially for the engagement in this city.

The Alcazar.

"Within the Law" stands out luminously as the most vital emotional melodrama of the period. It is given first Alcazar presentation for the week commencing next Sunday afternoon at a time when its theme is of peculiar local significance from a humanitarian viewpoint. The popular success of this ringing story of department store and underworld is one of the most remarkable in modern stage history. Overnight it transformed Bayard Veiller from a police reporter to a representative American playwright; from obscurity it brought Jane Cowl to fixed place among great emotional stars. It won enthusiastic approval by great leaders, including two occupants of the presidential chair, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt; it helped arouse a national conscience not yet fully awake. It will now give brilliant scope for emotional artistry to Belle Bennett, the loveliest and most popular of Alcazar leading women. Her portrayal of the wrongfully convicted shopgirl, who seeks unique revenge upon society, will be essentially a creation, as she has never seen the play and is untrammelled by precedent. Walter P. Richardson also has his great opportunity as the master forger, Joe Garson, and Jean Oliver finds her's as the audacious girl criminal, Aggie Lynch—a blackmail artist of racy speech and frank utterance. Admirably assigned are Thomas Chatterton, Vaughan Morgan, Henry Shumer, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Emily Pinter, Edna

Shaw, and others in a cast of twenty vivid character types.

To follow, by special arrangement with Oliver Morosco, comes Maude Fulton's delightful humanity comedy, "The Brat"—the romance of the little waif of the night court who causes a mighty upheaval in a fashionable household.

The Orpheum

Grace La Rue, who will head the Orpheum bill next week is one of vaudeville's most popular stars. Miss La Rue possesses the voice of a prima donna and the histrionic ability of a dramatic star. These two qualifications form a combination which justify her claims to being the star of international song. Miss La Rue brings with her new songs.

Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills will present their inimitable skit, "At Jasper Junction," in which Mr. Clifford displays his versatility by impersonating an ancient rural station agent and a drug fiend. Miss Wills assists him most materially and is in pleasant evidence as the live passenger in a dead town.

Deiro, the original master of the piano-accordeon, is one of the most popular stars on the Orpheum Circuit. For his coming engagement he announces an entirely new programme.

Theodore Bekefi, who for six years was a member of the Imperial Ballet at Petrograd, will appear in character and classical dances. He will have the assistance of Sofia Scherer and Lorraine Marie Wise, dancers of splendid reputation. Bekefi comes from a famous dancing family. He was the partner of Adelaide Genee in London and later toured America with her.

Harry Hines will appear in a new monologue; Eddie Janis and Renée Chaplow will vary the numbers in their delightful musical act, "Music Hath Charms"; the Jahns will perform equilibristic feats, and Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont will repeat their success in the patriotic melodrama, "An American Ace."

Ruth St. Denis at Greek Theatre.

Ruth St. Denis, who retired from vaudeville last week, after twelve successful seasons as headliner on the big-time circuits of this country and Europe, will play the leading rôle in the biblical production of "Miriam, Sister of Moses," to be staged at the Greek Theatre on the evenings of August 1st and 2d under the auspices of the Music and Drama Committee of the University of California.

Ted Shawn, husband of the famous dance artist, will play the part of Moses. This will be the first time that Ruth St. Denis has had a speaking part on the stage since the early days of her theatrical career under David Belasco.

The entire production has been created especially for the two performances at the Greek Theatre. The play, music, dances,

ballets, choruses, scenic effects, and costumes are all original.

Constance Smedley Armfield, playwright and novelist, of London, has written the play. She began it ten years ago, when she met Ruth St. Denis in London and the famous dancer expressed a wish to appear some day on the dramatic stage in a vehicle written especially for her.

Maxwell Armfield, husband of the author, and himself a celebrated English painter, has designed the costumes and scenic effects for the production.

Ted Shawn has for the past several weeks been training the ballets at his summer course of dance in Wildwood Gardens, Piedmont. He originated each of the ballets himself and is training a hundred dance students to appear in them.

The music for the play and incidental dance numbers for Miss St. Denis have been composed by Professor E. G. Stricklen of the university music department.

Frederick Alexander, who heads the summer session musical department at the University of California this year, is training the choruses for the play. He will direct the orchestra.

Professor Samuel J. Hume, art director of the Greek Theatre, has the production in charge. He has been rehearsing Miss St. Denis and Shawn in their parts for the past two weeks.

Miss St. Denis will not only appear as a dramatic actress in the play, but will present a series of six new dances which she has originated for the production.

Fielding and Fish.

Henry Fielding, a lover of digressions, even in his novels—and who would wish these little essays fewer?—asked in the account of his voyage to Lisbon: "What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap, as fish? What, then, so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers." He then asked why in London the case is so far otherwise. "That, except that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish."

Fielding might be writing this today of Boston, where we are told to eat fish on account of the high cost of meat, where fish is so dear. He did not search deeply into the cause of the evil at London, but he proposed remedies. (He had been a fearless magistrate.) Possibly these remedies may seem drastic to some, especially to dealers, but the great majority of men and women will read with grim approval:

"I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and, however it might have been some time ago, the opinion of mild and temporizing men that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. . . . For surely, if a few monopolizing fishmongers could defeat the excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves . . . it would be a vain endeavor for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nuisance. If it should be doubted whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting, I am ashamed to own it can not: for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate, and if a law was made at the beginning of next season, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without benefit of clergy, the fishmongers would be banged before the end of the session."—Philip Hale, in Boston Herald.

Ancient Cairo.

At the dawn of history a city is known to have existed near the site of modern Cairo called Khre-oh, place of combat, because Horus and Seth, of mythological fame, fought there. Seth found the body of his brother Osiris, cut it into fourteen parts, and scattered the pieces; whereupon Isis, wife of Osiris, hunted the fragments so that she might erect a monument for each. That is why so many tombs of Osiris are encountered in Egyptian history.

Not until a century before the Norman conquest, a modern period of Egyptian history, was the present Cairo founded by Goher, leader of the troops of the Fatimite Caliph Mu'izz, following the Egyptian conquest.

In the year Columbus discovered America a plague swept Cairo which is said to have killed 12,000 citizens in a day. It was a century before that when Cairo may be said to have attained its zenith. After the plague a period of violence, rapine and murder set in, and Sultans were enthroned and assassinated with dizzying speed and informality. As early as the thirteenth century Christian persecutions took place. Since then the city has been Islam. Only eight years ago an excuse of



The Golden Pheasant

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the Grand Mufti for declining to approve execution of a murderer was that the crime was committed with a revolver, a weapon not mentioned in the Koran.

Napoleon's headquarters were at Cairo in 1798, following the battle of the Pyramids. The commander Bonaparte left behind was murdered. In 1811 the French finally were dislodged and Cairo's independence was re-established.

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VANITY FAIR.

Bathing suits seem to have been a good deal in the public eye just recently—metaphorically speaking, of course. A telegram from Coney Island informed us that a party of California girls had been arrested for wearing one-piece bathing suits, although in the innocence of our hearts we do not see that it matters how many pieces there are in a bathing suit. Its propriety would seem to be a matter of area rather than of enumeration. Moreover, we may remark that we once visited Coney Island for a single hectic afternoon, and the general impression that we carried away was by no means one of a stern and unbending Puritanism. In point of fact we should not have thought that there was anything on earth that would shock Coney Island, but of course Coney Island may have found grace since then. It may have been touched by the new morality that consists in generally prohibiting every one from doing the things that they wish to do and that we ourselves happen to have no inclination toward. Anyhow it seems that they objected to the one-piece bathing suits, or said they did. Some highly moralized Coney Island policeman draws the line. It has a reputation to sustain, although no one would have suspected it.

And now comes another bathing suit story, also from the East. It seems they have a law there—and a very proper one—that forbids the wearing of bathing suits on the streets. But laws ought to be administered with intelligence, although they never are. The obvious meaning of the ordinance is that one must not appear on the street wearing only a bathing suit, or wearing a bathing suit as one's principal garment. Now it seems that a woman has been arrested for wearing a bathing suit on the street, and she made no attempt to deny the black crime. But she urged in its extenuation that she was wearing the bathing suit under a complete outfit of ordinary street clothing, and she was of opinion that this ought to be allowed. Her husband was of the same mind, and so he was arrested, too. Now may heaven forbid that we should be in any way hard upon first offenders. These degraded people may have been aliens. They may have come from some of those abject nations across the ocean, still ground under the bloody hoofs of monarchical tyrannies, but where there are still some things that are not prohibited. But they must learn that they are now in the land of the free and the home of the brave, where everything is forbidden, including opinions. In this instance the magistrate gave a reasonable interpretation of the law. He held that there was a right of self-determination in undergarments so long as they were undergarments, and that the police had no right to compel us to undress in order to find out if we are robed in accordance with the new and official moral sense. Though our legislative bodies, says the *New York Times*, commenting on this unusual case, will no doubt hasten to remedy this oversight, it is a relief to find that for a few days at least there is something which is not a crime.

One hundred and sixteen seniors of Princeton University have been examined as to their views on the really great moral questions of the day. Eighteen of them considered kissing to be morally wrong, although we may suppose that the relationship of kisser and kissee might exert some modifying effect on the ethical obliquity. Nineteen of the seniors were disposed to put dancing and drinking in the same category as kissing. Fifteen considered that card-playing was morally wrong, and twenty-four said that they had never kissed a girl, but of course that was a lie in all cases.

Passport officers at the American embassy are working day and night providing papers for the French brides of American soldiers who are about to leave for the United States (says an Associated Press report from Paris). Many of the brides are accompanied by their khaki-clad husbands; some bring their mothers and many are alone. In the daily queue at the embassy are French girls from nearly all the provinces. There are large girls and small girls, beautiful girls and plain girls, simple country girls, unassumingly gowned, and girls in the rakish hats and short skirts of the Paris boulevards.

Nearly all the brides speak some English, far more English usually than the French their husbands have acquired.

One young sergeant from Wheeling, West Virginia, who certainly was not more than twenty-one, forced his way to the passport desk a few days ago with an extremely at-

tractive young girl holding tightly to his arm.

"I've only got two hours' leave and I've simply got to have my wife's passports fixed up because my transport's sailing in three days," he explained.

The passport officer listened patiently to the story which came out in sections as the young couple answered questions.

"You see, my wife's under age," the sergeant explained, "and her mother changed her mind three times before she let us get married. We got married last week all right, but that old lady is so changeable I'm afraid to start home until I've seen this girl on a transport. That mother-in-law of mine isn't very keen about having her daughter go to America."

"Long years of study of all phases of child life, from babyhood to manhood, only make me feel how little I know," says Prudence Bradish, writing the daily article for women in the *New York Evening Post*. Well, Prudence, it must be admitted that you don't seem to know very much, and it's nice to be told that you feel that way about it, but all you have to do is to go on writing about the "unconscious" and the good ladies who read your lucubrations will hail you to the skies as a sort of new evangelist who "makes them think." That is about the highest praise they ever give any one, and pretty high praise it is, too, come to think about it.

Prudence says we ought to be very careful how we behave before children. Well, we are. We have had cause to be, cause that we shall not now divulge. But, honest to goodness, we never imagined the dreadful things that Prudence now discloses. Just listen to this: "The pattern for the subsequent love-life of a boy or girl is imprinted upon his soul by the unconscious perceptions of the child before the age of five, possibly three. He will unconsciously perceive and unconsciously interpret the symbolism of the actions of his parents in relation to each other. He will perceive how and in what tone of voice they address each other, and will know, unconsciously, to be sure, whether there is in that the full sonority of the persons whose love is entirely and completely devoted to the love of the soul as well as the body mate. Some of these perceptions are unconscious for years, or forever; they will determine the adolescent's attitude toward persons of the opposite sex."

The precocious little wretches! It just shows! Fancy a little kipper only three years old and yet knowing from the tone of its parents "whether there is in that the full sonority of the persons whose love is entirely and completely devoted to the love of the soul as well as the body mate." It would hardly be fair to comment on Prudence's English. Doubtless its defects are due to anguish, although we wish that it might be modified to the point of intelligibility. But we think we know what Prudence means and we hope she will write some more about unconscious minds and unconscious souls. It makes us think.

Cleaning the Capitol.

Housecleaning the Capitol for the extraordinary session was naturally regarded by the superintendent as an extraordinary task, which might well have engaged all the dusters in Washington. He believes that people who sigh over the spring performance in one little house would appreciate their easy lot if they could see him and his army of helpers getting things ready for the rather premature return of their enormous family. Besides, he wanted to have the President's private rooms compare favorably with his den in Prince Murat's palace. So this year the scrubbers were doubly particular. Among other things, there are 679 windows to clean, and upon being told this the lady engaged in polishing a portion of them replied: "Ah, now, stop your foolin', boss; why, man, I know I done cleaned more'n dat many de fust week I worked, which wuz six weeks gone, an' I'm still cleanin'." There are miles of marble corridor, and the traces of basty, inky fingers have to be banished from 550 doors. So in a store in the Capitol basement thousands of cakes of soap are kept ready. There is something touching in all this domestic tenderness which surrounds our lawmakers. Whether in life, in bronze, or in oils, scrubbing-brushes attend them.—*New York Evening Post*.

The number of farm tenants has increased 40 per cent. in Kansas in the last eighteen years. The number of acres farmed by tenants in the state has increased 80 per cent. in the same period. Governor Allen has begun a campaign to eliminate the farm tenant as far as possible by providing state aid for those who wish to buy farms and who will farm them.

It is a well-known fact among nerve specialists that by an examination of the thumb they can tell if the patient is affected, or likely to be affected, by paralysis or not, as the thumb will indicate this a long time before there is any trace of the disease in any other part of the system.

MENTALLY TWISTED.

Swiss Merchants Say Ninety Per Cent. of Germans Are Unbalanced.

A number of Swiss merchants, who for some years past have regularly attended the famous Leipzig Fair, have recently returned, hardly able to express their amazement at what they saw there. It was not that there was nothing to interest them at the fair, but that while they were in Germany they could hardly believe that they were not in some other country, they did not quite know which. The merchants, manufacturers, and others at the fair, with whom they had to deal, seemed to be mentally unbalanced.

"Ninety per cent. of the people with whom I had to deal," said one merchant to a *New York Times* correspondent, "really did not know what they were about. In visiting the various exhibits in Leipzig I would give an order for something. I would tell the man in charge that I would take say 500 gross of a certain article, No. 106. I would write the number down myself, and then of course I expected him to write it down, too. Then I would order something else, and by the time I had finished giving my orders I would ask to compare my notes with his. Then, to my great astonishment, I would find he had either not written down the orders at all, or had written them down all wrong."

"At first I thought I had merely to do with a careless individual, but afterwards I found that nine out of ten persons were in just the same state of mental confusion. I then talked to some of the other Swiss who were visiting the fair and found that they had had similar experience. Once I lost patience and spoke very sharply to one man, whereupon he simply broke down, and said he was sorry, but he had been four years in the trenches, and that he was no longer capable of doing the work as he did it before the war."

Judging by all that these Swiss merchants observed in Germany, this mental weakness and incapacity is affecting, not only men who have been a long time in the trenches, but also civilians—women who were at home and men who, for one reason or another, were never at the front. Some Germans known to these merchants before the war as shrewd, energetic, capable business men, now, they say, talk like children, as if they knew nothing whatever of the outside world, or what has been taking place during the last four or five years.

Thus not even now do some of them seem to realize that the value of German paper money abroad has fallen. When told that the German mark is only worth 35 centimes in Switzerland today, instead of 1 franc 25 centimes, they asked, "Why?" As if they had never heard of such things as international exchange or a country's credit being good or bad.

The exhibits at the Leipzig Fair were fairly numerous, but there was nothing new. The large firms insisted either upon payment being made in francs or upon 170 to 200 per cent. being added to the price for Germany, owing to the German exchange in Switzerland being so low. So confused were the minds of the representatives of the smaller firms, however, that they asked the same prices from a Swiss merchant as from their German customers. Even in the case of the large firms, however, the Swiss merchant simply told his agent to buy up such and such quantities, pay for them, and export them.

These leading German firms have a combine, and are supposed to control prices for export, but as a matter of fact, so I am assured, they do nothing of the kind. In short, the German merchants seem completely dazed, bewildered, and confused at present and do not know what they are doing.

What particularly struck all these Swiss merchants, who have known Germany for many years past, was the lack of orderliness everywhere, not merely at the Leipzig Fair, but in the streets—a change for the worse which is commented upon now by all visitors to Germany. In the halls of the great fair, which before the war used to be neat as the proverbial new pin, disorder, and even dirt, are everywhere. It is scarcely possible to realize the day when at a former fair an Englishman who threw down some scrap of paper was seriously admonished by the policeman on duty to pick it up, and on his refusal to do so was arrested and fined.

This incident the Swiss merchant with whom I have been talking particularly remembers, because he was one of the witnesses in the case. Now, he says, an airplane flies over the fair throwing down advertisements and handbills everywhere, and no one thinks that this is a disorderly proceeding, still less of doing anything in the way of tidying up afterward. At the fair any one who looked well dressed, tidy, and healthy was either a Dane, a Dutchman, or a Swiss.

The streets leading to the Leipzig Fair were this year lined with wounded, crippled, and blinded soldiers, selling postcards, bootlaces, and all manner of other trifles, or playing harlequin organs, with their military caps on the ground before them for people to throw in

anything they could afford. And this in a country where mendicants never used to be tolerated.

Every Swiss merchant who went to the Leipzig Fair this year was allowed by his government to take with him twenty-two pounds of provisions. One with whom I talked took with him five pounds of chocolate, knowing what a precious gift it would be to some of his old acquaintances. In visiting one of the leading manufacturers he presented three of his daughters with half a pound each. The girls grasped him by the hand, with tears in their eyes. "We haven't seen anything like it for years," they said. "It will make us well."

Apparently the Germans attach a fancy value to chocolate, and this is probably all connected with their lack of mental balance. They expect it to work wonders.

One evening this Swiss merchant, with two others, was sitting in one of the best restaurants in Leipzig, when a lad walked around the tables offering postcards and matches for sale. He was very sickly looking, and the Swiss merchant put his hand in his coat pocket, took out a block of chocolate (about half a pound), and handed it to him. Immediately all the guests in the restaurant got up and surrounded the lad, gazing with amazement at the chocolate. Some of them asked the Swiss how he managed to get it.

Even in the restaurant, he said, the people who collected around the boy with the chocolate behaved like children. All this points to what is now being more and more clearly recognized—that the war and its conditions have caused a more or less abnormal mental state in the case of many persons. This was particularly noticed by the Swiss doctors and others who had to do with interned soldiers in Switzerland. For instance, Major Edouard Favre, of the Swiss Army Medical Corps, who made a special study of the condition of interned men, refers to the lack of power of concentration afflicting many of them, to such an extent that they often could not sit out a "movie."

Some interesting statistics have just been presented by an official report from the English aerial authorities showing the development of aviation during the war period. At the outbreak the army had 179 machines, and all pilots and machines available for service overseas, to the number of fifty-nine airplanes, flew to France on August 13, 1914. On the day the armistice was signed the government possessed 26,685 flying machines.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

He was a "character" who had given the parish much trouble in one way and another. The rector, meeting him quiet and thoughtful in the street one morning, said, "I was very glad to see you at the prayer-meeting last night, John." Replied John: "Oh, that's where I was, then."

The fair young student at Polytechnic, at the close of the cooking period, carefully wrote out a label that read "Yankee Jam" and pasted it on the jar she had just filled. "But why Yankee Jam?" asked the teacher. "Well," was the reply, "every time I stirred it up it wanted to go over the top."

"Mother," asked the Modern Child as she was being put to bed, "what are prayers?" "Prayers, darling, are little messages to God." The Modern Child grew thoughtful. "Oh, I see," she said at last, "and we wait till bedtime to send them so as to get the night rate."

"Some fellows have no hearts," said a tramp to his chum, as they were starting out for the day's journey. "I've been telling that man I'm so dead broke that I have to sleep outdoors." "Didn't that catch him?" said the chum. "No; he told me he was doin' the same thing and had to pay the doctor for telling him to do it."

The lawyer was cross-examining a witness to a robbery. "When did the robbery take place?" he asked. "I think—" began the witness. "We don't care what you think, sir. We want to know what you know." "Then if you don't want to know what I think, I may as well leave the stand. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."

The big farm laborer was so queer that he felt obliged to visit a doctor. "What are the symptoms?" asked the doctor. "Oh, I feel sort o' swimming, an' hot an' cold." The doctor examined the man. "I don't like your heart action," he said, at length. "You have some trouble with angina pectoris." "You're partly right, sir," said the man, "only that aint her name."

Dr. Rathbone Gough was speaking at a bone dry convention in Boston. "Just think, dear friends. In January the whole country will be dry. Won't it be just like heaven?" "It will not," cried a soldier in the audience. "What, you of all men to make a per-

nicious remark like that," exclaimed the speaker. "Don't you realize that whisky has killed more men than bullets ever did?" "That may be," admitted the soldier, "but just the same, I'd rather be full of whisky than bullets."

A young couple were being married in the court of a justice of the peace. As usual, the ritual came to that place where the justice said: "Does any one present know of any reason why this couple should not become man and wife?" And to everybody's amazement the groom spoke up and said, "I do." As he said afterwards, "That's what comes of too many rehearsals."

The sportsman went out for a day's rough shooting. Not being a particularly good shot, the bag was nil, and, as he did not like to return empty-handed, he bought a hare in the town on the way home. He presented it to his wife, who, after expressing her thanks, thoughtfully remarked: "It was a good thing you shot that hare when you did, John; it wouldn't have kept another day."

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown. "Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from Ovah-Thai-ah." "In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?" "No, sah, I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition o' his having lost one o' his hands."

Freda, unless she was asleep, was always just going into mischief or just coming out. It was, "Don't do this!" and "Don't touch that!" from morning till night. In fact, the little girl had been consistently naughty for a week, and her mother was in despair. "Really, child," she said at last, "I should think you would get tired hearing me talk so much." In most decided tones the child returned: "Well, mother, I do."

Uncle Ben was a bachelor, but was full of enthusiasm for his married friends, and when his brother-in-law invited him to come and spend a few days and see his son and heir, he gladly accepted. It was an education to watch the old gentleman's efforts to amuse the six-months-old child. Just for fun he would snatch its bottle away at feeding time and wonder why the youngster yelled. Then he would tickle it almost into convulsions. Finally he gave it his watch to play with. Then peace reigned. And thus the mother found baby and bachelor. "Good

gracious!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Look! Baby's got the watch in his mouth. He'll swallow it. Take it out or he'll choke!" "Don't be alarmed," replied Uncle Ben, smiling placidly. "I've got hold of the chain. It can't go far."

The theatre world is said to be having a good laugh over the recent encounter between Grand Opera Hammerstein and Motion Picture Zukor. The latter had been bragging that the opera had gone to the dogs, remarking: "Why, even your grand opera stars are all in the movies, nowadays." "But I'm going to get even," retorted the impresario. "I'm having an opera written for Charley Chaplin. It is to be called 'Wriggletto.'"

The fact that there are slums in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace is well known to Queen Mary. It brings to mind, however, an occasion when her majesty displayed charming tact. When tackled about her own dwelling by a little girl with whom she was conversing in a hospital, the child said, "I live in McCarthy's Row, Rotherhithe. Where do you live?" And the queen, not wishing to go one better, said, "Oh, I live behind Gorrings's."

Secretary Baker was talking in Washington about his recent foreign tour. "Heaven deliver us," he said, "from the Bolshevik type of labor leader!" Here Mr. Baker gave a hearty laugh. "You know," he went on, "about the unemployment allowance of 25 shillings a week that is given to English labor? Well, a Bolshevik labor leader at a labor demonstration one night pointed to a modest, neatly-dressed young woman and hissed in my ear: 'Scab! Look at the dirty scab! If it wasn't for her sex I'd heave her out of the window.' The Bolshevik gave an indignant snort. 'Why,' he said, 'when her munition plant shut down she said it wasn't right—the dirty scab—to take the 25-shilling unemployment allowance when there were plenty of good places vacant, and gol-blimey if she didn't go back to general housework!'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Seein' Things.

Some folks always see Things double:
Both the Unseen an' the Seen;
All the time a-huntin' Trouble—
That which aint, "but might have been."

Oh, I know what they're a-seein'—
Leastways think they are—becus'
Some Things haint a-got no bein'—
Things, I mean, That Aint Never Was!

But I can't jes' help a-feelin'
That it's clear as any star,
Folks like that come mos' nigh stealin'—
All the good from Things That Are!
—George H. Burchard.

Tommy.

Queer about Tommy; we can't get along with him;
Always in the wrong with him; can't seem to
fix it;
Ought to be chums, but whenever we chat with
him
We hit the mat with him. Gee, how we mix it!
He's our blood-brother, hut, somehow or other,
When we meet Tommy it's "Call for the cop!"
Yet when we're waiting in trenches that hide us,
We like to know that Tommy's beside us,
Ready to climb with us over the top.

Tommy, oh, Tommy, here's lookin' at you!
We fight you whenever you heave into view,
But when the guns boom an' there's trouble to
share,

Tommy, oh, Tommy, we're glad you are there!

Strange about Tommy; we like the plain style of
him,
Love the warm smile of him, never down-
hearted;
Yet when we meet him we need the M. P.'s around,
Swarming like bees around, getting us parted.
Blood they say's thicker than water or lickin'
Still, it runs fast when we gather, I've found;
But when barrages our ear-drums are floggin',
When a drive starts that is dogged an' sloggin',
Tommy's a bird we like stickin' around!

Tommy, oh, Tommy, here's to you, old dear!
We can't agree, though the reason aint clear;
Yet when the game is to shatter the Hun,
Tommy, oh, Tommy, we fight him as one.

Truth about Tommy is, he stands all right with
us,
Though he will fight with us when we're to-
gether;
Down in our heart we admire the brave wit he
has,
Love the grim grit he has, built for rough
weather.
What if we batter each other, no matter—
When the gas thickens and shells crash an'
whine,
When it's close work in a battle that's bloody
Tommy's our pal an' our chum an' our Buddy;
We like to know he is next to our line!

Tommy, oh, Tommy, here's to you, old horse!
You're the style soldier we're prond to endorse,
Though we may scrap with you when you are nigh,
Tommy, oh, Tommy, you're some little guy!
—Berton Braley, in Life.

The Dentist—I'm afraid I shall have to kill
the nerve. The Book Agent—Go ahead. I
guess I've got plenty left.—Judge.

Scout Under Custer.

That the body of Colonel Custer, commander of the forces massacred by Cheyenne and Sioux Indians in the battle of the Big Horn in 1876, was mutilated almost beyond recognition is denied by Colonel Thomas W. Goldin, believed to be the last surviving member of the famous regiment commanded by Custer.

Colonel Goldin gave a series of reminiscent talks to soldiers at Camp Pike, in which he refuted many stories which have been handed down as history regarding battles of frontier days.

"There were only two bullet wounds in Colonel Custer's body," Colonel Goldin said, "either one of which would have been fatal. The statement that he was killed by Sitting Bull is equally untrue. Sitting Bull was not a war leader. He was an Indian medicine man, and I know that at the time of the massacre he was off in the woods, where he said he went to get herbs to brew medicines that would make brave soldiers of his tribesmen. My opinion is that he had a case of cold feet when he saw a battle approaching. At any rate, he did not get back from his herb hunt until he learned that the Indians had got the best of Custer's men."

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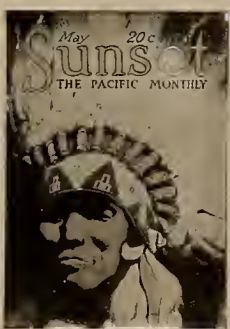
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Feld, 447 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, announce the engagement of their daughter, Theresa, to Dr. Joseph Felsen, recently returned from service abroad as captain in the Medical Corps, A. E. F.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame. Among their guests were Colonel Antoine Depage, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tucker, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Lucas, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Captain and Mrs. Van de Velde of Belgium, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Porter, and Miss Julie Heyneman.

Mrs. W. H. Taylor was a luncheon hostess recently, when she entertained for Mrs. George T. Marye at the Francisca Club. Among her guests were Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Henry Scott, Miss Flora Doyle, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Mrs. Robert Nuttall gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. Wilson Pritchett entertained at a dinner and theatre party Monday evening, when he had as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Natalie Campbell, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, and Mr. Chouteau Johnson.

Mrs. William Crocker gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Mrs. George T. Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain entertained more than a score of guests at a picnic-supper in Menlo last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Harry Stetson gave a tea last Wednesday at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Ernest Lloyd of London. Among those asked to meet Mr. Lloyd were Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. John Lawson, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. Harry McAfee, Miss Mildred Lloyd, Miss Emelie Parrott, and Miss Josephine Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear were hosts at a house party over the weekend in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson gave a luncheon and bridge last Tuesday at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Edna Taylor gave a house party over the weekend in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot gave a bridge and supper party Thursday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Dr. Max Rothschild. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin.

Mrs. Ernest Folger gave a supper party at Rainbow Lane Tuesday evening having in her party Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William Hettenheimer of New York, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a luncheon last Wednesday at her home in Menlo Park. Her guests were Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Max Rothschild, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tucker gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Dr. Antoine Depage.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Benjamin Alvord and Mrs. John Morrison gave a luncheon and bridge Friday at Fort Mason. Their guests included Mrs. John McDonald, Mrs. Eugene Hartnett, Mrs. Carol Devol, Mrs. Harold Philip, Mrs. John Morris, Mrs. Henry Greene, Mrs. W. K. Wright, and Mrs. Edward McClelland.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Miss Lorna Williamson gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Amy Requa, whose

engagement to Mr. John Russell of Los Angeles was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn gave a dinner Sunday evening in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman gave a reception last Wednesday in compliment to Colonel Antoine Depage of Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of their house guests, Miss Rhoda Fullam and Miss Helen Garritt.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland were dinner hosts Monday evening, when they entertained twelve guests at their home on Washington Street

CURRENT VERSE.

A Ballad of Old and New.

As I went down through Portsmouth Town, with my bundle in my hand,
I met a chap in a pigtail rig, just newly come to land;

I met a fellow of an old-style build, with a look both bold and free,—
With varnished hat and huddled shoes, like the men of the Old Navee.

"What news, what news, young fellow," he said,
"of rigging loft and yard;
What ships are new, and what are built this year at Buckler's Hard?"

And is the cry, 'More frigates,' still, as I mind it used to be?
Do England's oaks build ships this day like the ships of the Old Navee?

"And when these things you've answered all, why, then, lad, tell me true,
Who stands this day where Nelson stood (if any so may do),
What prizes late our Fleet has won, what victories gained at sea;

Does England hold what she fought for of old, in the days of the Old Navee?"

"By Tyne and Clyde and Merseyside our ships lie keel by keel,
And a man must stop his ears to hear the hammers on the steel;
By Buckler's Hard nought now you hear but song of bird and tree.

But the ships of gray will be first in the fray like the ships of the Old Navee.

"Dogger and Bight and Falklands fight, and one or two beside,
And Jutland Bank shall one day rank with the names of Nelson's pride;
But that's a tale is all to hard for simple lads like me,—

Not word, but deed, is the sailor's creed, as it was in the Old Navee.

"But when the time for deeds is come, we've fighting lads a few,
Can hit and hold, both swift and bold, the same's they used to do.
Can hunt the pirate submarine from broad and narrow sea.

And strike the raider in his lair as they did in the Old Navee.

"So let the Navy have her fling, she'll show in the Navy's way
Our frontier is the foe's shore, today as yesterday;
For the fights that are fought on blue water will win or lose the sea,

As it was when Hawke and Nelson sailed in the ships of the Old Navee.

"And all we ask is to finish our task some day with a free sky o'er us,
A day fair and fine, with a clear skyline, and a foe that will stand before us:
We've a man from Wexford that we know full well for as good as any may be,

And the bulldog grip that never lets slips, as it was in the Old Navee!"

As I went down through Portsmouth Town, a cold rain falling fast.

I saw the flap of old Victory's flag, where she dreams of victories past,
And this was the word the salt wind bore that blew from the English sea:

"Be it steam or sail, you weather the gale by the New as the Old Navee!"
—From "Small Craft," by C. Fox Smith. Published by the George H. Doran Company.

As an aid in the protection of forests from fires the Navy Department has offered to establish pigeon lofts in the forest preserves and to provide the forest airplane patrol with carrier pigeons, whose duty it would be to carry messages direct to relief stations whenever the aviator, high in the air, discovered a fire.

BOLSHEVIST JUSTICE.

Apparently the Bolshevik courts pay little heed to the protection of the people against bandits and plunderers. Therefore recourse must be had to the rude administration of mob justice. Lynchings are of everyday occurrence in Petrograd and Moscow, while in the rural regions the condition of affairs is unspeakably appalling. Here, for example, is the criminal code as it is practiced in the government of Tambov, according to the *Novoye Slovo* of February 21st:

"He who is struck shall strike back. Blows resulting in wounds with broken bones entail capital punishment upon their authors. He who steals or receives stolen goods shall be put to death. He who sets fire to a building shall be punished with death."

This is, of course, the code of Judge Lynch, and it is applied by a self-constituted tribunal. The journal quoted tells of its procedure. Two thieves were brought before it and were convicted and sentenced to death. They broke the head of one of them with an iron bar, ripped his sides open with a fork, stripped his body and cast it into the highway. The other thief begged with tears that a priest be summoned to administer the communion before he was put to death. The plea was granted, whereupon the priest persuaded the court to exercise clemency by commuting the sentence of death to one of twenty-five strokes with the knout.

In another village of this same government of Tambov, according to the *Diels Naroda* of April 26th, the lynch court condemned a thief to the "freezing death." On a bitter cold day he was led into the public street, stripped naked, and deluged with water poured over him by the bucketful. It froze upon him, enclosing him from head to foot in a mass of ice. But presently some one took pity and dispatched him with a revolver shot.

Elsewhere a peasant woman who with her lover had killed her husband was condemned by the "people's tribunal" to be buried alive.

The government of Tambov, it may be observed, is one of the central provinces of Russia, southeast of Moscow. In the government of Ufa, at the southern part of the Urals, says the *Ufamsky Vestnik* of March 19th, the Bolshevik committee ordered the burning to death of four persons suspected of pillage, one of whom was a woman who was about to become a mother. The sentences were executed, all the town thronging to see it done.

"We could cite," says the *Zaria Rossii* of April 28th, "hundreds of similar facts from all parts of Russia. The peasantry, left to themselves, have a code of justice all their own. They declare frankly that to imprison criminals is to treat them too well and that it is not well to feed parasites with the bread of the community." So in the government of Voronezh (just south of Tambov) all jails have been closed. There are no criminals left alive to occupy them.

"In a village of the district of Tiumen" (in Western Siberia), says the *Nasha Jisn* of May 9th, "a detachment of Red Guards arrested fifteen Tartars suspected of horse-stealing. The accused were subjected to indescribable tortures in the presence of the local Soviet. They were stripped naked and flogged. Then those who still failed to confess their guilt were placed in line before a wall with their backs toward their executioners. The latter then began shooting in the air. At each volley the victims, nearer dead than alive, shocked with fear and horror, turned convulsively toward the guards with the staring eyes of maniacs."

Such is the hideous condition of affairs in Russia, presenting a frightful contrast to the ideal of cheerful, gentle Socialist Utopia, illumining the world with kindly lustre, which we have been told would be realized in Soviet Russia. Messrs. Lenin and Trotzky could, if they would, draw from such facts useful enlightenment on that "conscience of right" of the masses of which they are the self-appointed prophets and which in their pretended opinion is superior to all the principles of law and justice which have been elaborated through the progress of civilization. Apparently, however, that is the last thing that they care to do, for to do so would be fatal to that demagoguery through which they have established and thus far maintained their power.

An East African paper describes a duel between a motor and a lioness. The affair, it says, happened at night near Uairrobi. The chauffeur noted a commotion in the bush near the road, then the gleaming eyes of an enraged wild animal. He accelerated his speed at the instant the lioness leaped. She struck the hood and was thrown far in advance of the car, whose wheels then passed over her. The dead lioness was finally loaded into the car and taken back to the town in triumph.

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Language and Mine Accidents

Inability to read and understand English places the foreign-born in danger of his life. In his last monthly statement of mine fatalities, Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines, shows that the rate of accidents among the non-English-speaking miners is not only greater in all the great mining districts of the country, but the increased ratio is uniform in all districts. This seems to prove that the inability to read warning signs, to comprehend fully the company's instructions, and to understand their foremen, places an additional hazard upon the foreign-born.

In the Pennsylvania anthracite mines 43 per cent. of the employees are English-speaking, and this number is charged with only 28.8 per cent. of the fatalities, whereas the other 56 per cent. sustained 71 per cent. of the fatalities. This is a comparative ratio of 669 to 1268 against the non-English-speaking.

In the Pennsylvania bituminous mines the ratio is 771 to 1123, and in the West Virginia districts, 790 to 1424.

A story, purporting to be quoted from a well-known Vienna newspaper, is to the effect that among the superstitious peasantry of the Tyrol the belief has taken root that President Wilson is no other than the Crown Prince Rudolf, son of the late Emperor Francis Joseph. The Crown Prince, so the myth runs, was not killed in the famous tragedy of the Castle of Mierling, back in 1889, but merely kidnapped by his enemies and a dummy was buried in his stead. Later, we are told, he succeeded in escaping to America, where he assumed the name Woodrow Wilson and rose eventually to the presidency. The pious mountaineers are now praying fervently that he may return and redeem his beloved and faithful Tyrolese from their present predicament.

Protests against tipping are by no means of modern growth. George I complained about it when he first came to the throne. "This is a strange country," he declared. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James' I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks and a canal, which I was told were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park."

One of the queerest souvenirs of the war thus far received from the French front is a wounded quail which Lieutenant John Rugen of Freeland, Pennsylvania, picked up in the Argonne Forest and brought back to America. Lieutenant Rugen nursed the quail back to health and it became a great pet with the company.



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PERSONAL.**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker have taken apartments at the St. Francis and will remain in San Francisco during the greater part of the summer.

Miss Frances Jolliffe returned the close of the week from a sojourn on the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Pierre Moore has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff.

Miss Marion Winston of Los Angeles has been spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent at Woodside. Miss Louise Winston is with the Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovett of New York arrived here last week on their wedding trip and are at the St. Francis. Mr. Lovett visited in San Francisco two years ago as the guest of Mr. Harry Crocker.

Mr. Frederick Perry of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton at the Wehler Lake Country Club.

Mrs. Richardson Clover has closed her home in Washington and has gone to Deer Park in Maryland for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams and their daughters have given up their apartments at the Fairmont and are again at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody have taken the home of the Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan in San Mateo for the remainder of the year.

Mr. Walter Van Pelt arrived last week from Los Angeles and is at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Spalding have gone to Tahoe for a fortnight's sojourn.

Mrs. H. P. Young arrived several days ago from Washington and is visiting Mrs. Alfred Voorhies. Major Young, U. S. A., is on a business trip in the Northwest, but will come to San Francisco in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent returned last Wednesday to Woodside from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. Raphael Weill returned Thursday to San Francisco from France and has taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. Frank Madison and his son and daughters have taken apartments at the St. Regis on Gough Street. They have recently been at their summer place in San Rafael, where Mrs. Frederick Beaver and Mrs. John Cushing are still residing.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lilienthal have returned to San Mateo from a trip to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. Brooks Sawyer, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Flood in Menlo Park, has returned to Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie have returned to San Mateo from a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow of Fresno have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has gone to Tahoe for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reddington have gone to Santa Barbara for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. James Howell will remain until the winter in Saratoga, where they have recently purchased the Hume place.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse have returned to San Francisco from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman have bought the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford in Burlingame and will move into their new home next week.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling returned Monday to the St. Francis from Tahoe, where she had been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt. Mr. Jackling, with Dr. Herbert Allen and a number of other men, sailed Saturday from Seattle for Alaska, to be gone a month.

Colonel Henry Merriam, U. S. A., who was a recent visitor here, sailed during the week for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick left during the week for Yosemite.

Miss Mary Frances Filer of Sharon, Pennsylvania, will arrive in San Francisco next week to

visit Miss Sue McDonald. The two girls have recently been attending school at Tarrytown, New York.

Mrs. Claude Brigham arrived several days ago from Washington and is spending the summer with Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dorr.

Colonel Guy Edie has returned to San Francisco from France and has joined Mrs. Edie at the Presidio.

Mrs. John Gallois arrived the close of the week from Lake Tahoe and is with Mrs. Joseph Norris in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger and the Misses Betty and Elena Folger have returned to San Francisco from Del Monte.

Mrs. Frederick Murphy and her children have gone to the Phelan ranch at Santa Cruz for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox have returned from a visit with Mrs. James Burns in Montecito.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Terry are passing a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore returned the close of the week from Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dutton sailed last week for Honolulu to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams and Mr. Gardner Williams have gone to Tahoe to spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William Mein at their summer home. Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Peckard will join them later in the summer.

Mr. Francis Sullivan left a few days ago for New York to meet Mr. Noel Sullivan, who is en route to the United States from France. He has been abroad for more than a year.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. M. Hecht, and Miss Louise Gerstle have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Fenistriss Hill and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough are visiting Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Sr., in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford returned Saturday from visiting Dr. and Mrs. Moffitt at Tahoe. The Misses Claudine and Eleanor Spreckels are at present guests at the Moffitt home.

Mrs. Barnaby Conrad has returned from a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Butters will leave in a few days for Santa Barbara to remain until August.

Mrs. William Sproule, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Mary Donohoe, and Miss Sylvia Van Rensselaer of New York have gone to Yosemite for a ten days' visit.

Mr. William Hattenheimer of New York left Wednesday for Santa Barbara to join his sister, Mrs. Robinson Duff.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster and their little son have gone to Pebble Beach for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford have gone to Del Monte for a fortnight.

Mr. Alan Cline left Saturday on a trip through the Northwest.

Miss Sara Collier will leave the close of next week for Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott have returned to Monterey, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

General and Mrs. John Morrison and Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord spent the week-end in Berkeley with General and Mrs. Henry Greene.

Mrs. William Fullam and Mrs. Austin Sands have returned to San Diego from a visit in Santa Barbara. Miss Rhoda Fullam, who is visiting Mrs. R. P. Schwerin in San Mateo, will leave this week for Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and Miss Frederika Otis left Saturday on a trip to Guatemala and Salvador. They will be gone two months.

Mrs. William Porter has returned to the St. Francis from a visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frees have been spending several days in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wolff have returned to San Francisco from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sutton have returned from their ranch at St. Helena and will be in town until after the marriage of Miss Martha Sutton and Mr. Felix Smith on July 30th.

Mrs. James Langhorne, Mrs. Richard Hammond, and Miss Edith Bull will return the first of the week from a trip through the Canadian Rockies.

Miss Ynez Macondray has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Macondray Moore, who has been spending the summer in the south.

Mrs. George Howard will return next week to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Meade Hamilton have left for a vacation on the Russian River.

Miss Jean Boyd has gone to Portland, where she will spend the months of July and August with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newball are entertaining Miss Cynthia Boyd at their cottage at Bolinas. They will be joined next week by Mrs. George Boyd, who will be their guest for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis motored to Del Monte Sunday, where they have joined Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Sr., for a ten days' sojourn.

Miss Emily Carolan has gone to Del Monte to spend the remainder of the month with her brother, Mr. Frank Carolan, who has taken apartments for July.

Count and Countess D. Minotto and Mr. James Minotto have arrived from Chicago and are spending a few days here at the Fairmont. They will leave next week for Santa Barbara, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson returned Monday from the southern part of the state, where they have been enjoying a motor tour for the past two weeks.

Mr. Wilson Pritchett has arrived from Philadelphia to spend the summer and has taken apartments at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Mary Phelan left Tuesday on a motor trip through northern California and Oregon, to be gone six weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Bachman and Mr. Arthur Bachman, Jr., are sojourning at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and expect later to visit some of the well-known resorts along the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald, with the Misses Laura Miller and Mora Macdonald, are motoring in the Sierras between Yosemite and Lake Tahoe.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Judge John A.

Perry, Denver; Mr. R. K. Airth, Eureka, Nevada; Mr. Tennant Lee, Dr. Harry Swartz, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hess, Akron, Ohio; Dr. J. G. Rohrig, Bennett, Iowa; Mr. A. M. Wooley, Esquimalt, British Columbia; Mr. R. H. Gillette, Minneapolis; Dr. Charles Bloom, Portland; Mr. Ashley Wilson, Butte, Montana; Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Marvin, Reno, Nevada; Mr. A. Merle Scott, Scott's Mills, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Emmons, Pasadena; Mr. E. L. Jenner, San Antonio Texas; Mr. C. W. Cornell, Portland, Oregon.

Lithuania's Infant Drama.

Lithuania is at the infancy of its drama. And as such it shows traces of the beginnings of drama in all the classic and European languages.

Students can follow in Lithuania's development in play-writing and producing an infinitely hastened replica of the universal development of this art. Just as a child presents the intellectual development of the human race, so will this late child of the dramatic art present an interesting opportunity to the students of literary and dramatic art.

Lithuania is at the stage of the early Greek poetic and mythological drama; of the early English moral and mystical play, and of the early modern school of *genre* play-writing. It has reached all these stages of development simultaneously, and progression from them will be parallel. Vidunas, the greatest of their dramatists, in plays such as "The Eternal Fire," typifies the deep feeling of his race for symbolism. Guzutis, author of "The Mansion

of the Bottom of the Lake," writes mythological plays, of the Niebelungen sort, but intensely national in character. He moralized dramatically about the historical struggle of Lithuania and its culture. Other dramatists are Lansbergis, the peasant writer; Lazdynu Peleada, a woman, and Dvi Moteri, another woman, who wrote charming light *genre* plays.

The first play written in the Lithuanian language and produced in Lithuania was presented to a vitally interested public in 1905 in the city of Vilna, capital of the present republic. The public that attended this first performance was recruited from the city of Vilna, and from points that were distant 150 laborious miles or more. Since that day Lithuania has enlarged its stage, until there is scarcely a village that does not have its amateur theatre.

Divorces in England are causing much concern. The records show an alarming increase, which has brought forth the usual but more verbose warning from the clergy. The number of petitions for divorce now on file is said to be unprecedented. In 1914 there were 2533 applications, 1387 in 1915, 1532 in 1916, 3033 in 1917, 4429 in 1918, and 2700 for four months of 1919. According to a barrister practicing in the divorce courts this great increase is due entirely to war conditions. He said there is a very notable increase of cases in which army officers and men are petitioners or respondents.

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"What's egotism, pa?" "A sort of in-growing self-esteem, my son."—*Boston Transcript*.
"Pa, what's a monosyllable?" "A long term for a short word, my son."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.
Willis—They say he robs Peter to pay Paul. Is that so? Gillis—Only half true. He robs Peter.—*Life*.

"That fellow boasts that he has never read a line of fiction." "He must be one of those magazine illustrators."—*Judge*.

"You must be pretty old, majah?" "Tol'ably, suh. Ah reckons Ah'm de dean oh de white-washes heah'houts."—*Buffalo Express*.

We've often thought what a pity it is that a man can't dispose of his experience for as much as it cost him.—*Elkridge Independent*.

"I suppose, my dear, I'll have to perform my parental duty and take Willie to the circus." "But I don't want him to go this year." "Then I'll have to go with Smith."—*Dallas News*.

Mistress—I'm afraid my poor, darling little Topsy will never recover. Do you know, Bridget, I think the kindest thing would be to have her chloroformed and put out of her misery? Bridget—I wouldn't do that, mum.

Sure, she might get better, after all, an' then ye'd be sorry ye had her killed.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"How modestly she dresses and how sensibly." "Yes; that woman will do anything to attract attention."—*Cleveland Press*.

Pastor—Don't you think I touched them rather deeply this morning? Deacon—I don't know, sir. I haven't counted up yet.—*Houston Post*.

"I asked papa to let me go abroad and develop my voice." "What did he say?" "He said it was overdeveloped now."—*Toledo Blade*.

"She asked me to meet her by the garden wall." "Yet you seem apprehensive." "Yes; I'm afraid she intends to throw me over."—*Argonaut*.

"So your new cook came this afternoon. Do you think you can keep her long?" "Well, she can't get any train back now till tomorrow morning."—*Tit-Bits*.

"What you need is more exercise." "More exercise, doctor! Why, man, I still take 102 strokes every time I play a round of golf."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Don't you think you could learn to love me?" "Prexy says I'm taking too many studies already," responded the fair co-ed.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"A man has to make many sacrifices for the sake of his children." "So you've got to go to the Sunday-school picnic, too, have you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Small Scout—Dad, what are the silent watches of the night? Indulgent Father—They are the ones which their owners forgot to wind, my son.—*Boys' Life*.

Peck—But, my dear, I thought we had planned to go to the theatre this evening? Mrs. Peck—Yes, I know, but I have changed our mind.—*Boston Transcript*.

Father—You don't mean to say the girls are going out tonight? They are always gadding about. Mother—Never mind, dear. They are to dine at home a week from Thursday on purpose to meet you.—*Life*.

"What are your politics?" "I dunno," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Things has worked around to such a mix-up that there isn't anybody I don't disagree with on some point or another."—*Washington Star*.

"Have you ever tried any smoke-abating devices in your town?" asked the New Yorker.

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"Sure thing!" replied the Pittsburgh man. "The cigar stores did once stop giving out coupons."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"My dear, I hope you won't be angry. The boys presented me with a loving cup." "Um." "Of course, we filled it a few times." "I can realize that. What you brought home was a tomato can."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?" asked the sentimentalist. "Yes," said the practical person. "When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed."—*Boston Transcript*.

Society Mother (entertaining)—Don't forget, my dear, that in conversation the interest must not be allowed to flag. Daughter—But

I'm sure I do my best, mamma. Maybe so; but while the pianist was just now I thought, once or twice, I detected you listening to him.—*Kansas City Journal*.

"You insist on mentioning in your will that you won't have one of those antique hearses?" "Yes, sir," replied Mr. Cuggins; "it makes me nervous to ride behind a motor except when I'm driving my own car."—*Washington Star*.

Crawford—Your friend, the ardent speaker, says he's losing his grip. It makes him think so? Crabshaw—Used to report his speeches by saying, 'He said in part,' but now they mention him among those who 'also spoke.'—*Life*.

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VOL. LXXXV. No. 2209.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 26, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

FRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Lake Tahoe.

An obscure paragraph in an obscure newspaper informs us that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has entered a protest against the drainage of Lake Tahoe. For a moment we hold our breath, and our heart refuses to perform its essential functions. Drain Lake Tahoe! Has any one seriously suggested such a crime as this? Can such things be? Are visions about?

The paragraph bears every evidence of authenticity. It is to the effect that the United States Reclamation Service has cast its avaricious eyes in the direction of Lake Tahoe and covets its waters for "irrigation and commercial purposes." Secretary Lane is therefore urged to reject the plan of the Reclamation Service and to save Lake Tahoe.

Heaven forbid that we should make any rash claim to a comprehension of our system of government, but it is actually true that the Reclamation Service can wander up and down the land like the angel of death and destroy whatever it pleases, and that nothing can stay its hand except a ukase from Secretary Lane? It is fortunate that the moon is beyond reach or we might wake up some fine night and find ourselves short of a luminary, and Secretary Lane out of reach because of a telephone strike.

What are these "irrigation and commercial purposes" for which it is proposed to destroy Lake Tahoe? If

they are connected with food, if they hold out to us some reasonable prospect of getting something to eat at a price that mere people can pay, we might be disposed to look upon them with some favor. But it is doubtful. We have been deceived before. Hard experience has taught us that there is no necessary connection between bountiful production and human needs. In an alimentary sense we do not believe that we should profit by the draining of Lake Tahoe. And we are quite sure that we should be immeasurably the poorer in other ways. Perhaps it would be well to keep a wary eye upon the Reclamation Service and its felonious projects. And also to remain on good terms with Secretary Lane.

Treaties and Peace.

The average man glances incuriously and apathetically at the announcement that the peace treaty has been handed to the Austrian delegates. The average man, if the truth be told, is heartily sick of the whole bad business of treaty-making and wishes that he might be rid of it, which of course is impossible. He is sick of false pretenses, insincerities, falsehoods, and violences. Believing that we could extricate ourselves from the morass into which a tiresome pedagogic idealism has led us, we find that we are daily sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, and that we must now barter our souls, as in the case of Shantung, in exchange for a mirage and a dream. After seven months of delay we are given a treaty that was signed by the German delegates with their tongues in their cheeks, that they have not the slightest intention to keep and that we can not compel them to keep. And now we have another treaty with Austria implying the financial control of that country for thirty years, and regulating the conditions and size of her army in perpetuity. Presumably the treaty will presently grind out some similar documents for Bulgaria and Turkey. We shall then be at liberty to consider the disposition of eight or ten Eastern nationalities propelled into fratricidal wars by the doctrine of self-determination of small peoples, and we may eventually come to some agreement on the subject of Asia Minor. It seems delightfully easy to those pathetic intelligences who believe that something has been accomplished as soon as it has been written down upon paper.

In the meantime the portents multiply. Italy, we are told, is so violently resentful of the coercion exercised toward her in the matter of Dalmatia that she will certainly renew her old alliance with Germany. It will be observed that she is making no move toward the demobilization of her armies, but whether this is due to her enmity toward the Slavs or because of her dread of revolution at home we do not know. Buda-Pesth is in the hands of the Terrorists, and the whole of Hungary may go "Red" at any moment. Seeing that Hungary was a part of the old Austrian Empire, and the most solid part, we may form our own inferences as to the validity of any treaty that Austria may sign. Any intended or contemplated coercion of Austria must come from Italy, and once more we may form our own inferences as to its probable effectiveness. Italy, when the war began, was the ally of Germany and Austria. We are now told that she is certain to renew her alliance with Germany. She is not likely to exert herself very much in the coercion of Austria.

And there is always Russia. There is a certain suspicious monotony in the daily assurances that the Bolsheviks have run their course and that sanity is about to reassert itself. Of course these things may be true. We hope sincerely that they are true, but in the meantime it is well to face the fact that there is not a shadow of evidence to support our hope. Kolchak is falling back, and Denikin is at least at a standstill. It is easy to assert, and it is probably true, that only a small minority of the Russian people are Bolshevik, but then

Russia, like all other countries, including our own, is ruled by minorities. So far as we may judge from available facts it seems evident that the Bolsheviks are still supreme in Russia, and that their influence outside of Russia is rapidly increasing. The Italian riots were frankly described as soviet in their nature, and perhaps one would have to come a long way westward from Verona before feeling entirely secure from revolutionary outbreaks.

We may remember furthermore that we have still to hear from China. Perhaps we shall make a serious mistake if we look upon China as a vast and helpless mass, dependent on the beneficences and justices of the world. China is lethargic, slow to wrath, tardy of realization, but the day may be close at hand when she shall decide that she has had enough of it, and if four hundred millions of people should resolve upon an aggressive self-defense it would go hard with the world. At least we may hope that America will take no share in the parting of her raiment, even by the most reluctant assent. Let us hope that a preposterous league of nations will not be purchased at so shameful a price as this.

It is to be hoped that we are not living in a fool's paradise or applying the yardstick of treaty-making to the process of world pacification.

Editorial Correspondence.

ON EASTBOUND SANTA FE TRAIN, SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA, July 19.—Very recently there appeared in the San Francisco *Bulletin* a series of letters professing to analyze the spirit, temperament, and general characteristics of Los Angeles. I did not read these letters, but scanned them with sufficient attention to discover the motive of the writer and to get the tone of his mind. Here, manifestly, was the wish to say disagreeable things; and here quite as manifestly was a labored effort to be amusing through the exercise of dialectic art. Like all performances inspired by vanity these articles were in their essence mendacious and vulgar. They were marked by a certain rhetorical brilliance and a certain humor, but these merits, if they may be so called, did not relieve them from the reproach of a cheapness bordering on grossness. They should never have been written, and the *Bulletin*, which in these days has pretensions to respectability, should not have printed them. It was unmannerly, unneighborly—pretty close to the line of indecency. I do not know that anybody in Los Angeles cared anything about these articles or even took notice of their publication. But if they did, they have a right to feel that in a community capable of tolerating such rudeness there must abide a petty and provincial spirit. The aim of the letters was to belittle and ridicule Los Angeles; but their reflection was on the good-will and taste of the city in which they were printed—our own city of San Francisco, I am sorry to add. I am glad to believe, however, that there is on the part of the people of Los Angeles a sufficient measure of intelligence and charity to take these articles for no more than they are worth, namely, as the railings of an eccentric egotist got into print through the indiscretion of an editor devoid of judgment, or taste, or of both.

I am moved to these reflections by the observations of a brief two hours between trains yesterday in Los Angeles. Not that Los Angeles in any of the stages of its amazing development is new or strange to me. I recall my first visit in August, 1884, thirty-five years ago. Then Los Angeles was a sleepy, dirty, fly-infested village, more Mexican than American, apparently in the midst of a desert. One who then would have prophesied for it a future of greatness and distinction had been bold indeed. It was several years before I again saw Los Angeles, and in that period it had had a premature "boom" and was suffering the blight of its col-

lapse. Thus, while exhibiting many indications of progress as compared with earlier times, it had the appearance of a mushroom town whose ambitions had carried it beyond its resources, leaving a wreckage of collapse and decay. My reflections at the time, let me confess, were that Los Angeles had gotten ahead as far as it would ever go.

Many times since, at least once each year, I have visited Los Angeles, and upon each new inspection of its progress I have been led to marvel and to admire. Here is a city, old in tradition to be sure as American tradition goes, but new in everything that goes to make up its present character. Here is a city set, not in a desert, but in the midst of a wide garden whose beauty and fruitfulness excite the admiration of those familiar with the most advanced and highly ordered regions of the world. Here is a city of five or six hundred thousand people—possibly more—equipped in a material sense more fully than many another of ten times its age. In thirty-five years there have grown up in Los Angeles, not only great structures of business and beautiful homes with all the accompaniments that go to make up a modern city, but the institutions which ordinarily are the development, not of decades, but of centuries. I will not hazard a guess as to the amount of energy and money put by Los Angeles in the last thirty-five years into things which relate not at all to commerce and to profit, but which go to promote and sustain the higher interests of human life. Measured by the gauge of her schools, her churches, her libraries, her facilities for recreation—things of the mind, the heart, and the spirit—Los Angeles today may confidently invite comparison with any city in America.

That in connection with all this there should be exhibited in Los Angeles a certain newness, even a certain crudeness, should surprise nobody. Every community has its special character, its individual temperament; and character and temperament are forged by the movement of forces which do not act quickly. In Los Angeles a population great in numbers has almost suddenly been brought together from various parts of our own country and of the world at large. There has not yet been time for coördination of minds and manners; per consequence there is here no fixed type, such, for example, as may be found in Boston, New Orleans, and even in our own city of San Francisco. While Los Angeles is rich in all the factors which go to the make-up of character and temperament, while she exhibits a surprising unity of spirit, with universal eagerness for things of the spirit, she has yet to attain domestic traditions of such vital force as to mold and re-create in her own image that which comes to her. For be it remembered that, broadly speaking, each of the many individuals going into the make-up of the Los Angeles community is as yet more or less governed by an alien tradition, harking back to the state or country of its nativity. Among the citizens of Los Angeles you may easily differentiate the man from Massachusetts from the man from Virginia or Iowa. They are not as yet wholly Californians. But where domestic spirit, local pride, and local interest run high, as they do in Los Angeles, ultimate development may easily be foretold. In another twenty years you will not be able in Los Angeles to identify on sight or by his speech the man whose father came from Boston or from Keokuk. Los Angeles by then will have found her own character and temperament, and by the same token will have developed her own form and type of man.

The writer who would have you believe that social Los Angeles finds its characteristic entertainment in the "church sociable"; that Los Angeles fashions imitate the eccentric vanities of the movie actor; that domestic life is regulated by the standards of the more rustic districts of Iowa and Kansas; that in Los Angeles there is no zest in beauty, no refinement in pleasure, no joy in life; the man who tells you all this knows nothing of Los Angeles and probably little of any other city apart from the rococo and jazz phases of life. It is a familiar principle that one finds wherever he goes the things corresponding to his own taste and experience; and it is easily understandable that one whose propensities are in tune less with things of refinement than with loud vulgarities should find in a city of high domestic and moral standards little of interest or of entertainment. Others, with other tastes and higher privileges, are more fortunate.

San Francisco and Los Angeles are parts and factors of the same commonwealth. Together they are one

great community. Their fortunes and their civilization must rise or decline together. Nothing can happen to one, good or ill, that will not be reflected in the other for good or ill. Nothing is cheaper or less profitable than a course of mutual antagonism, hickering, spitefulness. And by cultivating and sustaining a common attitude of good-will and courtesy the peoples of San Francisco and Los Angeles will serve both their interest and their dignity.

A. H.

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche.

When the time shall come for those reflective processes that follow great events there will probably be some comparative studies of the Presidents of the two great republics of the world—America and France. It could hardly be undertaken now. We are too close to the stage, and the essential facts are not available. We can see only the surfaces of history, and it is inevitable that we should lay an undue emphasis on the men who are the most audible and visible. But we may have to revise our estimates when we try to assess the imponderables.

President Poincaré, unless we are much mistaken, will occupy a large figure in the story of the war. His behavior seems to have been irreproachable, and of this the best evidence is what may be called his invisibility. With every temptation to step into the limelight we find him always in the shadows, a living contradiction to what we are pleased to call the French temperament. Now and then we catch a glimpse of him as he makes some tactful speech, as he utters a few words of encouragement or inspiration to those that need it, or as he performs some graceful action in the service of his country. But President Poincaré is never a party to a controversy. He neither attacks nor is attacked, not because he evades any duty of his great position, but because he is a true democratic leader of a true democratic nation, and is content to supervise and to lubricate the mechanism of popular self-government. The government of France during the last five years has done nothing that is unconstitutional. No liberty has been abated except under stern compulsion. There has been no attempt to browbeat the parliament of France, no effort on the part of any branch of the government to usurp the powers of any other branch, no serious reprimands, nor glanders, nor scandals. No one seems to have struggled for eminence. France has proved to us that she has a system that is equipped for the necessities of her life whether in peace or war. Moreover, she has given to the world a lesson in the kind of patriotism that demands an inconspicuous self-sacrifice. How far these results are due to the influence of President Poincaré will be decided by history. His faultless hearing justifies us in believing the best of him.

President Poincaré has many points of external resemblance to President Wilson. Both have the scholastic training, for example, the French President being a member of the Academy. Both have written extensively on history and government, but President Poincaré's literary scope is by far the wider of the two. A closer comparison is perhaps not justified at the moment and from facts so incomplete, but at least we may pay our tribute to a statesman who seems to have set for himself the ideal of *sans peur et sans reproche*.

The President and the Senator.

Washington has been deeply stirred by the quarrel between President Wilson and Senator Hitchcock. The troubled waters have now been soothed, at least on their surface, but not until the President had been convinced of the serious tactical blunder that he had committed in offending a henchman of such approved zeal and influence.

The trouble began after the summer adjournment of the Congress of 1917. Senator Hitchcock had become painfully aware of the public disgust with the administration of the war office, and he was frank in stating the fact and its justification. He committed the unpardonable sin when he cooperated with Senator Chamberlain in the disclosures that so stirred the country and they were both placed on the presidential black book and have been there ever since. The President did his best to bar Senator Hitchcock from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations after the death of Senator Stone, but he found that the seniority rule was too sacred to be tampered with. None the less the grudge remained and it was still in force when the President returned from France.

Hitchcock was a member of the Senate committee

appointed to invite the President to appear before the Senate and present the peace treaty. The committee went to the White House a few hours before the session, and while the President was affable toward the other senators, including even Borah, he is said to have been so cool in his demeanor toward Hitchcock that the snub was obvious. A reliable correspondent and an eye-witness of the subsequent scene says:

Following the President's speech the committee reassembled to escort him to his office in the Capitol building. Scores of us saw Hitchcock approach the President with hand outstretched, saw the President deliberately ignore him and turn to John Sharp Williams. A few moments later in the President's office Hitchcock made another attempt to approach the President. The President saw him coming, deliberately turned his back, called Swanson to him, and in the presence of other Democratic senators asked Swanson to open the debate on the league of nations and speak for him—the President. White with rage, Hitchcock quitted the chamber. He told other senators that he had been deposed as leader. He went to his office and dictated a letter to a Nebraska friend in scathing denunciation of the President, then packed up and left for Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Confidentially, when a lot of us correspondents, who had seen some of the story I am relating and had learned from senators of the other features, went to Hitchcock's office on Friday, Hitchcock's private secretary confirmed all we had heard, said the senator realized that he had been deposed, told us about the letter to the Nebraska constituent, and told us to go as far as we liked in telling of Hitchcock's resentment at the treatment he had been accorded. By that time the Democratic senators were all running to Swanson for information, they accepting him as the new voice of the Administration.

The cooler heads among the Democratic leaders knew, of course, that it would be a serious blunder to make an open enemy of Senator Hitchcock. Denials of incidents known to every one became the order of the day, and Achilles was eventually persuaded to stop sulking in his tent, but only on definite assurances that he was the real leader and that he would be consulted by the President on all senatorial matters. None the less it is hardly likely that the wound has actually been healed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Treaty.

NEVADA CITY, CAL., July 20, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have just read your editorial, "The Treaty," and I am so much impressed with the forceful manner in which it presents that most vital subject that I am writing to ask you to consider the feasibility of printing it in a cheap form for popular circulation. I should be glad to buy one hundred copies, or even more, to circulate among my benighted friends.

Assuring you of my keen appreciation of and gratitude for your illuminating articles,
Sincerely yours,
ELEANOR M. DAVENPORT.

Let's We Forget.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: During the war the Irish, or at least some of them, refused to aid the British government and its allies and their associate, the United States, in the tremendous struggle with the Central Powers. On the contrary they conspired to harass the British government in every way possible, even going so far as to lend to Germany their aid in an attempt to reach England by a scheme to give her a foothold in Ireland. In other words, they used every means they could to aid Germany to defeat, not only England, but the United States also.

They gave no thought to any one but themselves; they cared not what happened to the rest of the world, the United States included, could they only see England defeated.

What if the Central Powers had won? Where would the United States have been then? Where would Ireland have been? Does any one need to ask? Does Ireland think she would have become a free and independent country? Does she think Germany would have held any treaty made with her any more inviolate than she would a treaty with any other country? Did she hold her treaty with Belgium inviolate? No; it became only "a scrap of paper." What did she do with Russia?

No, Ireland, if you had succeeded in your aim to help Germany defeat the Allies, and in so doing defeat the United States, your last hope for freedom, or even home rule, would have vanished. You would have become a slave of Germany.

But the question is not whether Ireland has a just cause for asking for separation from the British Empire. That need not be discussed here. The real question is, Has Ireland earned for herself the right to appeal to the United States for sympathy and funds to help her in what she terms her fight for freedom from English slavery?

Did she not try to stah the United States in the back when she lent her aid to Germany by opening the back door for her that she might reach England across Ireland? Did she not forfeit her right to the sympathy of the United States by this act?

Did she show any sympathy for the downtrodden countries dominated by Germany, Austria, and Turkey? No, she had no thought for them.

Did she show any sympathy for the United States, who gave thousands of her sons and billions of dollars to accomplish that which Ireland tried to defeat because of her venom against England, and which, had the Central Powers succeeded, would have probably given to Germany the domination of the world?

No, Ireland, you acts condemn you. You have no right to appeal to the United States, regardless of whatever justice there may be in your cause against England.

What would you do if you became a separate country? Would you aid Germany when she again tries to dominate the world, as she is said to be already thinking of doing?

JUSTITIA.

THE SILLY JUNKERS.

Prince Lichnowsky Gives Some of His Opinions on the Treaty and the Future of Germany.

Mr. Charles J. Roseblaut, who traveled extensively through Central Europe after the signing of the armistice, contributes to the New York Times an account of an interview with Prince Lichnowsky, who was German ambassador to Great Britain at the beginning of the war. It will be remembered that the prince unburdened himself freely as to the causes of the quarrel, laying the burden boldly upon the shoulders of the German government and narrowly escaping prosecution for an indiscreet publication that seemed to be treasonable. Conversing with Mr. Roseblaut, the prince seems to be still of the same mind, although as a German he naturally deprecates the severity of the peace terms and the partition of German territories. The fact that his own estates lie within the these territories may perhaps lend some personal point to his criticisms:

The Entente has the power to impose its terms, for there is no longer a possibility of military resistance. But the passive resistance of 70,000,000 is not to be ignored. Such a resistance is to be expected if the proposal to create a "Polish corridor" through German territory is carried out. It will mean the creation of another Iridenta to vex the future. It will be an eternal threat against the peace of the future. Naturally I am against that. It will be the same if Upper Silesia, with its predominant German population and its coal and iron mines, upon which Germany must depend for its industrial development and for the means to pay its indebtedness, is taken away.

I will go further and say that I think that the Entente is making a mistake in setting up an independent Poland. Poland never was able to stand alone, and it never will be. It would be much better for the Poles to make one of a United States of Russia. Some day Russia will return to reason and as part of it Poland can rise to happiness and prosperity. The Russians and the Poles need each other, and their industrial development depends upon their working together.

Prince Lichnowsky does not think that there was any concerted ambition on the part of the German leaders to dominate the world. He believed that it was the militarists around the Kaiser who had precipitated the outbreak, but it was largely from a fear of Russia and of Pan-Slavism, and in this they were led by Von Moltke, who believed that Russia would pounce upon them when they were least prepared:

It was more stupidity than willful desire that really caused the war. Foreigners are inclined to credit us with more malice and less silliness than we possess. Our leaders brought on the war, but more through their inability to reason and to judge correctly, combined with incredible obstinacy, than through any lust for the overlordship of the world. There were fools and fanatics of that kind, too, but they were not the ones possessed of power. I repeat, the ones in control were simply stupid and incompetent. They were responsible for our ridiculous, provocative diplomacy, and, after the wind was started, the whirlwind had to follow.

The emperor did not want a world war, but he was far less clever and intelligent than the outside world believed him. Even many of the officers, I am satisfied, did not want a world war. But they were obsessed by the theory of Pan-Slavism. Russian determination to overrun the world, although it never existed in any responsible quarters, was a hogey to our higher officers. They had not the brains to discern the truth, nor to listen to those who did.

It was of no use to argue with Von Moltke. Neither facts nor arguments had any weight with him, and "it is hopeless to reason with incompetents."

The bankers and merchants were opposed to the war, said the prince:

Neither the financiers nor the great industrialists wanted the war. Perhaps I should except the makers of war materials. I know that all the others were against war. But they had no influence. None of the men in power listened to them. They listened to nobody who did not agree with them. They would not consider facts which did not favor their views. Bethmann Hollweg (German chancellor) did not want war, but he was not high enough to resist those who did. Von Jagow did not want war, but he was silly enough to believe that he could repeat the bluff which had succeeded in the Bosnian affair. As for the emperor, he did what he was told to do. He loved to play the big role, even though he was not fitted to carry it out. Any one of his chosen advisers who was forceful, and whom he believed to be sincere, could get him to do anything. In addition he had the bad habit of talking too much and of saying things which were foolish.

The prince seemed to fear that Germany might succumb to a wave of Bolshevism. All the world is restless and communism is in the air. Logic makes small progress against starvation. The unemployed workman who has no food is in no condition to withstand alluring arguments:

In his diary Lichnowsky made use of these prophetic words: "The principal war aim of our enemies, the democratization of Germany, will be achieved." For this the zu Reventlows, the Georg Bernards, and all the other mad dogs of the German press demanded his blood, and the rank and file of the Junkers were no less savage. He is still anathema to them, of course. They hate him worse than ever they hated Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. These two were of the canaille anyhow, and their insane mouthings about liberty were to be expected; but a Lichnowsky against government by autocracy, a Lichnowsky against the doctrine of divine right and the authority or those who are privileged to sit in Walhalla! The Lichnowskys had been great nobles since the fourteenth century. He himself wore the title of Durchlaucht and had been ambassador to Vienna as well as to London. If such a man would not defend class privilege and stand for his order, right or wrong, what was the world coming to? If the Junker had not been stunned by his revolt, it is doubtful that he would have escaped with his life. As it was, the delay before they could recover and reach a decision was all that saved him.

It has been a matter for some surprise that Prince Lichnowsky's disclosures during the war did not have a more far-reaching effect. But it must be remembered that only parts of his diary were published, and these were quickly suppressed. Moreover, the people still

believed that Germany would win the war. But Prince Lichnowsky has now at least one satisfaction, if indeed it be a satisfaction. He can say, "I told you so."

THE IRISH-AMERICAN DELEGATES.

The worst impeachment of British government in Ireland fell from the lips of Mr. Gladstone during his first Home Rule speech in the House of Commons. It was an indictment almost without a parallel in the history of the world. It traced the course of centuries of strife, rebellion, injustice, and religious bigotry, of outrage, persecution, and revenge. Its historical accuracy was unchallenged, and is unchallenged to this day. That speech became a page of history. It is a page of history now. But it was already history when Mr. Gladstone made his speech. The conditions described had already receded into the past. It was not for a cessation of the old oppression that Mr. Gladstone pleaded. It had already ceased in its more bitter and wanton forms. There was no longer any conscious or deliberate injustice toward Ireland on the part of the British government. Stupidity, a dull, unimaginative stupidity, there was in plenty. Stupidity is the last foe to human progress that must be conquered. Like the poor, it is always with us. Mr. Gladstone was the first British statesman to use his imagination in regard to Ireland, and to recognize the force of a national sentiment that could never be appeased by land laws nor by anything short of self-government. He did not stay to ask why the Irish wanted Home Rule. It was enough to know that they did want, and that their want constituted a human right. So much for the Ireland of the past and for a chapter of positive oppression that had already been closed.

That statement will, of course, provoke remonstrance and denial, and their full measure will come from those who do not know the facts. But presumably Mr. John Redmond was not wholly unacquainted with the facts. But for fresh acts of stupidity on the part of the British government, acts that called the Sinn Fein into vigorous existence, Mr. Redmond would have remained the acknowledged leader of the Irish race. He was the acknowledged leader in 1915 when he made the Australian speech that I am about to quote. That speech aroused no protests, inspired no particular contradiction, and we may therefore assume that Mr. Redmond knew what he was saying and that his world audience knew that he knew, and knew it also. Mr. Redmond was referring to the condition of Ireland thirty years before, on the occasion of his first visit to the country, and he said:

Only thirty-three or thirty-four years have passed since then, but what a revolution has occurred in the interval. Today the people, broadly speaking, own the soil; today the laborers live in decent habitations; today there is absolute freedom in the local government and the local taxation of the country; today we have the widest Parliament in the municipal franchise; today we know that the evicted tenants, who are the wounded soldiers of the land war, have been restored to their homes or to other homes as good as those from which they had been originally driven. We know that the congested districts, the scene of some of the most awful horrors of the old famine days, have been transformed, that the farms have been enlarged, decent dwellings have been provided, and a new spirit of hope and independence is today amongst the people. We know that the towns legislation has been passed facilitating the housing of the working classes. So far as the town tenants are concerned, we have this consolation, that we have passed for Ireland an act whereby they are protected against arbitrary eviction, and are given compensation not only for disturbance from their homes, but for the good-will of the business they had created—a piece of legislation far in advance of anything obtained for the town tenants of England. I may add, far in advance of any legislation obtained for the town tenants of any other country. We know that we have at last won educational freedom in university education for most of the youth of Ireland, and we know that in primary and standard education the thirty-four years that have passed have witnessed an enormous advance in efficiency and in the means provided for bringing efficiency about. Today we have a system of old age pensions in Ireland whereby every old man and woman over seventy is saved from the workhouse, free to spend their last days in comparative comfort. We have a system of national industrial insurance which provides for the health of the people and makes it impossible for the poor hard-working man and woman, when sickness comes to the door, to be carried away to the workhouse hospital, and makes it certain that they will receive decent Christian treatment during their illness.

This speech, be it remembered, was made four years ago, and to an Irish audience. It was accepted as a true speech. It admits that in some vital respects Ireland was better off than any other country in the world. I am aware that it is now customary to sneer at Mr. Redmond, but none the less Mr. Redmond's statements were uncontradicted. They effectually dispose of the assertions that Ireland at that time was oppressed or downtrodden. None the less her sentiment for Home Rule was still unappeased. The majority of her people had a grievance, but it was not a physical grievance, although it may have been all the worse on that account.

And now to the matter more immediately before us. Some time ago certain Irish-American delegates visited Ireland and they made a report as to the conditions that they found there. Their report was widely read and it aroused incredulity in some quarters and indignation in others. It spoke of conditions of shocking cruelty that sometimes took the form of official murder. It seemed as though the worst days of Irish misrule had returned. It appeared almost to justify the measures of retaliation that threatened to postpone the peace of

the world and even the success of the Paris conference. Now there is a certain time-honored adage that urges us to hear the other side, a certain inherent tendency in in American minds toward fair play. I know nothing whatever of the facts except in so far as they are set forth upon printed pages. On the one side I have the definite statements set forth by the Irish-American delegates. On the other side I have the equally definite replies of the chief secretary for Ireland, but I fail to find anywhere any challenge of his competence, integrity, or accuracy. His counter report has been published, but so far as I am aware it has not been impugned. In nearly every instance it meets the assertions of the Irish-American delegates with a flat denial.

No less than forty-five charges are dealt with in this document, which bears the signature of the chief secretary for Ireland. Obviously it is impossible to reproduce the document in full. It is much too long. Moreover, many of its sections are relatively unimportant. What I propose to do is to select some of the more serious allegations in order to show that in very truth there is another side. About the relative value of the two sides I have nothing to say. Every reader of this page is just as well qualified to form an opinion about this as I am myself.

First of all we have a number of general and indefinite charges that are met with a blank denial. Of these I will give a single example. The delegates say: "Hundreds of men and women were confined under circumstances of the most shocking nature in the jails, particularly those in the larger cities." To this the chief secretary replies, "This allegation is absolutely without foundation." There are many vague allegations of this kind and they meet with general denials. I will put these on one side and select a few definite and specific charges, giving preference to those of a grave nature and without concern for the character of the reply. Thus I find that Allegation No. 5 reads as follows:

Mountjoy Prison contained a large number of political prisoners, many of them men of the highest character and standing.

The following is the rejoinder:

At the date of the visit of the delegates to Mountjoy Prison the total number of so-called "political prisoners" was twenty-eight persons, consisting of one biscuit-maker, one candle-maker, one carpenter, one carter, one coach-builder, one cycle and motor dealer, one engine-driver, one factory hand, four farmers, two fitters, two laborers, one mason, two journalists, one messenger, one news-vendor, one plater's helper, one shop assistant, one storekeeper, one tailor, two university students, and one of no occupation.

The following serious assertion is made with regard to the treatment of prisoners:

The political prisoners were confined for the most part in groups, the majority of them being locked up in steel cages, built in the yards of the prison entirely outside of the buildings proper. These cages are exact duplicates of those used for wild animals in the larger zoological gardens, such as Lincoln Park and the Bronx (Bronx) in the United States.

The chief secretary replies:

There is no foundation for this allegation. Each prisoner has a properly equipped cell in the prison block, heated with hot-water pipes, lighted, and supplied with hooks. The prisoners take exercise in portions of the prison grounds, which are enclosed with iron railings instead of the customary high walls, but these enclosures in no way resemble cages in zoological gardens.

Now here we have a statement that relates in part to what must be common knowledge among those living in the vicinity of the prison, but it seems that no one has contradicted the contradiction.

The delegates refer repeatedly to the character of the cells. Some of these cells, they say, were underground, "too narrow for human occupation, without beds or coverings for the prisoners, no ventilation, pitch dark and extremely cold, although the weather at the time was not severe." To this the chief secretary replies:

The cells referred to are the reception cells used for commitments pending medical inspection, which are designedly isolated from the rest of the prison to avoid the risk of infection. They are not underground cells. These cells are of the ordinary description, have each a capacity of 828 3/4 cubic feet, fully equipped with beds, bedding, furniture, and utensils, and lighted with the usual-size windows.

The delegates say that they saw an assault committed on a prisoner named Pierce Beasley, who cried out to them that he was about to be punished for saying "long live the republic." They protested against the assault and were promised by the governor that no punishment should be inflicted upon Beasley. To this the chief secretary rejoins:

This is a gross misrepresentation. Pierce Beasley, the prisoner referred to, was awaiting trial, charged with various offenses under the Defense of the Realm Regulations. He was charged, *inter alia*, with having in his possession, so that he might use it and the instructions therein contained a document instructing persons in the method of doing injury to railways, telegraph wires, and railway engines; instructions for the unlawful training of men in the use of rifles; and with having in a speech applauded the conduct of certain desperadoes who forced their way into His Majesty's Prison at Cork, seriously assaulting and overpowering the prison warders, and rescued from the prison a man named McNealis, who was awaiting trial on a charge of having attempted to murder a head constable of police in the city of Cork by deliberately firing at him with a revolver.

The prisoner Beasley was not hustled by a burly or any other prison guard. As a matter of fact he was not being brought in to be awarded any punishment whatever, but to be informed as to the date of his trial by court-martial.

The statement that the delegates protested against an

sault on Pierce Beasley is untrue, and no assault whatever was committed on him.

When the chairman inquired as to whether Beasley would be punished for making a remark the governor of the prison informed him that he would not, and that it was not for the purpose of being punished that he was being brought in.

In some cases the charges and the denial are equally specific. Thus we are told of a prisoner who was a "pitiable spectacle. The miserable cell was cold and badly ventilated. He was in an unkempt condition, highly nervous, palpably undernourished, and had a wild glare in his eyes indicating an extremely dangerous mental state. He tried to speak to the delegates, but was quickly silenced by the warder." This prisoner, says the chief secretary, is William Sears. He was sentenced by the Dublin Corporation, and not by the government. His cell was large and airy, of 1228 cubic feet capacity. The temperature was 55 F. The window of the cell was 3 feet 6 inches, facing southeast. Sears was receiving special attention and diet. There was nothing abnormal about him. He was wearing his own clothes, and was allowed his own toilet requisites. The charge that police and soldiers are habitually allowed to enter the cells and to beat the prisoners with their clubs is flatly denied. So is the assertion that numbers of prisoners have become insane. So is the charge that prisoners have been kept without food for days at a time. Other statements are labeled as "pure fabrications." The delegates even go so far as to complain of the bad teeth of Irish children. But, says the chief secretary, Irish children are better off in this respect than in most other parts of the United Kingdom. The government pays half the cost of the dental treatment of school children. Finally we are told that "with a ferocity unparalleled even in the history of modern warfare, within the past few days men and women have been shot down in the streets of Dublin." To this the chief secretary replies that "unfortunately four policemen and a girl have been so shot in the streets of Dublin within the past few days by a number of Sinn Feiners who rescued a Sinn Fein prisoner from the police. The police fired no shots." To the charge that five persons have died as a result of atrocities perpetrated upon them while in prison and that post-mortem examination has disclosed marks of violence, the chief secretary replies: "There is no truth in this allegation; no death resulted in any such circumstances." Now the foregoing is a fair presentation of the charges brought against the Irish authorities in the matter of prison treatment. And yet perhaps it is not altogether fair, since I have selected the worst of these charges and the most sensational.

But the Irish-American delegates indict the whole system of Irish government both under its revolutionary and normal aspects. For example, they tell us that the right of private property no longer exists in Ireland. "Places of business of Republicans are invaded by soldiers and constables, fixtures destroyed, and property confiscated without compensation. In many cases the owners of such business and property are utterly impoverished." To this the chief secretary replies:

Articles kept or used for seditious purposes are, where necessary, seized and confiscated. They are generally of little intrinsic value. Printing plants used for seditious and pro-German purposes have been removed. In most cases the proprietors have received frequent warnings before such removals, and it has only been where they persist in their misconduct that this course has been resorted to. In many cases even after removal where the proprietors have given undertakings that they would not in future use their printing plants for seditious and pro-German purposes, the plant has been restored.

Another accusation against the Irish government as apart from the revolutionary movement relates to education. It is important and should be quoted in full:

If England ever had an educational system in Ireland it has completely broken down. The Irish people are taxed more for the support of the police and constabulary—although the country is practically crimeless in the ordinary sense—than they are for the maintenance of the whole educational system of Ireland, including the upkeep of the National University and Trinity College, as well as all the primary and other schools in the land.

The reply of the chief secretary is equally definite, and it, too, should be quoted in full:

The Irish system of primary education is wholly Irish—so much so that there is no education rate in Ireland (except for technical education, with a maximum of twopence in the pound) and the whole cost of Irish primary education falls on votes of Parliament—i. e., the United Kingdom taxpayer. In England and Scotland some 50 per cent. of the cost of education falls on the local ratepayers: the Irish ratepayer pays nothing. Though the cost of the system falls wholly on the United Kingdom taxpayer the state is not able to appoint a single teacher (except in the model schools); the appointment of teachers rests solely with the local manager—i. e., with individual Irishmen.

The cost of Irish education to the United Kingdom taxpayer, as shown by the votes of Parliament, is for 1919-20, £3,389,234. The votes for Irish police, 1919-20, amount to £2,388,267.

Now here is a matter that can easily be settled without a visit to Ireland. Any good public library in America contains the facts about Irish education, its cost, and those who pay its cost. Moreover, in this respect we have the definite and uncontradicted statement of Mr. John Redmond in 1915 to the effect that "we have at last won educational freedom in university education for most of the youth of Ireland, and we know that in primary and standard education the thirty-year-olds that have passed have witnessed an enormous advance in efficiency and in the means provided

for bringing efficiency about." Did Mr. Redmond know what he was talking about? If he did not know, then why did not some one say so? Is it true that the United Kingdom pays the cost of this "efficiency"—to use Mr. Redmond's term—and that it pays much more for Irish education than it pays for the Irish police? Here, at least, we are upon verifiable ground. Any good library will give us the material for a verdict. All we want is the truth, but to reach the truth we must hear both sides.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1919.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Recently the former German Crown Prince explained that the Anglo-Saxon mind has never appreciated him. He was not, he said, the gilded butterfly they had pictured. He insisted that he was capable of thought. The correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* thought this item significant enough to send to his paper.

Mme. Labarca, the only woman member of the educational commission of three persons sent by Chile to investigate the elementary schools of this country, is head of one of the schools maintained for girls by the Chilean government and is also a member of the Chilean section of the International Committee of Women of the Pan-American Scientific Congress.

Concerning Admiral Henry B. Wilson, who recently became commander of the Atlantic fleet of the United States Navy, a fellow-officer said: "Afloat or on the beach, Wilson has the knack of doing things just a little bit better than the next man. He never has had a spectacular chance, an opportunity to do anything startling, but despite this misfortune he has gone right ahead simply by doing the routine and every other sort of work that was put up to him."

General Alvaro Obregon, "the strong man of Mexico," who has announced that he will be a candidate for the presidency of Mexico in the elections set for July, 1920, is a fine-looking, upstanding man. Six feet tall and weighing 180 pounds, he is a person to attract attention wherever he goes, and among undersized Mexicans he is especially conspicuous. His black moustachios are upward pointing, and despite the Yaqui blood that flows in his veins he is light of complexion.

Admiral William B. Caperton, late commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, who retired from active duty June 30th, had an unusual career. In the world war Admiral Caperton had the difficult task, requiring the greatest naval skill and diplomatic tact, of patrolling the Pacific waters and of having close relations with the governments of South and Central America. Since his graduation from the United States Naval Academy, in 1875, he has seen active service in all waters, was in Cuban waters during the Spanish-American war, and had much service in Latin America in the subsequent revolutions, including the Mexican disturbance.

Hon. Francis E. Warren, the wealthy senator from Wyoming, in speaking of his boyhood recently, said: "My father, a two-story man, was only twenty years older than myself. His gauge was work, physical work, and if he ever boasted of me it was about my strength. He had 'bought his time' of his father, he had often said, and I, in turn, bought mine of him. 'What will you take,' I one day asked, 'to let me go and work for some one else?' 'That would be selling you seven years,' he answered. 'I owe,' and he mentioned the name of a neighbor. 'eighty-five dollars for a yoke of oxen. If you will pay that debt you may have your freedom. But if you leave home you are not to return unless you are sick, and if you do return, even for a day, you will have to work.'"

Concerning Will H. Hays, the national chairman for the Republican party, a writer says that he has a thin, long face, with a nose that had already achieved a fair length when it took a notion to add a section and tacked it on successfully. His well-shaped head is covered with thick, dark brown hair. The eyes are brown, too. They are steady, responsive eyes, that sadden or brighten with the play of the owner's quick emotions. His voice is a little nasal, but in conversation pitched low. On the platform it grows a trifle shrill, but it carries, and the effect of what he is saying is not spoiled. When he strikes a conversational tone in a speech he plays with his voice in an interesting fashion, or maybe it plays with him, and he can utter the name of Abraham Lincoln in a way to bring tears.

Prince Ferdinand Radziwill, who recently presided at the opening of the new Polish parliament, is a distant relative of the Hohenzollerns and one of the pillars of the old Polish nobility. The honor accorded Prince Radziwill was declared to be absolutely without political significance, but entirely a matter of custom. The prince came into the temporary presidency by reason of seniority only. He is eighty-five years old and is the oldest member on the floor of parliament. By virtue of a similar custom the youngest two members of the house, a Socialist and a Catholic priest, neither of them more than twenty-five years old, acted as vice-presidents and sat to left and right of the old nobleman all through the first session, assisting him in the carrying on of his duties.

OLD FAVORITES.

Young and Old.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.
—Charles Kingsley.

The Maid of Neidpath.

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining;
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her fame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waded to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courier's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.
—Sir Walter Scott.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes, too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing."
—John Keats.

A curious nest is made by the tailor bird of India, a tiny yellow creature. To escape snakes and monkeys this bird takes a dead leaf, flies up into a tree, and with a fibre for thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf to a green one hanging from the tree. The sides are sewn up, an opening to the nest thus formed being left at the top. The leaf, apparently hanging from a twig, would never be taken for a nest.

The Asiatic town of Maiwachi, on the borders of Russia, is peopled by men only. Women are forbidden entrance there.

TRAILING THE BOLSHIEVIKI.

Carl W. Ackerman Gives Us Some of the Results of His Russian Travels.

It would be hard to find a writer better equipped to go "Trailing the Bolsheviks" than Carl W. Ackerman, whose book has just been published under this title.

Mr. Ackerman was in Germany, in close association with Ambassador Gerard, up to the time of the severance of diplomatic relations by the United States, and his reports of that notable period showed him to be a man capable of touching the real sources of information and of writing without prejudice.

Later he made a tour of Europe, observing conditions during and after the war, and all his work showed keen penetration, judgment, and ability to discover facts.

When the centre of Russian interest began to shift from Petrograd and Moscow to Siberia Mr. Ackerman was sent to the latter country by the *New York Times*. Here he promptly utilized his great enterprise and resourcefulness to see the struggle from all possible angles. He says of his experience:

This winter I followed the trail of the Bolsheviks over 12,000 miles in Russia, from Vladivostok to Ekaterinburg, where the Tzar is believed to have been done to death, and back again to New York via China and Japan. I met the Bolshevik vanguard in Switzerland and in the United States, and some of the exiles in Spain and Mexico. Over the face of the globe winds the serpentine trail of the revolutionists, a part of which I have followed and traversed.

From time to time on my journeys I have been in contact or in communication with those who have been dreaming and laboring for a world society of governments. With many statesmen and the chief executives of several nations I have discussed the problems and possibilities of international co-operation, and I have had the good fortune of knowing some of the men who wrote the first draft of a world constitution. In traveling and living with armies, refugees, and civilians I have had an opportunity of feeling the pulses of peoples under war conditions and the circumstances of reconstruction in no less than eighteen countries.

Mr. Ackerman found himself most deeply impressed with one universal characteristic in Siberia, and, for that matter, in the whole of Russia, which appeared to him to characterize the entire Slavic situation. He describes it as follows:

Russia, as a nation passing through the period of reconstruction, is a "land of Nitchevo." Arriving in Siberia, "Nitchevo" is the first Russian word the foreigner learns. The Russians use it to cover a multitude of evasions and to answer a thousand and one questions. "I should worry," or "Noting matters," expresses the national state of mind. Ask a droschky driver what he thinks of Bolshevism and he will answer: "Nitchevo." Question a poor refugee about conditions and the reply will be the same. Converse with a business man or a professor who has been struggling through the terrors of Russia's civil war, and the chances are he will say, "Nitchevo." There is something pathetic and discouraging about it. The revolution seems to have produced a sort of national coma where those who have suffered and hoped for two years or more have lost confidence in everything.

Wherever the writer traveled "Nitchevo" rose to baffle him, as it seemed also to baffle the inhabitants. For example, he thus tells of the extraordinary aimlessness of the population as he met with it along the railroads:

Traveling in Siberia today is a task for Trojans, and most Russians are equal to it. Judging by the crowds at every railroad depot and the millions of human beings who live, day in and week out, in passenger and freight cars, one would think the population of that vast country was housed entirely on wheels, or that it was the supreme desire of every one to travel, despite the discomforts and inconveniences. In this respect, as in many others, Russia is on the move, seeking happiness which always exists at the end of the rainbow. Every train which departs from Vladivostok for the Amur or the interior of Manchuria or Siberia, every post, passenger, and goods train which leaves Omsk for Irkutsk, is packed with refugees. Each coach and every box-car is so overcrowded with men, women, and children, all of them standing, for there is no room for any one to sit down, that it is frequently impossible for the guards to close the doors. Even in mid-winter, when it is 30 and 40 degrees below zero, people stand on the platforms and steps, wrapped in their heavy fur coats. If the journey is a short one they survive; if a long one some may freeze to death and drop off, but no one worries about death. It is too common to excite worry, and it always makes room for the rest. I have seen people so crowded into freight-cars that when the conductor closed the doors to keep the Siberian winds from freezing every one to death I could hear women scream in agony. In the freight-yards of Omsk I saw as many as three families—seventeen men, women, and children—living in one small, four-wheeled box-car, and in Harbin I saw two trains which brought 1057 Serbians from Odessa. When I visited the cars these people had been living in them seven months.

A contrasting scene in the cities had a substratum of the same "Nitchevo." Mr. Ackerman pictures it as follows:

In the cafés and restaurants the men gathered and gossiped and speculated. Information traveled mostly by rumor despite the numerous extra editions of the newspapers which the coolies sold, rushing excitedly through the crowds with their Manchu queues dangling against their backs. There were so many people in the streets, cafés, on the docks, jammed into tramways, and in the stores, that one wondered where they went at night, because the city was known to be congested. Not only beds, but sheltered floor spaces were at premiums. Walking about the city in the evening, one learned that the people slept in shifts; those who could not find refuge at night slept by day in the depots and public buildings, the dark, damp cellars, and abandoned army barracks. It was not an infrequent sight to see men lying in gutters with the curbstones as pillows or on the sidewalks where steps served as head rests.

Even the interior of the country seemed to bear a similar imprint, Mr. Ackerman saying of it:

Traveling up the Amur railroad with the American commander on his first inspection trip, we passed through hundreds of thousand of acres of grain fields, grazing lands, and

forests. Some places the oats and wheat had been cut, but not harvested; elsewhere the farms were abandoned. There was so much grain it seemed to grow wild, like dandelions in Indiana. Forests were only nicked here and there along the railroad. Far into the interior they were primeval. Infrequently there were peasants' huts, log cabins, or rough frame houses painted yellow. For hours we traveled without seeing a living thing except golden pheasants on the wing.

Continuing, the author says:

That vast domain of tillable land was like a vision in a dream. With all the suffering in Vladivostok and Khabarovsk, for this Amur city was not an exception, it seemed strange that such fertile valleys should be so deserted, but the counter-revolution of the Bolsheviks hears the responsibility. Since the "Tzar" Lenin and his "Apostles" (a Petrograd poet has likened Lenin's cabinet to twelve modern disciples) usurped the political power of European Russia, everything has been unsettled and topsy-turvy. There has been no inclination on the part of the people to stay on the land or return to it. There is no security. They can not be certain that the farm they take or buy or receive, own or rent, will remain in their hands. Some peasants, many thousands of them, have remained on the land, but mostly in districts far removed from the railroads.

In Khabarovsk, while idling through the market one morning, I saw a group of men gathered around an old peasant, a man crippled and calloused by hard work. In his twitching hands he held a deed to a piece of land near Samara. Physically broken down, he related his story, crying like a heart-broken child at the same time.

"When the Bolsheviks came to my house they said: 'Who owns this property?' I said: 'I do.' . . . The crowd was eager and silent. 'How long have you been here?' the commissar asked. 'Five years,' said I. 'Then get out,' he said. 'You had this long enough' . . . and he took my house, my cows, my geese, and my flour and grain, and . . ." and he ended in tears while the interested villagers examined his "scrap of paper."

To Mr. Ackerman's mind, this is Bolshevism in the working, and it leads him to another significant observation, namely:

Walking about the market of Irkutsk and sauntering through the bazaars in other cities, I noticed the presence everywhere of the three striking colors: the black, the white, and the red; the dark mass of people, the snow-covered streets and homes, the white nights, and the discontent, the fear, and the suffering. No lines of distinction were visible among the people. All were dressed alike in worn, torn garments. It was not unusual to see educated and cultured women standing in the crowds bargaining for a price for an old fur coat or a piece of family jewelry. The first revolution destroyed titles and distinctions and made every one a Russian citizen, but the counter-revolution put an end to citizenship and made every one an animal. And Siberia, despite the fact that the Bolsheviks are not in power, has not overcome the effects of the brief reign of terror which followed the usurpation of power by the followers of the Red army.

Mr. Ackerman seems to set nothing down in ill-feeling or hostility toward the Bolsheviks. He concludes that they represent the "revolution of action," as differentiated from the "revolution of opinion and readjustment." He states that they frankly believe that the only way to better the world is to bring it all down to the level of the lowest and start it all over again; and he cites Trotsky's statement in verification of his observation, saying:

Trotsky stated recently, according to the Siberian newspapers, that Russia's civil war would last fifty years. If this is a good forecast; if Russia is to be another Mexico, except on a grander scale, then Russia's civil war is not only not ended, but it is just beginning, and the overthrow of the Tzar and the Red army reign of terror are the prologue and preface to one of the greatest and most tragic national dramas in history. And who today can doubt Trotsky's statement when there is no more a recognized central government even in Siberia, and when hands of revolutionary generals and soldiers seize cities, towns, and provinces and exact tribute; when in European Russia the Bolsheviks and the Allies fight near Kiev; when General Denikin and his army of Cossacks march across southern Russia; when the Czecho-Slovak armies hold the Ural Mountain front, and when a dictator rules in Omsk who is not recognized by leaders in all other parts of Siberia? What is there but chaos, chaos everywhere, when hundreds of thousands of refugees live in box-cars and are shuttled from freight-yard to freight-yard; when factories are closed because of strikes or a lack of raw materials; when any one and every one can have a special train or car without paying for it or without buying railway tickets; when the educated stand at street-corners selling their old clothes to pay their living expenses; when banks are robbed and people murdered with the guilty escaping prosecution and arrest? Russia is in that sad state where civilization is a mockery.

The genesis of the strife between the Czecho-Slovaks is given at length by Mr. Ackerman, as is also the story of the incarceration of the Tzar at Ekaterinburg and his presumed execution. The documents in both cases are presented somewhat in full, throwing much interesting light on both affairs, but, of course, affording no conclusive evidence with reference to the death of the Tzar.

In one chapter Mr. Ackerman makes some interesting statements regarding the relations between the Czecho-Slovaks and the United States. He quotes the dispatches which the Czecho-Slovaks received that caused them to believe they had the full cooperation of all the Allies, including America, and concludes the story with the following:

But they were doomed to disappointment because the messages which had been transmitted to the National Council by the American representatives were not authorized by the Department of State in Washington. President Wilson had written a confidential memorandum for the department, outlining the American attitude toward Russia and, in this document, which has never been published, the President states definitely the opposition of the United States to military intervention. Both Consul-Generals Poole and Harris, however, received these instructions from Ambassador Francis, who sent them by courier from Vologda to Moscow during the early summer of 1918, but the United States envoy was not authorized by Washington to do this.

Through this diplomatic confusion the Czecho-Slovaks were promised assistance which the United States government never intended and was never ready to give.

Bolshevism was at one period completely overthrown

in Siberia, according to Mr. Ackerman, but rose again through the indecisive policy pursued by the Allies toward the leaders who succeeded in displacing the Reds. He argues:

After the birth of the All-Russian government it was not doomed to death, but done to death by the failure of the Allies in uniting upon a Russian policy. The history of Russia today might be totally different if this mistake had not been made, because at this time the strength of the Bolshevik government was constantly decreasing, and Russians of all political faiths were looking forward to the new government in Omsk as being the beginning of a Russian democracy. But immediately after the appointment of Admiral Kolchak, not only the influence of the Allies in Siberia and Russia decreased, but the sympathy of the Czecho-Slovaks disappeared, the civil war recommenced, and the Bolshevik agitators again came from their hiding-places.

And thus we find Bolshevism appearing again upon the scenes of Siberia as a direct result of the chaotic conditions. It was another proof of the contention that Bolshevism develops where governments fail.

Passing on to the arrival of the American forces in Siberia, the author gives some interesting incidents involving direct relations of the Americans with the Bolsheviks. For example, he reports some of the inspection trips of General Graves, the American commander, during which the general quizzed many of his soldiers individually, with the apparent purpose of determining whether they properly realized why they were in Russia. He says:

Frequently he would approach an officer or a "non-com" and ask the blunt question: "What are you here for?"

That question was frequently answered by a salute and a statement:

"I am here to fight the Bolsheviks."

"Are those your orders?" the general would ask.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get those orders?"

At this point in the quiz the men were usually in such an uncomfortable position they were prepared to make a quick retreat, both by statement and body.

Exasperated at finding so many American soldiers living under the impression that their mission in Asia was to "fight Bolsheviks," General Graves presently expressed himself thus:

Whoever gave you those orders must have made them up himself. The United States is not at war with the Bolsheviks or any other faction of Russia. You have no orders to arrest Bolsheviks or anybody else unless they disturb the peace of the community, attack the people or the Allied soldiers. The United States army is not here to fight Russia or any group or faction in Russia. Because a man is a Bolshevik is no reason for his arrest. You are to arrest only those who attack you. The United States is only fighting the Bolsheviks when the American troops are attacked by an armed force.

One of the last chapters in Mr. Ackerman's book is devoted to the activities of Japan in Siberia. It is a very frank and circumstantial narration. In one place, for instance, the author says:

For the first time the Allies were convinced by the attitude of the Tokyo government that Japan's policy in Siberia could not be reconciled to the Allied policy.

Meanwhile, also, there were other developments to cause international apprehension. Two Cossack atamans, Generals Semenov and Kalmykoff, in Tchita and Khabarovsk respectively, were carrying on obstructive work. They were terrorizing every Russian community through which their armies passed. Under the guise of fighting the Bolsheviks they were doing the same things the Bolsheviks were doing in European Russia. They were robbing banks and murdering peaceful, respectful Russian citizens with impunity. Although Russians themselves, they were terrorizing their own country. Their activities, however, came to a head when they interfered with the rights of foreigners.

The Japanese were caught in the act of coöperating with these two disturbing generals, Mr. Ackerman saying of the incident:

At this time a Japanese officer, General Nakashima, was working in Siberia in a secret capacity under orders from the Japanese war office in Tokyo. He had a large secret fund at his disposal, and he was known to have very close connections with both Kalmykoff and Semenov, although he was technically not under the jurisdiction of General Otani, the Allied supreme commander in Vladivostok. The Allies soon obtained proof that General Nakashima was using money in Siberia in a way which was calculated to bring about more disorder and confusion.

The Nakashima affair was soon transferred from Siberia to Washington, where it became the subject of some very candid talking on the part of Secretary of State Lansing. Viscount Ishii, the Japanese ambassador, conveyed the substance of this talk to Tokyo. Says Mr. Ackerman:

The "war party" was in favor of defying America. The business interests and peace statesmen, who learned for the first time of the activities of the Japanese army in Siberia, sided with the United States. For three days the debate continued and during this period no one knew whether war or peace was ahead.

But the sane elements of Japan triumphed. The "war party" met its first great defeat at the hands of its own people. The Japanese government telegraphed new orders to General Otani immediately. He was instructed to send back to Japan 35,000 soldiers. A few days later another order was sent to him in Vladivostok ordering the return of 17,000 men. Another order still was dispatched recalling General Nakashima to Tokyo.

The concluding chapters of "Trailing the Bolsheviks" relate to "Bolshevism Outside of Russia," the "Russian Coöperative Unions," which Mr. Ackerman regards as the saving grace of Russia, and "The Future of Peace." The coöperative unions, according to the writer, have taken sides against the abolition of private ownership in property, and are therefore to be regarded as one of the clouds with the silver lining.

TRAILING THE BOLSHIEVIKI. By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending Saturday, July 19th, were \$159,284,858.88; for the corresponding week last year, \$124,257,744.27; an increase over last year of \$35,027,114.61.

There was a further decline in the reserves of gold held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco at the close of the week ending July 18th. The total of gold in the bank vaults amounted to \$139,030,000, comparing with \$164,769,000 at the close of the previous week, and with \$131,143,000 July 18, 1919. The total of bills on hand increased from \$129,780,000 a week previous to \$150,528,000, which compares with \$68,497,000 last year. This increase was in bills bought in the open market which amounted to \$101,118,000, against \$76,547,000 for the week before, and \$19,218,000 a year before. Total earning assets of the bank were \$159,800,000, against \$139,043,000 and \$73,004,000.

Total gross deposits were also slightly less, the amount being \$126,120,000, against \$126,493,000 for the previous week and \$101,289,000 a year before. Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation amounted to \$197,738,000, against \$201,062,000 a week before and \$132,532,000 last year.

For the month of May the net income of the railroads showed some improvement.

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with the best results so far this year, but they did not point to normal returns unless rate increases were obtained. In fact, the ratio of shrinkage of net income for months past, if continued through the year, "would mean a Federal deficit of about \$500,000,000." Commenting further on the subject the *Wall Street Journal* says:

"Net operating income for May will be approximately \$39,000,000 when all reports are in. This compares with \$26,000,000 for April and is the best showing the roads have made this year, but May is normally better than any of the preceding four months. This year's net operating income compares by months with the average for the corresponding months of the three best years as follows:

	1919.	Three-year Average.	Decrease.
May	\$39,000,000	\$77,385,000	\$38,385,000
April	26,143,000	67,289,000	41,146,000
March	10,842,000	68,251,000	57,409,000
February	10,103,000	47,934,000	37,831,000
January	18,784,000	56,613,000	37,829,000
Total	\$104,875,000	\$317,472,000	\$212,597,000

"In these five months of 1918 net income was \$213,850,000, or \$109,000,000 more than this year. That was before the wage increases, granted in May, but retroactive to January 1st, had been charged into expenses. This year's June net will make a superficially good com-

parison with last year, but only because about \$132,000,000 was charged into June expense; last year on account of the first five months' accrual of wage increases and produced an operating deficit for that month of \$65,000,000.

"Rates and expenses are now on a fairly settled basis as established by the Railroad Administration, although there are the demands of the four brotherhoods for punitive overtime and the new demands of the shopmen to be dealt with. Comparisons with last year for the remaining seven months of 1919 will be distorted, because of the rate and fare increases and the successive wage advances of 1918. More trustworthy conclusions may be drawn from comparisons with the average figures of the test years. If the rate of decrease in net operating income from the corresponding figures of that period continues throughout the remainder of this year as it has been for the first five months, the net operating income for 1919 will be approximately \$300,000,000 and the Federal control deficit will be upward of \$600,000,000. In any case, it is not likely to be under \$500,000,000.

"It would take about 20 per cent. increase in freight rates to restore net earnings to the level of the three-year average, or the Federal compensation. That would still be less than 6 per cent. return on the book value of the properties at the close of the test-period. Since the latter date capital expenditures, including the equipment ordered by the Railroad Administration and charged against the companies, have been upward of \$1,000,000,000. For 1918 alone they were \$839,000,000. Six per cent. on the additional investment calls for an additional \$60,000,000 of net earnings."

The Anglo and London Paris National Bank and associates announce the purchase at private sale of \$807,000 miscellaneous Tehama County bonds. The premium paid for this choice lot was \$11,459.40. These bonds comprise an issue of \$521,000 of bridge 5s; \$200,000 of courthouse 5s, all of the county of Tehama.

The financing of the Cowchilla ranch is in the hands of Stephens & Co. It is to be bonded in part for \$500,000, the bonds to bear 6 per cent., and will run for eight years. The first mortgage securing the bonds will cover 14,000 acres of some of the finest lands in California. The property lies about thirty miles from Fresno, in the centre of one of the most intensively developed sections of the state. The ranch is one of the best-known properties of its kind in the West, and before it was cut up was one of the most famous of the old-time cattle ranches. Since then the lands have become even more valuable. From the uses to which the money will be put, the offering is one of unusual interest and of great importance to those interested in the development of the wonderful San Joaquin and the agricultural progress of the state.

The earnings from the operation of the property have been staple and consistently increasing and for the year 1919 are estimated in excess of \$60,000, equivalent to twice the bond interest.

The bonds are secured by a closed first mortgage on the property and as a direct obligation of the company are further protected by all its assets and business. Sinking fund provisions operative in 1921 will retire \$140,000 of the issue by the end of the seventh year. The loan represents a mortgage of \$37 per acre, and lands under cultivation in this section are selling as high as \$200.

The bonds are in \$1000 denomination and are payable at the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, or at the Guaranty Trust Company, New York. The issue has been certified by the superintendent of banks as a legal investment for savings banks in California.

Control of the Union Oil Company has not been sold to Eastern interests as has been stated in the daily papers, but these interests have merely purchased a very considerable block of shares. To set at rest any doubts that may arise as to the executive control of the company, the following circular, signed by E. W. Clark, vice-president and general manager and approved by President W. L. Stewart, has been sent to all the company's heads of departments:

"We understand that some of our people have been disturbed on learning from the newspapers that certain Eastern interests were acquiring a controlling interest in the Union Oil Company of California. In order that you may be properly informed, and thus put in position to in turn inform others who are interested, we have to advise as follows:

"Eastern interests have acquired a substantial holding of stock in this company by purchasing on the market and by private purchases, but such purchases represent by no means a controlling interest. We understand that these interests do not propose to attempt to secure control of the company or to endeavor to disturb the existing management of the company's policies, and further, the company is owned by upwards of 4000 stock-

holders scattered over the United States and Great Britain, thus making the controlling interest very difficult to secure. There is no intention on the part of our company of becoming less aggressive or of curtailing in any way efforts for the further upbuilding through you of our business. We wish to assure all of you that the control of the company still lies with the stockholders generally and not with any particular interest, and that this, in our opinion, will continue to be so.

"We believe that the affiliation of these new stockholders, representing as they do influential interests, with the present management and organization of the Union Oil Company, will prove to be valuable to the institution, and to all connected with it.

"Neither the president, Mr. W. L. Stewart nor any of the others of us in the management are selling our shares."

The Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation, the world's largest sugar producer, has produced this year 4,300,000 bags of cane sugar. The production of this gigantic concern equaled that of the Cuban, American, United Fruit, Punta Alegre, and Manati combined, these companies producing jointly another 4,300,000 bags.

The Cuban Cane Sugar Corporation was incorporated December 3, 1915, under the laws of New York State with a perpetual charter to engage in the business of owning and operating sugar plantations on the Island of Cuba, as well as in the growing and grinding of sugar cane and producing and selling raw sugar. The company owns and controls 604,800 acres of sugar lands and has made long contracts at most satisfactory prices for the purchase of cane from the owners or lessees of thousands of acres of lands tributary to its mills. On the above estates the company operates seventeen fully equipped sugar mills having a working capacity of 4,000,000 bags of sugar. These mills, together with machine shops, stores, workmen's houses, offices, residences of managers, etc., 663 miles of railroad, 111 locomotives, and 3450 cane cars have been paid for practically out of the earnings of this company since its incorporation in 1915. According to the recent report of Mr. George W. Goethals the company has paid for said mills, improvements and properties \$25,000,000 out of its earnings.

As a reward for the faith, patience, and hard work of its president, Mr. Manuel Rionda, together with his American associates, among them John D. Ryan, W. E. Corey, Horace Havemeyer, C. H. Sabin, Harry Payne Whitney, et al., assisted in the financing by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, the Columbia Trust Company of New York, the Seligman, and the Banca Nacional de Cuba, the Cuban Sugar Corporation is now given its first big opportunity by the world war and its aftermath, prohibition. Under ordinary circumstances in the past it has been possible to estimate the world's consumption of sugar. With prohibition in effect and with Germany, always a large exporter of sugar, but now out of the market, it is utterly useless to try to estimate the consumption of this commodity, on which the very lives of the human family depend. The alcoholic content in sugar, supplying as it does the fuel for the body, is necessary to our existence. The usage of soft drinks, candy, ice-cream, and desserts of all kinds will increase tenfold under the present conditions. A sugar famine is not entirely out of the range of possibilities. Announcement has just been made that Japan is in the market for great quantities of sugar.

The production of the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation since incorporation is as follows: In 1919, 4,300,000 bags; in 1918, 3,613,325 bags; in 1917, 3,261,621 bags; in 1916, 3,174,168 bags.

This year's production is a record-breaker, 700,000 bags more than any previous year. Is it any wonder, then, that the owners of this company are buying the stock, both common and preferred, in the open market. The preferred stock is a 7 per cent. cumulative dividend payer, redeemable in event of voluntary dissolution at \$120 per share. It sold on Friday last week on the New York Stock Exchange as low as 75½, netting 9 3-10 per cent. An absolutely certain dividend payer. The common stock sold at 33. The preferred stock is exchangeable into common, share for share, at the option of the holder. Some time in the future this common stock, with the gradual growth of the great company, will cross and sell higher than the preferred and no doubt pay larger dividends.

A good idea is to purchase equal amounts of common and preferred stock at these levels. President Rionda owns 127,523 shares of the common stock and has constantly added to his holdings since the company was incorporated. The Boston News Bureau, May 8, 1919, stated that inside interests predict \$60 for the common stock this year and net profits of from \$10 to \$12 per share.

The *Wall Street Journal* of May 10, 1919, says "the gross receipts of the company this year should be \$81,000,000."

In 1916, with a production of only 3,174,168 bags of sugar, the common stock sold high at

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76½, the preferred at 102. Profit and loss surplus has increased steadily and was \$14,292,949 September 30, 1918.

Great credit for the success of the company is attached to the name of President Manuel Rionda. A dozen years ago over lands then pretty wild he rode days and often nights on horseback, always with the big idea in his mind of helping to make his beloved Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation the greatest sugar producer in the world. That he has succeeded and that his dream has come true is shown by the foregoing facts and by the fact that Cuba has produced as much sugar in the most recent six crops as in the preceding eighteen crops. What would this world do without her dreamers.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

The Quaker Oats Company is financing to the extent of \$7,200,000 6 per cent. cumulative preferred stock of \$100 par value. Lee, Higginson & Co., the Merchants Loan and Trust Company, and the Illinois Trust and

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Savings Bank, all of Chicago, constitute the underwriting syndicate which is handling the issue. The company is the world's largest manufacturer of cereal products. The stock is being marketed locally at 99 and accrued dividend. Among the local participants are the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company and McDonnell & Co.

Proceeds of new preferred stock, together with \$750,000 new common stock, will be used to retired floating debt, incurred in part for plant additions, thus increasing working capital and further strengthening the company's financial position. This stock is preferred as to assets and dividends and no dividend may be paid on the common stock in any year until after dividends on the preferred stock have been actually paid or set aside.

Total net assets, after deducting all prior liabilities and reserves of every character, and including proceeds of present and recent financing, \$39,099,909, or more than \$217 per share of preferred stock outstanding, including this issue.

Net earnings, 1918, before deducting Fed-

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eral taxes, were \$6,407,760, or nearly six times dividend requirements on total outstanding preferred stock, including this new issue. After deducting Federal taxes they were more than 3.2 times this requirement, and for the last ten years have averaged above 2.4 times. During the last ten years \$13,301,467 has been reinvested in the business out of earnings, exceeding the combined preferred and common stock dividends paid during that period. Since organization \$15,349,909 has thus been put back out of earnings, equal to over 85 per cent. of entire outstanding preferred stock, including this new issue.

Mendocino County, the home of the famous Gravenstein apple, is among the recent counties reserving space at the California Industries and Land Show to be held October 4th to 19th at the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco, under the auspices of the Home Industry League.

Six hundred square feet of space has been reserved by Mendocino County, and in the picturesque exhibit will be installed a replica of the first Gravenstein apple tree (still bearing) planted by the young farmers who migrated from Russia to the Mendocino coast in 1741.

Atascadero, the little colony which has been busy for the past two years supplying the government with the most modern of inventions—dehydrated vegetables—is to have an artistic setting for its exhibit of the state's most novel products.

The market continues to discount improving conditions and prospects in our business world, and though in such a movement the peak of stock-market prices is generally reached long before the peak of prosperity has been passed, there seem plenty of opportunities as yet for further exploitations of the bullish prospects.

The President's return, of course, started the battle over the league of nations idea, and, though the outcome of this will be vitally important at least in the ultimate trend of our affairs, the stock market is taking small notice. On the other hand, the market will show its appreciation of any early steps on the part of the government to divest itself of wartime privileges and bend its energies to securing the speediest possible return to normal conditions, not only in a business, but in an official way.

It is to be feared that living costs will not come down this year, at any rate, and labor will naturally make this a strong point. On the whole, however, the labor situation seems as satisfactory as might be expected. The government is expected to take speedy and effective measures to check any further increase of activities on the part of the unruly element.

The railroad problems will naturally force themselves upon Washington and a good deal of buying has been going on in certain railroad shares on the theory that they have seen their worst, in any event, while in the case of quite a number of low-priced stocks there has been consistent pool accumulation. Some of these companies in the Southwest are deriving considerably larger incomes on account of the oil activities, and some of them may have very definite incomes from oil production in the future.

Oil stocks as a class have been acting pretty well during such weak sessions as we have had recently, and those who have been looking for a tremendous collapse in this department of the list are probably far too early in their expectations.

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nence owing to the definite rising tendency in prices of almost all metals.

Both Crucible Steel and Republic Iron and Steel sold at higher prices last week than ever before in their history, which calls to mind again the assertion of some cocksure financial commentators last fall that steel securities were about the worst that could be held in the peace market. As the steels go into new high ground with persistency, we may also find just cause for bullishness regarding various other groups of industrials. The market is in such strong position that it must expect the violent outbursts of enthusiasm that took place before and immediately following the holidays, when, of course, irregular reactions may be looked for.

The important announcement recently of the Canadian government financing in this country is probably a mere forecast of what may be expected in the list of our wide-spreading financial operations. This is now practically the only very rich country in the world when it comes to the money and credit necessary to accomplish the major financing of the world's reconstruction period.

WHO IS HORATIO BOTTOMLEY?

By Raymond Blathway.

Nothing surprised me more when I landed in America in January, 1918, on a special mission than the fact that nobody in the States had ever heard of Horatio Bottomley. For to us in the British Empire the editor of *John Bull* is a household word. Six months ago Horatio Bottomley reentered Parliament as member for South Hackney, and on several occasions since then his speeches have been published in the American press.

And in the future America is bound to hear much of this remarkable man, who stands out as one of the most leading citizens of the whole British Empire. Bottomley will inevitably make his mark in the future history of that empire, and incidentally his career will be intertwined, her and there, with that of the United States, particularly in its dealings with European politics.

Bottomley is one of those men of whom one asks in puzzled amazement, Whence does he derive his extraordinary influence over the public mind? For in no sense of the word is he a great man; he certainly is not a statesman, he is scarcely even a politician in the limited sense in which that phrase is understood in England. He is not a man of birth; he has no particular traditions behind him; he is not in any way a scholar; he is not a man of transcendent ability, and he has not achieved any specially desirable reputation amongst the leading classes of England. In a word, he is not a great man. And yet, nevertheless, he is the man to whom a vast portion of the people of England and a very considerable number of Canadians and Australians swear a kind of unofficial fealty. The British army and navy absolutely idolize him.

Now what is the reason of this? I will tell you. It is because he is the embodiment of the Man in the Street. It is because he reflects the opinions of that personage and exactly phrases and voices his inarticulate thoughts on the person or topic of the moment; because he is the very beau ideal, the exact incarnation of the typical downright, forthright, upright Britisher, full of common sense and as fearless as they make 'em; it is because he is the outward and visible personification of John Bull, the national idol and the national ideal, that Horatio Bottomley stands where he does today as the second most popular person and the person most in requisition in the British Isles.

And as one looks at the short, sturdy, stocky figure of this tribune of the people, and marks the power of the massive, clean-shaven face, with the good-natured smile ever curving round the firmly-closed mouth, and as one gazes into the penetrating, far-seeing eyes and listens to the soft, musical, and most penetrating voice, one realizes that one is in the presence of a man who is quite naturally and quite easily and absolutely irresistibly a great leader of his fellows.

Horatio Bottomley writes two articles a week—one in his own paper, *John Bull*, and one in the *Sunday Pictorial*, which are religiously read by not less than eight million people every week, and thus, dealing as he does with some outstanding topic of the moment, he speaks, heart to heart, man to man, to the great masses of the English people as no other politician in England has ever been able to do.

Bottomley has his many foibles and weaknesses because he is human. And it is because he is so absolutely human that he appeals to the man in the street. They can understand him and they can always, and they almost invariably do, appreciate and sympathize with his point of view.

But his main influence with the masses, and it is almost invariably an influence on the right side, rests in the fact that he is so thoroughly and delightfully common sense. Common sense is indeed his strongest card. It is the scientific ground work, as it were, of his whole scheme of life; it is the basis

of his political creed. It is the basis upon which he is preparing to reconstruct and build up social conditions which have been so hideously shaken by the recent cataclysm of the nations.

He has something in him of the visionary, the dreamer, and the idealist; but he possesses even the more practical faculty of materializing his visions, dreams, and ideals.

And above all he is not an uplifter! Not that he would ever depreciate the efforts and the sincerity of the conscientious uplifter, but in uplift, as generally understood and practiced, he realizes that a great danger exists for the nation that permits and encourages its exploitation beyond the regions of reason and sound common sense.

He is a bit of a humbug, of course, but so innocently and so sincerely—if I may indulge in such a paradox—that no one is taken in by it. Indeed in certain respects he is the most sincere person I have ever met. He is always sincere in the great moment, almost painfully and passionately so. Only, like St. Paul, he is, and quite sincerely, all things to all men—in, however, the most inoffensive manner; by which I mean he adapts, not his principles, but his methods, to his audience—for he is one of our leading platform and parliamentary speakers. I heard him a year or so ago haranguing a vast audience in the lowest part of London; keeping them in roars of laughter with his sly humor and his brilliant wit and again fanning them into a flame of enthusiasm by the tremendous eloquence and earnestness of his appeal. And then again I recall his appearance at the Alhambra Theatre one day in 1915. How the scene that dull November day comes back to me! And as the varied personalities in that marvelous audience detach themselves one by one from the great crowd that crammed the noble theatre from floor to ceiling I discern the figure of Queen Alexandra, with her daughter, Princess Victoria, leaning eagerly from her box, leading the applause that burst forth on the conclusion of his eloquent appeal on behalf of our Russian allies. And I recall the quiet, thoughtful, handsome face of Count Benckendorff the Russian ambassador, and of a score of other distinguished personages who were present on that occasion, and all of whom were, in their way, as enthusiastic and as transported as were the East Enders in their demonstrative and whole-hearted fashion.

We have solemn and very possibly tragic days to confront within the narrow confines of the British Isles. Probably the most tremendous and terrible days that we have ever known during our rough islands' checkered story. Bottomley is one of our bulwarks. He is one of the greatest supporters of the British constitution that we have today. He is one of those who stand between us and anarchy. I know well enough that there are those who will deride the very idea. And they have as much right to their opinion as I have to mine. But I reiterate it, that in the days to come Horatio Bottomley, who is neither a statesman, nor a scholar, nor an empire-builder, nor an uplifter, who is scarcely indeed a politician in the highest and best sense of the word, Horatio Bottomley will be one of our greatest bulwarks against the horrors of anarchy and Bolshevism, and mainly because he is the most common-sense and reasonable man in the British Isles today. He is John Bull personified!

Many of my readers may ask how all this can possibly concern them and American affairs. To which I reply that, in the days to come, whether we wish it or not, the fortunes of Great Britain and the United States will be infinitely more intertwined than ever they have been before, and as I sincerely believe and hope, to the greater happiness and benefit of each country. And in such a commingling of the two national bodies politic such a man as Horatio Bottomley will be found to have a great say. That is inevitable in the case of a man who possesses the ear and sympathy of the great British public as he most assuredly does.

In short, Bottomley is a force with which the governments of both countries may have to reckon with at any moment. I am no particular admirer of his. Frankly speaking, I infinitely prefer the statesman of the Salisbury, the Balfour, or the Asquith type—the great traditional type which our long history has never failed to preserve and to hand down to us. He is not great, he never will be great, but he is a man who can and who probably will play a very prominent part in national affairs and who can and will be productive of great happenings in our international comings together.

And just as an instance of what I mean, a faint foreshadowing, as it were, of what would occur in far greater happenings, I would say that should the uplifters of America consider it their duty to dispatch prohibitionist missionaries to Great Britain, those missionaries will at once discover their most powerful antagonist in the person of Horatio Bottomley. So powerful, indeed, that I doubt if they would ever get by him. That is only an instance of what I mean, but we can measure Hercules by his foot.

Horatio Bottomley is a force whom no poli-

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Dangerous Days.

Comparatively few novelists have yet dealt with life in America during the war. Doubtless many such stories will presently be launched, but in the meantime Mrs. Rhinehart's new story will probably hold the field for comprehensiveness and sustained interest.

The picture that she draws is not wholly a lovely one. We have the usual wealthy manufacturer with the heartless and selfish wife, and the now familiar glimpses of "society life" with its vicious sillinesses, its utter indifference to everything except folly. The story is well advanced before war actually comes with its fearful powers to strip human character to its foundations. Clay Spencer with a growing sense of responsibility turns over his factory to the government, to the disgust of his wife Natalie, whose worthless little heart is divided between love for herself and a passionate resolve that her son Graham shall stay at home. Then come the German plots in America and the destruction of the factory, doubtless an accurate picture of what was going on all over the country. The situation between Clay and his wife becomes an impossible one. Natalie has a lover, a young architect who is supposed to "understand" her, and Clay himself is drawn perilously near the border line of misconduct by an attractive young woman who is supposed to understand him. Graham is nearly steered into a fatal marriage by his mother, who supposes that this will save him from military service, and in the meantime he is gravely entangled with a German stenographer employed by his father. It is a rather repulsive medley of patriotism, avarice, selfishness, and crime, and we hesitate to accept it as typical. But perhaps it is more representative than we are willing to admit.

Mrs. Rhinehart is naturally more at home with her women than with her men characters.

Both Clay Spencer and his son in some respects are too ladylike for daily life. They do not act under temptation as they would have acted in real life. We have our doubts about Audrey, too, who shows up true to type when she follows Clay Spencer to make love to her, but who reforms herself under the stress of war with unusual speed and thoroughness.

DAUGHTERS DAYS. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Homestead.

The reading public is willing to wade through any amount of girl biography and girl psychology so long as the heroine gets herself happily married in the end. In this case the girl is Barbara Marshall, and we seem to describe her with sufficient amplitude when we say that she is quite a nice girl of the New England type. But one of her forebears was a sailor and Prudence has inherited the roving disposition. When she is quite little she develops a disposition to run away from home and then she is usually found by neighbor William, who thus acquires a sort of mission to find Barbara, and at once we are fairly certain that one day he will find her for keeps—lucky fellow. But of course Barbara has her vagaries. When the young lecturer comes to town with his incendiary descriptions of Rome and Venice and such like foreign parts he nearly succeeds in firing Barbara's blood with something more sentimental than travel, and truly we are sorry for the young lecturer, for he was a nice boy and void of offense. The trouble with young girls is that they do not always know whom they actually love. Familiarity brings a sort of kindly contempt and William has much to contend against. Probably he would not be so competent a guide to foreign parts as the young lecturer would have been, but then there were compensations, and one can not have everything.

THE HOMESTEAD. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A Detective Story.

Lady Carlton, the young and beautiful wife of an elderly husband, is found stabbed to death in a summer house. There are several people who might have committed the crime. She had a sort of lover, a Captain Vibart, and lovers are apt to be dangerous when you refuse to run away with them. And of course husbands are apt to be resentful when they discover about the lovers, especially elderly husbands who are liable to be suspicious. And then there was the young poacher who had been scolded by Lady Carlton for killing rabbits.

There is a rule in detective stories that you must always suspect the most unlikely person. For this reason we had our doubts about the detective, especially when we learned that his eyes seemed to stab you. Then we began to pile up evidence against the rabbits—most unjustly. But you must read the story right away to the end before you identify the guilty wretch. Personally, we know quite well who killed Lady Carlton and we frankly admit that

our early surmises were wrong. But we shall divulge nothing. By the way, why is there no detective story in which the detective himself is the murderer? We shall copyright that idea forthwith.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SUMMER HOUSE. By Horace Hutchinson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Fifty Years of Europe.

The fifty-year cycle that began with the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 may be said to have finished with the world war of 1914-1919. During that period Europe has been bringing her many social forces to the focus of battle. Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism were becoming mighty. Democracy had rapidly grown into cohesion and strength and had issued its challenge to autocracy. Asia had demanded a place and a voice at the council of nations. The uninhabited parts of the world had been partitioned, thus bringing into yet closer contact the elements that might so easily prove to be explosive. Just at the moment we are all showing how wise we can be after the event, and certainly it is a matter for no little surprise that the premonitory portents were neither beard nor understood.

It is this fifty-year cycle with which Professor Hazen deals in his "Fifty Years of Europe." The book is not wholly a new one. Its first part consists of chapters from his "Modern European History," so edited and arranged as to concentrate their light upon recent events. The second part is occupied with a summary of the war itself, described by the author as "buried impressions of a mighty moment in history." Certainly there are no evidences of hurry. Not one of the current misconceptions and unjustified assumptions is allowed to appear. Its only fault is its brevity.

Of the first part of the work it would be hard to speak too highly in praise. The thread of cause and effect runs clearly through the narrative, unbroken by the national divisions that are inseparable from the writing of modern history. We are measurably helped to understand the justice of President Poincaré's summary of the history of the German Empire, that "it was born in injustice; it has ended in opprobrium."

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The New Democracy.

Dr. William A. McKeever of the University of Kansas is among those who want to reconstruct the world. It is a large contract and we wish him success in it. We may even admit that he knows the right road, although it is a long one and, it is to be feared, a lonely one. Dr. McKeever believes that the individual must reform himself, that he must choose new ideals and cleave to them, and that character is the one supreme factor in all human organization, and that without character there can be no progress. But it might have been stated more briefly and without such damaging fanaticisms as the denunciations of tobacco that do so much to impugn the author's perspective and his sense of relative values. To say that for the modern youth "it will be Christ or the cigarette" is mere unbalance. We have known of cases, many of them, where it was neither Christ nor the cigarette. Sometimes it is both.

MAN AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By William A. McKeever. M. A., LL. D., Ph. D. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

E. Alexander Powell, author of "Fighting in Flanders," "Vive la France!" and other well-known volumes published by the Scribners, has been made a Knight of the Order of Leopold by King Albert of Belgium in recognition of his service to Belgium, and particularly in recognition of "Fighting in Flanders." This is the highest decoration bestowed by Belgium. Mr. Powell's new book, "The Army Behind the Army," the story of the army on this side that enlisted, trained, and equipped the gold chevron men that went across, will be published by the Scribners in August.

A third edition of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new psychic novel, "Miss Fingal," is now ready. Owing to the demand for this book, pronounced by William Lyon Phelps of Yale "one of the best novels of the last few years," it has been completely out of stock for the last ten days.

The most up-to-date volume in the book stores, though written several years ago, is Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Flying Inn," a story prophetic of the event that is the exciting topic of the moment—prohibition. It is a farcical romance of the adventures of the last English innkeeper, when all Western Europe has been conquered by the Moslem Empire and its dogma of abstinence from wine. Mr. Chesterton has never written a more piquant, whimsical tale.

The increasing interest in and demand for mystical writings will receive fresh impetus in the publication this week by E. P. Dutton & Co. of that classic of mysticism, Jan Ruysbroeck's "The Kingdom of the Lovers of God."

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It has been newly translated, by T. Arnold Hyde, from a Latin version made in 1672 from the Flemish original written about two hundred years previously.

"The battle of armies is over and the battle of books has begun. Viscount French has fired the first gun in the duel of pens and the rest will follow after," says a prominent critic in New York apropos of Viscount French's "1914," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

New Books Received.

FAR-AWAY STORIES. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.
Short stories.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. New York: Valentine's Manual, Inc.

Volume III. New series.

THE UN-CHRISTIAN JEW. By Lawrence Stern. Published by the author, 1400 Broadway, New York.

A novel.

CANADA AT WAR, 1914-1918. By J. Castell Hopkins, F. S. S., F. R. G. S. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A record of heroism and achievement.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Bertram Benedict, A. B. In two volumes. New York: Bureau of National Literature.
Volume I.

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SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Truth.

Sir Charles Walston tells us in the preface to his book that the war has lowered the moral standards of the world. We are not sure that that is true. We are not sure that the world had any moral standards to be lowered. And even if it were true we should still be reluctant to adopt any programme of "moral reconstruction" that probably would leave us in a worse plight than ever.

But it is true enough that public virtue is at a low ebb. The impossible having happened, we are inclined to believe that it is only the impossible that can happen, and this is greatly to the profit of the Father of Lies. Lying has become a fine art, and it seems that no one, from the statesman to the reporter, is at all ashamed of deliberate and calculated deception. But there is no need to review the domain of falsehood, although the author tries to do it for us. It is nearly coextensive with the race. But what are we to do in the matter?

The average man, unutterably weary of being harried by the reformer, will pathetically plead that nothing he done and that nature be left to adjust matters in her own way. But Sir Charles Walston thinks otherwise—hence this book. Not that he is by any means fanatical. Far from it. None the less he has many kinds of expedients, and some of them suggest the very credulity that he would combat. For example, he suggests some sort of government newspaper that would correct the lies that are now purveyed to us with our breakfast. But it has already been tried, and it lied more impudently than all the ordinary newspapers put together, and much more dangerously, seeing that it was invested with a sort of halo. May the gods preserve us from the corruptions of a government newspaper.

And so all down the line. We are to be hedged off from error by ramparts of expert opinion. We are to believe nothing and do nothing without the imprimatur of the expert, and especially in the now dominant matter of psychic research. But surely the author must be aware that nearly every great advance in knowledge has been pioneered by the layman and resisted by the expert. If the votes of experts were allowed to prevail we should still deny the circulation of the blood, we should still adhere to the Ptolemaic astronomy, there would be no psychic research whatever, and probably we should still travel by the stagecoach on land and the sailing ship on the sea.

Perhaps we shall be better off without any organized "moral reconstruction." The remedy seems so much worse than the disease. We have an almost fanatical craving to be let alone, nor are we without a strong conviction that the best of all ways in which the individual can help the world is by a secret and silent "moral reconstruction" of his own nature, and the more secret and silent it shall be, the greater its beneficence and effectiveness.

TRUTH: AN ESSAY IN MORAL RECONSTRUCTION. By Sir Charles Walston (Waldstein). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Zionism.

We are likely to hear a good deal of Zionism in the near future. The plea for the creation of a Jewish state has been received with enthusiasm by a large number of Jews throughout the world, and also with a certain coldness by very many others who are apprehensive of a disturbance of their present affiliations. It is essentially a matter for Jewish determination. The future disposition of Palestine is practically in their hands. The creation of a Jewish state would be a profound satisfaction to a large body of sentiment throughout the world, and it might also prove to be a political safeguard of the first importance. It is a matter for careful study and for deliberate determination.

For this reason we are glad to have the adverse arguments of Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Jastrow sympathizes with the effort to establish Jewish colonies in Palestine, but he does not wish to see the establishment of a Jewish state. "We ask," he says, "that Palestine be constituted as a free and independent state, to be governed under a democratic form of government recognizing no distinctions of creed or race or ethnic descent, and with adequate power to protect the country against oppression of any kind. We do not wish to see Palestine, now or at any time in the future, organized as a Jewish state." Professor Jastrow's arguments may be left to the reader. It need hardly be said that they are consonant with his scholarship and his intellectual dignity.

ZIONISM AND THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mind and Conduct.

This volume consists of the Morse lectures delivered at the Union Theological Seminary in 1919 by Dr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, L. H. D., D. S. It is an inquiry into the nature

of mind and conduct and their correlation, and it includes some reflections on pleasure and pain, happiness, intuition, and responsibility. It is essentially a scholastic work, and while it avoids the crudities of a now unpopular materialism it shows the usual tendencies to confuse the mechanic and the mechanism, and even to regard psychology somewhat in the light of a glorified physiology. Moreover, we are sometimes surprised by such questions as "Why do we unhesitatingly agree that the dog and the horse have consciousness, but find it difficult to agree to its existence, or non-existence, in connection with the life of the ant and of the bee?" But is there any one who denies consciousness to the ant and the bee, to any form of animal life? The tendency seems to be to extend the area of consciousness even to the vegetable world. We may even support a theory of universal consciousness. Again, how do we know that the Self exercises no control during the dream state? Suppose we were to turn the matter clear around and imagine that the dream state is normal and the waking state abnormal. Why not? It would then seem just as evident that the Self exercises no control during the waking state.

MIND AND CONDUCT. By Henry Rutgers Marshall, L. H. D., D. S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Daughter of Jerusalem.

The very eulogistic preface written for "The Little Daughter of Jerusalem" by a critic of Jules Lemaitre's reputation will lend to this alleged novel a prestige that it scarcely deserves. The author, who calls herself Miriam Harry, is the daughter of a Russian Jew and a German deaconess. She was reared in Jerusalem, and lived there until she was in her teens. Upon her child-mind the Oriental types and pictures of life in the Holy City made a deep impression. Her book consists of a recital of the impressions and experiences felt by this child of such oddly mixed blood, but one can scarcely accept "The Little Daughter of Jerusalem" as a novel, in spite of the slight thread of story that the writer attempts.

That she is able to portray with some vividness the effect made upon a receptive young intelligence is all that can be said for the volume, which is rather difficult to wade through, save, perhaps, for one who is familiar with the life in Jerusalem, or means to go there.

Miriam Harry, after some German experiences, turned to France, and ardently embraced French literature. Her book was originally written in French—the present edition is a translation—and it is very evident that the chaos of impressions it registers under the form of a story stands for what Jerusalem has left upon the mentality of the writer. In fact the unusual circumstances attending the author's up-bringing constitute her special claim upon the interest. Her passionate, dreamy, imaginative nature possibly attracted the attention of the French, but American readers will probably testify very slight interest in the book, and will shrewdly estimate the gallant academician's eulogism as inspired more by friendship than literary appreciation.

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM. By Miriam Harry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

For Housekeepers.

"A Manual of Home-Making" is a thick volume compiled by three women who are in the Department of Home Economics, New York College of Agriculture, at Cornell University. It is not intended for students, but is meant to go straight into the hands of women who are managing households. As it is not a cookery book it takes up a number of the housewife's provinces and from its pages she



may gain practical information, not only about the furnishing of her house, but the working equipment, the planning of meals and buying of food, cleaning, laundering, etc.

The book is intended primarily to aid by precept and counsel those who live in rural districts, and who therefore are debarred from using the innumerable short cuts to comfort that are at hand to alleviate the labors of the city housewife. Its thoroughness and the practicality of the instructions given on a wide range of subjects would seem to render it a most valuable aid to the aspiring homemaker who wishes her establishment to be conducted on the best practical lines.

A MANUAL OF HOME-MAKING. By Martha Van Rensselaer, Flora Rose, and Helen Canon. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Cup of Fury.

Rupert Hughes has written another of his profuse, formless, turgid novels. Mr. Hughes can write an interesting short story. He can begin a novel with a promise of interesting situations. But he doesn't hold out.

"The Cup of Fury" is a tangle of German spies, shipbuilding, lovmaking, and a clutter of information or comment on conditions developed by the war.

When it dawns on the reader, at the beginning of the book, that Sir Joseph and Lady Wehling, a rich old couple of German origin highly placed in English social life, are using their adopted daughter as a go-between in a spy correspondence the situation promises interest. But it ends abruptly with the suicide of the found-out pair. From that point the book is dull and diffuse and the love story spun out to the point of tenuity.

It is a pity that a novelist so episodic in tendency does not stick to short stories.

THE CUP OF FURY. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In the birth registration area of the United States 1,353,792 infants were born alive in 1917, representing a birth rate of 24.6 per 1000 of population. The total number of deaths in the same area was 776,222, or 14.1 per 1000. The births exceeded the deaths by 74.4 per cent. For every state in the registration area, for practically all the cities, and for nearly all the counties, the births exceeded the deaths, in most cases by considerable proportions. The mortality rate for infants under one year of age average 93.8 per 1000 living births. The foregoing are among the facts brought out by the Census Bureau's annual compilation of birth statistics.

It has been estimated that there are quite 300,000,000 images of the various gods in India.

A Year Ago.

Caressed by the tender beauty of a night in early summer the river stole in darkness beneath the faint stars, not a light reflected in its depths. Only in the high house which had been turned into a hospital signs of life showed; silence and gloom reigned instead of spring joy and laughter.

Suddenly a great sword of light flashed out across the sky. At its challenge another sprang from some gigantic scabbard, and they struck and crossed, swinging from horizon to zenith, glittering, stabbing the night. Two more leaped out, and then others, until the heavens were a bewildering pattern of giant interweaving rays.

For some time the weird sword play lasted, then ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the apprehensive darkness crept back once more.

A year later the stars shone above the river and lights laughed back to them out of its heart. Couples sauntered hand in hand; children called to each other. Spring and youth and joy rioted in safety.

From the open windows of the big house came music and laughter.

"I can hardly believe," said a girl on a seat near it, "that only last year I was a 'pro.' there, surrounded by wounded men. It all seems like a nightmare, doesn't it?"

Her companion laughed rather grimly as he got awkwardly on his one foot, and, as they moved away, the tap-tap of his crutches echoed implacably through the joyous dusk.

—London Chronicle.

One of the novel uses to which the airplane is now being put is that of locating pestilential swamps and marshes. The Navy Department reports that an ensign recently made a successful trip along the North Carolina coast, in the vicinity of Morehead City, for the purpose of spying out territory which should be drained or purified. The ensign's job particularly was to find the breeding place of mosquitoes, and as these are discovered steps are taken by the sanitation engineers for their elimination.

When a New Guinea woman falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother or another of his lady relatives. Then the lady who receives the string tells the favored man that the particular woman is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for it is considered beneath a New Guinea man's dignity to waste time in such a pursuit. If the man thinks he would like to wed the lady, he meets her alone, and they decide whether to marry or drop the idea.

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A MOMENTOUS WEEK.

Good things, my children! Things that you mustn't miss. Wit and charm at the Curran; beauty at the Columbia, and royal state, court intrigue, and the unstable favor of kings. And Molière, the great genius of France, the man who, under the guise of farce, comedy, and burlesque, ever sought to suggest the reformation of morals and manners, him we see reincarnated. For Henry Miller, always easy and graceful in court dress, plays the rôle of the court favorite whose career is drawing to a close with a melancholy grace and charm that denotes a special sympathy for the part.

There is an atmosphere of refined splendor about the production that appeals keenly to the æsthetic perceptions. And Mr. Miller has gathered together a company of players who in appearance, manners, reading, and acting fit gracefully into the rôles which require something of the grand air appropriate to these personages of the play who lived the grandiloquent lives of theatre or court ornaments.

With Blanche Bates in the rôle of Mme. de Montespan, that gorgeously beautiful Jezebel who supplanted better women and tenderer hearts in the favor of the fickle Louis, the performance is greatly strengthened. Miss Bates, who, during the last decade, has developed much in acting ability and the power of submerging a very marked individuality in the rôle, presented a dazzling figure as the beautiful court favorite. With the passing of her youthful bloom this popular actress has developed a charm of diction, a flexibility of histrionic expression, and a power of reaching the imagination that reminds one of a similar late development in Maxine Elliott. As with Ethel Barrymore, managers exploited Blanche Bates in her youth, exhibiting her temperamental resilience because it paid. And just so they worked the charm and beauty of Ethel Barrymore. In all three cases these actresses finally took things into their own hands and attended to their own development.

So, as we watched the lovely Françoise outline her schemes and saw the fitting surface smiles succeeded by the darker look which matches malevolent purpose, we found that the golden-haired idol was to us Mme. de Montespan and that we had forgotten Blanche Bates.

And it was so with Henry Miller, who, somehow, in his curtain speeches suggests a saddened man. There is a beautiful minor tone in the play, and the sad, autumnal mood of Molière reminded me of that lovely act in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; the act in which, as the leaves fall sadly from the trees, Cyrano, pacing under the fading foliage with his old friend and the unconscious object of his concealed love, resignedly faced the thought of separation and death.

There is, true enough, a certain bookish quality to the play of "Molière." But there is sufficient plot and action to keep the audience ever on the alert. Well, perhaps until the last act, when there is something of a drop, due, I think, to the surrender on the author's part to a conventionality of mood. And, indeed, it is very difficult, in historical or semi-historical plays, to avoid the conventional mood. Writers in such fields are almost compelled to tread the safe path of tradition.

Thus, in the last act, Molière's wandering wife, who is described by the optimistic Colinge as having lived alone during her absence, returns to Molière's yearning arms, which suggests the conventional wind-up. The gradual and too prolonged passing away of the master required some kind of a curtain climax, which was doubled by the forgiving apparition of the king; only to find that a greater had preceded him.

And speaking of the king, how admirable was David Glassford's assumption of the kingly air, and how well he spoke Louis' lines. But, indeed, that is one of Mr. Miller's feats in the production. One of the author's, it should have been premised, also, for there is an old-time grace and courtliness to the lines, and the players satisfy us by the fine manner, and yet sincerity, and by the well-chiseled articulation with which they utter them. In fact the entire performance yielded us a peculiar combination of old-time joys and that rich satisfaction which we feel in a well-balanced performance and a perfectly

beautiful production. The imagination surrendered itself readily, for each setting was appropriate, and in the rich yet subdued splendor of the Montespan's apartments we felt ourselves in touch with that old France in which the taxes wrung from peasants made luxury for the mistresses of kings.

The same heed in the selection for between-acts music that was noted in "A Marriage of Convenience" was exercised in "Molière," and during the intermissions the music that was played caused a continuance of the mood evoked by the play.

The cast is long, but mention should be made of the fine portraiture of Alice Gale as La Forest, of Forrest Robinson as Colinge, and of Sidney Herbert as La Fontaine. And as a whole the company made an imposing appearance in the dress of the period.

There were one or two scenes that made poignant appeal to the sympathies; in especial the one between Molière and Colinge, which was so beautifully played; that in which Molière, with the princely bounty of a big heart, reassured the dejected old player and put new heart into his wavering will.

Somewhat contradictory was Catherine Calhoun Doucet's impersonation of Armande, the wife of Molière. Her manner at first seemed to have a sort of spinsterish precision. But in the scene with Mme. de Montespan she warmed up to a greater spontaneity, and, generally speaking, she suggested the pressed-flower fragrance of a dead past. This in spite of an insufficient equipment of loveliness and charm for Armande. Still the fact that she held her own so well in the scene with the radiant De Montespan was to her credit.

MARITAL RUMPUSES.

Married folks will be going in shoals to the Curran this week to see "Tea for Three." For married folks love to hear matrimony and it shoals and quicksands discussed histrionically. For that matter, so do unmarried folks. For they have either been there, or may get there, or wish they may get there.

"Tea for Three" has for its motive the tendency of jealous husbands to deprive their wives of all possibility of enjoying well-regulated friendships with the opposite sex. Of course there are lots of people that are very skeptical as to the possibility of such friendships. And, indeed, in "Tea for Three" Philip, although anxious to maintain a perfectly conventional and decorous friendship with Elsie—we'll call her; I forget her name, and they merely call her "the wife" on the bill—is very much in love with her. Philip is a doctor and has very few illusions about humanity; but he thinks well of Elsie and wishes to continue to do so. Carleton, the husband, adores her, but is jealous. That would seem to argue that he doesn't think well of her, but jealousy, like love in its early phases, is a sort of madness. So we forgive Carleton.

And Elsie loves them both. Elsie, although she lunches à deux with Philip, and tells quite a collection of whitey-brown fibs to her husband, is really a very straight young woman. Also she is safe in carrying on a friendship of the kind indicated. She is, temperamentally, a very calm, judicious young woman, well balanced in the head, affectionate, appreciative of the solid qualities of both husband and friend, but not at all of the excitement of dodging rocks and reefs.

It was really Philip's fault that a small reef threatened Elsie's dainty little bark of life; which would seem to indicate that Platonic friendships are not feasible as long as a woman is so young and lovely that her husband adores her and is jealous. From the preceding observations it may be seen that the play is exceedingly interesting in an intimate way, the action being carried by the three characters mentioned, and only a couple of servants being necessary as accessory characters. The conversation between Elsie and Philip at the lunch leads up by a natural transition to the conversation between Elsie and Carleton at the home of the couple. And Philip's comment on Carleton and his confounded jealousy whets the relish with which we listen to Carleton's comments on Philip and his confounded way of never being serious.

And then the three are together at tea.

It was really a delicious scene. Elsie, the charming mainspring, calm, contented, attentive, Philip urbane, witty, satiric, gently rallying, Carleton reluctantly conceding a very grudging courtesy to the unwelcome guest, a little disputatious, slightly irascible over continually getting the worst of it, and we, the audience, behind the scenes, aware of the underlying motives, liking and admiring Philip, liking and sympathizing with Carleton, liking and approving Elsie; certainly it was a delightful specimen of what I call intimate drama.

There are three acts in the play, and there is no let-up in the interest. Arthur Byron plays the part of Philip; a most inspired selection. This actor has oodles and oodles of charm, being, like John Drew, the member of a theatrical family endowed with much charm; for his kinship with Ada Rehan means that he draws from the same sources

the abounding charm with which Daly's famous leading lady was endowed.

And, as with John Drew, Arthur Byron seems supernally young. As the years pass his art ever mellow and mellow, and managers have come to recognize that when a character particularly likable, even lovable, is to be impersonated—always provided he has a keen sense of humor—Arthur Byron is their man.

As Philip, Mr. Byron was so irresistibly likable that the maid's burst of relieved tears when she saw Philip return safe and sound seemed entirely comprehensible. As also the air of deferential friendship and good-will with which the valet performed the services required.

Carleton was also likable, Mr. Frederick Perry being an actor to the finger-tips, and putting into his indication of the husband's affection, his trust, his distrust, his relief his uneasiness, all kinds of delicate touches that painted moods and their transitions.

The wife was played by Elsie Ryan, a very intelligent actress who was most successful in indicating that mixture of good sense and sympathy in Elsie which made her so adored by the two men. This in spite of the handicap of an unmusical and particularly prosaic voice; a deficiency that always lessens a woman's charm. Miss Ryan almost overrode this defect, and in the second act came very near convincing us that Elsie was as lovely and desirable as the two men thought her, and in the third, when the news of calamity reached her, the intelligence of the actress was indicated by the consistency with which she caused Elsie to remain true to character in the midst of her distress and grief.

A very neat and well-studied impersonation was that of Albert Marsh in the rôle of the valet, while Mara Keval acted with simple naturalness in exhibiting the grief and concern of the maid when her eye fell on the calamitous headlines of the paper.

Roi Cooper Megrue, the author of the piece, and a very keen-witted one who has a number of successes to his credit, has studied to preserve an air of naturalness throughout the play, the actors ably backing him in this respect. Every curtain is a quiet and untableaued one, and the intelligently enjoying audience appreciated that special effect, or rather avoidance of studied effectiveness. The lines are exceedingly witty; so much so that it is heartbreaking to lose anything that is said, this being the kind of play at which one wants to be in the best location acoustically. There are some pretty novelties in the settings, which are merely three interiors, and a general suggestion of good taste about the whole production. And although the word "triangle" is used in connection with the story, and Philip, while jauntily discussing human nature, matrimony, and life says some rather audacious things, there is no suggestion whatever of grossness or uncleanness in text or situation. Rather there is a tone of mellow refinement throughout the play and the play of sympathy is unforced and legitimate.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

CROSSING INDIAN RIVERS.

In a country where rivers are subject to sudden and heavy floods, bridges are in many cases so insecure that ferries must always be maintained in addition. Such is the case in India, and the methods of crossing streams today are what they have been from the earliest times. An American consular officer tells how he was taken across an Indian river at the time of a freshet. The contrivance was simple, and has been used in the Orient as long as history shows any record.

A cord having been fastened to a large, elongated gourd, and a smaller gourd being also tied to it, the native gets astride, and laying his breast upon the larger gourd paddles himself across with his hands and feet.

Women, too, avail themselves of this singular contrivance, under the escort of a ferryman, who, similarly mounted, takes his charge in tow, carries her basket, with perhaps a child in it, on his head, and conveys them safely across.

Herds of cattle swim these flooded rivers like water rats, and the herd boy, as a matter of course, takes the tail of the hindmost bullock in his hand, and thus gains a very comfortable lift across.

These methods of crossing rivers, however, are hardly in accordance with our ideas of comfort (says the New York Herald). So the American thought one day as he stood, after a long ride, on the bank of a wide and rapid stream which separated him from his halting place. He did not relish the idea of buffeting the muddy current on a horse of gourds, but as there was no boat within twenty miles it seemed as if he must either do this or bivouac on the bank without his dinner.

While he was in this dilemma a native signified that he would soon set the foreigner right. From a neighboring hut he brought a native bedstead—not a four-poster such as Westerners use, but a small, light frame of wood having four little legs and held together by the interlacing of a piece of cord, which

thus forms a sort of netted bottom to this simple piece of furniture. The native next brought out four round earthen pots, and after protecting the bottom of each with a few inches of sand he put the legs of the cot into the pots and signified that the vessel was ready to be launched.

As the American sat doubled up on the extemporized raft in company with his saddle he found himself raised an inch or so above the level of the water, the earthen pots forming admirable floats. A couple of lusty swimmers then took him in tow and soon landed him on the opposite bank.

Every time the clock ticked last year property of the value of \$92 went up in flame and smoke. Reduced to its briefest period in point of time, that represents the fire loss in the United States for 1918. Carried through longer periods, the loss was at the rate of \$554 a minute, \$33,240 an hour, and nearly \$800,000 a day. The total loss for this year, according to the tabulation made by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, was \$291,000,000.

It is now stated that during the war parrots were placed in the Eiffel Tower because they gave warning, by their actions, of the approach of enemy airplanes.

The volcano Aso-san, in Southern Japan, has the biggest crater known. It is fourteen miles across one way and between ten and eleven the other.



XVI.

Treating Jones and Brown Fairly

San Francisco, 1916: Jones and Brown are small tradesmen with adjoining stores. Being "commercial consumers," they pay meter rates for water.

Jones uses 100 cubic feet a month—Brown, 600; yet both pay the same bill—\$1.80 a month. That is the minimum commercial rate paid by about 6000 consumers.

San Francisco, 1919: Jones and Brown have the same stores and use the same amount of water as before. What do they pay under the new schedule?

Jones pays 24 cents for 100 cubic feet, plus 65 cents service charge—89 cents instead of \$1.80.

Brown pays \$1.44 for 600 cubic feet plus the same service charge—\$2.09 instead of \$1.80.

We used to collect \$3.60 a month from Jones and Brown—now we collect \$2.98.

That minimum rate of \$1.80 was the old way of including the service charge in the bill. See how it worked—

Brown used \$1.44 worth of water (600 cubic feet at 24 cents per hundred). The balance of his bill—\$1.56—more than paid service cost. Jones was making up to us what we lost in serving Brown and others.

All bills are now adjusted to individual consumption.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Alcazar.

The human appeal of "Within the Law," acted by the New Alcazar Company this week, is exerted the coming week, beginning with next Sunday's matinee, in Maude Fulton's whimsical comedy, "The Brat." When Miss Fulton gayly disported herself in San Francisco a few seasons ago as eccentric Jancer and musical comedienne there was no intimation that she would soon become a representative woman playwright. That even then she was a prolific short-story writer was unsuspected by the public that applauded her. The central figure in "The Brat," for which Belle Bennett may be relied upon for wholly original interpretation at the Alcazar, is a sagacious, sophisticated little waif picked up in a New York night court by a blasé novelist seeking new character studies and taken into his mother's fashionable home, where she creates a moral upheaval. This bedraggled little butterfly has become acclaimed as one of the most oddly fascinating figures in the drama. The cast includes that well-poised young actor Thomas Chatterton as the merciless inquisitor of a novelist, Walter Richardson as the dissolute son of the disturbed household, Al Cunningham as the worldly bishop, Jean Oliver as the intriguing debutante, Emily Pinter as the alluring Jane, Edna Shaw as the fashionable matron, and versatile Vaughan Morgan as the bibulous butler. To follow, by special arrangement with Klaw & Erlanger, is "Here Comes the Bride," by Max Martin, author of "The House of Glass," by Roy Atwell, musical comedian.

Curran Theatre.

On Sunday night, July 27th, begins the second week of the engagement of "Tea for Three," Roi Cooper Megrue's comedy at the Curran Theatre. Coming to this city with the stamp of metropolitan approval, the same excellent company of players again demonstrated the sheer merit of the production by delighting beyond measure the large audience gathered at the opening night.

Long famous for his ability at characterization and his mastery of the comedy elements of the drama, Mr. Megrue in "Tea for Three" has developed situations intensely dramatic. Using practically the same situations and elements of the old triangular play, which provide so many playwrights with material for doleful tragedies, Mr. Megrue finds opportunity to be delightfully humorous without losing any of the dramatic possibilities of the story.

The production is by Selwyn & Co. and is distinguished for its appropriateness and great harmony of design and execution.

The Orpheum

Grace La Rue, who is scoring a success at the Orpheum, will begin the last week of her engagement next Sunday matinee, and will present a new and delightful programme.

There will also be a great new bill.

"The Reckless Eve," William B. Friedlander's latest comedy production, will receive an elaborate presentation. Magnificent costumes and scenery will be in evidence and a splendid cast, headed by Esther Jarrett, Cecil Summers, and Deeley and Rogers, will do full justice to the sparkling music and witty dialogue.

Eddie Nelson and Dell Chain have one of the real hits of vaudeville. "Use Your Own Judgment" is an excellent vehicle for the display of the comedy ability of these clever

artists and they thoroughly exhaust the many comic opportunities afforded them.

Miss Ione Pastori is well and favorably known here as a lyric soprano of beautiful voice and fine culture which has made her immensely popular on the local concert platform. Her vaudeville debut is therefore attended with great interest.

Bob Murphy and Elmore White will be responsible for an arrangement of tunes and laughs. They are clever young men and capital singers and comedians.

Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills in "A Jasper Junction"; Theodore Bekefi, assisted by Sofia Scherer and Lorraine Marie Wise, in character and classical dances; the latest Hearst Weekly, and Deiro, the piano accordion virtuoso, will be the remaining numbers in a thoroughly enjoyable programme.

The Greek Theatre.

Preparations for the production of "Miriam, Sister of Moses," in which Miss Ruth St. Denis, internationally-famed dancer, and her talented husband, Ted Shawn, are to be featured, are progressing with gratifying promise. The production is to be staged in the Greek Theatre on the nights of August 1st and 2d under the auspices of the Music and Drama Department, University of California. Professor Samuel J. Hume is directing the entire venture and is assisted by a corps of capable assistants.

"Miriam, Sister of Moses," was written especially for this talented star by Constance Smedley Armfield and Maxwell Armfield.

There is to be a chorus of more than 100 young women.

Most of the dances have been invented by Ted Shawn, who is directing the ballets. Frederick Alexander, head of the summer session department of music at the university, has been entrusted with the rehearsals of the chorus.

The costumes are to be gorgeous affairs, specially designed for the occasion.

Bone Is Set by Nature.

Among the innumerable tales of surgical and medical marvels which were wrought during the late war the following, which is vouched for by a well-known New York surgeon, is causing much professional comment. The surgeon was Dr. Joseph A. Blake. A reporter asked Dr. Blake what was the most extraordinary operation of the war. Whereupon the doctor laughed, and replied:

"What will strike the average man as most extraordinary was this, though it was not an operation at all. A British Tommy had his thigh broken by a rifle bullet. He was unable to get back into the British lines and lay out in No Man's Land day and night, living on such food as he could find in the haversacks of the dead around him and drinking such water as was contained in their canteens. He crawled around at night in search of this. After six weeks out in No Man's Land—of course, without any attention to his wound except such improvised bandaging as he was able to give it—he managed to crawl back into his own lines. His comrades scarcely knew what the filthy, hairy object coming to them was, and the man was half crazy. But his wound had healed and the bone had set."

"Why worry?" "I'm figuring on my income tax," said the man with the gloomy face. "Thought you figured that out months ago?" "I did. That was the easy part. Now I'm figuring on how to get the money to pay it." —Washington Star.

CLEMENCEAU'S HUMOR.

Premier Clemenceau of France had taken the measure of German diplomacy long before the recent peace conference (writes Arthur Lynch in the *Pall Mall Gazette*). At the time when the Agadir affair threatened to light the conflagration that was started later by the murder of the Austrian Archduke, the German ambassador came to see the French statesman, and began to adopt the threatening tone which had served him well with lesser mortals. On this classic occasion the man who was later to be the outstanding war premier of France showed that he could smile as effectively as he has since shown that he can roar. In the face of the German potentate's threats, we read:

"Mr. Clemenceau did not turn a hair. Exasperated at length, the ambassador cried that if France did not at once climb down he would leave for Berlin that very day. Leaving for Berlin meant, of course, a declaration of war, and the ambassador had hinted that war would mean the annihilation of France in three weeks.

"The menace was terrible. Mr. Clemenceau, who was seated all the time, did not seem at first rightly to grasp the significance of what the German representative had said to him, for he kept rummaging among a number of old papers on his desk. Finally, he produced the French equivalent of *Bradshaw*, and, opening the pages, conned the time-table de liberately, while the feelings of the ambassador were displayed throughout all the gamut from fury to amazement. Looking up at length, Mr. Clemenceau replied quietly: 'Well, it must be this evening; I see you have missed the morning train already.'

"The ambassador felt that his tire was punctured. He changed his tone completely, and Agadir was scored as a victory for French statesmanship.

"People who write about Mr. Clemenceau nowadays give him too often the conventional airs that are supposed to 'go with' heavy statesmanship just as palms go with Africa. But Mr. Clemenceau is really too big a man for the 'pose' and 'side' and air of profundity and mystery that are necessary to protect the second-rate diplomat. There is in his nature a vein of waggery, the spirit of *Gauche* (the Parisian street arab) that has more than once asserted itself on solemn occasions.

"At one time, many years ago, Mr. Clemenceau lost his chance of ruling the destinies of France—until the fires of the war proved the true metal—by his frolicsome spirit. An election was pending for president of the Chamber, and the fortunate candidate would at once be in the running for the presidency of the republic. The votes of Mr. Clemenceau's party were in the majority, and his supporters were assured of his success.

"Now, one of the party was a queer old card, whom we will call Mouffler—a snuffy old gentleman who had hit on an economical plan for getting his lunch. He used to go to the buffet and order a glass of beer, and while waiting for it he would take two or three sandwiches and deftly slip them into the tail-pocket of his long coat, and then, carrying off his beer to a corner, he would quietly enjoy his frugal repast. Mr. Clemenceau knew of this trick, and one day, when he saw Mr. Mouffler slipping the sandwiches into his tail-pocket he quietly took them out again.

"Mr. Mouffler retired to his corner as usual, but when the time came to fish out the sandwiches he was observed searching his pockets with a look of bewilderment. Then he looked up and caught Mr. Clemenceau laughing with three or four friends who had seen the whole manœuvre. Mr. Mouffler was furious. When the voting for president of the Chamber took place Mr. Clemenceau lost by one vote. Mr. Mouffler had turned the scale against him. It was some fifteen years before Mr. Clemenceau was entrusted with power.

"Certainly he always had the power of criticism, but there are great ups and downs in the life of a journalist—that is the backbone of Mr. Clemenceau's public character—and there have been times when his various little papers have depended for life on the good-will of some long-suffering little printer. Mr. Clemenceau as a journalist is described under a thin disguise in the 'Arriviste' of Félicien Champsaur, and the novelist has not missed the jaunty, waggish, democratic side of the great man, with his hat cocked over his ear, his eye, which expresses so many things, not free from drollery, and the off-hand, but friendly nod for the *garçon* of the hall.

"I do not mean, of course, to imply any lack of responsibility in this leader of men. Mr. Clemenceau is a deep classical scholar, as well as a man of science, but he is not of the type of cricketer who goes out in a test match trembling with the solemnity of the occasion. He is always sure of himself, and he helps the bowler over the chains with gayety and abandon. Moreover, during the war he has displayed a Napoleonic capacity for work. He sat on a number of important



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committees, and gave the right impulse to all; but he never lost the wit and humor of *Gauche*. His remark when Cottin was preparing to fire—'He is going to miss me'—was neither one of the heroics of Adelphi melodrama nor the oracular utterances of a hypnotized man; it was simply the shrewd judgment of one who had all his wits about him and on whom fear had no hold."

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VANITY FAIR.

Some few years ago an Indian princess visited America. She was a beautiful and cultivated woman, and also an enormously rich woman. It was about the time when our own women were beginning to "find their own souls," to organize themselves for the salvation of the world and to seek that "self-expression" that has had such unpleasant results. The Hindu princess was a godsend to them. They could make of her the missionary to India. Through her they might emancipate the Orient just as they had emancipated themselves from everything except pleasure.

But they had the surprise of their young lives. The princess was not in a receptive mood. She failed to recognize the new gospel. She did not even know that she was a slave. When a deputation of women waited on her and told her that she was a slave, a chattel, a piece of property—you know how they talk—she said that on the contrary they were slaves, chattels, and pieces of property. She said that her heart bled for the American women, and that their sisters in India behind the purdah veils had more liberty and more power than the American women had ever dreamed of. The deputation withdrew.

But the incident gave rise to some discussion. There were women who said that it "made them think." Perhaps it was the first stone thrown strongly at the bulwarks of our self-complacency. It began to dawn upon us women that to be petted and pampered, to get everything including the vote by the simple process of crying for it, was not necessarily the high-water mark of emancipation. There were even some daring souls who wondered if perhaps women were not their own tyrants and that their real enemies were to be found within themselves, and not outside. But the process was a slow one. Self-conceit is nearly invincible.

But the heaven worked. The popular novel is usually the last resort of the conventional fallacy, the last stronghold of the fable. But the popular novel is surrendering. It is confessing that our women are not quite what they have thought themselves to be, that they have been living in mists and vapors that have acquired a sort of sanctity, but that none the less are actually mists and vapors. Take, for example, the new novel by Felix Grendon, entitled "Nixola of Wall Street," published by the Century Company. Here we have a conversation between a Frenchman, Aristide, and an American girl, Madge. Madge asks, "Why are you so down on the American woman?"

"Because she's such an overrated fiction. Where can you find the glorious American girl, strong in body, tasteful in dress, independent in thought and action? Not in the flesh. She exists, if at all, in the imagination

of the schoolboy or between the covers of the cheap story magazine."

"But the American woman has more freedom than her European sister. You admit that; don't you, Aristide?"

"Not I! Remember, I've lived on both sides of the Atlantic, with my eyes open. It is true that your women enjoy the forms of freedom, but they have sacrificed the substance for these forms. Nowhere in Europe do women pay so high a price for sex and get so poor a return for their money. Nowhere do women work so hard and men so feebly as in the United States. Why, a woman here will drudge two or three times as much as an English or a German woman, and think nothing of it. Have you ever noticed the extraordinary number of idle, well-dressed men in public places—in markets and department stores, on streets, recreation piers, and park benches, at matinees, restaurants, and hargain counters?"

"I never thought of it before. I daresay I always looked on loafing as a masculine prerogative of divine origin."

"Exactly. The women in your country have gone daft about men."

"Nonsense, Aristide!"

"Not passionately, but acquisitively, I mean. Not about men as sex instruments, but as pieces of personal property. Your women are too self-centred to dote on men, European fashion. Yet it is the ambition of every American girl to find some man whom she can be good to. When she finds one who consents to be called hers, she puts him in cotton hatting and tempers the elements of his delicate nurture. She does all his household drudgery, shoulders his business cares, and frequently even earns money for him. For the rest of her life he is a pampered pet, lapped in luxury, idleness, and ease. Truly, the queen of the American beehive is a man."

"You mean he's the drone, not the queen."

"No, the drones are eventually put to death."

"But the queen has to work," objected Madge.

"Oh, she lays eggs," said Aristide. "It's a form of exercise. Your men do as much. They go to their offices now and then, and hully or cajole their subordinates, mostly women, into conducting the actual business."

"To cap the oddity of the situation," he added, "women patiently bear this yoke subject to but one condition: they demand that the illusion he publicly maintained that women are the pampered pets and men the toil-worn slaves. What a bargain for us men!"

Aristide is undoubtedly both extravagant and severe. But he expresses a point of view. Slavery to sex is the worst of all slaveries. But he is equally severe and equally extravagant toward the business man. He says:

"In the United States only a very unbusinesslike man can be a successful man of business. You smile. But consider: your countrymen are the most trustful and generous people alive. They carry their qualities to fanatic lengths, as in the notorious treatment of their tradesmen. For the sake of heaping untold riches on this lucky class they have reversed Nature herself, or one of Nature's laws—that of supply and demand. The more abundant the supply of an article, the bigger the sum they will pay for it. Witness the fabulous prices paid for eggs, particularly when these are such a drug on the market that dealers can put them in cold storage for years. And where in the wide world except in the United States is it downright bad form to pry into the quality of one's purchases or insist on a service both skillful and prompt? Under such conditions a merchant with a passion for good management, high-grade wares, labor-saving machinery, and the like is ruined in a fortnight. In the contest with a noisy, tricky, wasteful, pushing competitor, what chance has he to win an easy, trustful, indulgent public?"

"In short, my dear girl, your people are possessed of a mad desire to buy nothing for something. Call this conduct philanthropy, if you like, but don't call it a tribute to business acumen. Your merchant princes pass for marvels of inventive planning or executive skill; by the exercise of prodigious talents they are reputed to do their countrymen out of millions. Believe me, they are much maligned. A merchant prince in America is a man with wit enough to stake everything on a central location and nothing on high-class goods, deft service, or competent workmanship. The flocks of passers-by feather his nest without further effort made on his part or further questions asked on theirs."

Most of which means that such terms as freedom and emancipation are vague, misleading, and elastic. The American girl who has broken away from the restraints of chaperonage and who has a vote thinks that she is more free than the English and the French girl who has not so broken away and who has no vote. On the other hand the English and French girl may look forward to enjoying an actual political power of which their American sisters have not dreamed. She may easily be a dominating factor in international affairs. She may be formidable in diplomacy and as a political hostess, and in that case she may despise an ambition that is contented with a vote.

Ward Two, Chicago, recently had a clean-up, and the total number of tin cans collected and piled at eight points in the ward was 100,587.

More than 7000 pounds of pure gold are required each year to supply the wedding rings for English brides.

CURRENT VERSE.

Nephte's Song.

The Nile is rising, rising;
All silently its tide
From sources past surmising
Steals on the country-side.
Full well I know what fountains
My bosom's sorrow swell,
Hid not shadowy mountains
Where frosts and vapors dwell.

The lotus-lily, sleeping,
Smiles in her watery dream,
One star her visage keeping
Beneath his steadfast beam.
O, would that heaven-lit slumber,
That wave-borne bed were mine,
Where trouble can not cumber,
Nor lodestar cease to shine.

The Nile is falling, falling;
Its quickening rills subside,
To earth new life recalling
And joys of harvest-tide.
Mine eyes behold the flower,
My hand reach'd toward the tree.
There came no ripening hour;
No fruit, no fruit for me.

—From "Hylethein," by Isaac Flagg. Published by the Stratford Company.

Gold.

There is the gold of Ophir;
There is the gold of Ind,
With rumors of the Golden Fleece
Blown down a fabled wind.

And in the lost Atlantis
Red ingots lie untold,
While underneath the rainbow's end
Are hoards of fairy gold.

But not the ore of fable,
Nor store the earth imparts,
Can match that priceless treasure trove,
The gold of happy hearts.

Herein is more than wisdom,
Than wealth to have and hold—
From the rich mine of Life to gain
Love's sempiternal gold!
—Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

Some Kipling Verses.

To Him that made the Heavens move and cease
not in their motion—

To Him that leads the haltered tides twice daily
round the ocean—

Let His name be magnified in all poor folk's devotion!

Not for Prophecies and Powers, Visions, Gifts, and
Graces,

But the unrelenting hours that grind us in our
places,

With the burden on our backs the smile upon our
faces.

Not for any miracle of easy loaves and fishes,
But for work against our will and waiting 'gainst
our wishes—

Such as gathering up the crumbs and cleaning dirty
dishes.

—Found in "Notes of a Camp Follower on the
Western Front." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Impressions.

MALTA, 1919.

The villagers come walking down the road;

A funeral procession scuffles by;

The hearers how bare heads beneath their load;

A woman scans my window on the sly.

On to the open grave! Grief is strange to me.

I waste my years sailing along the sea.

I pass a neighbor's house in early morn;

The window silhouettes the doctor's head;

The tavern said some child was to be born,

And some old thing—bedridden years—was dead.

Up to the quiet room? Birth is naught to me,

I waste my years sailing along the sea.

The old trees are falling. Parson's down,

Him with the long black cloak and humble gaze.

Making up poems with a gentle frown,

Walking alone in twilight, he had happy days.

Now he walks with God. How does it fare with
me?

I waste my years sailing along the sea.

Away to Brighton on a Friday night.

The train is full of Jews and men on leave,

Lusty and urgent, fortunate and bright,

With arrogant women whom nothing can be-
reave.

They can enjoy their sins. But what of me?

I waste my years sailing along the sea.

Down in the valley where the stream in flood

Spreads round the choking growth of reeds and
clay,

A soldier and a girl together stood.

She wore no ring. He kissed her fears away.

O virtue dream! No woman mourns for me.

I waste my years sailing along the sea.

Beneath the churchyard firs I stand alone:

"Dearly Beloved"—my father's name is dim,

The sides are burst. Green stains run down the
stone.

"For those in peril"—that was carved for him.

O stanch old heart, who toiled so long for me!

I waste my years sailing along the sea.

—William McFee, in the Atlantic Monthly.

A Brazilian newspaper has been for some
time enjoying the privilege of using one tele-
phone line for three simultaneous conversa-
tions. With three telephone sets at each end
of the line, one pair of users talks English,
one pair French, and one pair Portuguese.
The listeners seem to find no difficulty in se-
lecting the sounds intelligible to them and
ignoring the others. The newspaper people
express great satisfaction with the result,
especially as they pay for only one line.

ONLY JEWEL FARM.

The Island of the Holy Ghost, Lower California, has the only farm in the world which sows and reaps a crop of jewels. Lower California has always been a vaguely known country—at one time it was thought to be the domain of the Amazons—and those who have skirted its coasts on the voyage from Panama to San Francisco remember it for bleak mountainous outlines and barren hills. It seems a desert shore. No trace of vegetation relieves the gray slopes. Those who are familiar with the eastern coast of the peninsula, abutting on the Gulf of California, may know of the wonderful "tidal bore" of the mouth of the Colorado River and of some of the tragedies that have befallen unsuspecting travelers there. This is a remote and forbidden region, full of legends of hidden treasure, lost ships and magical mines, and kept remote by stories of the cannibalistic habits of the Seri Indians. The corporation which owns the copper mines at Santa Rosalia has taken good care that the bonanza shall be known chiefly by hearsay. The pearl fisheries of the Gulf yielded wealth to the Conquistadores and are yielding it today. But there is another source of wealth, practical and modern, which is of so much commercial interest that, since it is unique, it would supposedly be widely known. Yet few have heard of the great pearl oyster cultivating plant on the Isla del Espiritu Santo, lying to the south-east, in the centre of the natural pearl oyster beds, which are found for hundreds of miles up and down that coast. Through artificial propagation and care gems are actually raised there in the San Gabriel Cove. In their natural condition the pearl beds are scattered and the oysters are prey to many submarine foes, but on this farm they are protected by a substantial masonry dike which walls off a portion of the bays, reaching above high-water mark. Openings admit the free passage of sea water, but are guarded by heavy screens. The bottom of this segregated area was cleared of all growth and paved with rock brought from the mainland and laid by divers. Here the pearl oysters are cultivated just as edible oysters are. Bandits have now destroyed a part of the plant located on shore, but enough had been accomplished to show that pearl farming can be a profitable pursuit.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A. E. Thomas, the playwright, said at the recent authors' dinner: "The English are often puzzled by American pronunciation. Only the other day one commented on it to me and said: 'There's your Secretary of State, for instance. You spell his name L-a-n-s-i-n-g. And yet pronounce it House.'"

Former Railroad Chief McAdoo was on his way to his summer home in Santa Barbara recently when he chanced to overhear this conversation as the train stopped at one of the way stations: "Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" "No. They pulled them both when I bought my ticket in Los Angeles," was the reply.

An old colored man was before the judge for playing "craps." "Well, George, so you've been playing a game of chance again?" "No, suh! No, suh! I aint been playing no game of chance. No indeed. No, suh!" "Why, weren't you shooting craps?" "Yes, suh." "Well, isn't that a game of chance?" "No, suh! No man what plays with me is got a chance."

"The more responsibilities we have to assume, the more care we take in keeping out of trouble," remarked a California judge recently. "Too many of us are like the chauffeur who was driving his former employer home from the club. Said the man: 'James, I notice you don't drive as fast now as you did when you were my chauffeur.' 'No, sir,' replied James; 'you see, sir, you owned that car and I own this one.'"

Governor Stephens of California, in a recent after-dinner speech in which he touched on the peace conference, remarked that a great many people thought a lot of money was being wasted over there. "Like the two shopgirls I overheard one day. Said the first: 'Gee, them peace conference guys take a long time to do anything. I wonder if they get paid by the hour?' 'Naw,' retorted the other, scornfully, 'they don't get paid by the hour; it's peace work, aint it?'"

Senator Borah, at a Washington tea, complained of the peace conference's slowness. "If they don't hurry up," he said, "another war will break out before they conclude their peace treaty for this one. It reminds me of the famous case of Dilly vs. Dally. 'What is the point at issue in this notorious Dilly-Dally case which has been dragging on such a long

time now?' a lady asked her lawyer husband. 'The trouble began,' he answered, 'over the ownership of a very valuable bulldog. The litigation has now been going on nine years and so far has cost the contestants nearly \$70,000.' 'My goodness!' said the lady. 'And who will own the dog eventually, do you think?' 'The dog?' said the lawyer. 'Oh, he died early in the third year.'"

A farmer was anxious that his son should become a minister, and for this laudable end he sent him to college for four years, but to his great disappointment the youth balked at the ministry and set himself up as a horse dealer. The old farmer told his grief to a neighbor, who, however, took a more optimistic view of the matter. "Oh, I wouldn't feel so badly about that," he said. "As a horse dealer Bill will probably lead more men to repentance than he ever would have done as a preacher."

During a speech in defense of the league of nations William Howard Taft remarked, "The cynics, who have no reason for their cynicism but 'general principles,' make me tired. To me they are as silly as little Ned. It was in the middle of recess that the teacher walked into the yard and found Ned, squirming uncomfortably, perched on a sharp-pointed boulder. 'Why, Ned,' she exclaimed in surprise, 'why aren't you playing with the other boys?' 'And make the recess seem like it was only five minutes long? Not me!' retorted Ned."

Captain Roy Francis, one of the transatlantic airmen, recently made quite a sum for the Red Cross drive in New York in a novel manner. Approaching a millionaire friend he took three silver dollars from his pocket, juggled them a little, spread them on his palm, and said: "How many pieces of money do you see?" "Three," was the prompt reply. "I say there are four," retorted Francis. "If I am wrong will you contribute a thousand dollars to the Red Cross?" "Certainly," was the withering reply. "Well, give it then," retorted Francis; "of course I'm wrong."

Admiral Sims said at a dinner in New York: "It's no wonder that the Turkish navy failed to do much in the war. The Turks were never a maritime people. The story goes, in fact, that when they came to set up a navy in Turkey they were very much embarrassed by the shortage of naval words in their language. They had no word for mainsail, no word for fore-topgallant, and so on. To get over the difficulty the Turks tied different vegetables and the like to the dif-

ferent sails and ropes, and the men learned their duties to such commands as: 'Hoist the potato!' 'Now then, my hearties, let go the tomato with a will!' 'All hands aloft to reef the beefsteak!'"

The late General Booth of the Salvation Army was conducting a big meeting which lasted unusually long and toward the close a newspaper reporter left his seat and gained the aisle. General Booth pointed a finger at him and said: "Whoever leaves this auditorium will be damned by God." The reporter answered: "If I don't leave this auditorium and hurry back to my office I'll be damned by the city editor." "God is above the city editor," retorted General Booth. "Yes, I think He is," piously responded the reporter, "but the city editor doesn't."

According to Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, the officers who managed to get leave from the front line and take brief rests in Paris were lionized to boredom, but once in a while managed to get their innings. "One day," says the correspondent, "I overheard an officer endeavoring to make his adieux pleading: 'Ladies, I have been in the front-line trenches for the last four weeks and I can truthfully say that in all that time I have not had a single hour's sleep.' 'Heroic duties,' murmured a sweet young thing. 'Hungry exits,' corrected the officer as he made his exit."

Ex-President William H. Taft delights to tell of one of his maiden speeches, in which he was anything but a hero. The speaker was on that easiest of easy tasks, attacking the government, when the heckler cried out: "You're wrong, sir!" A little nettled, Taft continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again: "You're wrong, sir!" Taft looked angry, but continued on the warpath. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out. Angriely addressing the persistent interrupter, Taft cried: "Look here, I could tell this man something about the government that would make his hair stand on end." "You're wrong again, sir!" came from the critic, as, amid the roars of the crowd, he stood up and removed his hat. His head was as bald as a billiard ball.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Misanthrope.

Kag the Porcupine poked out his nose
(He lived in the wilds where the Allegash flows);
His whiskers were curly;
His temper was surly;
He'd risen too early,
We'll gently suppose.

Kag the Porcupine lumbered along:
There wasn't a thing in the woods but was wrong:
The world as created
Was much overrated;
And, oh! bow he bated
That "Chicka-dee" song!

Kag the Porcupine lurched on his way:
The Fox and the Wolverine wished him "Good-day!"
But Kag only mumbled
As onward he tumbled;
"Some people," he grumbled,
"Have too much to say!"

Kag the Porcupine grumped to the bills,
"These Sociable Folks are the worst of my ills!
I wish I was prickly
And sticky!"—And quickly
He found himself thickly
Embattled with quills!

Kag the Porcupine fumbles the cone,
The thistlest, bristliest quadruped known!
And nobody frets him,
And nobody pets him,
But every one lets him
Severely alone!
—Arthur Guiterman, in *Life*.

Mutiny.

"I am veris comites."—*Horace, Book IV, Ode 12.*
Spring's mild companion calms the seas,
The wind blows up from Thrace;
The huddled hills that used to freeze
Shake off the cold embrace.
The seedling stirs; the roots are squirming;
And every bird is early-morning.

On soft young grass, the fattening sheep
Are tended by musicians
Who do their best to pipe and leap
According to traditions,
And chant their vernal panegyric
As shepherds do in every lyric.

The year has brought the thirsting time;
The trees suck up their sap;
The sun drinks on his lengthening climb;
The wine of love's on tap.
The earth's one sparkling ebullition,
This is no place for prohibition!

Come then, forget the parching laws;
Away with dry excuses!
You shall espouse a heavenly cause
With more than earthly juices!
Their genial glow shall make it warmer
For you—and any chance informer.

Come, for these interdicted jars
Will droop until you've kissed 'em;
Come and behold more brilliant stars
Than in the solar system.
Fools keep to wisdom in these glum times;
The wisest man forgets it—sometimes.
—Heliogabalus in *New York Evening Post*.

Alaskans Scorn Pennies.

"What would the old pioneers of this land of gold say if they saw a friend coming in from a trip to the mines with a poke of dust, walking up to a bar, ordering an ice-cream soda, and paying for it with two nickels and a rusty penny?" Douglas "sourdoughs" asked when news reached here that pennies would be put into circulation in Alaska to enable residents to pay the government's tax on so-called luxuries (says a dispatch to the *Kansas City Star*).

Lowly copper pennies, which have long been curiosities in Alaska, where they were never even given the name or dignity of "chicken feed," are slowly being brought into use in the northern territory, much to the disgust of the "old-timers." Time was, the "sourdoughs" say, when the 25-cent or "two-bit" piece was the smallest coin used in all Alaska. At this day in the interior of the territory dimes and nickels are seldom seen.

Always, of course, pennies have been accepted by the postoffice for stamps. Keepers of road houses and business places in the towns and cities would look twice at a man, however, who would offer them pennies in barter.

An International Press Club has been established in Peking, China, in an effort to bring together Chinese and foreign journalists and publicists and coordinate their activities. It is a non-party organization and it numbers among its members a majority of those interested in Peking journalism—British, French, American, and Japanese. Its object is to become, when internal peace has been re-established, a news clearing house. There will be kept on file the vernacular and foreign newspapers of China, about 300 Chinese papers and forty foreign, classified for ready reference.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Eyre Pinckard gave a tea Thursday afternoon in San Rafael in compliment to her sister, Mrs. de Courcy Faust of Washington. Among the guests were Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Starr Keeler, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Sara Coffin, and Miss Alice Oge.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope entertained at dinner Tuesday evening in Burlingame, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. George Armshy, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Miss Natalie Campbell, Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. Chouteau Johnson, Mr. Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia, and Mr. Edgar Allen Poe.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon last Tuesday at Stanford Court in honor of Mrs. Hollis Rhinehart of Charlottesville, Virginia. Her guests were Mrs. Rhinehart, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. George Whittell, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Seward McNear, and Mrs. William Hunt.

Mrs. Horace Chase entertained at tea Sunday in Burlingame, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Hall of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Ward Barron, Mr. Archibald Johnson, Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., and Mr. Edgar Allen Poe.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley gave a tea Wednesday at her home in San Rafael. Mrs. Daniel Murphy gave a luncheon Friday in honor of Miss Edna Taylor. Her guests were Miss Mary Martin, Miss Gertrude Martin, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Virginia Hanna, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Virginia Harrison, and Miss Dolly Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Maude Fay gave a luncheon Saturday at the St. Francis in compliment to Mrs. Rudolph Schirmer of New York.

Mrs. John Morrison and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord gave a bridge-luncheon Friday at Fort Mason. Their guests included Mrs. Orrin Wolfe, Mrs. W. K. Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. E. B. Price, Mrs. Lynd Harrison, Mrs. Carol Devol, and Mrs. John Gardiner.

Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans. The affair was held at the Marin Golf and Country Club and those asked to meet Mr. and Mrs. Evans included Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz.

Mrs. Victor de Cunha entertained a group of matrons at luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont.

Miss Jennie Blair was hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening, her guests having been Mrs.

Rudolph Schirmer of New York, Mrs. William Porter, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Mrs. Daniel Jackling.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader gave a tea Sunday afternoon in Burlingame following the christening of their little son, Master George Cadwalader, Jr. Among those who attended the affair were Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Joseph King, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Captain Edward Beach, U. S. N., gave a luncheon Thursday at Mare Island in honor of Captain Arthur Snagg of the British navy.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon Thursday in Menlo Park, her guests having included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Hugh Porter, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Miss Isabel Jennings, and Miss Marie Louise Winslow. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at luncheon Thursday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Robinson Duff gave a dinner and theatre party last Thursday evening in Santa Barbara, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Coleman, Mrs. Walter Filer, Miss Helen Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nugent, Mr. William Heppenheim of New York, and Mr. Eliot Rogers.

Fairmont Hotel

A big revue will be staged in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel beginning this Monday evening and continuing every night except Sunday. There will be a variety of attractive specialties, including a "Rainbow Lane" number, with original music and costumes which preserve the atmosphere of the room. There will also be a French number and a "Witches' Dance," which will be made mysterious through a novel lighting apparatus. Vanda Hoff will present a series of new nature dances and the other entertainers will have many distinctive novelties to offer.

The afternoon teas in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel attract many parties every day between half-past 4 and 6 o'clock. The vocal soloist for this Sunday evening at a quarter of 9 o'clock will be Darrell V. Cole, dramatic baritone, who will be accompanied by Walter Frank Wenzel.

Manufacturing candelilla wax has become a big industry in the vicinity of Marathon, Texas. Although it was only a few years ago that the commercial possibilities of the wild candelilla weed were discovered, the annual output of the crude wax in this part of the upper Rio Grande border region has a value of approximately \$300,000. Several plants for extracting the wax from the weeds are now in operation and others are to be erected as soon as the necessary machinery and equipment can be obtained. The candelilla weed grows to a height of three to five feet. It reproduces itself annually when cut off at the roots, and the yield in some localities is as much as two tons to the acre. It brings big returns to some land-owners and lessees, whereas it was considered a worthless species of vegetation a few years ago. The land upon which it grows heath has practically no value, even for grazing purposes. Candelilla wax, when it has passed through the refining process, is said to be the equal of the famous canuwa wax of South America in quality.

Twenty-three thousand screws are used in the making of an ordinary airplane, and 700 pieces of wood in a single wing.

The Late Brigadier-General H. E. Noyes, U. S. A.

With military rites, final honors were observed at the funeral services of the late Brigadier-General Henry E. Noyes, U. S. A. (retired), at the post chapel at the Presidio, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, July 14, 1919. The honorary pallbearers were Colonel W. C. Alberger, General E. J. McClernand, Major E. R. Merriman, Captain E. T. Allen, Captain P. H. Flood, and G. H. Mendel, Jr.

Born in Belfast, Maine, in 1839, General Noyes entered the West Point Military Academy in 1857 as a cadet, was graduated and appointed second lieutenant of the Second Dragoons on June 24, 1861, and assigned to temporary duty with the Third United States Artillery, with which organization he took part in the battle of Bull Run, the defense of Washington, and the expedition to Port Royal, North Carolina, which expedition terminated in August, 1862, when he was ordered to join his regiment, the Second Cavalry (formerly the Second Dragoons).

During the fall of 1862 and the spring of 1863 General Noyes participated in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Beverly Ford, and Brandy Station, at which battle he was breveted captain for "gallant and meritorious services." In 1864 he was appointed "A. D. C." to General J. H. Wilson, the cavalry commander, going through the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley and the battles of Winchester, Opequan, and Nashville, when he was promoted to a captaincy in the same regiment in January, 1865.

For "gallant and meritorious services" at the capture of Selma, Alabama, in April, 1865, he was breveted major, and later, in Nevada, ordered with his regiment to the western frontier—those territories beyond the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, where he took active part in the Sioux Indian campaign of 1874, 1875, and 1876. In the month of March of the latter year his troop (1 of the Second Cavalry) engaged and captured the village of Chief Crazy Horse, a leader of the Sioux, at the conclusion of which campaign he was promoted major and assigned to the Fourth Cavalry, serving in that capacity in Kansas, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, and Washington until 1891, when he was again promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and later to the colonelcy of his old regiment, the Second Cavalry, which he commanded through the Cuban campaign during the war with Spain, when he was retired, and later made a brigadier-general by a subsequent act of Congress, with forty-four years' continuous service.

Since his retirement General Noyes has made his home in Berkeley. He was eighty years of age, and a companion of the Loyal Legion, a comrade of the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., and was also a member of the Family Club. He is survived by his wife, Louise W.; three sons, Henry W. Noyes, Arthur P. Noyes, and Colonel Samuel W. Noyes, U. S. A., and two daughters, Mrs. Louise N. Wallace, wife of Major George W. Wallace (retired), and Margaret Noyes.

How Mules Are Muted.

It was not until the war that science discovered a way in which to take the bray out of a mule.

Veterinary surgeons have lately been devoting a great deal of attention to the problem of how to deprive the mule of its ability to greet all and sundry with its loud and hearty "Hee-haw, hee-haw."

Two very simple methods have been devised. The first of these is an operation that is performed on its tail. It is said that if a mule can not raise its tail it can not bray. When a mule gets ready to bray it first throws its tail up, and then indulges in its favorite pastime.

Two small muscles at the top of the mule's tail control the raising of that appendage. If these muscles are severed the mule can not raise its tail. This operation is very simple, and takes only a moment.

Another operation which acts as an efficacious dimmer of the mule's bray is the splitting of the false nostril. The mule's nose differs from that of the horse in that it has what is termed a false nostril. That is to say, it has a nostril through which it breathes, just like a horse, and, alongside of that nostril, a pocket which extends for several inches above the real nostril.

When the mule brays the sound is greatly magnified by this false nostril. Therefore it has been found that the simple operation of splitting the false nostril, thereby making it a part of the real nostril, greatly subdues the sound of the mule's bray.

German restaurants are said to have abolished the tipping system. It has always been regarded as a nuisance by many people, but it is doubtful whether its abolition would be beneficial even to customers.

Performing monkeys seldom live more than a few months. Many of them die of fright while being trained, and it is consequently necessary for trainers to keep a large number of animal understudies.

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Indian's Act a Mystery.

The region about Caruthersville, Missouri, is rich in lore about hidden gold and silver and mounds rich with pottery. Also there are great, strange caves to be found thereabouts, never-ending subjects for speculation and wonderment.

A few years ago an Indian went to Caruthersville with several skin maps and dug up pottery that was worth several thousand dollars. He offered \$1500 to be allowed to dig into one mound near the town. However, the owner decided that if the mound was worth so much money for exploration purposes he would do the exploring. He did, and found nothing.

Some time later the Indian returned to that section, hired a man with a wagon and team and drove out into the country to a spot where three pecan trees grew in a triangle. He dug down and unearthed two boxes, so heavy that a man could not lift one end of either. He had them shipped away, and to this day their contents is a much-discussed mystery of that locality.

Mrs. Morningcall—When you spoke of your maid as an old family retainer I expected to see an older person. How long has she been in your family? Mrs. Rooral—Ever since last Wednesday.—Judge.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan of New York arrived in San Francisco Saturday and are at the Palace Hotel. They will leave for Southern California in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chase arrived Sunday from Santa Barbara and are staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby have returned from the Atlantic coast and have reopened their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and the Misses Helen and Edith Chesebrough have gone to Tahoe to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Newball.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett has gone to Montecito to visit Mrs. James Robinson, who has a cottage at Siamasia for the season.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman have taken the residence of Mr. Eugene de Coulon in Burlingame while awaiting the completion of their new home. Miss Rhoda Fullam has been their house guest for several days.

Captain Wilder Bowers, U. S. A., returned Friday, after an absence of two years in France.

Mrs. Rudolph Schirmer of New York, who has been at the St. Francis for the past week, has gone to Santa Barbara for a fortnight.

Commander Bradford Barnette, U. S. N., has arrived from Honolulu and has joined Mrs. Barnette at the Fairmont. Mrs. Barnette arrived during the week from New York.

Mrs. Leonard Thomas of New York is passing the late summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard and the latter's sister, Mrs. de Courcy Faust of Washington, have gone to Tahoe to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Mein.

Mr. Friedlander Bowie has returned from a year's absence in New York.

Mrs. A. Stern arrived last week from New York and will spend the rest of the summer here. At present she is at Del Monte.

Mr. Edgar Allen Poe of Princeton, New Jersey, is visiting in Burlingame. He is at the Burlingame Country Club.

Admiral William Fullam, U. S. N., arrived Sunday from San Diego and is with his ship at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford returned last week from a sojourn on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick have returned from a trip to Tahoe.

Miss Helen Crocker has gone to Santa Barbara for a fortnight's visit.

Miss Ysabel Chase left last week for Beowawe, Nevada, to visit Mrs. Walter Hobart at the Dean ranch.

Mrs. Hasket Derby has left for Kentucky to visit her mother, Mrs. N. P. Leary.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have re-

turned to San Rafael from a trip to the Feather River.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Russell Selfridge have returned from San Diego to spend a month in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Penno Hart and Miss Constance Hart have returned from a month at Del Monte.

Mrs. Robert McMillan left Saturday for New York to meet Colonel McMillan, U. S. A., who is returning from an absence of three years in France.

Mr. Olin Wellborn, Jr., of Los Angeles, arrived in San Francisco at the close of the week and is at the St. Francis. He is the cousin of Mrs. Alexander Field, who has recently been visiting in the south.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ryone have returned to the Palace Hotel from a trip through the northern part of the state.

Miss Jean Boyd has gone to Oregon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis until the close of August.

Miss Cynthia Boyd has been with Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall in Bolinas and was joined over the week-end by Mrs. Boyd. The latter has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor in Piedmont for some days.

Mr. Leonard Chenery has joined Mrs. Chenery at Feather River Inn, where she has been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ross of Oxnard arrived in San Francisco Friday and are staying at the St. Francis. The former is the brother of Mrs. John Lloyd-Butler and Miss Josephine Ross of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., will return this week from visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Sr., at their summer home on the McCloud River. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Head will remain in the country for several weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond, who returned last week from the Atlantic coast, left Saturday for their home in Santa Barbara. During their visit here they were with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Professor and Mrs. Charles Gayley and Miss Betty Gayley are spending the summer at the Hotel Arlington in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton came to town last week and are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Georges de Latour arrived in San Francisco Thursday from Rutherford and is at the Clift Hotel.

Count and Countess Minotto have returned to San Francisco from a trip to the Yosemite Valley. They have recently been visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Penoyer, who recently purchased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock in Burlingame, will take possession of it the close of July.

Mrs. Hayes Smith has returned to San Francisco from a visit at the Spreckels ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford will leave the latter part of next week on a trip to Tahoe.

Captain Arthur Snagg of the British navy ar-

rived in San Francisco last week and is at the Fairmont. He is attached to the British embassy at Washington.

Mrs. Henry Pemberton of Philadelphia and Miss Caroline Pemberton came to San Francisco a few days ago on a tour of the Coast and are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Donald Armstrong has returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit with Mrs. George Page in town.

Mr. Stokeley Wilson arrived this week in New York from France and will come to California in the near future to join Mr. Warren Wilson at his ranch in Placer County.

Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer of New York, who were in San Francisco last week, have gone to Santa Barbara for the remainder of the summer. They spent the early summer months at their country home at Sarborough on the Hudson.

Commander William Glassford, U. S. N., sailed last week on the new destroyer, *Chauncey*, for the south. He has been stationed at Mare Island since his arrival from Atlantic waters last winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark of New York, who have been at the Fairmont for several months, have gone to the McCloud River to visit Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Flint of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benjamin of New York, who were visitors in San Francisco last week, have gone to Southern California.

Commander and Mrs. M. E. Reed, who have been stationed at Mare Island for some months, have gone to Seattle to visit Lieutenant-Commander O. W. Fowler, U. S. N.

Ensign Edward Maltby, U. S. N., has left for Jamestown, Virginia, where he will remain a month.

Mrs. James Sperry, who has been summering in Colusa, left Wednesday for a two months' sojourn in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert I. Loeb are at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud have left Del Monte for a fishing trip to the Rogue River near Medford, and will be away until the end of September.

Mrs. V. J. Rowan of Los Angeles is the guest of Mrs. John H. Miller of this city. They are on an extended motoring trip to Tahoe and Santa Cruz.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Pickard, San Diego; Mr. A. W. McKenzie, Seattle; Mr. E. H. Wilson, El Paso, Texas; Mr. S. H. Spillanaur, New York City; Mr. C. H. Archibald, Chicago; Mr. S. T. Teigen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Mr. George H. Cardiff, Santa Cruz; Mr. Earnest C. Ardmore, Melbourne, Australia; Mr. C. K. Edmunds, Canton, China; Mr. J. F. Thompson, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. T. C. Haller, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mr. W. D. Calboun, Butte, Montana; Judge Thomas J. Lennon, San Rafael; Mr. E. E. Tretheway, Stockton.

By taste, man is enabled to detect one part of salt in 640 parts of water, and of quinine, one part in 152,000 of water.

Salvaging the Coal.

One of the greatest coal fields in the world lies off the Atlantic coast, from Norfolk, Virginia, to Boston. It is made up of cargoes of sunken ships which lie on the floor of the ocean, and soon will be brought to the surface by means of a great after-war industry, known as the submarine salvaging of sunken cargoes, which will be the means of reclaiming millions of tons of coal, scrap iron, and other raw products long since abandoned as lost.

The United States is taking the lead of all nations in fostering this great industry which grew out of the war, when the efficiency of the submarine as a monster of frightfulness was demonstrated. Peace will allow the submarine to come into its own as a great reclamation agency.

In Long Island Sound there lie a million tons of coal, of which, it is estimated by salvaging experts, at least 25 per cent. is reclaimable at a cost of about 25 cents per ton. Reclaimed coal sells at the market price of \$10 or \$12 a ton.

By means of the salvaging submarine it is possible to cover twenty square miles of ocean bottom a day in searching for sunken hulks. Once a wreck is located, it will be a simple matter, now that the salvaging submarine is as perfect as the torpedoing submarine, to reclaim three hundred tons of coal an hour, and to locate half a dozen ships in as many hours.

A Wandering Crown.

The crown of Hungary, which is said to have been offered to Prince Alexander of Serbia, was once within an ace of going to England.

In 1849, when Kossuth struck a blow for liberty, he caused the ancient crown of Hungary to be given into his custody, and, when compelled to flee, tried to carry it with him. His intention was to take it to London, but when in danger of capture he buried it near Orsova.

There it remained until 1854, when he made an attempt to have it unearthed and sent to him. Unfortunately the secret leaked out, and the Austrian government was beforehand in excavation.

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AND

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NEXT SUNDAY'S

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

July 27th

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Employer—The boy I had before is worth twice as much as you are. Boy—Did he get it?—*Boston Transcript*.

"What you don't know won't hurt you?" "Then that oldest boy of mine is immune from all harm."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Willis—The secret of success is "Keep at it!" Gillis—Except in the stock market. Willis—What is it there? Gillis—Keep out of it.—*Life*.

"Did the detective discover who it was that stole your jewels?" "I rather think he did. However, I have another detective looking for him."—*Judge*.

"Swept by saline breezes and washed by the waves of the sea. That's our town." "Any other street-cleaning facilities?" inquired the old grouch.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I didn't hear you fuming about your income tax." "I don't mind paying a tax on my income, but I would kick if I had to pay one on my expenses."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I presume you're mighty glad the war is over." "Well, I don't jes' know about dat," answered Mandy. "Cose, I'se glad to have my Sam back home an' all dat, but I jes' know I aint never gwine t' get money from him so regular as I did while he wuz in de army an' de government wuz handlin' his financial affairs."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Is that pale, agitated man with the sad expression the author writing a scenario?" "No," answered the movingpicture star; "he's the manager writing a check."—*Washington Star*.

"And shall I be able to play the piano when my hands heal?" asked the wounded soldier. "Certainly you will," said the doctor. "Gee, that's great! I never could before."—*Houston Post*.

"Somebody stole my flivver," wailed Mr. Chuggins. "Why don't you tell the detectives?" "I'm not merely looking for sympathy. I'm looking for the flivver."—*Washington Star*.

"I couldn't decide among my beaux, so I sent 'em all to get father's consent." "Well?" "Now I'm worse off than ever. He gave his consent to every one of them."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Butcher—This pound of butter you sent me is three ounces short. Grocer—Well, I mislaid the pound weight, so I weighed it by the pound of chops you sent me yesterday.—*Form and Home*.

"Our cook says she is afraid of ghosts." "Thanks!" exclaimed Mr. Crosslots. "Ours isn't afraid of anything human beings can say or do. I'll tip my wife off to try ghosts."—*Washington Star*.

"So Blank, our old hard hitter, doesn't play any more. Is he reconciled to married life?" "I guess so. The other morning I saw him sifting ashes through his old tennis racquet."—*Boston Transcript*.

Hobson—That hurglar client of yours doesn't seem very grateful to you for acquitting him. Dobson—He says I proved him so innocent that his pals daren't trust him with a swell job.—*Judge*.

Village Constable (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motorcyclist)—You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man? Villager—I did, but I don't think 'e 'card me.—*Galveston News*.

"Do you think our oratorical friend was sincere when he asked the crowd not to interrupt him by demonstrations of approval?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "there are men who would rather listen to their own voices than to applause."—*Washington Star*.

"Your husband is hitting up a fast pace at the punch bowl." "Well?" "If I were you

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I'd call him down immediately." "That will have to wait until tomorrow. If I quarrel with him now he won't unhook my dress for me and I can't sleep in a hail gown."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

First Workman—Yes, the corporation has offered us one-half the profits for the coming year, in addition to our wages. Second Workman—Well, tell 'em when they offer us all of the profits we'll consider it.—*Life*.

Smithson—Come with me to the Zoo? Pimpleton—No, thank you; I'll stay at home. My eldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is cross as a bear, and

my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.—*Punch*.

"Now that pitcher has to watch the catcher for signals, the batsman, the man on the coaching lines, and the runner on second base." "Dear me," said the girl in the grandstand. "And I thought he was paying some attention to me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Squire," asked Constable Slackputter, the well-known sleuth of Petunia, "what would you do to a feller that confessed he was driving his Ford at the rate of forty-five miles an hour?" "Fine him for exaggeration, dadburn him," snapped old Squire Peavy.—*Kansas City Star*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2210.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 2, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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An Apology.

A news item, obviously inspired from the City Hall, tells us that Mayor Rolph was unaware of the nature of the inscription on the gold plate officially presented by the City of San Francisco to Mr. de Valera. It was suddenly handed to him by one of the supervisors, and he was practically compelled to read it and so to complete the formalities without friction or embarrassment. We may wonder if the mayor would have been equally complacent if the inscription had expressed loyalty to the United States and to the allies of the United States, and a detestation of any effort to sever the sympathies that had united them against a common foe. The news item in question may be regarded as the apology of Mayor Rolph for an odious action. The action will not be forgotten and the apology will not be accepted.

The Argonaut has received a large number of letters from citizens moved to a righteous indignation by the imputation of disloyalty laid upon the city of San Francisco by the nearly unrebuked proceedings of three discreditable days. The general tenor of those letters is the same. They ask if there is no way in which the city can repudiate the disloyal things that were done in its name, if there is to be no protest against the impudent subordination of the American flag to the flag of the Sinn Fein, a subordination carefully emphasized by relative size and by relative position. We

are reminded that the same subordination was to be observed on a previous occasion, when the Sinn Fein flag shared the place of honor with the German flag.

The Argonaut has already done what it can in the way of protest. It does not believe that the country at large will impugn the loyalty of San Francisco or believe that a noisy hysteria is the voice of the city. It does not believe that the behavior of Mayor Rolph will be accepted anywhere as representative of our civic ideals, or that Mayor Rolph is, or ever can be, the spokesman of the true sentiments of San Francisco. But in case there should anywhere be a misapprehension on this point, in case there should anywhere be a disposition to hold San Francisco responsible for the deeds of the mayor, we may place upon record the deep resentment of the city at an episode repugnant to her long-established ideals and to the loyalties so often proved as to be unchallengeable.

The Debates in the Senate.

The President is evidently anxious to curtail the Senate debate on the treaty and to substitute private argument for public discussion. Two weeks ago it was understood that the open door had been established at the White House. Any senator or representative wishing to discuss the treaty with the President was at liberty to do so. It seemed incredible. The beneficiaries of the new intimacy could hardly bring themselves to believe it. As a result only three legislators put in an appearance on the first open day, and they were all Democrats with little axes of their own to grind. The President was disappointed.

Since the guests were obviously unwilling to come to the feast it was necessary to send out to the highways and byways and compel them to come in. Republican senators likely to be amenable to persuasion received notes asking them to call and confer, and while the invitations were naturally accepted, the results were meagre from the point of view of practical results. The Republican senators stated their position with a disconcerting frankness. They told the President they would not vote for the treaty without definite reservations and safeguards. The President was distinctly annoyed, and he showed it. Indeed his distress is said to have been most marked. The firm attitude of the Republican senators, the confidence with which they took up their positions, were portentous of serious difficulties, and the President was disconcerted by the reality of an opposition whose strength he had underrated. On the following Saturday the President went away for a short trip in the *Mayflower*. On his return he was taken ill and had to consult with Dr. Grayson. Moreover, he found a note from Senator Norris declining the invitation that had been sent to him two days before.

Senator Norris took the ground that Shantung was not a matter for private discussion, and his attitude was approved by various other senators who expected a similar summons. If the invitations are continued they will be declined in many instances. None were sent out during the President's indisposition, and it is likely that no more will be sent. It is said that the President is now anxious as to the results of his trip. He has begun to realize that the people do not want any generalities about the beauties of peace. They want definite facts. They want to know precisely what was done in the matter of Shantung, why it was done, and what its bearing must be on the operations of the league of nations. The presidential trip has already been postponed. It is quite on the cards that it will never be made at all.

The Senate is now resolved to discourage all secrecies and privacies in the matter of the treaty. Everything must be public, and in view of his own declaration the President can hardly demur to this. The Senate now refuses to invite the President to appear before the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator

Lodge having discovered a rule that prohibits it, but the same rule shows that the President may convene the Senate, or any part of it, at the White House or elsewhere. But if the President should avail himself of this power, the Senate will ask that the proceedings be public, which of course is as it should be.

The President's request for the nomination of an American representative on the reparations committee was a rather astute move in the game, but it failed. If the Senate had acceded to this demand it would have been followed by similar requests in regard to many other peace committees. Congress would then have been permitted to impose such restrictions as it pleased upon these representatives in regard, for example, to the Monroe Doctrine, and we should then have been told that there was no need to modify the treaty, since American rights had been fully safeguarded. But the opposing senators will have none of this. They maintain that all such legislation must follow, and not precede, the treaty. To ratify the treaty and then to pass a series of restrictions and reservations would be equivalent to a repeal of the treaty itself.

The Race Riots.

One can hardly say that the race riots in Washington were suppressed. There was no timely nor real effort to suppress them. They lost their momentum and died away, and now the people of the national capital are wondering if, and when, they will be renewed. Pennsylvania Avenue was actually in the hands of the negro rioters for many hours. A negro shot a white man from the steps of the treasury. Several women have been criminally assaulted by colored men during the last few weeks and there were innumerable attempts at the same crime. For three days the city was terrorized and decent people were afraid to show themselves on the streets at night time.

The causes of this most serious outbreak are clearly in sight. There are 100,000 negroes in Washington and they are demoralized by illicit drinking and by laxity of government. The colored population fell an easy victim to the Bolshevik preachments that are not only tolerated, but even encouraged in Washington. The police force is headed by a studious young uplifter, a pet of the White House and a former secretary of Gifford Pinchot. The whole government of the District of Columbia is in the hands of uplifters who have a fine equipment of moral maxims instead of brains, who live in a giddy atmosphere of things that are not so, and whose mental peculiarity is to identify theories with facts. As a result there has been a weakening of discipline everywhere. Policemen have no respect for their officers, the officers have no respect for the city authorities, and the city authorities have no respect for the government of the country. A black carnival of riot was the result.

It is easy to say that the incident was only a manifestation of the prevailing spirit of unrest. Of course it was. That is precisely the trouble. But if the capital city of the nation can pass thus easily under mob rule, what may we not expect elsewhere should opportunity present itself?

Indeed the contagion of Washington has already spread to Chicago, and in an even more acute form. Without precise knowledge of what is passing in Chicago we can only express our surprise that turmoil of this sort should be allowed to go on day after day and apparently to increase in violence. Already there have been over a thousand casualties and we are still reading, not of measures that have been taken, but of measures that are in contemplation. There is the usual disinclination to coerce voters.

Evidently the colored man has a swelled head. And no wonder. He was enlisted on terms of entire equality with white troops. Colored men became non-commissioned officers in white regiments. From

point of view this is entirely as it should be. The theory, as usual, was allowed the right-of-way. But the stern, uncompromising facts are now asserting themselves.

Some American Emissaries.

Attention is drawn to the evidence on the situation in Mexico given before the House Rules Committee by Mr. William Gates on July 28th. President Wilson, said Mr. Gates, was misled by William Bayard Hale and Lincoln Steffens, who were deputed by the President to investigate and to make a report. After they had made their report these two men entered the service of the German government. Hale, it will be remembered, went to Germany as a newspaper correspondent, and is said to have been the peculiar pet of the German authorities. Steffens distinguished himself by the violence of his radical utterances, and the virulence of his fulminations against our own system of government.

Why were men of this character employed on so vital a mission as the investigation of conditions in Mexico? Why were they employed at all? Are we so poor in character and ability that we are obliged to sweep the political gutters for our representatives in foreign countries? Is Carranza's present attitude due in any way to his contempt for American emissaries whom he naturally supposes to reflect the attitude of the American people? Is it surprising that Carranza should have been a friend of Germany during the war when he finds that American representatives promptly take service with Germany, and without in any way prejudicing their position with their own government? The record of Steffens must be quite well known at Washington, as well as his inflammatory utterances on American government. None the less we find that Steffens is employed on another government mission, this time to the Bolshevik régime of Russia. Once more he is requested to make a report. And with him goes Mr. Bullitt, a bird of the same feather. What is the meaning of it? Steffens is said to have brought back an autograph letter from Lenin to President Wilson. One wonders what he said to Lenin, and how far Lenin judges the attitude of America from the communications of Steffens. It may be that the real course of events is controlled more by such incidents as this than by those more formal proceedings that find their way into those state documents that are occasionally and reluctantly divulged in the course of what we are curiously pleased to consider as open diplomacy.

Ex Uno Disce Omnes.

Administration newspapers pretend to disbelieve in the sincerity of the senatorial indignation over Shantung. Why this sudden enthusiasm for China? they ask. Robbery on the international highways is not unprecedented. The wolf and the lamb is too old a story to stir our pulses or quicken our moral fervors. If Japan wishes to enrich herself at the cost of China, it is no more than other nations have done during the last half-century or so. It has become a habit, and there has been no noticeable protest. Why this sudden rally in defense of China except for the purpose of baiting the President and defeating a treaty upon which his political affections have been focused?

The reply is a quite simple one. Shantung is a preliminary taste of the pudding, a drummer's sample, so to speak, of the provender offered to us in the league of nations. *Ex uno disce omnes.* We have been invited, or rather ordered, by the President to sign a covenant of the world powers that shall establish righteousness on earth and be a shield for the virtuous and the weak. If it could hardly be said that the league was a combination of just men made perfect, at least we could claim for it that it was the next best thing, a union of sinners summoned to repentance. With such a presage of another and more glorious day for humanity what more natural than that we should examine with unusual care the foundations that had been laid for the new Jerusalem? Invited to exult at the coming of a millennium in which the lion would lie down with the lamb, what more natural than that we should express our consternation at the discovery that the lion had already eaten the lamb? Not only had he eaten the lamb but he had refused to enter the assembly of the saints on any other terms than the full satisfaction of his carnivorous instincts. Now it may be true that our indignation over Shantung is not wholly and entirely

due to a championship of the cause of this particular lamb. That is not the point. We were told that there would be no more eating of lambs under the provisions of the league of nations, and now we find that one of the chief signatories has not only eaten a lamb within the full view and with the full permission of all the other signatories, but that the league itself is a guarantee of predatory immunities and of digestive tranquillities. Under such circumstances it is no more than reasonable that the Senate should show some solicitude about the fate of the first of the lambs to be sacrificed on the steps of the new covenant.

The "Argonaut" Isolated.

Chronicling the demise of the *Bellman* of Minneapolis, the St. Louis *Mirror* remarks, "There is but one truly conservative weekly of note left in the field, and that is the *Argonaut* of San Francisco." Everywhere else we find a rising tide of radicalism, indeed one might say of Bolshevism. Even the staid and venerable *Atlantic Monthly* makes its dignified bow to the new order of things. The *New Republic* and the *Notion* have nailed their colors to the mast, and they are vivid and aggressive colors. "Radicalism," says the *Mirror*, "is the order. Don't make any mistake about that. . . . The worst thing I can say about this mood of the people is that its defiant discontent is desperate—hopeless."

The *Argonaut* accepts its isolation with such equanimity as it can muster. It is free at least from the temptations of popularity and from the seductions of the majority. It will not be charged with watching the veering winds of the public favor, and it may even be allowed to hope that its loneliness will conduce to its virtue. Sometimes loneliness does.

The indictment is a true one. The *Argonaut* confesses to conservatism, but emphatically not to the conservatism that would conserve anything that is bad. Indeed, in many respects its policy has been a radical one. It has tried consistently to espouse the cause of honest men asking for a popular franchise. It has fought indefatigably for honor and candor in public affairs, and at a time when "radicals" were discreetly silent. It has advocated every measure making for justice between men, for rectitude in international relations, for the dignity of the individual and the nation. This is not the radicalism that is now so much in favor and that is often indistinguishable from robbery. But it may be said incontestably that if the true radicalism rather than the false had been sustained by public opinion there would not now be the "defiant discontent" of which the *Mirror* speaks. It is the false radicalism that has now held the field for some score of years. It has passed measures of "reform" literally by the thousand. It has been denied nothing. It has ruled, regulated, penalized, and confiscated. It has invaded every department of the national life, nothing has been sacred from its intrusion and no human right has been held inviolate. If the result has been the present "defiant discontent" of which the *Mirror* speaks, and which is indeed undeniable, then it may be said that such radicalism stands self-condemned in the house of its friends.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Taft has been annoyed by the publication of a letter embodying his opinions on the changes that should be made in the league of nations. The letter, he says, was for private perusal, and not for the newspapers. But why should there be anything secret about such a matter as this? Mr. Taft has taken up a position of uncompromising advocacy of the league. His speeches have been so interpreted by every one. And now we find that he advocates changes so radical as completely to alter the complexion of the whole business. Mr. Taft is rightly looked upon as one of the wise men of the nation. His judgment upon public questions is a matter of national concern. Why should there be anything private about his judgment on this particular measure, or indeed upon any other measure? The spirit of secrecy seems to be contagious.

Some of our pro-Germans—although they do not now call themselves by that name—are indignant because the Austrian Empire has been dismembered in face of the President's earlier assertion that no such measure was intended or contemplated. But the critics are quite well aware of the facts, although they pretend otherwise. They know that the declaration for Austrian

integrity was publicly superseded by another and later pronouncement to the effect that the recognition of the Southern Slavs must necessarily abrogate all previous guarantees and that the Southern Slavs themselves—to quote the President's words—"shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Appreciation.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, July 7, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Promptness in meeting resubscription hills does not appear to be my long suit. Blame the prevailing irregularity of ocean mails, and especially the "manana (local, manhope) habit."

Now let us make it two years this time, instead of one, and save us all the bother of a renewal in 1920. To that end I enclose P. O. money order for \$8.

Glad to see that your editorial pen is still in form. Though not of your party, politically, it is manifest that my party is in constant need of press critics. The rape of China by the peace conference. O, Lord!! Frank Pixley used to write that "consistency is the logic of fools: better be right today than consistent with yesterday." Possibly our President has heard of and adopted that doctrine. Go to it. May your shadow never grow less.

Very sincerely,
C. W. ASHFORD.

The President and Populism.

LOS ANGELES, July 28, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Though we may feel lethargic just now in our cynicism over the developments of the Peace Congress, may I suggest two possible arguments for use as the time approaches to do something? I've ventured to volunteer them, not because they are new to you, but because my friends, some of whom read the *Argonaut*, still need them, and badly. I should of course have formulated them for an open letter, but assume you have more of those than you can publish.

The first has to do with this iniquitous Shantung business. It is that the newspapers seem to have overlooked the real reason why Mr. Wilson caved down in face of the Japanese demands in Paris—and it's a reason which the Administration obviously won't mention. When the President first objected to the cession of Shantung early in the Paris proceedings he was undoubtedly faced by the Japanese delegates with his own previous record as to China and Japan. He had, since the day he took office in 1913, acquiesced in Japan's repeated and growing encroachments—he had compelled American big bankers to virtually withdraw from China in face of Japan's open hostility to them—and when Japan in 1917 deliberately restirred up the California problem so as to force more explicit concessions from Washington, he sanctioned the Lansing-Ishii agreement. This last was a humiliating spectacle for us. Viscount Ishii smiled throughout as he went through his legerdemain; Mr. Lansing, in his most pains-taking manner, held the sack; Mr. Wilson yawned in the wings over the uninteresting triviality, and we, the audience, gasped. After Japan had got her claws on Shantung, after her statesmen had publicly repudiated their early statements that Japan was merely intending to take Kiao Chau away from Germany to give it back to China, Mr. Wilson assents explicitly to Japan's "special interests" in China! Whatever else the Japanese delegates took to Paris, they took a certified and an authenticated copy of that agreement. That was the trouble, and not the French and British promises, which didn't bind us in any event, which violated our treaty rights, and which the British at least were thoroughly sick of.

The second argument has to do with Mr. Wilson's antecedents. Names, mere names, are of course often the most potent of political weapons, and when true, as here, are perfectly legitimate. Now it seems to be fair to stigmatize him with his plentiful traces of Populism. In the days when Mr. Wilson was still hardening his political convictions Tom Watson was much read by radical Democrats. Watson had really an admirable style, but what interests us here as to his style is that he frequently used the phrase "taking counsel," and many another now well-known one. Watson hated the courts as Mr. Wilson does; Watson hated business and business men, as Mr. Wilson does; Watson hated foreign relations, as Mr. Wilson used to (when he instituted his blind Mexican and Far Eastern policies, when he "kept us out of war"—in fact always before he went to Paris, at our expense); Watson allied himself with the labor unions, not because he had ever had anything to do with them, but because he hated successful men as a class. (If Mr. Wilson only had had Watson's keen sense of humor we might have escaped him, too.) Populism was, essentially, nothing but direct government. Mr. Wilson, having ignored the representative branch of our government in formulating his treaties (and in their very terms, too) proposes now to appeal directly to the people, the plain people, to settle the ratification question—the people who will never even read the treaties once through. What is that but a wiping out of our representative form of government? What but Populism?

Mr. Wilson has, of course, often enough been called Populistic and radical; but what I mean here is that the charge should be emphasized in this concrete way. To retain power, to force his theories on us (they are not ideals), Mr. Wilson is literally practicing now what Watson preached—he flouts every element but the populace. *Demos*, not accidentally, is the root of demagogue as well as of democracy. Our old friend Caesar hated the Senate, too, and loved the people, and a republic came to an end thereby. The procedure is obvious.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY S. VAN DYKE.

The first white man to set foot on the Philippine Islands was Magellan, who landed at Jemol, now Malhou, an islet in the straits between Samar and Dingat, 298 years ago. Afterward he discovered other islands of the group, which he called the St. Lazarus Islands. He was killed by the natives of the Island of Mactan on April 27th of the same year. Both the Spaniards and the Portuguese claimed the islands, the former calling them the Isles de Poniente, and the latter bestowing the name of Islas de Oriente upon their discovery. Spain eventually made good her claim, and held the islands until they were sold to the United States in 1899 for \$20,000,000. For a brief period, between 1762 and 1764, the city of Manila was held by the English, but they surrendered it to Spain upon payment of a ransom of \$5,000,000.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE IS SAVED.

Editorial in "Harvey's Weekly."

"There must be effective reservations."

Those are the words of Chairman Will H. Hays of the Republican National Committee. They embody the unalterable determination of a majority of the United States Senate, of the Republican party, and of the American people. There need be no further concern respecting the preservation of the independence of this republic. The fight has been won. Those who are unwisely conveying the contrary impression to the President are either ignorant or deluded or vainly bluffing. We are telling him the truth. Sooner or later he will realize that fact. The sooner the better for the country and for himself.

What precisely are those reservations? Mr. Hays sets them forth succinctly and accurately in these words:

These reservations must safeguard the sovereignty of the United States in every particular; must guarantee the Monroe Doctrine beyond the shadow of a doubt; must either eliminate Article X entirely or so modify it that our own Congress shall be morally as well as legally free after a specified period to decide when and where and to what extent our soldiers shall be employed; must retain our full control of immigration, tariff, and all other purely domestic policies, and must provide full rights to withdraw from the league at any time without hindrance or conditions of any kind, upon giving suitable notice.

Mr. Hays does not say in so many words that he would advocate ratification of the treaty if these reservations were incorporated, but the inference is plain and unmistakable. He would. So would Senator Lodge. So would practically all of the Republican senators. Consequently Mr. Hays is fully warranted in adding:

It is up to the Administration to decide whether it will or will not accept these essential guarantees of American independence, which would unquestionably be promptly accepted by the other nations.

The correctness of the last statement is beyond question. Both France and England have made it clear that they attach slight importance to the proposed league or what the covenant contains. They will accept readily whatever the United States may offer. Indubitably, then, it is "up to the Administration to decide" whether it will join in conserving the interests of the country, or get no ratification of the treaty which the President personally negotiated. There is no other alternative.

But let there be no misunderstanding. When Mr. Hays says "effective," effective is what he means. Mere "interpretations" having no binding force will not do. The guarantees of American sovereignty must be rockribbed and copper-fastened. They must constitute a part of the treaty itself and be accepted as such by the other powers. When poor Senator Hitchcock truculently declares that the President will not permit an *i* to be dotted or a *t* to be crossed, he talks like an ass, but not a whit more childishly than the New York Times when it weakly admits that Mr. Wilson "might accept explanatory reservations, but none of vital effect." Men are not mice. Neither are the winners of this fight for the nation fools. They can not be deceived. The country has come to realize that. They can not be coerced or cajoled. The President has discovered that. His artful attempts at circumvention have failed. Twist and squirm as he may, he can only beat his head against a stone wall. More than a sufficient number of senators to prevent ratification have given mutual and absolute pledges never to accept the covenant as it stands, regardless of the effect upon their political fortunes, and a clear majority will vote for effective reservations. That is all there is of it.

Now what is the President going to do?

Will he put his heel in the ground, as he has so many times threatened to do, and concede nothing? Then the treaty will surely be rejected and the responsibility for its defeat will be his and his alone as a consequence of his unwarranted assumption of dictatorial authority.

Will he appeal to the country as he promised? We doubt it. From the day of the first announcement to this effect, as our readers are aware, we have regarded this absurd menace as a bluff. The reason is plain. Mr. Wilson can not successfully defend his utterly un-American proposals before an American audience and he knows it. His only hope from the beginning has been to prevail through appeals to sentiment rather than to reason. Not once in his many dissertations has he advanced a single concrete argument in support of his proposition. He has not even attempted to do so. The simple fact, of which obviously none can be more painfully cognizant than himself, is that he has none to offer. Such a tour as has been heralded would prove a ghastly failure. He would get nowhere with his emotional invocations and he now apparently knows that also.

Will he continue his secret "clarifying counsel" with Republican senators, in flagrant violation of his own vaunted maxim of "open covenants openly arrived at"? Perhaps. Thus far his efforts to wheedle even those reputed to be the weakest-kneed have availed nothing; and yet what better method could be devised of marking time? For that is what the President is now doing. He is groping vaguely for a way out and none appears to even his glorified vision. Sensible men persist, de-

spite his trumpeted derision, in keeping their feet on the earth beneath them and their eyes on the ground ahead.

Summing up: The only weapon in negotiation or diplomacy whose use Mr. Wilson understands or has ever wielded effectively is power, and he has lost that. The war is over. The Senate no longer fears him, and the country is with the Senate on the issue of American independence. These are the immutable facts.

What the President is going to do about it remains a question which we doubt if he himself could answer. As we have remarked, he obviously and rather hopelessly, we suspect, is seeking a solution of the perplexing problem with which he has brought himself face to face and, we trust, is praying for inspiration.

What ought he to do? is the more pertinent query; and the true answer, we venture respectfully to suggest, may easily be derived from the frank, clear, and concise statement of Mr. Hays:

1. There must be effective reservations.

Surely the President realizes that.

2. Guarantee of the Monroe Doctrine "beyond the shadow of a doubt."

The President holds that such guarantee is afforded with full assent of the other powers by the covenant. If so, since ratification can not be secured otherwise, why should he not acquiesce in a mere change in phrasing?

3. Either eliminate Article X entirely or "so modify it that our own Congress shall be morally as well as legally free, after a specified period, to decide" whether upon occasion our troops shall be used abroad.

All admit that Congress can not be deprived of its legal right to make or refuse to make war at any time. The doubt is as to its moral right to reject a call from the league after having subscribed to the covenant. Mr. Hays insists rightfully that the full prerogative shall be clearly preserved, but only if desired "after a specified period" of time. That is to say, he grants the propriety of retaining only the technical right, which can not be relinquished anyway under the Constitution, during the progress of readjustment, as a part of the aftermath of the war itself. Why should not such a provision satisfy the President as serving all immediate purposes and leaving to future generations determination of their own duties and obligations under conditions which can not now be foreseen?

4. Control of immigration, tariffs, etc.

Again the difference is one of phrasing only. The President urges that the covenant does guarantee such control, also with the understanding and consent of the other powers. Then what can be the objection to making that fact clear by substituting language of whose meaning there can be no doubt?

5. Right to withdraw without hindrance or conditions.

Opinions of advocates of the league differ as to whether the covenant confers this unqualified privilege. Senator John Sharp Williams, as we note elsewhere, thinks not, but Senator Swanson, after consultation with the President, asserted positively that "no authority is given anywhere to compel the retention of a member after giving the required notice of withdrawal." It is not necessary to argue the question. The mere divergence of opinion of these two distinguished covenanters suffices to establish the doubt. Assuming, as doubtless we may assume correctly, that the view of the President coincides with that of his designated spokesman, it is difficult to discern any good reason why he should refuse to concede simple clarification of expression designed to resolve all uncertainties.

Now that is all there is of the whole matter. Mr. Hays naturally would not presume to pledge the Republican Senate, and could not, of course, commit the Republican party, but as chairman of the Republican National Committee he speaks with a certain authority, and, in this instance, undoubtedly depicts the attitude of not only the Senate and the party, but of the country. If so, it is indeed "up to the President" to show whether he is wise enough to heed immutable facts and big enough to put aside personal pride and stand forth before his fellows, as in years gone by he did appear convincingly, as a true patriot devoted to the interests of his own country. But if his cloud-enveloped head still swims to the old Edna May Salvation Army refrain—

When I ask you to "follow the light."

I mean to follow ME,

he may as well throw away the horse chestnut which he has carried so long and so advantageously in his trousers pocket.

The war is over. The fight for American independence is won.

In 1910 one-fourth of all the women in industry in America were married, and more than 15 per cent. were either widowed or divorced. In 1918 the number of married workers had practically doubled, and, with comparatively few exceptions, all had one or more dependent upon them for support.

The Delaware Indians made salt from brine springs in New York State and sold it to settlers as early as 1670, making probably the first commercial production of salt in this country. The manufacture of salt by white people in the United States was begun near Syracuse, New York, about 1788.

A PREDICTION OF THE WAR.

There have been many wise men who have tried to find a law of periodicity in human history, some measure of time governing the tendency of events to repeat themselves. It would be a useful discovery, since it would give us a certain power of prediction, although its benefits would almost certainly be neutralized by a disposition on the part of each successive race or people to believe itself immunized, so to speak, by special intelligence or virtue. Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, said once that human history was divided into certain definite epochs of regular recurrence and startlingly like each other, but he made no attempt to work out his idea with anything like precision. But there is no reason why the idea should not be a true one. Material nature seems invariably to work under a law of periodicity, from the movements of the electron within the atom to the revolutions of the planets around the sun. Why should there not be some similar law of periodicity in the movements of human minds and producing alternate seasons of war, revolution, and stagnation?

The question seems to be pushed to the front, as it were, by the republication of a little volume entitled "The Great Thousand Years," by Ralph Adams Cram. Litt. D., LL. D., F. A. I. A., A. N. A., F. R. G. S. It was written in the year 1908, that is to say six years before the war, and printed in a magazine called *Par*, the organ of the Benedictines of Caldey. It contains a prediction of the war, and but for the fact that the prediction has been fulfilled it would never have been heard of again. It need not be said that Dr. Cram is in no way guilty of superstition. He is not a national fortune teller. He does not draw horoscopes nor consult the cards. But he is an historian, and a philosophical historian to boot. History, he says, should not be a record of the doings of rulers. They are no more than the chips carried on the torrents of popular thought and passion. History is the story of the human heart, and the throbbings of the human heart can be counted. It has been throbbing through the ages, and the ages can be assembled into minutes and hours, into days and nights, that follow each other with the regularity of the sun.

Five centuries is Dr. Cram's unit of time, so to speak. A thousand years marks an ebb and a flow. That is to say, some tremendous event may be looked for every five hundred years, and then we see the helm of human affairs put hard over, and the ship sail away on a new tack. The following five hundred years will be marked by the subsidence of the waters, and the gradual acceptance of the new order of things. Then comes the new shock and the new departure, and the process repeats itself. Nietzsche said something of the same sort, but he never worked it out. Man has a strong tendency toward apathy. He is willing enough to go to sleep in the shafts, and to believe that he is living in the best of all possible worlds. Left to himself, he will be invincibly conservative. Without these recurrent shocks he would never arouse himself, or set forth to the conquest of new territories. The children of Israel were probably rescued from Egyptian bondage much against the will of many of them. At least we know that they looked back to the fleshpots with regret at the first touch of hardship or danger.

The birth of Christ is, of course, the starting point for all Christian calculations, but Dr. Cram shows that the five-hundred-year cycle was distinctly marked long before that. In Egypt, Judaea, Babylonia, and Assyria we find that the years 1500, 1000, and 500 B. C. are clearly marked as epochs. Hellenism lasted through two phases to the birth of Christ, and Rome until one phase after the birth of Christ. Perhaps we shall be justified in saying that it was Christianity that destroyed Rome, that cut the string binding together that mighty congeries of peoples and institutions. It is at least significant under Dr. Cram's periodic law that the Nativity and the fall of the Roman Empire should occupy so exactly the nodes of his five-hundred-year period. With the destruction of Rome it looked as though the civilization of Rome must disappear, also. Indeed it did disappear into a sea of darkness, very much as our civilization is disappearing now. Rome, says Dr. Cram, became a howling desert as the inexorable dial of time signalized the end of a cycle and the beginning of a new one. The event came sharply to time, and the blackness of night settled down over the world, which was to lie under its pall for five centuries. But the dawn was to come with the same certainty as the night. By the year 1000 the Christian Norsemen had settled in Normandy and exactly at the thousand-year node Europe was to shake off its dark lethargy, to pick itself up from the ashes, and to begin the glories of the mediæval era. He must indeed be lacking in imagination who shall fail to see in the mediævalism the working of some law that is wholly apart from chance, something greater than the ordinary processes of reaction. It was like the sudden irrigation of a desert, quick to pour out its treasured and hidden vitalities. The arts rose instantly to a splendid height. Marvels of architecture appeared on every side. Education became free and nearly universal. Every man had the opportunity to grow and

velop, and the university became the centre upon which every eye was fixed.

Medievalism came to an end with the Renaissance, and Dr. Cram seems to find the great event in the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in year 1453. Italy fell before a decadent philosophy. France became a shambles of religious war. Henry, Cromwell, and Cranmer in England supplanted Sir Thomas More and Fisher. The torrents of the Reformation were let loose, and with the Reformation came materialism and individualism. The old ecclesiastical law and its beneficences were swept away, and the Roman law of property took their place. The mechanism of government became everything in men's eyes, and character nothing. Possessions were the one aim of life, and there began a feverish law-making which became a sheer struggle for majorities and for the right to oppress minorities. The world, says Dr. Cram elsewhere, presently abandoned itself to an "insane devising of new mechanical toys for the achieving of democracy: representative government, the parliamentary system, universal suffrage, the party system, the secret ballot, rotation in office, the initiative, referendum, and recall, popular election of members of upper legislative houses, woman suffrage, direct legislation." Men became incapable of conceiving of any other kind of reform than a tinkering with the machinery of government, indifferent to the fact that no governmental machinery can ever work unless it be based upon human character. Materialism meant that civilization must become a stinking mass of greeds and cruelties, so hateful, so abominable, that nothing but the besom of war could clean those dreadful Augean stables. And so Dr. Cram made his prediction in 1908, six years before the war. He said that the end of the five-hundred-year cycle was approaching, and that some frightful shock must presently awake the world from its deadening trance of materialism. Naturally he was not sure of the precise date when the cataclysm must come, but he knew that it was close. And so he wrote: "The end is not yet, nor will be for some decades, perhaps, though already we are approaching more closely the definitive year than almost any of the other epochs that have preceded our own. If there is to be no violent changing of historical processes, this era of ours, however swiftly it may continue to mount on its ascending course, can not overpass the end of the century: it will fall as fell medievalism, as fell the vague epoch of reactionary barbarism we call the Dark Ages, as fell Rome and Helas, and all the misty empires beyond the Christian era. Another great change is at hand, as always before when the five-hundred-year cycle node has been reached, and for man today the great interest lies, not in the crowning and creaming of the breaking wave, but in the swell that slowly rises behind, big with prophecy for another 500 years."

Such was Dr. Cram's prediction in 1908, a prediction based in no way upon fancy, but upon the analytic study of history. Nothing more remarkable of its kind is to be found anywhere. It was received, it need hardly be said, with blank unconcern. All such predictions have been received in the same way. None have been so precise as this, but some have been much more portentous. Thomas Carlyle thundered against the materialism of his day, a veritable Isaiah, and predicted the violent destruction of a civilization that worshipped votes and dollars and had forgotten justice and mercy. Alfred Russell Wallace, shortly before his death, said he believed that humanity had never before descended into such an abyss of evil as at that time. Even George Bernard Shaw said that the historian of the future would look back upon the present age with incredulity that men could ever sink so low. Chesterton asks why, with the sands of time strewn with the wrecks of civilization, we should suppose that there is anything particularly immortal about ours? And yet there was hardly a day until the guns began to roar in Flanders when we were not assured by our newspaper sycophants that our civilization was the greatest and the best that the world had ever known, that nothing but the passage of two or three hateful laws interposed between us and the millennium. And we believed them. And now we must await with what fortitude we may "the swell that slowly rises behind."

Dr. Cram is by no means sure what the nature of that "swell" will be. Having won a victory over Germanism, he hopes that we shall win an even greater victory over the enemy at home "in religion, philosophy, and society, purging a chastened world of the last folly and the last wickedness of modernism." But if not, what then? "Russia," he says, "already has given the answer."

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30, 1919.

The first oven devoted to glass production in Bohemia was erected in 1442, and with the passing of time ovens rapidly increased in capacity and numbers. Invariably they were built in deep forests in order to insure an inexpensive and sufficient fuel supply and to keep the noxious gases as far as possible from settlements.

Armenia has a copper mine that has been operated without interruption since prehistoric times.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Heleua of Italy is a clever amateur photographer, her favorite subject being her children at their outdoor play.

The new premier of Czecho-Slovakia, M. Tusa, was a newspaper editor in Brun before the formation of the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia.

Miss Rose Rothenberg, the new assistant district attorney of New York County, was graduated from the New York University Law School, which she attended evenings, in 1914, and was admitted to the bar in April of 1916. She worked her way through law school. Biographers are struck by her square jaws and the firmness of her mouth. There is said to be much character in her brown eyes and vigor in the mass of her wavy dark brown hair that "settles in its own way. You hear a pleasant voice and you see a gentle smile, and she is five feet six inches in height."

Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, long identified as president of the Canadian Pacific, the largest transportation system in the world, is mentioned as possible governor-general of Ireland in case the policy of making the latter country a Dominion of Great Britain is successful. In spite of his well-known connection with the British Empire, Sir Thomas was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the 6th of October, 1863, where he spent his youth and received an American public school education. At the age of sixteen he entered the employment of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and from that time on he adopted railroading as his profession. Noted for his organizing ability in railroad work, he turned this same ability and his special knowledge to good account in service for the British government during the world war.

Not long ago on a public holiday Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was in Toronto. The president of Standard Oil, Mr. W. C. Teagle, was in Toronto, too. It was arranged that the two magnates should meet down at the Imperial Oil offices on a matter of business consultation. Mr. Rockefeller arrived first. He was received with a frigid stare by the caretaker of the building, who knew exactly what his duties were on that and all other occasions. "This building is closed today, sir. Nobody in the offices." "But I am to meet Mr. Teagle here by appointment," said Mr. Rockefeller. "Oh, are you a friend of Mr. Teagle's?" "I believe I am." "Well, would you mind just signing your name in this book. It's a rule of the office that we have to respect." In perfect silence Mr. Rockefeller signed his name. The caretaker glanced at it. The day was suddenly very warm. But both the caretaker and Mr. Rockefeller saw the joke.

John Russell Pope, one of the best-known of America's architects, has been awarded the American Institute medal for general work and professional standing. Prize-winning appears to have been easy for Mr. Pope almost from the day he graduated from Columbia's School of Mines back in 1894. He won the Schermerhorn Traveling Fellowship in 1894, and later the Fellowship of the American Academy in Rome. Having completed his course in Italy he studied in other countries. He won the Jean Leclair Institute prize while still a student in the Beaux Arts in Paris. His record in Europe as a student and competitor for the honors that were offered at the time, supplemented by his work here, led to his selection as an Atelier Patron in the Columbia School of Architecture. Mr. Pope has been practicing architecture for fifteen years, during which time he has been honored many times by fellow-members of his profession because of the excellence of his work.

At eighteen Guglielmo Marconi made his first wireless discovery, when he found that a wireless message which was being transmitted between two stations on level ground was also being recorded by a receiver placed on the other side of a large hill. He discovered and recorded many important points in wireless telegraphy and in a short time had interested Sir William Henry Preece, engineer and electrician-in-chief of the English Postal Telegraph Company. At twenty-one he went to London to demonstrate the practicability of his experiments to an important English committee representing the British army and navy, as well as post-office and the lighthouse service. With the aid of Dr. Preece some important experiments were conducted and at twenty-three—in November, 1897—Marconi started his experiments that soon resulted in the establishment of wireless communication from points eighteen miles apart and made his name famous all over the world.

John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, was born in 1855 in San Francisco, and was sent to a grammar school in New Haven, Connecticut, to prepare for the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. At twenty-one he graduated from Yale with a Ph. B. degree. At thirty-eight the story of his success as a mining engineer had traveled to the most distant corners of the globe and he was engaged by Barney Barnato, the famous South African magnate. Mr. Hammond examined the gold formation at Johannesburg and became convinced that with proper equipment it would be possible to secure immense quantities of the yellow metal at great depth. He enthusiastically recommended the expenditure of a fortune as part of his

plan for winning the gold, and when Barnato would not undertake the risk Mr. Hammond quit. In the same year Cecil Rhodes, popularly known as the "Empire Builder," wanted Mr. Hammond to assist him in developing the gold mines of the Rand. The job was offered to the American and he was instructed to name his own salary, with the admonition not to be modest. One hundred thousand dollars a year with a percentage of the profits was the sum asked and agreed to without argument.

OLD FAVORITES.

To the Highland Girl of Inversneyde.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode:
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee neither know I nor thy peers:
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred:
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brook'd a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland curl
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathly dell:
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place:
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the hay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

—William Wordsworth.

The Throstle.

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it."
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again."
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here 'again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.—Alfred Tennyson.

Izalco, perhaps the most famous volcano of the San Salvador Republic, belched forth from a fine old hacienda in 1770, and ever since has tirelessly thrown aloft its mighty volume of ashes and gases. With the regularity of a mammoth natural timepiece, it is said not to have missed a rumbling, luminous explosion within half an hour for a century and a half; hence its nickname, the "Lighthouse of Salvador."

Java has spiders that make webs so strong that it requires a knife to sever them.

VAGABONDS OF THE SEA.

A French Naval Officer Relates Some Incidents in the Campaign of a French Cruiser.

We have had a few examples in translation of the French war narrative, and probably we shall have others. They were, and they will be, welcome. They are essentially different from our own, not, of course, in the facts related, but different in the point of view. The French writer seems to value a war incident, not so much for itself, but for its psychological disclosures and inferences. The stress is laid, not on the deed, but on its mental and moral accompaniment. The result is always poignant and often profound.

And now comes a story of the war at sea. It is the log of a French cruiser as set forth by René Milan and translated by Randolph Bourne. It is not fiction, but hard and usually cruel fact. The ship is the *Waldeck-Rousseau* and her chief mission is against the prowling submarine and the Austrian warships blockaded in their ports. There is, of course, no time nor season for the submarine. Anything floating or moving on the surface of the water is an object of suspicion:

But some more experienced eye has made out the shape. "It's a bit of wood!" murmurs a top-man. . . . "No, it's a bottle!" whispers a gunner. Every one gives his opinion. "It's a sea-gull!" "It's the branch of a tree!" "It's a broom-handle!" "It's a box of preserves!" The uproar increases and rises to the officer on the bridge, who wipes his glass in order to see better. He is still expectant; he curses this encounter a thousand times. He is responsible for the boat and for all these laughing sailors. Torn between derision and danger, he remains prudent, and makes for the dangerous object, with the order to open fire still on the tip of his tongue.

Suddenly, when we are eight hundred or a thousand meters away, he takes a few nervous steps, countermands the alarm, orders the engines to slow down, and turns his eyes away from the preserve-box, the branch, the bottle, whatever it may be. The ship shoots by at a short distance. The jokers in the crew salute the innocent waif that floats past and disappears. . . . Unless it be a gull, busy with its bath; in which case it dives, preens its feathers, dives again, without bothering about the ship, or her officer on the bridge. Between its plunges, sunk up to its breast in the water, it rides past the flying steel monster with a mocking "Kwang! Kwang!"

At the end of his watch, the officer goes below to the ward-room, where he is received with mocking laughter. These sorry jokes he scorns as a stoic should. He knows that the next night or tomorrow, at any moment, his comrades are as likely to make a mistake as he. We had all rather see a periscope than sea-gulls or branches. In the North Sea the *Cressy*, the *Hogue*, and the *Aboukir* had seen gulls and branches a thousand times. The day they sighted nothing they went to their doom.

The author tells us of a naval engagement off the Austrian port of Cattaro. The *Waldeck-Rousseau* is warned by wireless that things are stirring and that destroyers are coming out:

From the guns, the engines, the helm, the mute tension of a thousand men flows back to the turret, the brain of a cruiser. In this armored enclosure are stationed the commander, his two officers in charge of the firing, his navigating officer. They know that the safety of the ship depends on the clearness of their judgment. With lowered voices, as if they were conversing on matters of no importance, they address sailors who transmit their orders. Crouching before the artillery keyboard, a few men manipulate the fly-wheels, the bells and signals which tell the orchestra of guns their distances, correct their aim, give them orders to fire. Behind the three dials which direct the engines three sailors quickly write the orders. To right and left, mouth and ear to a line of telephones and speaking trumpets, two sailors listen to the word from below and reply. With his hand on the lever of the steering-gear, and his eyes on the compass of the route, an impassive petty-officer executes the orders of manoeuvre. There is no noise except the slight grating of the rudder indicating each degree to starboard or port. Through the horizontal embrasures of the turret, like the narrow iron-barred slits in the helmets of knights, the four officers survey the horizon. They make out the churning of foam from a periscope which is moving toward the cruiser's starboard at top speed. Instantly the whole volley of light guns opens fire on this enemy; the rudder is turned to starboard to change the course of the cruiser, deceive the submarine, and attempt to ram it. . . . Almost at the same moment there appears from the clouds an aeroplane, which descends toward us like a waterspout, and wheels about, trying to get a long-distance aim. Our sharpshooters cover this enemy of the air, and their shots crackle above us like drums. As soon as we are close enough to fight the charging destroyers effectively, our heavy guns open a steady fire on them. Our cruiser becomes a mass of smoke and noise as it confronts the triple peril of air, surface, and deep. Every man works with the precision of a clock. I can not begin to enumerate all the episodes of these exciting moments. . . .

The overhauling of merchant craft is one of the duties of the warship. There may be contraband aboard and, worse still, there may be German spies. The task of the boarding officer is a difficult one:

"Captain," he says, "have the kindness to show me your papers."

This formula is pronounced in English, Spanish, Italian, or French. Grammar sometimes suffers, but all the world is polyglot. When the visiting officer has exhausted all his vocabularies without any one understanding him, he contents himself with a gesture, reinforced by a contraction of his brows in the direction of his revolver. Thereupon intelligence comes to the most obtuse. A little procession forms. The captain looking important, the officer severe, the commissary obsequious, the sailor escort bringing up the rear; by means of the passage and stairs these four actors in the little drama reach the navigation room, where are kept the regulation papers. The more luxurious liners sometimes set a table with cigars and liqueurs in the first cabin. Such an attention arouses double suspicion.

The passengers line up along the deck. This episode makes a pleasant interruption in the monotony of the voyage, and gives their pacific minds a slight shuddering taste of the great war. Every man begins to feel like a hero, and to invent a tale which will astonish his future hearers. The men search the face of the French officer, but read little on this cold mask. The women, bolder, solicit his glances, his smile, press themselves on his attention. "Vive la France!" cries

one. "He has a real revolver!" whispers another, shuddering. "Stop, officer, and let me photograph you!" begs a third.

The visiting officer does not reply, does not stop, but hastens on his mission. In his register he consults the original of all the documents he has warrant to verify; text, stamps, signatures are exactly reproduced, and not one word of the ship's papers must differ from the original. If they are in Arabic, Norwegian, or Japanese, the officer's pencil compares them line by line. In curt phrases he approves or objects.

The inspection of cargo is comparatively easy, but the passengers furnish a more difficult problem:

"Captain, have the kindness to draw up on deck all the persons on board. Let each one hold his identification papers in his hand. In five minutes I shall make my inspection."

Women, stewards, and waiters scatter through the cabins, which suddenly fill with commotion. In the midst of a chorus of exclamations, of murmurs and laughs, feverish fingers ransack writing cases and bags; travelers with good consciences easily discover what they need; the women adjust their hair, hastily powder a suspicion of tan on their faces, and with a turn of their hand put all the details of their toilette in order. They are tremendously entertained. It's like a real play! For a very little more they would put on their prettiest gowns: . . . But the officer is in a hurry, and the captain excuses himself: one passenger can not lay his hand on his passports, which he has certainly shut up in a trunk. Exactly! The story is well-known! That hirt from Germany must be held.

The passports of the male passenger are usually in order and their owners can be identified. But the women are not always easy to handle. Sometimes they do not resemble their photographs, since toilets and even complexions may change surprisingly:

The mystery is increased by the contradictions of the passengers' appearance. The visiting officer examines a modest passenger in tennis shoes, flannel suit and traveling cap, who blushes like a boarding-school miss, and answers very timidly. And what does he see on the photograph of the passport she shows him? A smiling doll, buried under a hat as large as a millstone, adorned with aigrettes and feathers; a very elaborate arrangement of the hair which hides half her face, and three rows of pearls on her bare throat. Is there anything in common between this luxurious figure and the timid person wringing her hands in the line, whose inward mirth appears in her sparkling eyes and an imperceptible trembling of her elbows? He would be a perjurer who would swear to it.

The boarding officer is often well informed in advance as to the presence of his prey among the passengers. It is not easy for the spy, and particularly the stupid German spy, to escape the net:

The visiting officer stops before the German, calls him by name, lays a finger lightly on his sleeve or shoulder, and says, without raising his voice:

"I take you prisoner. Follow my sailor, who will carry your baggage and conduct you to the ship's boat."

Cries, bursts of rage, insults, are of no avail. One adds nothing. What is said is said. At the worst, if the scene becomes painful, the officer turns to the captain.

"Commandant, I direct you to use your authority to compel monsieur to follow me. Otherwise I shall be obliged to use force. I take the responsibility for the order I give you, and I will draw up for you a report of the proceedings."

On November 3, 1914, the *Waldeck-Rousseau* is in the Adriatic. It is during the afternoon siesta, but dozens of eyes are watching the calmest of seas:

Suddenly in the streaks of foam appeared something whiter. My glass at once followed this wrinkle on the water; one would have said it was a jet of steam, glistening in the sunlight. I hesitated a few moments. Perhaps I had been deceived by the fin of a porpoise swimming at the surface. But the memory of drills during peace-times set before my eyes the wake of a periscope, and I hesitated no longer.

"On watch! To port! Range, eight hundred meters! Deflection, forty! The three engines ahead full ahead! Close the port stanchions! Open fire!"

The cruiser leaps. Below, the men on watch close the port stanchions. The volley of guns goes off, and the shells fall round that white moving spot. They burst like balls of snow on a blue wall. All the men wake from their siesta, the officers come on deck. At several meters from our hull passes the flaky line of a launched torpedo. It has missed us, but a big 194 shell, fired from one of our turrets, bursts just above the periscope, which rises, sinks, rises and sinks again, like a wounded animal which lifts itself and falls back. And then we see nothing more. The blue water shows only its usual indolence. From the *Ernest Renan* comes to us a burst of hurrahs across the air; they have seen the shell tear up the water, and have decided that the explosion destroyed the submarine.

We move rapidly, so rapidly that in a very few moments the cruiser is far away from the deadly spot. The guns turn and follow, ready to fire again, but nothing more appears. "Cease fire! Watch ended! Open the port stanchions! Return to course! The three engines at sixty revolutions!"

The author records the news of the Falkland Islands battle. He is a little jealous of the good fortune that has befallen the British squadron in laying by the heels the formidable German warships intent on the coal stores which were the war prize of the islands:

In the dawn of the next day, the lookouts on the Falklands saw the columns of smoke from the enemy ships in the distance. They came on like a cyclone. Admiral von Spee on his bridge was already imagining the telegraph which should announce to Berlin next night his extraordinary prowess. But from the islands which they thought were deserted, they suddenly saw emerge in the morning light the prows of the great cruisers with their powerful guns. He counted them. He recognized their strength. His signals ordered flight. But the English pack had sniffed blood, and until evening it ran and killed.

I have just read the respectful words which, like an epitaph, the London admiralty dedicates to their fallen enemies. Admiral von Spee has nobly ended a stainless career. Far away in the midst of the beauty of the Levantine, the officers of my cruiser at first rejoiced at the victory. Then they salute him, for one does not need to know all the final details to respect an end so glorious as his.

The *Scharnhorst* and the *Goeben* were cruisers of our own class, enemies of our own design. Why did they not choose us, three ships with our six smokestacks apiece? The fight would have been glorious, and the glory to the French. Shall we never confront anything but a desert sea, or invisible submarines?

Sometimes we forget that the submarine was not exclusively a German weapon. The Allied navies were as well supplied as their foes, although there were few opportunities for the use of the under-water weapon. It was the duty of the *Waldeck-Rousseau* to tow a French submarine to the entrance of the Adriatic and there to leave her to her own dreadful devices:

Towards dawn Fano rises on the horizon, and near 6 we prepare to cast off the submarine. Our engines slow down; we haul in the cable. The officers have interrupted their sleep, and Mgr. Bolo, always curious about the sights at sea, leans on the rail for the last manoeuvre. On the submarine the sailors, like shining tritons, loosen the tow; its commander raises his arm to indicate that he is free; his screws make an eddy in the water, he turns his head to the north, and the *Waldeck-Rousseau* turns to the west. The Albanian mountains watch over this silent parting. How small the submarine looks, swept by the ceaseless waves! How weak it seems as it goes to risk its life in the vast amshues of the Adriatic! And how melancholy is this silent departure, without a handshake, in the rainy and sullen dawn! From the height our great ship we feel our hearts tighten. It is much like seeing a little child cross alone a square where automobiles are passing, one wants to say: "Don't go any farther. Come back on the sidewalk." And at the same time one approves its boldness, and encourages it from the depths of one's heart, without even thinking of the danger. The sailors of the submarine no longer look at us. Their eyes scan the sea, at the end of which they are to fulfill their duty. One desire alone fills their souls; to play their part well and not to weaken. They are not angels. The life of each one of them undoubtedly contains many faults, and I would not swear, that when they are turned loose on shore, they do not give way to every intemperance. But this moment those ugly things no longer exist. However gross in their failings, sailors are noble in their deeds. At the instant that the *Gay-Lussac* passes behind us, the officers raise their caps, and the priest, without a word, extends his right hand, blesses and absolves these gallant men.

The author refers to the problem which always confronted the Allied warship. What ought it to do in the case that a consort is torpedoed? Should it go to the relief of the sinking ship? In that case it, too, will probably fall a prey to the lurking submarine. But to leave her to her fate is an almost equally terrible alternative. Apparently there were no definite orders for such emergencies in the French navy. But the British admiralty had taken the bull by the horns. The surviving ship must in all cases escape. The sinking ship must not be succored:

There is one formidable problem which I have not yet solved.

From the bridge the officer sees a companion vessel explode, sink, and disappear. The catastrophe may be slow or swift, it matters not. Many men have just been killed by the explosion; but there remain living survivors in the water, who are condemned to death if their neighbors do not come up to rescue them. The officer's pitiful heart directs him to rush towards the disaster and pick up these brothers of ours.

But no! The submarine is perhaps waiting and is aiming a new torpedo. It is lying in wait for the rescuer with her formidable strength, her thousand able men, and is counting on her rashness to send her to join the victim it has just sunk. The duty of the officer tells him to save a sound ship for France, so that tomorrow she may avenge the dead in some victorious action.

The English admiralty has solved the dilemma. "Woe to the wounded!" it has said. "I order the living to flee!"

The men who drew up this formidable law in the privacy of their offices were thinking only of the glory of their navy, of the fate of their country. Would these same men, as officers of the watch, hearing the appeal of drowning men, have the terrible courage to flee?

During the long hours of the watch I have pondered over this riddle. Tomorrow, this evening, in an instant, the drama of which I am thinking may rise on the horizon. If fate will that I be struck, I know that as my mouth fills with water, my last cry to those who approach me will be this:

"Begone, for the submarine is watching for you, too!"

But if in the treacherous night or under the kindly sun I see one of the companion ships of the *Waldeck-Rousseau* destroyed, I hope some inspiration will dictate my conduct. I can not foresee what it will be. There are tragedies where the reason stumbles, and man is outdone by the malignity of things, where only revelation and divine grace permit him to find his way.

The book is one of the notable records of the war. It has all the virtues of French descriptive writing, including a certain atmosphere of melancholy that is consonant with its subject.

VAGABONDS OF THE SEA. By René Milan. Translated by Randolph Bourne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The greatest field of research offered for scientists is experimentation with the higher temperatures. Between the temperature of the surface of the sun, estimated at 6000 degrees Centigrade, and absolute zero, estimated at minus 273 degrees Centigrade, very little has ever been discovered. The field of research has been practically restricted to 725 degrees, or between the temperature of liquid air—minus 200 degrees—and the first visible red of heated iron—plus 525 degrees. It is known that at a temperature of 1000 degrees Centigrade twenty-nine metals become liquid; at 1069 degrees gold fuses; tungsten melts at 3000 degrees; the temperature of the electric arc is 3729 degrees, and here begins the great unknown in the world of heat.

Rimsa, perhaps the greatest of Lithuanian sculptors, gave to the world "The Lithuanian School," a group which symbolizes the grand subject and cause of Lithuanian art. The old woman sitting by her spinning wheel and teaching a child to spin is a national symbol. It is the symbol and portrait of a secretly preserved nationalism. For the suppressed language of the Lithuanians was preserved only in secret, in the fashion of the old woman at the spinning wheel.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 26, 1919, were \$147,099,903.16, and for the corresponding week of last year were \$108,474,639.53, an increase for the year of \$38,625,263.63.

Gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco again show a decline for the week ended Friday, July 25th, the total of gold in the vaults of the institution being given in the weekly report as \$135,166,000, comparing with \$139,030,000 for the previous week and with \$128,827,000 for the corresponding week of a year ago. On the other hand, the bank has been doing a good business, as indicated by the total bills on hand, which amount to \$154,528,000, against \$150,528,000 and \$81,864,000. The total earning assets of the institution are \$165,801,000, compared with \$159,800,000 and \$86,329,000. The total resources are given as \$339,016,000, against \$341,748,000 the previous week and \$254,132,000 a year before.

Total deposits amounted to \$125,286,000, comparing with \$126,123,000 a week before and with \$113,804,000 a year ago. Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation are given as \$195,326,000, against \$197,738,000 and \$133,248,000.

The Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank has the following to say about new financing and

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the money market outlook in its July monthly letter:

"It has become necessary for lenders to scrutinize carefully applications for new loans so as to keep lending operations within a proper limit and insure a sufficient supply of funds for recourse to by the government or other borrowers as the need arises. The further warning issued by the Federal Reserve Board against excessive loans by banks upon speculative collateral has emphasized the necessity of giving precedence to accommodation sought for government commercial and industrial purposes. The situation has its possibilities and no one can tell just what the money market will do during the coming six months. The time is near at hand when corporations financing will lay special burdens upon the banks. This situation is encountered every year in some form or other and former experience indicates that the movement should work out all right in the end. The country is making definite progress in the readjustment of industry to a peace basis. The process has gone a long way already, although impeded by the many currents and cross currents.

"A larger amount of money than has ever been required for crop movement purposes will be represented by the unprecedented expenditures of the present harvest. The drain of funds from the large reserve centres is

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already in progress. Owing to the unusually high wages now paid the harvesting hands, the production costs of the agricultural sections have reached an exceptionally high level. The rediscount facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks are being availed of to good advantage in financing these payments and the probability is that the huge operation will be financed without disturbance in the money market. The demand for money is increasing, however, and because of the extraordinary requirements from abroad, the large loans now being sought by industrial corporations and railroad companies, as well as the increasing loss of cash on gold shipments to foreign countries, the outlook favors somewhat higher discount rates during the balance of the year. The returns filed by the national banks in response to the comptroller's call of May 12th last showed aggregate resources of \$20,825,000,000. This total is the largest ever reported and means that within the six years following August 9, 1913, the increase in national bank resources has been no less than \$9,948,000,000. The country's bank position is exceptionally sound, being fortified by the largest gold reserve held by any nation and with the best equipment for providing all classes of borrowers with the accommodation which they require.

"With the signing of the peace treaty a vast number of projects have been revived and new enterprise everywhere has been stimulated. This indicates that conditions are becoming normal again and the world recovering from the chaos of war.

"The treasury estimates \$30,177,000,000 as the gross cost of the war for the United States up to June 30th last, and the formal announcement that no further long-term financing would be resorted to indicates that government finances are in a strong position. It is noteworthy, however, that Secretary Glass in his statement of July 9th emphasizes the need of both public and private economies as the only way to insure clear sailing for the money market during the balance of the year. Economies are more than ever needed now and we shall all do well to keep before us the War Savings Stamp and Treasury Certificate which may do so much for the individual. 'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting,' says Franklin. Government savings stamps are good investment."

The United States seems likely to become in the near future the chief coal-exporting country of the world, although our country ranked third among the coal-exporting nations in the year immediately preceding the war. Reports from Great Britain, formerly the world's chief exporter, indicate that her exportations of coal in the year ending with June are but about one-half that of the year preceding the war, while our own coal exports have meantime increased over 25 per cent., making the United States for 1918 a close second to Great Britain, with a prospect that our total in the fiscal year just opening will materially exceed that of Great Britain.

Coal exports from Great Britain, according to a statement by the National City Bank of New York, have fallen from 73,400,000 tons in 1913 to approximately 37,000,000 tons in the twelve months ending with June, 1919, while our own exports, which were a little over 19,000,000 tons in the fiscal year 1914, were nearly 26,000,000 in the fiscal year 1918.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering Government of Switzerland ten-year 5½ per cent. gold bonds at 96.25 and interest, at which price these bonds will yield over 6 per cent. Switzerland is considered one of the wealthiest countries in Europe. Present estimates of national wealth indicate a per capita wealth of about \$1400. The per capita debt, including all bond issues, is about \$86. The purpose of this loan is to provide funds for the purchase of commodities in the United States.

This house is also offering Canadian Northern Railway Company two-and-a-half-year 6 per cent. notes at par. These notes are secured by the deposit of the first mortgage bonds of the company, guaranteed unconditionally by the Canadian government, which is the sole owner of the system.

The offering of the Quaker Oats Company 6 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, handled locally by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, has met with a ready demand and they report that but a few shares are still available for subscription.

The world's sugar situation is gradually reaching a most acute stage. It is purely a question of supply and demand, and the demand is far greater than the supply. It is logical therefore to expect higher prices for the commodity, and as stocks invariably follow the rise in a commodity we must naturally look for a sensational market in sugar stocks such as we have recently witnessed in oils and food stocks. The trading in sugar stocks listed on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange has been heavier in the past two weeks than ever before. Sharp rises are in evidence in the entire list. The following

sugar stocks are in great demand: Hawaiian C. and S., Hawaiian Sugar Company, Honokaa Sugar Company, Hutch Sugar Plantation, Oahu Sugar Company, Ltd., Olaa Sugar Company, Ltd., Onomea Sugar Company, Paaupuu Sugar Plantation, Pioneer Mill Company, Ltd., Union Sugar Company.

Heavy buying by people who are in close touch with the sugar situation is in evidence.

The sugar companies were never in as strong a position as at the present time. Extensive active investment buying is taking place at present. Back of this buying is the knowledge of the big food demand from Europe; shortage or the improbability of German competition for some time to come.

The prohibition factor is now being brought forward as a supporting element of great strength. It is stated that since prohibition has come, the effect on sugar consumption has been startling.

It is claimed that the discontinuance of general use of alcoholic stimulant has turned many people to greater consumption of sugar whose energy-producing quantities of high order have long been known to scientists. The outlook is therefore in favor of larger and larger demand for sugar as prohibition becomes stricter.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

A large delegation of influential Swiss merchants and business men, numbering probably 500, will make a tour through the United States next September, with the object of studying at first hand our general industrial methods and institutions, with special attention to machinery and textiles. The present plan contemplates a departure from Rotterdam on August 27th by the Holland-America line steamship *Rotterdam*, a visit to New York and Washington, where the party expect to be received by the President, after which groups will proceed to different sections of the country, according to the special interest with which they are concerned.

Among the cities it is proposed to include in the various itineraries of these groups are New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Montreal, Toledo. The travel arrangements for the party have been placed in the hands of Thomas Cook & Son.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company announce the removal of their offices to the second floor of the First National Bank Building, where permanent offices have been arranged for them, giving them more room and better working quarters, made necessary by the growth of the organization. The company has recently been taking on several new men in both their San Francisco and Portland offices, and both offices have had to obtain larger working quarters since the organization of the company. The company deals in government, municipal, and corporation bonds, and reports a remarkably good business for the first half of the year.

The Park-Union Foreign Banking Corporation of New York will open a branch in San Francisco early this month with banking quarters at 520 California Street. Mr. Arthur A. Wilson, the manager, has received word from New York that branches are also being opened at Kobe, Japan, Hangkow, China, and Paris, France. Branches in Yokobama and Shanghai are already in operation, and with the opening of the offices in San Francisco and Seattle, the big foreign trade institution will be well under way.

The New York office of the bank is now open at 56 Wall Street. Among those prominently connected with the corporation are Stuyvesant Fish, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Richard Delafield, Gilbert G. Thorne, Sir William Price, R. H. Williams, E. C. Hoyt, H. B. Shaw, Dr. C. A. Holder, R. O. McCulloch, Stephen Haas, W. J. Dawson, and F. S. Appleby. These are all financiers directly interested in one or the other of the two parent banks, the National Park Bank of New York and the Union Bank of Canada.

The new international bank has been in the process of formation since last March, when it was incorporated under the laws of New York State with a capital of \$2,000,000 and a surplus of \$250,000. For the present the activities of the Park-Union will be devoted particularly to the promotion of American interests in the Far Eastern field.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company, investment bankers, with offices in the American National Bank Building, is offering a splendid list of bonds exempt from Federal income tax in denomination of \$1000. They embrace county highways, city school districts, reclamation and irrigation bonds, all of which offer a good return with excellent security and are recommended for investment by this company.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company, with branch offices at 1001 American National Bank Building, is participant in the \$10,000,000 offering of Canadian Northern Railway 6 per cent. collateral gold notes, and is offering them at 100 to net 6 per cent.

These notes are the direct obligation of

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the Canadian Northern Railway and are secured by collateral consisting of \$14,286,000. General mortgage 4 per cent. bonds, due 1934. These bonds are pledged at 70.

The Canadian government has recently acquired all the capital stock of the Canadian Northern Railway Company. The collateral securing these gold notes is unconditionally guaranteed, principal and interest by the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. A. D. Oliver, assistant cashier of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, has returned from a combined business and vacation trip in Northern California and Nevada. On July 5th Oliver attended the Nevada State Bankers' Convention, where he gave an address, and afterward he motored through the state, where he says business conditions are unusually good. "The agricultural districts are especially prosperous," he said, "and this year there will be large returns from sheep and cattle."

Mr. Howard Throckmorton, well known in

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San Francisco financial circles, has opened an office at 211-213 Alaska Commercial Building, where he will carry on a general investment business and as well specialize in government and municipal bids and preferred stock issues. Throckmorton has in the past had an active connection with many important reorganizations of California corporations, including those of the "Borax" Smith affairs, People's Water Company, Natomas of California, Realty Syndicate, and United Railroads.

Lilienthal-Brayton, investment bankers, is one of the firms offering \$5,000,000 Pacific Gas and Electric Company of California first preferred 6 per cent. cumulative stock. This stock is non-assessable, exempt from personal property tax in California, and the Federal normal individual tax.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is one of the four largest gas and electric utilities in the United States. It serves thirty-two counties in Northern California, including the San Francisco Bay section, the Sacra-

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mento and San Joaquin valleys with a population in 1910 of 1,350,000. All of its properties save one recent acquisition are owned in fee and for fourteen years have been operated as a unit.

Combined installed steam and hydro-electric generating capacity, 283,646 horsepower. Gas manufacturing capacity, 72,744,000 cubic feet per day. Total number of customers served, 487,535.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company preferred stock has paid dividends uninterruptedly since 1909. The company has earned net during the past five years, after heavy depreciation charges, a yearly average of \$13.20 per share available to pay first preferred dividends.

Value of property over bonded debt, indicated by present market value of common

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stock, is equal to \$170 per share of first preferred stock.

A most unsatisfactory feature of the business and financial situation of the country at the present time is the position of the railroads and public utilities. This country has never enjoyed a general state of prosperity, if the feverish and fictitious war prosperity is excepted, in which railway expenditures were not a large factor. At this time, however, the railroads are in no position to make any expenditures beyond what are absolutely necessary to keep them in operation. The director of railroads asked Congress for \$1,200,000,000, with which to clean up the government's obligations on account of the railroads, and Congress is giving him \$750,000,000 with the promise to consider providing more later. In his statement to the House Committee on Ap-

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proportions upon this matter the director said:

"Our definite policy is that we are not going to make any capital expenditures for the year 1919 for these companies unless they finance themselves, or unless they are of such an urgent character that we must go ahead with them in advance of arranging the financing. But the important point is that we are asking only for \$253,435,760 on account of capital expenditures for 1919, although it is estimated that those capital expenditures will be \$653,227,682 and generally speaking, either the corporations will have to finance the difference or the improvements will not be made, unless there is some extreme urgency that calls for their being made."

The \$253,435,760 referred to is chiefly for equipment already ordered and delivered.

This shows what may be expected from the government in the way of railroad improvements, nor can it be expected that the railroad companies will launch out upon capital improvements until they know what plan of permanent reorganization is to be adopted by Congress.

These are unsettled but important matters which must be settled before it can be said that the business of the country is on a sound and permanent basis.—*National City Bank.*

California is fast gaining recognition as a manufacturing centre. According to the Home Industry League, everything grown any place in the world is grown in California.

Almost everything manufactured elsewhere is manufactured in California.

The following printed list, just issued, has been compiled by the League for the California Industries and Land Show, to be held at the Exposition Auditorium, October 4th to 19th, and gives a fair idea of a small part of the state's resources.

To carry out the policy of the Home Industry League, that of upbuilding the state's industry, and under whose auspices the California Industries and Land Show is to be given, gold and silver medals, loving cups and ribbons are offered as awards to the best California products, a partial list of which is here given: Special loving cups to counties, manufacturers, and artistic exhibits. Agricultural exhibits, for which gold and silver medals are offered, include best displays of alfalfa, harley, garden, field, and flower seed, hops, white oats in grain and head, potatoes, sweet potatoes, and nuts of all varieties.

Agricultural and road-making machines are given special notice; so are automobile trucks and tractors.

Beverages of all kinds are included, building construction materials, chemicals, citrus fruits, clothing and kindred textiles, confectionery, dairy equipment, dairy products, deciduous fruits, dyes, electrical appliances, and fertilizers. Food products, which are given much latitude, include baking powder, butter substitutes, canned fruits, canned meats, canned sea foods, condiments, crackers, hiccups, essences of extracts, bakers' flour, family flour, dried fruits, canned vegetables, cereal preparations, chocolate, coffee, lard, smoked and cured meats, spices, syrups (tahle and fruit), teas, and dried vegetables.

Furniture, woodenware, and domestic utilities, hardware, jewelry, leather products, musical instruments, office supplies, oils, olives, paints, pleasure crafts, poultry supplies, pyrotechnics, soups, toilet accessories, toilet preparations, toys, and viticultural.

Manufactured goods of which special mention is made in classes, for which gold and silver medals are offered, include brooms, brushes, ceramics, enamels, cleaning compounds, labels, rope, twine, rubber, shoe dressing, and trunks.

All of these are grown or manufactured in California in abundance.

The Spring Valley Water Company has filed with the railroad commission tables showing the gross charges for water service during the month of May; also a table showing the effect of the meter rate schedule for the eight months from October, 1918, to May, 1919.

The figures for May show a net increase in water charges of \$4204.72 over the estimated charges that would have been collected had the old flat rates continued in effect. May is the first of the summer months, and it is the first month showing an increase in charges. The first four months of 1919 all showed substantial decreases.

Commercial consumers' accounts for May showed an increase of \$2983.59, while residential accounts showed a decrease of \$409.81. The gross charges for all classes of consumers during May (69,043 accounts) amounted to \$322,499.97, while under the municipal ordinance fixing flat rates they would have been \$318,295.25.

Excluding municipal, shipping, contractors, and miscellaneous accounts, the gross charges for commercial and residential consumers during May amounted to \$287,782.11, as against estimated charges of \$285,208.33 if the flat rates were in force.

The figures for eight months of meter

charges show a net decrease of one-tenth of 1 per cent. in the revenue of the company as compared to what that revenue would have been under flat rates.

These comparative figures are submitted to the railroad commission to aid that body in studying the effect of meter rates, the present schedule having been designed to produce as nearly as possible the same revenue the company collected under flat rates. A variation of one-tenth of 1 per cent. in eight months is regarded as being remarkably small, considering that the present meter rates distribute charges much more equitably than the old flat rate schedule.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., investment bankers, have been compelled through the increase of their business to enlarge their office quarters. Their entire offices have been remodeled, and with the additional space they have now one of the best equipped and most conveniently arranged investment offices in the city.

DYING ON THEIR FEET.

Dr. Ethel Williams, a Newcastle doctor of thirty years' experience, recently has returned to England from Vienna. She attended the Women's International Conference at Zurich, where she heard so much about the conditions of disease in Austria that she decided to see for herself what those conditions really were. She spent a week in Vienna visiting the hospitals and the school kitchens, studying medical statistics, interviewing representative people, and seeing as much as she could of the child-life of the city. Speaking to a Manchester *Guardian* representative, she said:

"What impressed me most was the appalling condition of every old person I saw, and of 95 per cent. of the children. The old people were like walking death's heads. There are so many things that persons over sixty can not digest. The mortality among the old has increased by 150 per cent."

"What struck me most when walking about the streets was that there were no toddlers. Children of three and even four years were carried by their mothers. The children did not run about, or shout, or quarrel. It was four days before I saw a child playing."

"At least 95 per cent. of the practically well children were painfully emaciated, with discolored circles around their sunken eyes and the tendons of their necks showing like those of old people. Even middle-class children have these scrawny necks, and when they run their cheeks flap like those of old people. But they seldom run. They are all limp and listless."

"The scene in the out-patients' department at the biggest state children's hospital was pitiful—no sound or attempt to play. The children sat quietly on their mothers' knees or against a wall. One mother had brought her three little girls, all of them tubercular. I talked to her."

"I don't know how this happened," she burst out. "They just had little colds, but they've got over them before, and now the terrible thing has happened. I suppose it is just the war misery—using the common term."

"I saw several cases of osteo-malacia, a disease so rare before the war that the only two cases I had ever seen had been shown to me as a curiosity. It seems to come from lack of fresh food, and there have been 250 cases in Vienna, and I heard of another epidemic in a German town."

"The bones soften and become distorted, the pelvis bones fold inward. In early stages it is curable, but a bad case never will walk again, and a rather bad case always will have difficulty in walking, while a woman who has it will suffer terribly in childbirth."

"The cases were those of older children and adults. They told me that the hospitals were receiving about fifteen cases a day, and those they had to turn away inevitably must become worse. I used to test the condition of the children I saw by feeling their fleshless arms. When I touched one child the father said: 'Don't touch him. He has this bad new disease, and it hurts him so much.' I realized that I had hurt him, but the child was too listless to shrink from the pain."

"The doctors could do practically nothing for the out-patients who could not be taken into the hospitals. The mothers were in despair. The doctors said the greatest want of all was for cod liver oil. Funds raised in England had sent a supply, but it only lasted two days. Practically every child under two is rickety. Statistics show children who should be gaining weight in the year losing weight instead. It is very noticeable that the children are so much smaller than their ages. At every institution visited I asked a number of children at random how old they were, and with three or four exceptions they were two, three, or four years older than they looked."

"It is extraordinary how little Vienna has suffered from war epidemics such as typhus. The enormous increase in sickness is due to starvation disease. Almost all of its child population is stunted, starved, left without

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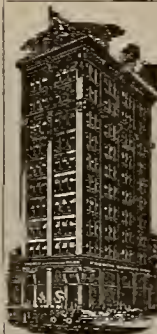
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Fifty-four famous writers have been drawn on by Barret H. Clark to make up his latest volume on the drama, entitled "European Theories of the Drama." The book is a sort of anthology, the compiler having begun culling from writers of ancient Greece, until, traveling down through the ages, he gives us toward the end short articles by George Bernard Shaw, William Archer, and Henry Arthur Jones.

Each author's utterance has been selected with reference to its importance and its effect on subsequent dramatic writing. Thus Brunetiere's contribution is "The Law of the Drama," Sarcey's "A Theory of the Theatre," Archer's on "Play-Making," and so on.

The author, by linking his selection with interchapters, has accomplished the feat of presenting a history of dramatic technique and criticism. Each section of the book is followed by an exhaustive bibliography, and there is an elaborate and carefully detailed index. Only students and writers would be apt to use the book, but it will probably take its place immediately as a valuable volume of reference.

EUROPEAN THEORIES OF THE DRAMA. By Barret H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

Out of the Shadow.

This is the simple, sincere, truthful recital of the humble experiences in America of the daughter of a Russian Jewish immigrant. The story is told with the utmost straightforwardness. There is no attempt at fine writing, but somehow the woman who wrote the book compels her readers to share the child-spirit of the little girl that she was when she came to America, and to enter into her intense joy when, after several years, the mother and children came, and the family were reunited.

We in America of the educated classes

should know what are the elements that go into the crucible that is becoming too small to hold and melt all that is poured into it. But it is not the idlers, but the workers, who in the greatest numbers will read books such as this.

The publishers recognize its possibilities for a wide appeal, and have given it a good dress. Bound in dark cloth, with good print and wide margins, and, furthermore, with a dozen etched illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan, the book indicates by its appearance alone that its contents are destined to reach a large number of readers.

OUT OF THE SHADOW. By Rose Cohen. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The New Elizabethans

This volume is described as a "first selection" of the lives of young men who fell in the war. Another volume is in preparation, and if the series is to be at all complete it must be expanded to very considerable dimensions. It may be said that Mr. Osborn has done his work extraordinarily well. Every line of these difficult biographies—difficult because they are so short—is energetic and vivid. A just and balanced enthusiasm is never allowed to wane and every sketch seems to be a portrait. The memoirs included in the first volume are those of Alan Seeger, Donald Hankey, Richard Denny, Charles Sorley, Charles Lister, R. Poulton Palmer, Colwyn and Roland Philipps, Harold Chapin, Anthony Wilding, Douglas Gillespie, Ivar Campbell, Captain Brian Brooke, Julian Grenfell and brother, William Noel Hodgson, T. Vade Walpole, Harry Butters, Guy Drummond, Basil Hallam, Dixon Scott, the brothers Charlton, Professor T. M. Kettle, Robert Stirling. The volume contains thirty illustrations from photographs.

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS. By E. B. Osborn. New York: John Lane Company.

The Politics of Industry.

Average Americans seem today to be divided into two great classes, those who believe that the end of the war means "business as usual," and those who would use the war as a lever to accomplish their own particular reforms. The former class is by far the more dangerous of the two, although the latter class is by far the greater nuisance.

Mr. Glenn Frank occupies the middle ground. Sometimes he conveys a suggestion of quackery, as, for example, when he says that we must "infuse the immigrant with the American spirit and awaken in him a fundamental respect for American institutions." There is only one way to be respected, and that is to be respectable. It is not a case of infusion, but of decency. Individuals, nations, and governments get their deserts without clamoring for them. And so long as our institutions are controlled by men who have no other gods than votes it is useless to ask for sustained "policies" with regard to labor, or trusts, or foreign trade, or education. Mr. Frank seems partly to recognize this, for he deplores the fact that men are going back to Europe from America saying, "Are we going

to organize a republic after our revolution? No. The United States is a republic."

Mr. Frank seems to think that the enemy is apathy. We do not realize that we have to pay our debts, heedless of the fact that they are piling up and that we may have to pay them in a lump sum. We must choose between adjustment now, or revolution later on. The installment plan, he seems to think, is the cheaper of the two.

American government, he complains, is not actually democratic. We have no immediate control over Congress, and the cabinet is entirely beyond the reach of a public censure. Every cabinet officer is an autocrat, and it is not likely that we shall witness any constitutional democratization in this respect. But industry, says Mr. Frank, must be democratized. We must cease to regard labor as a purchasable commodity. The employee must become a working part of the management, and with a real voice. We do not know if Mr. Frank's suggestions will do what his publishers think that they will do—"help the alert American to anticipate and discount the social and industrial crises that are certain to develop in the near future." We have our doubts. But at least it is well that facts should be resolutely faced.

THE POLITICS OF INDUSTRY. By Glenn Frank. New York: The Century Company.

What of the City.

Mr. Walter D. Moody has chosen Chicago as the text, so to speak, of his book on the management and development of the American city. It is far from being a mere screed in praise of "our home town." Mr. Moody's interests are in no way sectional. The unprecedented migration to the cities has produced, he tells us, a problem of the first magnitude, and one that is well-nigh as emergent as the war itself. It is a problem bristling with dangers. The ill-governed city is a focus for agitation and disorder. It paralyzes the life of the nation. It may easily be the portent of disaster. If we can build a ship in a few days, why can not we build, or rebuild, a city? The reply is, of course, painfully obvious. Ships are built under the direction, even the dictatorship, of one man, unhampered by votes, elections, plebiscites, and cupidities. Otherwise they would never be built at all. If we had the sense to build our cities in the same way it could be done with equal speed and effectiveness.

Can it be done? First of all, says Mr. Moody, get your funds for the employment of an expert on city planning. The next step is to create public sentiment and to secure the recognition of the municipal authorities. Then comes the creation of a Plan Commission, and the men who back it "must be men of stability, wisdom, and unselfishness, of known reputation, who stand for something worth while and have no axes to grind." Presumably there are such men who could be persuaded to take the lead. Mr. Moody seems to think that Chicago has found them, and we sincerely hope that she has. Indeed his sketch of Chicago is a most encouraging one. Almost he persuades us to forget some bitter experiences and to share in his enthusiasm. At least it is good to find that there is enthusiasm somewhere.

WHAT OF THE CITY? By Walter D. Moody. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

New Books Received.

A SAMPLE CASE OF HUMOR. By Strickland Gillilan. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

A book of humor.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED HIMSELF. By Willis George Emerson. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

A novel.

THE SEVEN WHO SLEPT. By A. Kingsley Porter. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

A play.

THE TRYAL OF WILLIAM PENN AND WILLIAM MEAD FOR CAUSING A TUMULT. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Transcribed from "The Complete Collection of State Trials."

BOLSHEVISM AND THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Edward Russell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A general survey.

WHY WE FOUGHT. By Captain Thomas G. Chamberlain. New York: The Macmillan Company.

An appeal for the league of nations.

MANUAL OF AMERICAN GRAPE-GROWING. By U. P. Hedrick. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Issued in the Rural Manuals.

A BOOK ABOUT THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By Josiah H. Penniman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A brief account of the English Bible.

AVIATION. By Benjamin M. Carmina. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Theoretical-practical text-book for students.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Maximo M. Kalaw. New York: The Century Company.

An "experiment in human brotherhood."

LEAVES IN THE WIND. By Alpha of the Plough.

New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A volume of essays.

PERSONAL EFFICIENCY IN BUSINESS. By Edward

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G. HARGENS, (formerly of The White House.)

Earle Princeton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

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FATHER TOM. By Peter P. McLoughlin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life and lectures of Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin.

THE RELIGION OF OLD GLORY. By William Norman Guthrie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A book on the symbolism of the American flag.

JUOITH. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A play.

ON UNCLE SAM'S WATER WAGON. By Helen Watkeys Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Five hundred recipes for drinks.

AN ADOPTED HUSBAND. By Futabachi. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Translated from the Japanese.

THE LAGO OF TOMORROW. By William B. Stephenson, Jr. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Alaska—the last frontier land.

THE IVORY TRAIL. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A story of adventure.

THE SWORN OF DEBORAH. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The marvels that women have wrought.

AMERICA'S TOMORROW. By Snell Smith. New York: Britton Publishing Company.

America's relations with the world.

MODERN JAPAN. By Amos S. Hershey and Susanne W. Hershey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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Modern Science.

The intelligent but non-scientific world is aware that knowledge and speculation on the ultimate nature of matter have made great advances during the last few years. The molecule has given way to the atom, and the atom, in a sense, has given way to the electron. We have been suddenly translated to a world of homogeneous matter wherein there are no differences and we are invited to witness a process of material evolution which depends wholly upon the arrangement of identical particles and not to differences in the particles themselves. And it may be said that the electron stands in a sort of twilight zone that may perhaps be the boundary line between matter as we know it and some other substance for which we must find a name, unless we wish to adopt the sadly misused name of spirit.

There is therefore room and to spare for so competent a volume as the one just given to us by Mr. John Mills. We have only to view his summaries and disclosures with a certain illuminating imagination and we find ourselves in a veritable fairyland of science comparable in a very real sense with astronomy; it may be even identical with astronomy except at the point of magnitudes. We see a universe of homogeneity becoming a universe of heterogeneity. Transmutation becomes a commonplace, and we get a glimpse of definite mathematical laws in control of the movements of the infinitely small as well as of the infinitely great.

Perhaps the best praise that can be given to Mr. Mills' book is to say that it covers the whole ground of electronic research and in terms comprehensible to the educated layman. A more fascinating presentation it would be hard to find or one with a more stimulating and exalting power over the imagination.

THE REALITIES OF MODERN SCIENCE. By John Mills. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Far-Away Stories.

This volume contains ten short stories, although the concluding chapter can hardly be called a story. It is a summary of the present whereabouts, war and otherwise, of the chief characters in Mr. Locke's novels. Paul Savelli died, leading his men in battle; Aristide Pujol, we are glad but not surprised to learn, is a captain. We should have expected him to be a general. Septimus invented an aero-tank, but as it was looked on coldly by the military authorities he is now adapting it to the intensive cultivation of white-bait. Lady Ordeyne is a nurse, and the joy and delight of every wounded man. She would be, four of the stories are described as "Studies in Blindness." Thus we have the story of the repulsively mutilated man married to a blind woman who frustrates the effort to restore her sight in order that she may not incur the pitiless revelation that awaits her. The most poignant story of the lot is, perhaps, "The Scourge," the narrative of a man who discovers too late that he has treated his wife and children with cruelty under the guise of a correct and ordered life. The realization is brought home to him by his wife's will bequeathing to him the sum of fifteen shillings "to buy himself a scourge to do penance for the arrogance, uncharitableness, and cruelty with which he has treated myself and my beloved children for the last thirty years." But Sir Hildebrand is at least man enough to face his own deeds and to make such reparation as is within his power.

Mr. Locke could not write a poor story, however hard he might try. None the less he seems to shine more brightly in his long novels, wherein he has space enough for the exquisite character painting in which he so excels.

FAR-AWAY STORIES. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

Colorado.

The war in Europe has practically compelled the American tourist to accept the advice so often given to him to "see America first." And there are few states in the Union so well worth seeing, so crowded with interest and fascination as is Colorado. In this book, which belongs to the See America First Series, the author begins her story of Colorado at that far-away point in America when the mountains of Colorado first emerged from the ocean. Then she follows the fortunes of the state through the days of the Cliff Dwellers down to the time when the gold fields first attracted the enterprise and the cupidities of the world. But the scenery of Colorado takes precedence over its gold. The scenery can not be lessened or removed, and here Mrs. Baggs shows something of her considerable powers of description. She tells us also of the sports of Colorado, the delights of outdoor life, of camping, hunting, and fishing under unclouded skies which have done so much to make Colorado the playground of the nation. We are also told something of Colorado's notables, and there have been many of them. Those who have already visited Colorado will welcome so pleasant a souvenir and those who have not yet carried their American travels so far afield will cer-

tainly be tempted to visit a state to which no parallel can be found in any of the older countries of the world. Mrs. Baggs has written a thoroughly satisfactory book, and one so well illustrated as to add largely to its practical value.

COLORADO, THE QUEEN JEWEL OF THE ROCKIES. By Mae Lacy Baggs. Boston: The Page Company.

Cervantes.

At a time when obscurity seems to save no one from the biographer it is strange that we know so little of Cervantes. But the lack has now been removed. Professor Rudolph Schevill of the University of California has produced a satisfactory volume about Cervantes, and it takes its place among the Master Spirits of Literature Series, and in such good company as Dante, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Virgil, Homer, Molière, and Goethe.

The author succeeds very happily in presenting to us the man as well as the writer. And Cervantes was very much of a man. Indeed he was something of a hero. He had learned to laugh alike at success and failure, and even today his greatest charm is not his supreme power of narration, but the gallant mirth that never failed him and that is so audible from his every page. "Don Quixote," says the author, "voices those qualities from which humanity draws its noblest inspirations, an unclouded faith in God and His world, spiritual poise, and the triumphant heroism that greets the unseen with a cheer." That Professor Schevill has made this so apparent is not the least of the virtues of the excellent biography that comes from his pen.

CERVANTES. By Rudolph Schevill. New York: Duffield & Co.

You Never Saw Such a Girl.

No, we never did, but we live in hopes. Marty Mackenzie is the daughter of Mrs. Mackenzie, who becomes housekeeper to Uncle Ebau, the old farmer who lives on Green Mountain. Mrs. Mackenzie is evidently a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, but she says nothing about this, and when she fades away and dies she and her little daughter have won the heart of the old farmer who has given them a home. Then Uncle Ebau dies and Marty conceives the daring project of making a journey in the old automobile delivery wagon that Uncle Ebau has used in his business. And just in the nick of time she discovers an old trunk that had belonged to her mother and some letters disclosing the identity of her grandmother.

The story is practically confined to that journey in the old delivery wagon. Marty finds her grandmother, and we hardly need any prescience to know that she finds some one else, too. Pretty girls usually do. It is a pleasantly impossible little story.

YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL. By George Weston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Spell of Egypt.

The author gives us an account of an unhurried journey through Egypt, and the traveler who wishes to carry away a combined picture of ancient and modern could hardly have a better guide. Technical books on Egypt we have in abundance, and we may express the wish that they were more often read. But for the traveler who wishes for the guidance of a trained mind and for an indication of how best to employ his time Mr. Bell's book may be safely recommended.

THE SPELL OF EGYPT. By Archie Bell. Boston: The Page Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Arthur Symons' new book, "Studies in the Elizabethan Drama," will be published August 11th by E. P. Dutton & Co. The volume



opens with a study of "Antony and Cleopatra," which he calls "the most wonderful of all Shakespearean plays" and which he thinks is so "mainly because the figure of Cleopatra is the most wonderful of Shakespeare's women—and not of Shakespeare's women only, but the most wonderful of women."

David Pinski's dramas from the Yiddish that were published recently by Huebsch under the title of "Three Plays" are to be brought out in England with an introduction by Zangwill.

Francis Neilson, economist, former Member of Parliament, actor, playwright, novelist, opera director, and many other things, offers "The Old Freedom" (Huebsch), a study of liberties lost that may be regained by observing the lessons of history.

Weedon Grossmith, actor, author, and artist, died in London on June 15th. During his lifetime he acted with Irving, Mansfield, Tree, and other noted actors, and a few years ago he wrote a book embodying his experiences, entitled "From Studio to Stage," published by the John Lane Company.

Leonard Merrick, who was born in London, was intended for the bar. That is to say, his father looked forward to his becoming a barrister, though what Merrick himself wanted to do was write and act. In fact he always did write, even in the nursery. Before the boy could go to Heidelberg, where he was to complete his education, his father had suffered sudden financial reverses. The bar was out of the question now. Instead of starting life as a wealthy man's son, Merrick was facing the need for earning a bare subsistence. At the age of eighteen he had exchanged luxury for a job at the South African diamond mines. He stood all day superintending the labors of Zulus and Kaffirs in a temperature of 100 degrees in the shade, and slept in a tin hut at the foot of the tailings' heap.

In Holland a useful gum or paste is being made from garlic. The hulks are pressed and the juice or fluid matter so obtained is thickened by inspersion. A good substitute for cork is obtained from certain fungi, which are dried and ground, mixed with cement and consolidated by pressure. In Norway a process has been patented to enable carbide to be used for driving motors. In Denmark a company has been floated to make briquettes from heather. These have a higher heat value than peat. Experiments are being made to use chalk marl, especially that which comes from the Limburg mines, as a manure.

The 1920 Olympics.

The next Olympic games will be held at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1920. The last Olympiad was staged at Stockholm in 1912.

When, recently, upon the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the revival of the Olympic games and the foundation of the International Olympic Committee, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, president of the committee, sitting at Lausanne, Switzerland, announced the date and the place selected for the next Olympiad, it was also proclaimed that the members of the body had gone on record as against accepting entries from citizens of enemy countries. It was known that many of the most prominent athletic organizations in the United States and Great Britain had warned that they would not enter the games with Germans and Austrians, the Amateur Swimming Association of England taking the lead at the annual meeting by voting the swimmers of Austrian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, German, or Turkish nationality, whether naturalized or not, as being ineligible for membership in any club affiliated with the A. S. A., and that members of this body would not enter into competition with any such.

Later the French Olympic Committee voted unanimously to abide by the resolution passed by that organization November 22, 1918, in which it and its affiliate bodies determined they would not participate in any Olympiad in which citizens of enemy nations would compete.

The sense of camaraderie that existed between Colonel Roosevelt and the Washington correspondents was the rarest of relationships. Long before San Juan Hill he appreciated his kinship with them; in fact, when he was in Harvard College, twice he gave, for annual class records, his future profession as journalism, and even then demonstrated his rare powers of putting himself ahead of slow-moving public opinion and holding the lead. Probably he would have made a great newspaper editor. And certainly, in part because he made his business to know something about everything, he loved and was loved by the newspaper men. That is why (according to Donald Wilhelm in the *Independent*) he confided to one of them one day, after Mr. Taft was elected President: "You know, the American people are tired of me. I am going to give them a rest and lose myself. I am going to Africa."

The United States is \$2,000,000,000 behind in its public works construction, according to Colonel Arthur Woods, New York's former police commissioner, now in charge of the re-employment service of the War Department.

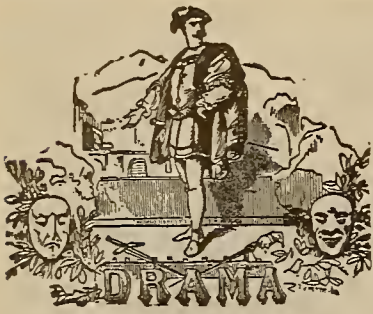
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DELIVERING THE GOODS.

Of course it is good policy for a stock theatre like the Alcazar to change its bill weekly. Still there are occasions when a particularly interesting play, and a notably good performance of that play, would seem to warrant a two weeks' run. The business policy of the Alcazar, however, is remarkably liberal. The management is going on the one-play-a-week basis, unless the demand from the public for a second week is so insistent that it is good business policy to concede what they ask for.

Last week I saw the best all-round performance given during the present season at that theatre. The play was "Within the Law," which enjoyed such a wide popularity in the East when it was first brought out that, when the piece was brought to San Francisco, everybody rushed to see it. That, perhaps, may account for the lack of special interest shown by the public when it was put on at the Alcazar. It was—they thought—an old story.

That was a mistake on the part of the public. Theatre-goers—confirmed theatre-goers—are often very forgetful. They see a play, and that's all there is to it. It's the same way with a story or a novel: even a whacking good one. Once read, it promises them no further interest. They forget how quickly and almost completely, in our crowded, pleasure-avid lives, impressions are effaced.

I went to see "Within the Law" with my memory of it in a thorough mix-up. I thought it was "Kindling." And I assure you, I had every bit as good a time over it as if it had been a brand-new play. It yields a series of gorgeous thrills. A thoroughly good crook play always does. And besides there is an air of reality over the various scenes. And, besides again, there is the fundamental interest attached to the story of thefts in a department store by underpaid employees which is, in these exciting times of labor unrest, very timely.

When Mary Turner made her impassioned plea for justice to the girls we all remembered stories we had heard about mercantile establishments at which just such injustices prevailed. We did not know whether or not the stories were true, never having taken the trouble to verify them. But the more deeply play-motives are rooted in the experiences of life, the more vital the plays.

Hence, that other motive—the cold, ruthless brutality of the police officials toward persons accused of crime, and the sort of cruel satisfaction with which they welcome a new sinner to the fold—that seems to call for examination.

Do the police generally treat arrested persons with the playful ferocity shown in plays? And if they do, should not they be arrested for violence against the persons of the arrested individuals? And is it the business of citizens to see that such acts and duties of the police body are conducted with proper decency and decorum? Isn't it our duty?

These questions and others are apt to rise in the mind when witnessing "Within the Law." At the same time the story-loving, play-loving part of us is held in thrall by a particularly good melodrama. Those who have seen it will remember that Mary Turner took her revenge on society for her unjust imprisonment by committing a series of offenses which were ethically criminal—such as blackmail—but were so carefully planned as to keep herself and her associates safely within the law. But we forget the working out of the play, and it is so cleverly, interestingly, and dramatically done that our interest was as keen and fresh as if the play were a complete novelty.

Furthermore, a play of this type stimulates the players to doing their best. They feel they have something strong and vital to take hold of, and the intense interest of the audience, their concentrated attention in such scenes as Mary's impassioned appeal to her employer, the attempt to induce Dick Gilder to unlock his lips and relate the circumstances of the murder, and Joe Garson's farewell to Mary, all are so many challenges to them to do their best.

In consequence there were a number of very good impersonations in the long cast, and a general air of finish about the performance much more suggestive of a high-priced theatre than of one charging the very moderate prices asked at the Alcazar.

Miss Bennett was very good as Mary Turner and put an immense amount of earnest-

ness and passion in Mary's plea to her employer. It just occurs to me that I have never seen Belle Bennett become really pathetic in any scene. Not yet has this earnest and hard-working player learned to submerge self in her rôle. She can fire up considerably, and she is gradually eliminating the cooing note. But she came as near, however, to being pathetic in Mary's weeping farewell to Joe as I remember ever to have seen her.

But Walter Richardson is the player par excellence in the Alcazar company. This young actor is the real thing, and I shall be surprised—unless, like Bertram Lytell, he fills some particularly lucrative niche in the stock theatre line—if he does not yet swim out strongly and successfully in Eastern waters. He accomplished a very moving effect of self-forgetting affection in the scene of Joe Garson's farewell, and in every detail his portrait rang true of that poor wastrel, at war with society, worn and ravaged by the perils and uncertainties of his life, and the conflict in his soul between a heart compounded of affection and loyalty and a mind which jeered at and defied authority and the law.

There are seventeen characters in the cast of the play, and not one, as played by the Alcazar company last week, but deserves commendation. Henry Shumer's Inspector Burke also had the quality of excellence on account of its realistic suggestion. Thomas Chatterton acquitted himself well, particularly during the quizzing scene by the police. Jean Oliver had the fat and juicy rôle of Agnes, the confidence woman, her confident manner and trenchant utterance and a talent for take-off displayed by this clever little player enabling her to shine in each of her special scenes. In fact the young lady made a distinct advance in the favor of the public.

And indeed, without further particularization, it is but fair to compliment the collective company. And while thus mentally reviewing their work, and the thoroughness with which it was done, one can but feel a sense of surprise that a performance so good should only have a week's life. I suppose we must put it down to the special interest felt by the public in the particularly excellent performances at our two leading theatres. Theatre-going costs good hard coin, and doubtless many people are scarcely prepared to spend their substance on three theatres in one week. Therefore it seems as if, when there are not such strong rival claims to the attention of the public, the management might feel justified in putting "Within the Law" on again.

"THE BRAT."

Maude Fulton is a favorite in San Francisco, and when she wrote "The Brat," and appeared in the title-rôle, San Franciscans rallied around her. However, they speedily discovered that there was no need to rally for friendly reasons, as they found the play highly entertaining. We Americans are a slangy and irreverent people, and Maude Fulton's idea of introducing a slangy and iconoclastic street brat into a home of wealth, taste, and exclusiveness tickled the public. More particularly as Miss Fulton's "sassiest" group did not stand on as firm a foundation as "the Brat"; in fact, they are all, except Steve, rather a priggish group, and the joy in the audience was proportionate whenever "the Brat" landed one on their well-gilded armor of self-sufficiency.

Maude Fulton was not thinking at all of prohibition when she made Steve a drinker. Her idea seems to have been that Steve, who had, under his hoyish faults, the making of a man, was driven to drink by the over-insistent and ultra elegance of his family. So in the first act, when Steve embarked upon a joyous whisky bout, after everybody had gone to bed, it was apparent that there were many equally joyous signs of unregenerate sympathy in the rebelliously dry audience. The scene was an emphatic hit because Walter Richardson succeeded in showing a well-soused young man passing through the various stages of sousedness, and able to maintain his likeableness under those trying circumstances. And the scene was reinforced by Vaughan Morgan's—the new juvenile's—really excellent impersonation of Timson the butler; a real, human old fellow with a rich Irish brogue. This is the third time I have seen the play acted, and Mr. Morgan in this rôle far outdistanced his predecessors, although they were playing in a higher-priced house.

Maude Fulton must have been delighted Sunday night if she was there, and I don't doubt that she was. What author under the circumstances could have stayed away? And besides they say that she tutored Belle Bennett in the rôle of "the Brat." If she was there she had the pleasure of seeing a crowded house; one of the largest I have seen on an Alcazar opening night. The assembled crowd reached to the back rows, and the audience gave every sign of the liveliest satisfaction with the performance.

Belle Bennett profited by her instructions, and naturally her impersonation bore a considerable resemblance to Miss Fulton's own. It was exceedingly well done, the childishness, the ignorance, and the unconscious,

street-sharpened insight of the little street rat well indicated. And—oh, he joyful!—Miss Bennett has recently gone through two entire rôles without cooing a single coo. When she has entirely cured herself of that remnant of girlish rawness and false standards she will have made a marked forward advance.

Thomas Chatterton, although a little too kindly in manner for the chilly and bloodless Mac, was, as ever, dependable in his work, and the remaining rôles were satisfactorily filled.

THE ORPHEUM.

Because it is the second week, no doubt, the Theodore Bekefi dancing attraction was placed at the head of the programme. But it is a beautiful act in a very good programme; which is, perhaps, why the audience took pains to be on time.

Mr. Bekefi himself is one of the most electric, graceful, and admiration-compelling of the procession of male dancers we have been seeing. He seems abounding with youthful joy and temperamental charm. Miss Scherer also indicates a joyous and sprightly character by her bodily as well as facial expression, while Miss Wise introduced the dramatic mood with excellent effect in the gipsy dance. Both young ladies are also graceful, charming, and expressive dancers, seeming to have been trained according to the higher European standards.

A number on the programme that gave great pleasure was Miss Ione Pastori in operatic selections and ballads. Miss Pastori has a beautiful voice of pure soprano quality. She sings with taste, feeling, and dramatic expression. She should appear more frequently before the public.

Grace La Rue provided the contrast, standing for the vaudeville singer par excellence, while Miss Pastori strikes one as very good material for opera. Miss La Rue in her fresh, pretty, sympathetic voice, whose charm is always so pleasantly emphasized by her naturally refined and winning personality, revived several of her specially well-liked songs, to the great satisfaction of the audience.

There was also a well-acted sequel to the now familiar "Jasper Junction" act, a popular piano-acordion number by Deiro, and two pairs of young men partners provided two separate acts of song, mirth, and general nuttishness.

It seemed to me that Bob Murphy, a tall, well set up, well-dressed, good-looking young man with an open, cheerful countenance and a considerable amount of muscular springiness worked too obviously to get his laughs. I hope he stood in the wings and took in that apparently care-free, irresponsible, and joyously larky pair, Nelson and Chain. These two young men seem like a couple of jolly collegiates, horn funny and indulging in animal spirits and lively foolery for the pure fun of it. Everything they did—and they did a lot—hubbled out as gayly and as exuberantly as a bird's song. Theirs was the hit of the afternoon; and, mark you, there was not a single vulgar suggestion in their work.

The programme winds up with "The Reckless Eve," a musical comedy featuring Esther Jarrett, Cecil Summers, and Dewey and Rogers. As a general thing these tahlid musical comedies in vaudeville are purely mechanical imitations of the full-sized product, and I have often felt that instead of mirth they induced a sense of resignation, even melancholy. "The Reckless Eve," however, has really amusing lines and situations, and is not merely an exploitation of Girl.

Not hut what the girls were there, and plenty of them. A particularly shapely lot, too, and when the pretty things, in the concluding scenes, during a grand apotheosis of costumes, came prettily mincing down in a choice collection of dainty, diverse, and generously revealing costumes, we realized, as we looked again at the unusually handsome and original setting, that we were seeing a very costly production.

But there was a lot of comedy in the piece, and the audience, which had been left in thoroughly gleeful mood by the effervescent nonsense of Nelson, and Chain, abandoned itself to extreme enjoyment.

Esther Jarrett is sweet-voiced, pretty, and dainty; so is Billie Rogers. But the nuh of the whole thing is the legitimate grounds for laughter provided by the erraticisms of Steve Wilson's hotel clerk and by the unctuous pessimism of Cecil Summers' hotel engineer.

TOO AGREEABLE BY HALF.

Aw, g'wan, Masters the Editors! Didn't we go into the war to can the Kaiser? Then why this amiable conspiracy to let him off?

Afraid of martyring him, you say. Poppycock! Is anybody martyring the Czar, the "little father" of Russian millions? Just about as much as they are martyring a dead sheep. And that, too, when there were plenty of possibilities for his ex-subjects to grow pitiful while thinking of the frightful, the unspeakable, cruelties that attended the passing of the poor wretch.

But the Kaiser: the master criminal of the

world, if we measure a criminal by the number and scope of his crimes! Yielding to sentiments of revenge? That's not the point. Perhaps we are feeling hither and revengeful, hut, you compassionate gentlemen, coming out one after the other in smug editorials urging mercy, or a wise oblivion for the sins of the sinner, lest he be martyred, how about the crimes of lesser men? Are they overlooked? Are they left to go unpunished? We are all under the impression that criminals are punished as a discipline and a warning. If a murderer undergoes no punishment the murderer's trade becomes flourishing, because there's money in it.

It really begins to look to plain, ordinary folks as if Bill H. is going to be let off because he was once an emperor. Now, you know, gentlemen, we think that's all the more reason why he should not be let off. There's a large contingent of would-be rulers in Europe this minute watching to see which way the cat will jump. And the cat is the plain people. Of course you can be funny and spell it "peepul," and wave their claims away. But millions of them died in making them, and those deaths are due to the once Kaiser.

No-sir-ee! We are not trying to make him the scapegoat. We want the rest of the thievish, murdering crew. Never mind how they are punished. Any old way that sits heavily on their digestion; except killing. That's too good for them. We want to see Bill H. and his hopeful heir, and Von Tirpitz, and Bethman-Hollweg, and the talented Satan



XVII.

Justice to Landlords

To understand the fairness of the service charge, consider how water charges were distributed under the old rate schedule.

Take an old-fashioned building containing three flats. The owner paid, on an average, \$3.45 a month for the water used by the three tenants.

The plumbing was old and in bad shape, and wasteful tenants easily used five or ten dollars' worth of water a month. But we only collected \$3.45.

Now take a two-story flat building with tight plumbing and water fixtures. The bill was usually \$3.50 a month. There being no leaks, and the tenants being careful, the families only used about \$2.50 or \$3.00 worth of water. But we collected \$3.50 just the same.

See how that worked out—

In the old flat we were not paid for all the water used and wasted, and we collected nothing at all for service.

In the new flat the landlord paid for water and service, and he paid a little more besides.

This overpayment of his went to make up what we lost in serving the old flat building.

Clearly this was an inequitable arrangement.

Nowadays each consumer pays his own water bill only—he isn't shouldering another man's burden.

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who headed the espionage department of the German government, and all the enemy generals who had civilians and Allied prisoners murdered by command, and the heads of those German military prisons in which they tortured the prisoners, and the U-boat commanders who ordered their men to fire on lifeboats, and the commanding officers who were responsible for the deportation of French and Belgian noncombatants, and the wretches who tortured, or commanded their men to torture, the women and children, yes, all of them, every single soulless brute, held up to the reprobation of mankind. The French have the list. Let us not forget it.

And do not forget that the military clique in Germany is beginning to take heart of grace and trying to stir things up, while bragging belligerently. Do not forget that masses of people are emotional and unreasoning; that propaganda in favor of a Hohenzollernized Germany is still flourishing.

As for this talk about martyring the ex-Kaiser and all his works, away with it! Nobody is worrying about the numerous toppled-over rulers that have taken to cover in various European holes and corners. But a lot of people are worrying very considerably for fear a choice collection of wealth and titled rascals will get off scot-free. And we-uns in America are rather suspicious of European conservatism. There are many wires being pulled by representatives of monarchical governments in order to arouse a mistaken pity. But punishment is the word, gentlemen. Punishment! Retribution! Otherwise what is to warn intending ex-royal robbers and brigands that they had better keep their hands off? Don't believe for a moment that everybody is going to concede the necessity of going on punishing the plain criminal in the ranks and letting those in high places go free.

Punish them without killing them, if so be. We are not thirsting for their horrible blue blood, but we want those haughty, unscrupulous scoundrels, whose implacable will can be read in their ruthless gaze, to learn that even with them the punishment can be made to fit the crime. Poke them off in a disconsolate community in some God-forsaken corner of the earth near the Arctic Ocean or in some one of the lovely stretches of Africa or Asia; or on a far-off isle out of the line of travel. Let them exalt their All-highest over themselves if they wish. It's all the same to us, provided he is nevermore exalted above honest men. Nor will we ask that these wretches, bloody-minded and merciless though they have shown themselves, be left to the misery of unoccupied leisure. It will be a strange sensation to them, so long habituated to feeling beneath their haughty selves the movement of patient human backs hearing them and their burdens. Let them experience the novel sensation of bearing their own.

And keep people away from them. Let them wither in oblivion. That is the fate they deserve.

And remember, when you talk of this fear-some danger of martyring the ex-Kaiser, that vain, ruthless being once so puffed up with pride and power, now a timid, trembling refugee, remember that he is regarded with aversion or hatred by millions of Germans whose sons or brothers he has martyred, and whose hearts he has broken. And remember, also, that you make other millions, the majority of your American readers, in fact, very, very tired.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The comparative cost of gasoline for airplanes or automobiles is very interesting. A fairly heavy car may run about twenty miles on one gallon of gasoline, but that is a high figure. It is estimated that an ordinary car will run 200 miles on a gallon of oil. An ordinary two-seater airplane, on the other hand, commonly consumes eight gallons of gasoline per hour. If the aircraft be traveling at 100 miles per hour, it will consume one gallon for about twelve miles flown. The fuel expense, it will be seen, is greater for flying than for motoring. The aero engine, being much more complicated, also consumes more oil than the automobile motor. The expense of feeding two good horses in these days of high grain prices is large. In most cities it would probably be not less than \$2 a day each. To carry out the parallel, let us suppose that the horses did on an average ten miles a day, the fuel mile rate would then be about 40 cents per mile. It has been estimated that it costs 20 cents per mile to drive a high-powered car and 7 cents per mile for a very cheap car. The fuel cost of the airplane would obviously be between that of the automobile and the pair of horses.

Twenty-five bakers in a congested district of New York were recently boycotted by women who demanded that the price of bread be reduced from 9 cents to 8 cents a loaf, and rolls from 20 to 18 cents a dozen.

The first American suspension bridge was erected in 1801 by James Finley across Jacobs Creek, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. It had a span of seventy feet and cost \$6000.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

"Tea for Three" begins its last week at the Curran Theatre Sunday night, August 3d. So brilliant and unusual is the comedy that it might be called "actor proof," but the producers, recognizing the business value of preserving the masterpiece in its original form, refused to practice the false economy of offering an inferior cast. Arthur Byron, in the rôle of Philip, discloses comedy acting of rare refinement. His scenes with Frederick Perry are stage classics. Elsa Ryan brings a dainty stage presence and great charm and vivacity to her rôle of Doris. Mr. Megrue has the happy facility of making his stage folk human and plausible. A particularly noticeable and enjoyable feature of any performance of "Tea for Three" is the manner in which husbands and wives in the audience quickly appreciate and apply many of the situations and humorous comments to their own domestic life. The play contains three acts and a prologue effectively mounted in modern fashion. In addition to the principals mentioned above there are two well-acted bits by Mara Keval and Albert Marsh. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Alcazar.

The New Alcazar company will turn from the humorous romance of "The Brat" to the more absurd frivolity of "Here Comes the Bride," which has been secured from Klaw & Erlanger for next week, commencing with Sunday matinee. This gay farcical comedy of matrimonial misadventure is by Max Marcin author of "The House of Glass," and Roy Atwell, of musical-comedy fame, now featured in the Chicago summer run of "Honeymoon Town." There are swift-moving comic complications in "Here Comes the Bride," involving the perplexities of the penniless young lawyer and the cruel millionaire's adorable daughter, whose course of true love runs turbulently. In a moment of pique and financial depression he, in consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, weds a mysterious veiled woman from whom he is to part at the altar and then regain his freedom in Reno. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson are the central figures, with Jean Oliver and Vaughan Morgan sustaining the secondary romance, Thomas Chatterton as the crooked plotter, Edna Shaw, Rafael Brunetto, and Carlo Tricoli as fiery South American conspirators, Nate Anderson as the poor inventor, Al Cunningham as the tempestuous father, Henry Shumer as the stuttering judge, and Emily Pinter as the mysterious bride, whose unveiling causes a sensation.

The week of August 10th there is a return to drama of emotional appeal, when "Sinners" will be given.

The Orpheum.

The strides which vaudeville is making will be exemplified in next week's Orpheum bill.

The only Chinese Jazz Band will appear. Composed of Chinese-born in the United States, many of them having enlisted in the American army during the late war, their playing is a revelation to lovers of band music.

Sheila Terry, who recently scored such a great success in William B. Friedlander's musical romance, "Three's a Crowd," will play a return engagement. She will have the assistance of those talented artists, Harry Peterson and Gattison Jones.

Clarence Oliver and George Olp will appear in Hugh Herbert's quaint and original playlet, "Discontent," which is a cross between a modern comedy and a symbolic drama.

Millie Nadje, who is the possessor of a form that is absolutely perfect and which she attributes to physical culture, will give an illustration of the exercises she practiced to acquire it. She also gives many other illustrations that are not practical for the amateur, but are decidedly pretty to watch.

Nelson and Chain, in "Use Your Own Judgment"; Murphy and White, in "Tunes and Laughs"; Miss Ione Pastori, the favorite lyric soprano, in new songs; the latest Hearst Weekly, and the sparkling comedy, "The Reckless Eve," will also be numbers in a thoroughly enjoyable bill.

The first bank in New York City, in point of age, is the Bank of New York, in Wall Street, which was organized 135 years ago. A number of prominent merchants and citizens met at the Merchants Coffee House and elected officers of the financial institution. Alexander Hamilton was the real founder of the Bank of New York, but General Alexander McDougall was chosen as its first president. Hamilton drew up the constitution of the bank, which had its first headquarters in the Walton mansion. Both Hamilton and Aaron Burr were stockholders, and the former was a director for five years. For many years after its organization the Bank of New York, with the Bank of North America in Philadelphia and the Bank of Massachusetts in Boston, held the entire banking capital of the United States. The Bank of New York has occupied its present site since 1798.

AVIATION VOCABULARY.

New York students of the English language attribute to aerial navigation the addition of 200 words. As the average American has had in the past a speaking vocabulary of only 650 of the more than 600,000 words in the English language, the increase brought about by the airplane and airship is regarded as remarkable.

For the benefit of those as yet unacquainted with the true meaning of such words as "fuselage," "nacelle," "drift," or "parasite resistance," the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association has prepared a "Flying dictionary" with the aid of a report compiled by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Washington.

"The 200 or more aeronautical words or phrases in common use on the flying fields or in the aircraft plants are strangers to the average reader," says this book. "For instance, every one, probably, has heard of the aileron, yet many may not know that the ailerons of a biplane are arranged in the trailing edges in a unique manner, causing it to respond at the slightest touch of the controls and enabling the pilot to ignore the lateral altitude of the machine entirely.

"An aileron, to be more specific, is a hit of a wing tip fixed on hinges back on the rear edge at the ends of the wings. It is controlled by wires. When moved from the pilot's seat the ailerons on one side raise and those on the other decline proportionately, thereby allowing the wind pressure against them to tip the plane to either side as desired.

"A biplane is a two-winged machine, one wing placed above the other. A majority of the American and British machines are biplanes.

"The 'trailing edge' is the rear edge of the wings. Speaking of gliding, it means not only gliding, but the angle of the path the airplane takes when it descends under the influence of gravity alone. A plane usually glides by keeping its nose fixed toward the horizon, when it will glide straightway eight miles for every mile it is above the earth, or eight in one.

"An airplane is a machine that depends for support in the air on planes or wings and the propelling power of its motors to keep it there, overcoming gravity and at the same time propelling it forward. An airship is not an airplane, but a balloon, elongated, somewhat cigar-shaped and provided with a propelling system, car for passengers, rudders and stabilizing surfaces.

"There are three kinds of airships, the non-rigid, whose form or shape is alone maintained by the pressure of gas inside and aided by the cables and ropes which hold the passenger-car underneath. Then there is the rigid airship, or one having a stiff wood or metal framework inside the gas bag to hold its shape for it. The semi-rigid airship has a rigid metal or wooden keel or spine along its under side, which holds it partly in shape, aided by the expansion of gas inside. Balloons and airships have appendices, too. The appendix is a hose leading from the bottom side of the gas bag to the car and used for inflating it, or, in the case of the old-fashioned spherical balloon, like a big rubber ball, it serves to equalize the gas pressure inside.

"An aviator is an operator or pilot of an airplane, or any heavier-than-air craft. A balloon is a lighter-than-air craft. The term 'aviator' applies to either a man or a woman who drives airplanes. The term 'fuselage' is common, yet not wholly understood. It is the body of the airplane, or the fabric-covered framework which holds the engine in front, the pilot's seat and passenger area in the centre between the wings and then runs back to the tail.

"The 'tail group' is general, and it contains, besides the rudder or rudders, depending on the type of machine, elevators in a horizontal position, one one either side of the rudder, and fins which are vertical to the elevators and are fixed, forming one plane with the rudder when it is in a natural position. The controls are the wheel or 'stick' for use of the pilot in guiding his craft, the same as the wheel of an automobile or the rudder bar of a boat. A control has three uses, where in other vehicles such as the motor-car or boat only two uses can be found for it. The reason is that aviators have to contend with three dimensions. An auto or boat can travel only backward or forward, or sidewise. A plane can do these things and besides can go either up or down.

"A hangar is a shed for an airplane. An airplane also has 'dope' in large quantities. Dope is a substance resembling glue, etc., used in treating the cloth surfaces of airplanes and balloons to increase strength, produce tautness and act as a filler to maintain the air and prevent the fabric from leaking or tearing. Its base usually is cellulose. The nacelle of an airplane or dirigible is a structure to which the wings are attached. The engine is moored and the passengers are stationed in it. A nacelle never extends back to the tail, but sometimes protrudes out on front and holds the propeller.

"The term 'pancake' came into use during the war. It means that an airplane, when



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landing, straightens out almost level with the ground, instead of diving into it. In other cases the tail is dropped lower than the nose, so that the wings catch the air and retard the force of the descent. A pontoon is a float or buoyant construction attached either under the wings of a hydroplane or flying boat or under its body to keep it afloat. When we speak in terms of speed, we mean air speed, or the relative speed of an airplane in the air, and deducting the actual speed of the air from the distance we have traveled. Ground speed is more common. If we travel from one point to another in ten minutes, making fifteen miles from A to B, we say that the ground speed was a mile and a half a minute, or ninety miles an hour. The undercarriage of a plane is the structure by which it is enabled to land; the braces and wheels, between which a skid bar is sometimes located."

Norway suffered a greater loss of shipping by the unrestricted German submarine warfare than any other neutral nation during the war. A total of 831 steam and sailing vessels was the toll taken of Norway during the war, these vessels aggregating 1,250,000 tons, all sunk by German U-boats. In addition thirty vessels were damaged by the submarines.

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VANITY FAIR.

By all means let us censor the movies. Why should they be the single and solitary exception to a censorship otherwise universal? Why should my morals be subjected to assault for lack of an official who receives adequate remuneration to safeguard them? At every other point on the habitable globe I have the comfortable assurance that some official eye is upon me and that I am hedged in against improprieties. But when I go to the movie I am as a lamb among wolves. At any moment some animated picture may bring the blush of embarrassment to my cheek. The question admits of no discussion. By all means let us find some needy or disabled policeman and give him the power of life and death over every film prepared for the amusement of the public.

Such is the discussion now raging in New York. And, by the way, it is not a little pathetic to observe the efforts of the public to preserve the fiction that they have any control over their own affairs. The poor idiots write letters to the newspapers, and the newspapers gravely debate whether "we" will do this, that, or the other. And they have precisely the same power to decide these matters as they have over the weather in the moon. If the powers that be—that is to say, a few officials at the City Hall—decide that it must be to their political advantage to censor the movies, then the movies will be censored. Otherwise not. But the newspapers and the public like to make-believe, and the authorities covertly smile, and the dear people easily believe that they are in control.

Our notions of what is hurtful are distinctly curious. Anything "goes" so long as there are no too obvious references to the single thing that we have agreed to consider as improper. Actually there is nothing ever likely to be shown at an uncensored movie that is so hurtful as jazz music, but then how can we be expected to know that while we all have jazz minds? Jazz is probably more corrupting than whisky, but we take care that our soldiers shall have no whisky while adopt-

ing elaborate measures to supply them with jazz music.

The ordinary drivel of the silly sentimental film is more injurious than the indecent film. The latter may be no more than animal, and therefore in a certain crude and disgusting way, honest. But the silly sentimental film corrupts and corrodes. And it may be said that the film that has the effect of making young girls think that a kiss more or less is nothing much to bother about is the worst of them all. But of course our intelligent policeman censor will know all about that and we will how to his decrees. We are used to howling to decrees anyway. We have a permanent spinal curve through much howling to decrees.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is still alive at the age of ninety-three years. Paris was the centre of the royal gayeties of Europe when she was upon the throne, and perhaps nothing in all the world seemed to her to be quite so stable as that throne. But the Prussians destroyed it all. The emperor became their prisoner and the empress had to fly to England to escape the storm of the revolution. She has lived there in retirement ever since. Perhaps her last woman friend was Queen Victoria. But the empress never forgot the sacred cause of the *revanche*. She never ceased to believe that she would see Alsace and Lorraine restored to France. Probably in her heart of hearts she never ceased to believe that she would see the restoration of the splendors of the French court. But she has seen enough. Her dream has come true—most of it. She will be satisfied.

The colossal minds of Eastern legislators are just now much occupied by the subject of automobile regulation, but unfortunately they are divided by rival ideals. One ideal demands that the regulations be made more searching and severe, and this, of course, is based on the general principle that whatever is now unregulated should at once be regulated, and that whatever is now regulated should be regulated more. But there is that other ideal, even better established, that automobilists have rights denied to lesser mortals and that the pedestrian should be taught to consider himself as something of a supernumerary, if not actually a pest and a nuisance.

The automobilist is likely to have the better of it. One large city has already abolished its speed regulations on the novel theory that the pedestrian may have the right to redress for injuries sustained, but that he has no right to protection in advance of the injury. Let the autoist go as fast as he pleases, says the new wisdom. If he injures any one, he should be punished, but unless he does injure some one he has committed no wrong. And now comes New York with an amendment to its street regulations devised for the extermination of the pedestrian. He shall be forbidden henceforth to cross the street except at certain indicated points. If the block is a short one he must walk to its end. If the block is a long one he shall cross at a certain specified spot. Moreover, the pedestrian must at all times obey the "voice, hand, or whistle" of the policeman. He must stand or move by order. The police, says the New York *Evening Post*, are enthusiastic over the proposed ordinance. They say that, as matters stand now, pedestrians who cross streets in the middle are in danger only of being run over and lacerated or contused or maimed or crippled for life, or, as luck will have it, occasionally killed, whereas under the new law they will still run these risks and, in addition, face the penalty of ten days in jail and a fine of \$10.

Because of the fondness of many motor-car enthusiasts for running up on the sidewalk every once in a while—one of the most popular pastimes of the Younger Joy-Riding Set this season—many officials favored making the law stronger, so that punishment might be meted out to pedestrians who persisted in monopolizing the sidewalks and getting in the way. Numerous injuries to radiators and windshields have resulted from this form of excessive pedestrianism.

Why not forbid pedestrianism altogether, or at least impose a tax substantial enough to discourage it. It is the simplest of all solutions and the most just. Large numbers of persons are killed or injured as a direct result of the evil habit of walking, just as large numbers of people are killed or injured as a result of alcoholic indulgences. We have prohibited one. Why not prohibit the other? It is a clear case for the benevolent legislation now so much in vogue. Nothing is quite so devastating to our sympathies as to read of the daily holocaust that is indisputably due to this evil habit of walking. It may be true that there are quite a number of people who can walk without injury to themselves, around the backyard, or up to bed. It makes no difference. They should be willing to sacrifice themselves to their weaker brethren. There ought to be a league for the prohibition, not only of alcohol, but of walking. One is nearly as bad as the other. In point of fact we now and hereby constitute our-

selves a league to that end and are prepared to receive subscriptions of any size, preferably large ones, and to retain them. Let us extirpate this evil from our midst. Let us uplift the human race by the prohibition of walking. Let us stand in the vanguard of progress.

GIGANTIC AND MYSTIC.

Great Fortress of Salzburg and Its Dungeons Revisited.

Towering high above beautiful pastures and looking down upon dwarf churches and museums, the "Hohen-Salzburg," founded eight and a half centuries ago by Archbishop Gebhard, stands out mighty and imposing, against the skyline.

The ascent is made by means of a cable railway, which slowly travels up the precipitous Monnberg mountain, and the familiar buildings in the town below are gradually lost in the panorama view of the valleys, meadows, and plains.

This ancient fortress is even more prepossessing at close view, for one realizes to a fuller extent the beauties of its gray stone walls.

Part of the castle dates back to the fifteenth century, but additions were made later by Kentschack, who was a man of ingenuity.

The Hohen-Salzburg was formerly used as a bulwark of defense. In the rebellion of 1523 it played a prominent part, and also, a century later, when the Thirty Years War broke out between the Evangelic Union (under the Elector Palatine) and the Catholics, led by Maximilian the Great, Duke of Bavaria. This latter raged from 1618, off and on, until 1648, when the impregnable fortress finally came into its own, showing its opponents that steadily increasing riots were of no avail against so strong a fortification. It is said that during this period of incessant upheavals only a single bullet did any noticeable damage, which was fired through one of the windows, striking a marble column in the interior. Marks of this still remain.

But aside from these facts (says the New York *Sun*), the fortress during the Renaissance period was really a castle in that it was occupied by nobles, princes, archbishops, and rulers of the province. Their suite of rooms were elaborately designed and furnished and at present many ornamentations of luxury are still in existence. For instance, the main floor leading into the state apartments is one well worth studying, being of a bronze and wooden background, beautifully carved and inlaid with stones. It is comparatively low, with severe straight lines on both sides and diagonal across the top, while iron lattice work, in form of a railing, is designed in fillet fashion through the centre. The colorings of inlaid marble stand out brilliantly against the solid black stone which forms an arch overhead and two narrow white columns finish the trimmings of unique origin.

The long hall is in keeping with this type of architecture, for the ceiling and walls carry out the same color schemes and are therefore in unison and equally attractive. Queer old benches built in the walls take up one complete side of the lobby, reminding one of the high-backed carved chairs in Westminster Abbey.

In some instances walls cut off access to various parts of the castle, but this is because of the clever policy of some of the powerful diplomats and ecclesiastics who desired to guard the community of the town from attack. Subterranean passages would have made it almost impossible for a successful pursuit should the fort be surrounded by the enemy, and it is these grewsome, dark places which excite your imagination today and make your visit the more interesting.

That which usually attracts much attention is the torture chamber, which was the scene of unspeakable cruelties in the olden days. Still remaining is a heavy iron chain by which the victim was bound to a stone block in so cramped a position that he had not sufficient space comfortably to stand, sit, or lie down. Unable to find a posture in which some part of his body did not suffer, and bereft of food, he would be left to die of exhaustion and starvation.

Another cruelty prevalent in ancient days was the peculiar hanging process. A criminal, seated upon a bench with an iron collar around his neck, was daily hoisted upward (by a machine for that purpose) only a quarter of an inch at a time. After a certain height was attained the bench beneath him was removed. Strangulation set in by slow and tortuous degrees, and thus he finally succumbed.

But the dungeons also had their horrors, when one considers the miseries of total darkness, damp, clammy ground, accompanied by gnawing, tantalizing rats, no nourishment offered and the thought of thus existing until you painfully waste away.

But one must not linger too long in this horrible atmosphere else he will not be capable of enjoying other objects of rare interest.

The majolica stove is one of the oldest relics in the fortress and it still has the outline of grandeur. It is hard to think the

room which now holds this could ever have been a kitchen, for no trace of other cooking utensils is evident. However, the stove is firmly built in the wall and at first glance it seems to resemble an object in a cave, for the blackness of the surrounding rocks gives it an earthly appearance. Bending down one can manage to crawl around the sides of this article, and upon close observation will discover an opening in the back which leads out into the barrack yards. Doubtless this acted as a means of ventilation, for no outlet or connecting pipe runs above.

Emerging from this once so-called palace, we stroll out into the beautiful gardens surrounding it, and every afternoon tourists stop to indulge in tea or coffee purchased from the present keeper of a little inn close to the fortress. Linden trees in abundance are found here, and it fills one with a feeling of sentimentality when the whole world seems to be gazing up at you and the mighty, gigantic fort looks down upon you.

Out in the courtyard, ascending the spiral stairs of the tower, one stands spellbound when on the small balcony of the Hohen-Salzburg's highest point, where the romantic Salzkack Valley is at his command for miles and miles below and the Monckberg's stately mountain seems near enough to touch.

The Scandinavian settlement in McPherson and Saline counties, Kansas, is one of the most remarkable communities in the United States. The centre is Lindsborg, a little village of less than 2000 inhabitants; but as the seat of Bethany College it has attracted the attention of the nation through its "Messiah Festival," which occurs annually between Palm Sunday and Easter. A chorus of more than 500 voices, supported by an orchestra of fifty instruments and the largest pipe organ in Kansas, renders Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah." For nearly thirty years this musical festival has been a feature of the musical and cultural life of the Middle West, and every year has seen the execution brought up to a higher degree of excellence. It is the custom of the management to secure the most renowned artists to appear in recital and as soloists.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Englishman traveling in the remote Highlands remarked to a villager, "But what on earth do you do when any one is ill? You can never get a doctor in time?" "Nae, sir," replied Sandy, "we just dee a natural death."

A teacher told her children the story of the Good Samaritan, and later, to discover if they had grasped the meaning, asked: "And who is your neighbor?" "Please, miss, it's the woman that lives next door to you and borrows your things."

Little Willie was discovered by his mother industriously smashing all the eggs in the house. "Why, Willie," she cried aghast, "what do you mean by breaking all those eggs?" Willie answered: "I heard papa say there was money in eggs, and I'm tryin' to find it."

The second course of the table d'hôte was being served. "What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the diner. "That, sir, is file of sole," replied the waiter. "Take it away," said the diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece from the upper part of the boot, with the huttons removed."

Mary Ellen, "oop fro' the country," got into an omnibus. Presently the conductor said affably: "Your fare, miss." The girl blushed. The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss," and the girl blushed more deeply. By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause, he again repeated: "Miss, your fare." "Well," said the girl, "they do say I'm good-looking at home, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud."

In an Irish courthouse an old man was called into the witness-box, and, being infirm and just a little nearsighted, he went too far in more than one sense. Instead of going up the stairs that led to the box he mounted those that led to the bench. The judge good-humoredly said: "Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" "Ah, sure, yer worship," was the reply; "I'm an old man now, an' mehhe it's all I'm fit for."

A little hoy of five was traveling South with his parents to visit an aunt whom he had never seen. He was very curious about this relative and asked his father and mother end-

less questions concerning her. As the journey drew to its close the little fellow was amazed to see many negroes at every station. Suddenly a look of consternation dawned on his face and turning to his mother he cried in a voice of alarm, "Mamma, mamma, what color is Aunt Jen?"

A critic was discussing John Singer Sargent, the artist, with Chauncey Depew and remarked: "They say he painted a colweh on a ceiling once, and it was so natural that the maid wore herself out, trying to brush it off." "What you say about the naturalness of the colweh may be perfectly true," retorted Depew, "but there never was any such maid, I'm sure."

It was dawn and very chilly in camp, and one man was unable to find any of his outer garments. He wandered about, asking all his mates if they knew where they were. "Has any one seen my h-h-blanket?" he demanded, and was told that no one had. "Has any one seen my t-t-trousers?" No answer. "Well, I'm jolly glad I have got on my nice w-w-warm pair of sus-sus-suspenders."

A simpering client called on an attorney and wanted him to break the will of an uncle. "All he left me was his lihaway," lisped the maidish man. "You say he left you a lihaway," demanded the attorney, giving the chap the once over, "but that he left money to other people?" "Yees, it wath vewwy unkind of dear uncle." "I'll break the will," declared the lawyer, "on the grounds of insanity."

"You Americans are too frank; you do not look before you leap. That is why you are poor diplomats," said Lloyd George at a dinner in London recently. "In fact, your diplomacy calls to mind the conversation I once overheard between two American gentlemen at a house party. 'Beastly here, isn't it?' said the first. 'Yes. It is anything but exciting.' 'I say, old chap,' added the first, 'why not get away from the infernal place. What say if we jump into my car and take a run down to the club?' 'Sorry, dear hoy, but I can't. You see, I'm the host.'"

"You can't live beyond your means without courting disaster," said Congressman Shepard at a dinner in Topeka. "Sooner or later you'll find yourself in the fix of Boggs. Boggs had made up his mind to have the swellest house in town. He got it, to, and the night it was finished he held a big house party. During

the course of the evening he was showing the envious guests the plans of the house when little Willie, placing his finger on the cupola, piped up: 'Papa, is that thing the mortgage you said you had to put on the house?' And the guests went home feeling far less envious than when they arrived."

A Kensington hoy of seven was lately sent to a boarding-school, according to a London paper, and prior to his departure he was instructed by his parents to write long letters to them, with all the news about himself, the school, and his little companions. So far his communications have been noteworthy mainly for brevity and a finely impersonal touch. His latest reads: "My Dear Father and Mother—Do you know that salt is made of two deadly poisons? Your loving son, John."

A good story is recalled by the recent marriage of Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous poet and dramatist. In his early days with his first wife, the clever and witty Georgette Leblanc, he was discussing with her the correct word to fit into one of his poems. The two were at it till midnight. Then they went to bed, leaving the problem still unsolved. An hour later the poet aroused his sleeping wife. "Get up, Georgette!" he cried excitedly. "Get up and strike a light. I have just thought of a really good word." "Get up yourself!" replied the indignant Georgette. "I have just thought of a really had one."

"This is an age of specialization," declares Charles M. Schwab. "The day of the Jack of All Trades is almost gone. And as for the Master of None, he does nothing but spoil his temper and waste his time. It calls to mind a devoted couple who married a short time ago and took up their abode in a dainty cottage in a suburban quarter. Everything in the house was of the latest and gave unmixed satisfaction. But one evening when the husband returned from business he found, to his disgust, that a water pipe had burst. The rooms were flooded and the carpets, which were the husband's special pride, were in danger of being spoiled. 'Well, well,' said he, impatiently to his wife, 'why on earth didn't you hammer the pipe up? Here, give me a hammer and I'll do it in a twinkling.' He got the hammer and pounded away at a pipe down in the cellar. When he had finished he paused to examine the result of his labor. Then, to his complete chagrin, he heard the sweetly chiding voice of his wife at the top of the stairs. 'Howard!' said she, 'the gas has gone out, and the water is still running.' Then he sent for the plumber."

THE MERRY MUSE.

One and Another.

Her words were dipped in vinegar
And left a sting behind;
"She's so sincere," her kind friends said,
"She always speaks her mind."

Her heart was filled with kindest thoughts,
Which spoke in word and tone,
"Ah, ha," smiled they: "Such flattery!
She's kissed the Barney Stone."
—Cora Lapham Hazard, in *New York Evening Post*.

If They'd Only Let This Poor Old World Alone.
There's an old and honored saying that when doctors disagree,
Then the patient may as well bid life adieu.
Now this world of ours is in the same position,
seems to me,
With so many trying hard to pull her through.
There's a leader born each minute, there's a law
passed every hour,
We've a hundred kinds of politics and creeds,
We've a thousand prophets promising to show the
only way.
But they never give the world the thing she
needs.

If they'd only stop their storming and reforming
If they wouldn't try to wake us over new,
If they'd only rest a while,
Give the world a chance to smile;
Why, it's plenty good enough for me and you.
If they'd only stop their preaching and their
teaching,
If they'd only let us call our souls our own;
Oh, how friendly and how free,
And how happy we could be—
If they'd only let this poor old world alone!

Now the Bolshevik doesn't yearn for riches, he
declares,
And the middle class is quite contented, too;
And the millionaires are satisfied to be the million-
aires,
So I don't see what's the row about, do you?
But there's always some dissension, some one
stirring up a storm;
There's an argument with every breath we draw.
There's taxation, agitation, legislation and reform;
Every time we turn around we break a law.

If they'd only stop their changing and arranging,
If they wouldn't hitch their wagon to a star,
If they'd only realize
This is Earth, not Paradise,
And be satisfied with things the way they are!
If they'd only stop their muzzing and their fussing,
If they'd mind nobody's business but their own!
Why, this blessed land of ours
Would be sunshine, song, and flow'rs,
If they'd only let this poor old world alone!
—Carl Avery Werner, in *New York Herald*.

Turk Lacks Logic.

"It heats me hollow. What the deuce will they do next?" I don't suppose a single day passed during our captivity in Turkey (writes a correspondent of the *London Morning Post*) without some one making this or a like gasping utterance. What can one make of the intelligence of a commandant who generously permits two camps to play a football match on condition that each camp plays in a separate field? Or of one who suddenly issues an order prohibiting the possession of maps, but in his rounds during the following week spends a full half-hour discussing the British position in Palestine as depicted on a map hung prominently in a messroom? Logic is an unknown science to the Turk and his ideas of justice suffer accordingly. On one occasion certain officers, who were being tried on the charge of "wanting to escape," were told that if they confessed to their intentions they would get fourteen days' C. B., but that if they refused to do so things would be made hotter still for them. No wonder we gave up arguing with them; and no wonder, either that the more we did so the madder they thought us.

"Guess I'll go into the parlor." "No fun in there, only Sis with her beau. What you want to go in there fer?" "He'll pay me a quarter to git out."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Martha Sutton and Mr. Felix Smith was solemnized Wednesday noon at Trinity Church, Rev. Frederick Clappett officiating. Neither bride nor bridegroom was attended. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Smith will occupy an apartment at Filbert and Pierce Streets. Mrs. Smith is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sutton. Mr. Smith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, Sr.

Mrs. J. E. Beale gave a luncheon Wednesday in Santa Barbara in compliment to Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon Sunday at their Burlingame home in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan of New York. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Major-General and Mrs. Carol Devol, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Frederick Strong, Mrs. Harry Lippincott of New York, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Commander William Van Antwerp, U. S. N., Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Gordon Armshy, Admiral William Fullam, and Major-General William Kenly.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman entertained at dinner Wednesday evening at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark were hosts at a house party over the week-end in Ross.

Mr. Raymond Armsby entertained a group of guests at luncheon Saturday in Burlingame.

Mrs. Ernest Stent gave a luncheon and hridge last Thursday in Menlo Park, having among her guests Mrs. John Spreckels, Sr., Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Joseph Tohin, Mrs. Max Rothschild, and Miss Etta Warren.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Mr. E. A. Selfridge was host to a score of guests at luncheon Friday at the Palace.

Mrs. Harry Evans was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Alhert Dibblee at the Marin Golf and Country Club. Those asked to meet Mrs. Evans included Mrs. Roger Boqueraz, Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Levant Brown, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Leonard Abbott, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Miss Alice Keeler, and Miss Gertrude Hunt.

Mrs. Warren Spieker gave a luncheon Thursday, her guests having been Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Hugh Porter, Mrs. Richard Heimann, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Folger, and Miss Dorothy Mann.

Rear-Admiral William Fullam gave a dinner a

few evenings ago at the St. Francis, with his guests later attending the theatre. Among his guests were Miss Rhoda Fullam, Miss Natalie Campbell, Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. George Garritt, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Choutau Johnson, and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in Ross in honor of Mrs. George Kelham, who is spending the summer in San Rafael. Countess de Mailly entertained a group of friends at luncheon Thursday at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins entertained a luncheon Tuesday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Santa Barbara in compliment to Miss Mary Elena Macondray. In the party were Miss Alice Westmore, Miss Genevieve Hunt, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Inez Macondray, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Tallant Tuhhs, Mr. David Trimble, and Mr. and Mrs. Kaime.

Mrs. Joseph Grant was hostess at a tea Saturday afternoon, the affair having been given in honor of Mrs. Thomas Ryan of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a housewarming Saturday evening in Ross, entertaining more than a hundred guests.

Mr. Raphael Weill entertained at luncheon Saturday at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Mary Martin was hostess at a dance and supper party Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin in Burlingame.

Major and Mrs. William McKittrick gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Dwight Clark, Mr. Austin Sperry, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

The Palace Hotel.

The Palace Hotel found a great drawing card in Frances Grant and Ted Wing, dancers, fresh from the New York musical comedies. The pair are proving so popular that the management has extended their engagement another week. They were due at the Alexandria, one of Linnard's Los Angeles hotels, next Monday, but Halsey E. Manwaring, resident manager at the Palace, has arranged to keep them on here a while longer.

A strange phenomenon is to be seen at present on the battlefields of France. Flowers not known within living memory are breaking out on the scarred surface and in shellholes and dugouts. Three of these flowers of strange species were seen by an old peasant going home for his midday meal, and botanists have since become interested in the discovery of the plants, which, it is believed, have sprung from seeds buried in the depths of the earth for decades past.

Chinese students in Tokyo signed with their own blood a petition calling upon Chinese students in Europe to return to China to protest against the peace conference decision granting Shantung to Japan.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Consecration.

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged
charioteers
Riding triumphantly laured to lap the fat of the
years,
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men
hemmed in with the spears;
The men of the tattered battalions which fight till
it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and
the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood
running into their eyes.

Not the be-medaled Commander, beloved of the
throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the hughes are
hewn,
But the lads who carried the koppie and can not
be known.

Not the ruler for me, hut the ranker, the tramp of
the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked
on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a
load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with
the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune
to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired look-
out.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and
the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine he the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum
of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine he a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the
rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be
told. Amen. —John Maschfeld.

"Grandmither, Think Not I Forget."

Grandmither, think not I forget, when I come back
to town,
An' wander the old ways again, an' tread up and
down.

I never smell the clover bloom, nor see the swal-
lows pass,
Wi'out I mind how good ye were unto a little
lass;

I never hear the winter rain a-petting all night
through
Wi'out I think and mind me of how cold it falls
on you.

An' if I come not often to your bed beneath the
thyme,
Mayhap 'tis that I'd change wi' ye, and gie, my
bed for thine.

Would like to sleep in thine.

I never hear the summer winds among the roses
blow
Wi'out I wonder why it was ye loved the lassie so.
Ye gave me cakes and lollipops and pretty toys a
score—

I never thought I should come back and ask ye
now for more.
Grandmither, gie me your still white hands that
lie upon your breast,
For mine do heat the dark all night and never find
me rest;

They grope among the shadows an' they beat the
cold black air,
They go seekin' in the darkness, an' they never
find him there,

They never find him there.

Grandmither, gie me your sightless eyes, that I may
never see
His own a-burnin' full o' love that must not shire
for me.

Grandmither, gie me your peaceful lips, white
as the kirkyard snow.
For mine be tremblin' wi' the wish that he must
never know.

Grandmither, gie me your clay-stopped ears, that
I may never hear
My lad a-singin' in the night when I am sick wi'
fear;

A-singin' when the moonlight over a' the land is
white—
Ah, God! I'll up and go to him, a-singin' in the
night.

A-callin' in the night.

Grandmither, gie me me your clay-cold heart, that
has forgot to ache,
For mine he fire wi' in my breast an' yet it can not
break,

Wi' every beat it's callin' for things that must
not be,—
So can ye not let me creep in an' rest awhile
hy ye?

A little lass afeared o' dark slept by ye years
agone—
An' she has found what night can hold 'twixt sun-
set an' the dawn:

So when I plant the rose an' rue above your grave
for ye,
Ye'll know it's under rue an' rose that I would
like to be,

That I would like to be.
—Willia Sibert Cather.

Recovering the Oil.

Reclaiming oil from metal turnings is one of the latest conservation devices. In machining metals of all kinds, particularly steel, much oil is used to lubricate the cutting tools. This saturates the chips or turnings that are cut off as waste.

A system for collecting steel turnings, recovering the cutting oil that usually clings to them and loading them on cars has been successfully developed in a Cincinnati plant. In a shop where large amounts of turnings are

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produced it is difficult to collect them without wasting a considerable quantity of the cutting oil that clings to them, with the attendant difficulty of keeping the shop clean. The nature of this class of scrap also makes it extremely hard to handle it economically, and this is practically impossible with the usual methods of making collections from the machines in wheelbarrows or in cylindrical cans moved on shop trucks.

Records of the company show that the oil reclaimed from the turnings represents a surprisingly large saving. For instance, in April, 1918, 3092 gallons was recovered, in May, 2400 gallons, and in June, 1402 gallons. The general average is about 100 gallons a working day.

Fairmont Hotel.

Pretty girls, new costumes, tuneful songs, and exceptional dancing feature the Midsummer Follies show, which had its initial production last Monday evening in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont. The offering is one of unusual excellence. The chorus is new and the individual members are as alluring as any one could wish for.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James Harper of New York arrived in San Francisco last week and are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George Marye left Thursday for Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. J. E. Beale for three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovett left Friday for their home in New York, after a month's sojourn in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown spent the week-end in Los Altos at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill.

The Misses Ruth and Hannah Hohart are visiting the Misses Betty and Doris Schmiedell at their summer home at Tahoe.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Miss Louise Gerstle have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Maud Bogue and Mrs. Eugene Freeman have returned to the Clift Hotel from a trip to Yosemite. Mrs. Bogue will leave next week for her home in New York.

Mr. Jarvis Cromwell and Mr. Howard Cox of New York arrived during the week from the Atlantic coast and are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp arrived last Thursday from Southern California and left the following day for Boston to join Mrs. Horace Pillsbury. Mrs. de Ropp will return to California next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff arrived the first of the week from Santa Barbara and are at the Fairmont. Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, who came north with Mr. and Mrs. Wolff, have returned to Belvedere to pass the late summer.

Mrs. Abraham Stern of New York and Mr. John Stern have returned from a visit at Del Monte and have taken apartments at the St. Francis until the winter season.

Captain and Mrs. Arthur Munger returned last week from Newport News, Virginia, and have taken a house on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear left Friday for a trip to Crater Lake. They will be gone two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz have returned to Ross from a visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas.

Mrs. Mark Requa and Miss Alice Requa left Friday for Santa Barbara. Mrs. Requa will return the first of the week to Piedmont, but her daughter will remain in the south as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime. Mr. and Mrs. Requa and their daughters will return to Washington in October.

Miss Nancy Lane has arrived from Washington and is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mangus Anderson, in Piedmont.

Miss Maud O'Connor has gone to Montecito, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler and Miss Sarah Butler of New York will return next

week for a brief visit in San Francisco before leaving for the Atlantic coast. At present they are in Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant Gregory Harrison has arrived in the United States, after an absence of seven months in France. He is at present at Camp Dix, New Jersey, but will return shortly to California.

Mrs. Otis Burrage and her children are spending the summer in Palo Alto. They will reopen their town house in October.

Mrs. Neroy Nielson has returned from a camping trip in Mariposa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, who are summering in Woodside, have taken the residence of Mrs. Alfred Ford on Broadway for the winter season.

Mrs. Walter Hohart came down last week from her ranch at Beowawe, Nevada, to be with Mr. Hohart, who is at Adler's Sanatorium.

Mrs. William Porter and Miss Jennie Blair left Saturday on a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have left for a fortnight's sojourn at Wawona.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has returned to her ranch in Sonoma County from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lester Herrick and Miss Eleanor Herrick are passing several weeks at Wawona.

Mrs. Frank Hicks has arrived from Los Angeles and has joined her daughter, Mrs. Frank Gross, at the Cecil Hotel.

Mr. Richard McCreery sailed Saturday from New York to join Mrs. McCreery, who is in London. They will return to California in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin have gone to New York for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and their children have gone to Coronado for a month's visit.

Miss Marion Winston of Los Angeles has returned to Menlo Park to visit the Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe. Miss Louise Winston is visiting Mrs. Frank Gross.

Mrs. Mabel Cluff-Wilson has returned to Menlo Park from a trip to Miami.

Miss Julia Van Fleet has returned from visiting Miss Eleanor Morgan in Los Angeles. Mrs. Van Fleet and Mrs. Fannie McCreery, who have been summering at Inverness, have also returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain are spending a fortnight at the Feather River Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Sr., on the McCloud River.

Miss Marion Zeile spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mrs. William Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent have gone to the Wehber Lake Country Club for a fortnight.

Count and Countess André de Limur will come to California from France in October to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker.

Mrs. George Wells and Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna have returned from the Atlantic coast and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent in Burlingame.

Miss Eleanor Davenport has returned from Los

Angeles, where she has been visiting Mrs. Richard Waldron.

Mrs. Archibald Russell of New York and the Misses Helen and Constance Russell arrived during the week and are at the Fairmont.

Miss Laura McKinstry has returned from a visit in Ross with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg.

Mr. George Armsby and Miss Leonora Armsby have returned to Washington from a brief visit in Burlingame.

Mrs. Kent Hewitt has arrived from Annapolis to visit Mrs. Randall Hunt.

Captain Miles Gorgas and Miss Mary Gorgas are spending a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman has returned from a trip to Placer County.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from Santa Barbara and have taken Mrs. Frank West's house on Broadway.

Among recent Palace Hotel arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Curran, New York City; Mr. R. D. Spicer, San Diego; Dr. H. A. Weeks and family, Hartford, Connecticut; Captain F. S. Cook, Portland, Oregon; Mr. O. B. Gilson, Ogden, Utah; Mr. T. J. Crawford, Bakersfield; Mr. Wylie M. Griffin, Fresno; Mrs. S. A. Perkins, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. H. Glendenning, Mr. J. C. Irons, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. L. M. Stott, Pasadena; Mr. R. D. Porter, Mr. W. C. Taylor, Spokane.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Myers, Duchess, Alberta, Canada; Mr. A. Diaz de Leon, Mazatlan, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jenks, East St. Louis, Illinois; Mr. E. F. Bayles, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. Frank Jansen, Washington, D. C.; Mr. E. H. Herr, Seattle; Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Ray, St. Louis, Missouri; Rev. Eustace Santerre, Quebec, Canada; Mr. John G. Logan, Houston, Texas; Mr. P. G. Cunningham, Salt Lake City; Mr. J. J. Culherson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Mr. John F. McKenna, Fresno; Mr. W. W. Griffith, Seattle; Mr. L. W. Stoeckle, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Percy Weher, Stockton; Mr. H. Ross Douglass, Los Angeles.

The government bill for the revision of suffrage laws of the Japanese Empire, which recently passed the House of Peers by a large majority, will add about 1,500,000 new voters, or will practically double the number of votes in that country. The law lowers the property qualification of voters. The old suffrage law of the empire required that to vote a man must be twenty-five years old or over, and that he must pay a direct tax—that is to say, the central government tax, amounting to 10 yen (\$5) a year or more. The new law, which will be in force with the next election, lowers the tax rate to 3 yen (\$1.50) a year or more.

Holland is fearful that a Dover-Calais tunnel would cut off a great part of the freight and passenger business between England and Germany that formerly was routed via Amsterdam and other large cities.

The Rihaudo Concert.

Giacchino Rihaudo, the young operatic tenor, has extended an invitation to the disabled service men who are now quartered at Letterman General Hospital to be his guests at a grand concert to be given by him Thursday evening, August 7th, at Native Sons Hall, Mason Street.

Mr. Rihaudo was called to the colors while residing in San Francisco, and of necessity abandoned his professional work to join a California contingent. He recently returned to the city and at once began preparations for a grand concert, that he might pave the way to greater possibilities in his chosen profession.

Assisting artists who will take part in the concert are Norman Smith, the child pianist; Alice Nelson Kaull, soprano; Vivian Clarke, contralto; Marian Walter, violinist, and Fred Wilson, accompanist.

Mr. Rihaudo and those assisting him have been heard in this city, and will repeat the successes they met with on previous occasions in a programme of the highest quality.

Seats for the concert are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

For every person employed in trade in the United States there were three persons employed in agriculture in 1910; for each one in transportation, four in agriculture; for each employee in the iron and steel industry, with its many branches and elaborate varieties of work, eight persons in agriculture; in all of the textile industries, one person to fourteen in agriculture. Agricultural production employed more than twice as many persons as were employed in the manufacturing of the products of the farm and in their distribution to consumers. This is the rough indication. As individuals the persons employed in manufacturing and distributing agricultural products counted for less than one-half as much as the persons who produced them on the farm.

More than 23 per cent. of Scotland's illuminating gas is made in municipal plants to more than 51 per cent. in Ireland and about 30 per cent. in England.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Talk is cheap." "I never saw a lawyer put his bills on that basis."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"One of de bigges' mistakes you kin make," observed Shinbone, "is hein' so scart o' makin' mistakes dat you don't do nuffin' at all."—*Dallas News*.

"I'm ag'in better roads," said a prominent citizen of Pee-wee-cuddyhump. "It is too blamed easy for people to get away from here now."—*Kansas City Star*.

"How about that insomnia cure I gave you?" "I must apologize, old man. The fact is I've been too sleepy nights to try it."—*Boston Transcript*.

Captain Wahl—As accountahle officer, when do you expect to get away from Mehun? *Captain Brest*—It looks to me as if I will be the one to fill in the hole when the flagpole is taken down.—*Mehun News*.

"My dear Mrs. Cræsus, may I not put your name down for tickets to Professor Pundit's course of lectures on Buddhism?" "Oh, hy all means! You know how passionately fond I am of flowers."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

"Alexander yearned for more worlds to conquer. Now I feel differently," said the member of the peace commission. "As to how?"

"I'm glad we didn't have to ask any more worlds to concur."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Why is Flubdub sputtering so about the service in that café?" "Some slick lawyer persuaded a waiter to serve Flubdub with a subpoena."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Commanding Officer—Rastus, here is your honorable discharge. You ought to be proud of it. *Rastus*—Deed Ah am, captain. Why, in civil life when Ah was discharged Ah was jes' plain fired.—*Ontario Post*.

"I thought they were the best of friends." "They used to be." "What happened?" "The two families tried the experiment of sharing the same summer cottage for a month and now they're deadly enemies."—*Detroit Free Press*.

First Delegate—I see by dispatches from Holland that the former Kaiser would die rather than face trial by an Allied court. *Second Delegate*—Perhaps it will be quite convenient to arrange both.—*New York Evening Post*.

Artist (angrily)—Why did you sky my portrait of a gentleman? *Hanging Committeeman*—He looked like the sort of person who would feel more comfortable up there than down on a level with ordinary people.—*New York Globe*.

Church—Is your friend the doctor operating much now? *Gatham*—Oh, yes; every day. *Church*—Must he making a lot of money, then? *Gatham*—On the contrary, he's losing money. He's doing his operating in Wall Street.—*Yankers Statesman*.

"You American soldiers are sure rapid," said the Frenchman. "I know one who was only over here six months and he married a French girl." "Did he take her hack home with him?" asked the boy in khaki. "No; he got a divorce before he left."—*Yankers Statesman*.

"How are things as regards your proposed strawberry festival?" "Coming along slowly. Two girls have promised to sing and an congressman has agreed to flood the place with oratory. But as yet nobody has volunteered to donate any strawherries."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Parson," exclaimed Ephraim, "I'se got 'ligion—'ligion, I tell you." "That's fine, brother! You are going to lay aside all sin?" "Yes, sah." "You are going to church?" "Yes, sah-ree." "You are going to care for the widows?" "Ah, yes, sah." "You are going

to pay your debts?" "Sah? Dat aint 'ligion; dat's business."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"Some men are more intelligent than they look." "I realize that," said the eminent lawyer. "Now and then one of them gets by me and lands on a jury."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"I see where Korea wants self-determination," remarked Mr. Peckton. "Well," said Mrs. Peckton, "what do you know about Korea?" "Nothing, my dear, nothing. I merely have a sort of fellow-feeling, that's all."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the

philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity. "You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Rastus; "I'se lost fo' wives dat way."—*People's Home Journal*.

"One cawn't truthfully be said to have attained real social prominence and membership in the uppeh clawss unless one has at least two policemen guarding one's town house against homb-throwers. Is it not so, Percival Algernon Reginald?"—*Buffala Express*.

Will—Cheer up, Bill! What are you looking so ied up about? *Bill*—Oh, I dunno. Work, work, work, from mornin' to night, all yer bloomin' life. Who wouldn't be fed up. *Will*—Why, how long have you been at your job? *Bill*—Start tomorrow.—*Farm and Home*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2211.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 9, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Something Ought To Be Done."

Our sapient newspapers are beginning to tell us once more that something ought to be done in regard to Mexico. They do not tell us what it is that ought to be done, and of course they are careful not to suggest intervention or anything that might seem like the beginning of another war. But there is a pleasant sense of journalistic duty well done in thus "passing the buck" to those vague and timorous governmental powers that are supposed to guide our national destinies.

It is certainly true that something ought to be done, and unless we are much mistaken our representatives have given some sort of a promise to the European powers that something shall be done, and perhaps that promise is not wholly unconnected with the leisurely passing of American warships to the Pacific Coast, a measure certainly not intended to gratify the convivial instincts of San Francisco, although we seem to think that it is so intended. The Carranza government is evidently going to perdition. It is now in control of about one-half of Mexico, perhaps not so much. Foreign property, including American, is rapidly being ruined and confiscated, and Americans who allow it to be known that they are Americans are fair game for the cutthroats and bandits of any of the rival crews. That the Mexicans themselves are between the devil and the deep sea, with Carranza on one hand and the

rebel chiefs on the other, is a matter that need not worry us particularly, but the increasing plight of our own countrymen, the probability that Mexico is on the brink of a bloody Terror does certainly justify the nebulous conviction that something ought to be done.

America has no more implacable enemy than Carranza, and we made him. Washington was under the conviction that Carranza was a pious and pacifist old gentleman, well equipped with uplifting maxims, and probably with an undeveloped capacity for spiritual introspection. Carranza, it will be remembered, was a sort of substitute for Huerta, who was a "murderer." It was not the fault of Carranza that the oil fields of Mexico were not handed over bodily to the German government. Probably they would have been if Germany had been in a position to avail herself of them. Why Carranza should have been so fanatically pro-German is a matter of speculation. Perhaps Dr. Hale and Mr. Steffens, both of them American emissaries to Mexico, could throw some light upon that point. However that may be, Carranza did everything that he could to injure America during the war. He is doing everything that he can to injure America now. It has been said that Mr. Steffens—before he became the American emissary to the Bolsheviks—inspired and sketched the confiscatory legislation directed against American interests in Mexico. His fulminations against the American system of government point that way. And now after several years of increasing anarchy in Mexico, and the American dead and wounded constituting quite a respectable battle casualty list, we are gravely told that something ought to be done. What?

Editorial Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1919.—One does not need to be the seventh son of a seventh son, or to have been born in the dark of the moon, to know what the Senate is going to do with the treaty. It is going to ratify it with reservations designed, not as the radicals would like to have them, to nullify or neutralize the league of nations, but to safeguard the sovereignty and traditions of the United States. There will also be a reservation with respect to Article X, which guarantees the "territorial integrity" of nations holding membership in the league; with probably a declaration in protest of the shabby diplomatic bargain by which Shantung was given to Japan. Thus the United States will accept the league and assume its share of whatever responsibilities may be imposed by it, but it will be a very different thing from the project brought home by President Wilson and sought to be enforced upon "pigmy minds" and "narrow visions" under the exhilaration of "fighting blood." It will be a league accepted, not with confidence as a cure-all for wars and international complications, but as an experimental project. The outcome, I venture to prophesy, will be, not a super-government of universal authority and of paramount powers, but a species of international clearing-house which will very considerably advance the principle of coöperation among the nations. In practice it will fall short of the Utopian hopes attending its inception, but it will mark a step in advance of that attained by The Hague Tribunal. The best of it will be an orderly provision for looking after interests common to the nationalities of the world, but not properly within the sphere of any particular government. It will distinctly promote the moral progress of the world, even though it shall have a limited authority and no concrete powers.

The motives behind senatorial opposition to President Wilson's demand for unconditional ratification are various. First and foremost there is a sincere distrust of the league as a means of maintaining peace or of

achieving any other positive effect. There is further a sincere belief that acceptance of the league without reservations would constitute a practical abdication of sovereignty on the part of the United States in favor of a species of super-government wherein the control would rest in alien hands. The Republican majority in the Senate is not willing to make concessions so radical and comprehensive—concessions that would put practical limits upon the authority of the United States with respect to its own affairs. The dominant feeling in the Senate is that President Wilson, under the exhilaration of idealistic sentiment, not unmixed with vanity in the thought of associating his name and fame with a new era in world affairs, went far too far—to the extent of exceeding his legitimate powers and to the further extent of making undue sacrifice of American interests. Taken together, the events marking the period between November and June have impressed upon the Senate the notion that Mr. Wilson is a man lacking in the essential elements of statesmanship and not safely to be trusted in constructive enterprises. I think it not too much to say that Mr. Wilson's whole record in Europe has tended to diminish his credit with Congress, even with men of his own party. With a few exceptions they are supporting his proposal in a dogged spirit of party loyalty, but in privileged conversation doubts are freely expressed as to his wisdom. The impression grows that he is governed quite as much by a propensity to exhibit his talents and accomplishments and by the idea of gaining for himself a permanent fame as by sober and unselfish judgment under the dominion of plain common sense.

Associated with the beliefs and sentiments above defined there is another large motive behind senatorial opposition to the President's project. Now for some years, beginning with the first presidency of Mr. Roosevelt, there has been a steady encroachment of executive upon legislative powers. Mr. Roosevelt dominated Congress by sheer force of aggressive personality. Even Mr. Taft, most amiable of men, sent to Congress bills fully drafted with more or less direct insistence upon their enactment. Then came Mr. Wilson, a man whose mind and practice combine to reject coöperation of any kind and respect of any thing. I have noted in other writings Mr. Wilson's lack of the coöperative mind. It is simple truth that he can not work with others. He comes to his conclusions by intuitive processes compounded of reason and emotion and is both disturbed and irritated by intrusion upon his conclusions either of facts or opinions. He likes to dream things out, so to speak, and he doesn't want to be balked in carrying his verdicts into effect. Questions, doubts, counsels, confuse and anger him. A mind thus constituted must either work alone or not at all. From the beginning of his presidential career Mr. Wilson has practically played a lone hand. He has had in his cabinet only two men of independent mind—Garrison and Lane. Garrison withdrew long ago and it is common knowledge that between Wilson and Lane there has now for two years or more been a practical estrangement. Mr. Wilson from the beginning imposed his will upon Congress; and under the exigencies of war he assumed the character of a dictator, nothing more or less. Congress was made under the double requirement of war emergency and of party discipline to come to heel. Resentment there has been; none the less obedience has followed the crack of the executive whip. But with the coming in of a Republican Congress, coincident with the ending of the war, there has developed a new situation. The President's power as a party leader is effective only with the minority, while the record of war administration as regards partisanship on the one hand, and extravagance and waste on the other, places him on the defensive. The treaty has put into the hands of the Senate an opportunity to re-

assert the authority of Congress as against executive encroachment, and there is the disposition to use it for all that it may be worth. Even Democratic senators who feel bound as a matter of party fealty to stand by the President are not displeased to see him subjected to a comb-cutting process.

Motives of personal resentment likewise have their part in the pending situation with respect to the treaty. It is not forgotten that when Mr. Wilson landed at Boston last February he shook the cobwebs of Faneuil Hall with gratuitous insults and with boasts of fighting blood. Nobody accepts this sort of thing with good nature. Deep in the senatorial mind and heart there is cherished the malice of resentment. And human nature being what it is, it is not surprising that in the membership of the Senate there are those who are pleased to see Mr. Wilson humiliated in respect of his contempt for Congress and in his high-flown pretensions. Messrs. Lodge, Borah, and others are having their innings. They are paying Mr. Wilson back in his own coin, and without a doubt they are getting a good deal of fun out of it.

Since the outcome is obvious—since the treaty is to be ratified with reservations and qualifying interpretations—the question arises, Why is it not done at once? Why drag out the procedure through weeks and months when the outcome is plainly in view? In the judgment of many men wise in statecraft and in politics, short work should be made of the job in hand. But the group leading the procedures in opposition has its own purposes. It aims, I think, beyond both discretion and propriety, at nothing less than complete nullification of the league of nations project. It believes that the campaign being conducted by Lodge, Borah, Johnson, Hitchcock, Reed, *et al.*, is bringing the country to the radical view of the treaty. They believe that by extending the period of discussion they may be able to develop a public sentiment that will relegate the whole work of Mr. Wilson in the matter of the league of nations to the scrap-heap of outworn and rejected notions. In my judgment they are mistaken. I don't believe they will be able to convince the country that some sort of a league is not desirable; nor do I believe that they will be able to bring the moderate forces of the Senate to the extreme view. In the end they will be compelled to abandon their project of rejection and join with the moderates in accepting the treaty with reservations and qualifying interpretations. The wish on my part may be father to the thought; none the less I set it down as my conviction after careful study of the situation here that moderate, and not radical, proposals will control.

It is announced that in consideration of the state of his health the President has postponed the tour in which he was to make direct appeal to the country in behalf of unqualified ratification. It is of interest that I was told five days ago that Mr. Wilson was casting about for a pretext to call off the trip. Obviously he seeks to avoid giving emphasis to his defeat. It is even suggested today that he may meet the opposition half way—that a good-natured and mutually satisfactory compromise is likely to be effected. A first step in this direction was the President's presentation yesterday, under pressure, of the special treaty with France previously withheld by him in neglect of the specific terms of that compact, which required that it should be submitted to the Senate concurrently with submission of the main treaty. Other indications of softening spirit may be expected. Mr. Wilson is not lacking in tact when the necessity is put up to him, and if he can find a way to camouflage his failure to put over the treaty he may be counted upon to do it.

Experience of opposition is very manifestly improving Mr. Wilson's manners. Since his second return from Europe he has been graciousness itself in his attitude, not only towards members of the Senate and opposition, but in his dealings with his own partisans. Instead of hurling contemptuous epithets at his critics and boasting of fighting blood, he is trying the arts of persuasion and cajolment. A year ago or less he was denouncing any and everybody who did not fall in with his orders. It is not yet forgotten that he went so far as to denounce Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, one of his own partisans, as a liar. Within the week he has so far compromised the record as to invite Mr. Chamberlain to a private and friendly conference. Obviously, he has gained self-control under the discipline of adversity. And here it may be remarked, not im-

pertinently, that Mr. Wilson is not the first man to profit under this salutary principle.

Within recent weeks I have traversed the country from ocean to ocean, seeing and probing the minds of men of all ranks and of varied political views. I think I am not wrong in appraising the sentiment of the country as distinctly favoring an attempt morally to improve the condition of the world by at least experimenting with a league of nations. I emphasize the article *a*. This does not mean that the country is for the project in the unqualified form in which it stands defined in the treaty brought home by Mr. Wilson. Earnestly desiring that the experiment of international coöperation shall be fairly tried out, there is, I believe, a universal wish for reservations that will hold for the United States unquestioned authority in matters which we regard as definitely our own. I believe the country—Democrats as well as Republicans—will approve acceptance of the treaty accompanied by qualifying declarations. Republican policy, I think, should insist upon acceptance in terms and subject to conditions that will hold for us the complete sovereignty provided in the Constitution and embodied in the counsels of Washington.

There is grave doubt of senatorial acceptance of the proposed treaty of alliance between England, the United States, and France designed for the protection of the country last named. Everybody is favorable to the proposal in principle. But there is doubt as to the authority of the President and Senate to enter into a treaty pledging future administrations in matters of peace and war. The Constitution places the issues of war and peace directly in the hands of Congress, presumably of the Congress in authority at the time of emergency. Can the Sixty-Sixth Congress, now in session at Washington, assume authority to prescribe the policy of a Congress which may be sitting at Washington five, ten, or twenty years from now? There are those who doubt it. But since there is a universal wish to stand by France, a way may be found. A. H.

Riots and Lynchings.

Let us hope that Europe will not learn of the race riots in Washington, Chicago, Norfolk, Charleston, and Pensacola. Otherwise there may be some disposition to challenge our claim to a leadership of civilization and to the only existing ideal of human government. That there should be riots in Europe, where there are millions of starving people, is natural enough. That there should be riots in America, and upon a racial issue, is disgraceful. It is still more disgraceful that those riots should be allowed to continue for day after day in such centres as Washington and Chicago.

The cause of the trouble is momentarily unimportant in comparison with the delay in suppressing it. It may be true—probably it is true—that the colored man has a "swelled head" as a result of his war experiences, and that in Senator Vardaman's chaste language he has been "French-women-ruined." It may be also true that a labor problem is involved, and that the exodus of colored people from the South has provoked resentments in the invaded areas. These are matters for ultimate discussion. The immediate fact is the relative ease with which a few rioters can take the field and hold it indefinitely.

Some of the remedies suggested are worse than the disease. Senator Vardaman, for example, tells us that "the mob is the only protection of the white man's home," and therefore he calls upon the "bravest and best" to organize, "since there is no doubt that hell will be to pay in this country in the near future." We have no desire to follow Senator Vardaman into the recesses of his vernacular, but we are tempted to say that there will be "hell to pay" unless some way be found to suppress Senator Vardaman. He is worse than a riot.

The riot problem is not, after all, a very complex one, whether we regard the larger riots that we have just witnessed or the more normal and homely riots of the lynching party. The remedy is the instant and inflexible enforcement of law—a strange and weird doctrine, be it admitted, but none the less one that we shall have to adopt, no matter how revolutionary it may seem. Lynchings are largely due to a realization that the subtleties and delays of the law often mean the escape of the criminal, that the law is practically on the side of the criminal. If the legal punishment of

the colored criminal were certain and speedy he would be discouraged in his offenses. And the lynchers would lack an incentive to a crime as great as that of their victim.

The same remedy is applicable to the larger riots that we have just witnessed. The chaos in Washington and Chicago could have been ended in an hour or so if there had been a firm determination instantly to capture any one guilty of breaking the peace without distinction of race—if there had been a single-eyed resolve to suppress criminality. But that is not our way. We overlook the law-breaking in our eagerness to take sides and to become partisans. Confronted with a mob, we create another mob. But there is no such anchor to social security as the knowledge that an utterly impartial law will operate inexorably and swiftly. That is a point to which we have not yet reached.

Not a Bolshevik, But—

Mr. Witter Bynner's opinions on any subject other than that of poetry are not of any particular value, nor would they have been inflicted upon the public but for the rather impetuous indiscretions of his opponents. The halo of a small martyrdom is sometimes so gratefully received that it should be offered with caution.

But there is a single paragraph in Mr. Bynner's letter that demands a comment, not because of its source, but because it represents a phase of alleged thought. Mr. Bynner says, "Without being a Bolshevik, I am in favor of majority rule in Russia."

Now we all know the sort of man who is "not a Bolshevik, but—." We usually find that he is a Bolshevik, although he may prefer a somewhat more aromatic name. But let that pass. It really does not matter what Mr. Bynner is.

But does Mr. Bynner mean that a few votes one way or the other can justify an immoral action? Does he actually believe that the will of a majority becomes the voice of God? Has the majority—because it is the majority—a right to persecute, ill use, or massacre a minority? Is that the only question that we have to ask when we hear of oppression or cruelty—was it the deed of a majority, in which case it was divine, or was it the deed of a minority, in which case it was damnable? The sober and moral common sense of the country is not asking whether the Bolsheviks of Russia are in a majority or a minority. It does not know and it has no means of knowing. Nor does Mr. Bynner know anything about it. It asks whether the deeds of the Bolsheviks are hateful ones. Mr. Bynner should correct his ethics. Lenine, in an authorized interview published a few days ago, admitted that he had inaugurated a reign of terror in Russia. We know just what that means. A reign of terror does not become justified by the vote of a majority. On the contrary it becomes thereby more abominable.

Mr. Bynner evidently believes that the majority is now ruling Russia. That is the inference from what he says. But why does he believe it? We should like to have a glimpse at his mental processes. Let us say that there are about 120,000,000 of people in Russia. Has he any reason to believe that over 60,000,000 of these people favor a Bolshevik rule? On the contrary is he not well aware that the Bolsheviks have violently prevented any appeal to a ballot, that they have violently suppressed the results of such appeals? Does he not know that majority rule is in no sense a part of the Bolshevik programme?

Mr. Bynner's opinions, as has been said, have no particular value except so far as they express the views of large numbers of uninstructed persons who believe that Russia is now being ruled by a revolutionary majority that in some way mirrors the democratic hopes of the world. There is not the slightest justification for such a belief. There is every justification for believing exactly the reverse.

What has been called Japan's most peculiar tree is the so-called boat tree at Kyoto. It is a very ancient pine tree, which grows in the garden of a temple. For more than eight centuries it has been trained to grow in a most remarkable shape, lower branches extending along the ground, then curving up in such a way as to suggest the shape of a boat; while the tree itself rises from the centre, recalling the position of the mast. Needless to say, the Japanese have legends which they connect with this curious pine tree.

New Zealand was the first country to perfect the government tourist bureau.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Treaty Reservations.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: No reservation by the United States Senate either of the Monroe Doctrine or of the United States' reserved right to withdraw from the league of nations would be effective unless at the time such reservation were attempted to be exercised the council of the league then approved of its exercise.

Such reservation might be as worthless and ineffectual as the like reservation of the alleged right of Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island to secede from the Federal Union contained in the respective ratifications of the United States Constitution by those states was held to be during the Civil War. By the sword of war and later by the decision of the Federal Supreme Court it was decided that notwithstanding express reservations in their ratifications of the Constitution of the right of those states to secede, the Federal Union was perpetual and indissoluble (Texas vs. White, 7 Wallace, 700, 722, 725-6).

Virginia's ratification of the Federal Constitution does "declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression" (2 Documentary History of the Constitution of the United States, p. 145).

New York's ratification of the Federal Constitution declares "that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness" (2 Documentary History, pp. 190, 191).

Rhode Island's ratification declares "that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness" (2 Documentary History, p. 311).

In *Fourteen Diamond Rings vs. U. S.*, 183 U. S. 176, 179-180, a reservation by a majority of each house of Congress to the treaty of peace with Spain was held to be "absolutely without legal significance" (183 U. S. 180).

The council of the league of nations is an autocracy like the Holy Alliance without any Supreme Court or any other council or legislative body to hold it in check. It is the sole judge of its own powers. It is a union of the executive, legislative, and judiciary merged into one body. If its decision, however erroneous, is disregarded, an international boycott, embargo, or tahoo will be followed by an international war in which it is the duty of every member state to support the international war to the utmost of its strength. There is no more reason to believe that in an emergency the Monroe Doctrine would be respected because reserved or the reserved right to secede peaceably allowed than was the like reserved right in the case of Virginia (likewise of New York and Rhode Island) in 1861.

Respectfully yours, HENRY A. FORSTER.

PEACE WITH GERMANY.

Mr. Frank H. Simonds Discusses the Treaty and Some of Its Results.

Mr. Frank H. Simonds, writing in the current issue of the *Review of Reviews*, gives us a balanced and cautious summary of the treaty and of its probable effects upon the peace of the world. Eight months ago, says Mr. Simonds, we hailed the end of the fighting as the prelude to the millennium:

We are now able to see how unfounded was much of the optimism of that time. After eight months, peace with Germany, just signed and still unratified, sees Europe not actually at peace, but engaged, not in one great war, but in something like twenty small ones. Bolshevism, after long and gravely threatening all Western civilization, seems declining in power, but it reigns in Moscow and in Budapest, while even in Germany domestic strife continues. Britain and France are still afflicted by endless strikes. Even in the United States we have unpleasant echoes of the Red Terror, which still rules in lands inhabited by not less than two hundred millions of human beings.

We cheered the liberation of nations who are now using their freedom in order to destroy each other. Some twenty separate wars are now in progress and new areas of conflict are becoming increasingly visible:

As for Germany, she has signed the treaty of peace, but she has signed it with the frank statement that she yields to force, but does no more than put her name upon another "scrap of paper." A peace of conciliation, never possible unless we were prepared to forgive Germany her debts, let France and Belgium go bankrupt to ruin and revolution, has not been made. Even more disturbing, that peace which has been made demands the presence of Allied troops on the Rhine to enforce. We have not reached a settlement, but only a basis of settlement with Germany, provided we, her conquerors, stand united for the next fifteen years, provided we agree to use force, if necessary, to compel German compliance with her promises, made under duress, repudiated in advance.

The process of disintegration has already set in among the Allies themselves. American opinion is being cleverly incited against England and France and influential Russians are more friendly to Germany than to their quondam friends:

Such, then, is the Europe that exists at the moment the treaty with Germany is signed. Two hundred millions of people are still in the agonizing torture of Bolshevism, which has proclaimed its hostility to Western civilization and demonstrated it. Seventy million Germans in the old Germany and the present Austria are sullen and hoping for revenge. Nearly forty millions of Italians hate France and Britain with a hatred as intense as they felt for Austria only five years ago. Upwards of fifty millions of people of the recently liberated races are fighting with each other and with at least one of the great powers for their respective "places in the sun."

Mr. Simonds reverts to the attitude of Russia in connection with the discontent of Roumania and Italy:

In addition the Italians and the Roumanians—and Roumania has become a very considerable power—are totally dissatisfied with the peace terms already sketched, and have a very clear basis for coming to an understanding with the Germans. Then, behind all there is the Russian, nearly two hundred millions of him of one sort and another. Today his rulers are at war with all Western civilization, while those Russians who challenge Lenin and Trotsky frankly assert that they have more to hope for from an understanding with Germany than with their old allies, who have at least exchanged notes with the Bolsheviks and planned the bestowal of Russian territory upon the Poles.

The league of nations is not likely to be of very sub-

stantial help. Its mandates will be of no value without a basis of force, and the countries of the world will not sanction force in any quarrel that does not concern them:

Certainly until French men and women, American men and women, British men and women are willing to send their sons to the Danube, the Carpathians and the Vistula, to enforce decisions made by the league of nations, it will not be possible for the league of nations to prevent conflicts between the races of Central Europe, nor is it conceivable that the tribes which have been fighting for centuries for racial aspirations will at once surrender to them—how to decisions which are made by a tribunal without power to enforce them.

Therefore to believe that we have made peace at Paris, up to the present moment, seems to me to encourage a very dangerous illusion and to believe that the league of nations can preserve world peace, while itself relying upon moral suasion, is equally a dangerous dream. At Paris we have so far reached a basis for settling the accounts outstanding between Germany and her enemies. Not until Germany has paid those debts shall we have a real settlement, and Germany means to avoid payment if she can.

Mr. Simonds is dissatisfied with the Polish settlement, and particularly with the disposition of Danzig:

As to Danzig, a great deal of criticism is to be heard, but here again the criticism seems unwarranted. Danzig was once a Polish city. It was stolen by the Germans and thereafter colonized by them, that is, by the Prussians. Without the fullest opportunity to use Danzig, Poland would be strangled. To my mind the criticism of the Danzig affair lies in the fact that a dubious situation was created by not giving the town back to the Poles instead of putting it under the control of the league of nations and thus perpetuating German aspirations and Polish ambitions. Both will continue to desire absolute ownership, if the league of nations scheme does not work, and here is the material out of which a new war can arise. But unless Prussia were to be confirmed in her title, acquired by violence, merely because she had kept the city long and brought many of her people to settle in it, deliberately driving the Poles out, it seems to me that the decision to deprive her of Danzig was just, while the decision to withhold it from Poland was far less warranted.

The terms exacted from Germany are certainly not conciliatory, but then how could any terms be at the same time both conciliatory and just?

Certainly there was only one way to make such a peace and that was to let Germany go scot free. This would have meant a bankrupt France and a ruined Belgium. It would have meant that Germany, by destroying her neighbor's machinery and cities, had disposed of competition and, with her factories intact, her fields unravaged, could proceed to harvest prosperity at home, having sown destruction abroad. There never was any middle ground—either Germany had to pay, and this meant a sullen, bitter, vengeful Germany, or she must be placated, and this meant a ruined France.

It is not a peace of vengeance, says Mr. Simonds, not a peace of violence. It leaves the Allied nations infinitely poorer than they were. They must pay the debts into which they were forced by Germany's aggression.

A SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

The *Congressional Record* is a periodical that suffers much and undeservedly from the neglect of the public. It is not to be classified among the light and airy literature now so much in demand. It may be that a colored cover, an occasional cartoon, and some bright and breezy illustrations would go far to win for it the favor of the populace, but in the meantime it lies unread upon our library shelves and accumulates dust.

But the *Congressional Record* is not without its virtues. Often it gives us a glimpse into current history that we might otherwise lack. It is subject to no editorial supervision. Its contributors select their own topics and decide for themselves as to the length of their treatment. They are leisurely persons. They are addressing a national audience, or they believe that they are. They rise above all considerations of time and space, and therefore, in a sense, they are supermen. What more could we ask for an adequate presentation of public affairs?

Take, for example, the speech of Mr. Blanton of Texas as it appears in the *Record* of July 28th. For a moment our eye wanders incuriously over these serried columns of oratory and statistics. We feel a faint glow of admiration for the energy of Mr. Blanton, and a hope that it was not wasted. Then it suddenly dawns upon us that Mr. Blanton is talking about San Francisco, and at once we begin to sit up and take notice. Is it possible that Congress has heard about San Francisco, or was this to be its first introduction to the western metropolis on the Pacific Ocean? We turn back page after page to the beginning of Mr. Blanton's speech. We must miss none of it. We must begin at the beginning. What was it that inspired Mr. Blanton of Texas to so great an outpouring. And then we are overtaken by another surprise. Mr. Blanton is talking about Mr. Densmore, our Mr. Densmore, the director of the United States Employment Service, which in its turn is a sort of satellite of the Department of Labor. Of course we knew that there was a Department of Labor, but how many people knew that there was also an Employment Service, running on its own, so to speak? Well, there is, and Mr. Densmore is at the head of it. And to think that we had never heard of Mr. Densmore until he gayly descended upon us a year or so ago with his little jimmy and the rest of the burglary outfit and installed his dictaphone in the office of the district attorney. Why, we did not even know that Federal officials were in the burglary business.

Thanks to Mr. Blanton of Texas we know now that

Mr. Densmore is a very important person. What shall we say to the fact that he employs in his office no fewer than 513 persons, and that their joint annual salaries total \$861,214. Quite a lot of money nowadays when we are all of us looking for something cheap enough to eat. Mr. Densmore himself draws \$6000 a year, burglary tools and dictaphones found. Why, he employs a negro at \$4380 a year as "director of negro economics," and another negro to assist him, and another to assist him, and so on. It does not seem that there are any Chinamen or Japanese on Mr. Densmore's payroll, and their "economics" are unrepresented. But then we forgot. Chinamen and Japanese have no votes. But how about the Indians? Have they no economics? Moreover, Mr. Densmore stated to the Appropriations Committee that if he could get the additional grant that he was demanding he intended to raise his own salary to \$7500. It seems that there are still Elysian Fields where one can raise one's own salary.

But to come down to the business in hand. It seems that the indefatigable Mr. Blanton of Texas has been interesting himself in the Mooney case, or rather he has been interesting himself in Mr. Densmore's interest in the Mooney case, which is not quite the same thing. He wants to know why Mr. Densmore interfered in a purely local matter, and he wants to know the cost to the nation of that interference. He is not satisfied with Mr. Densmore's version of the affair, as reported in a previous issue of the *Record*. From that version it would seem that Mr. Densmore was wandering around the country promiscuous like, and that he dropped off casually at San Francisco to have a look at Twin Peaks and the other scenery. The Mooney case, he says in an offhand sort of way, was then practically finished and "no person connected with United States Employment Service had anything to do with it." Why should they? Mr. Densmore is the pink of official propriety and was attending to his own business. But then he casually adds: "The report of the investigators was transmitted by me to the Secretary of Labor. Unfortunately some of this report fell into the hands of the publisher of a local paper, who published it without any authority whatever." We are trying to visualize Mr. Densmore's tears of righteous indignation as he reflects upon the perfidy of human nature. No one connected with the Employment Service of which he is the chief had "anything to do" with the Mooney case, but "the report of the investigators was transmitted by me to the Secretary of Labor." We observe also Mr. Densmore's regret at the publication of the report by "a local paper." Mr. Densmore could hardly be expected to remember the name of the evening paper nor of its editor.

But Mr. Densmore failed to make allowances for the susceptibilities of his accomplices. The "publisher of a local paper" into whose hands the report had "unfortunately" fallen felt himself aggrieved, and no wonder. Mr. Densmore might at least have named him and his paper instead of inferring that he had forgotten their identity. And so Mr. Blanton quotes from the "local paper" of July 8, 1919, a somewhat indignant remonstrance from its editor. Mr. Densmore, says the editor, "did authorize" the investigation and forwarded the report to the Secretary of Labor over his own signature. Moreover, says the editor in question, the dictagraph report was brought to his office and handed to him several days before it was published, and Densmore himself called on him, and at that time was well aware, etc. Heaven forbid that we should make any effort to apportion the truth between Mr. Densmore and the aggrieved editor. The Recording Angel has doubtless attended to this matter, and we have no access to his archives. Let it suffice to say that there is a marked discrepancy between Mr. Densmore and the editor.

Now comes a further chapter as disclosed by Mr. Blanton: On July 19, 1919, Congress passed certain resolutions, too long to print here, requiring the Secretary of Labor to state precisely what Mr. Densmore had been doing in connection with the Mooney case, why he had been doing it, and at what, and at whose, cost it had been done. Mr. Wilson, after suitable delay, replied to Congress to the effect that the Mooney case had become one of international importance, that it had attracted foreign attention, and that it was endangering our relations with Russia, besides being provocative of strikes. Therefore it came within the survey of the Department of Labor. The other questions asked by Congress Mr. Wilson refused to answer. In other words, says Mr. Blanton, Secretary Wilson "told Congress to go the devil, as it had nothing to do with the spending of public money in behalf of anarchists." Mr. Blanton asks further, "Now, Mr. Speaker, can any one escape the conclusion that Fremont Older got that report direct from John B. Densmore?" And now by way of preserving the sense of contrast in our mind we may recall Mr. Densmore's pained assurance that really his department had nothing to do with the Mooney case. He was only an innocent bystanders, so to speak, but "unfortunately" some one had published a report that some one had made of some one's dictagraph revelations. But what, Mr. Densmore seemed to ask, had I to do with all these happenings at

a place called San Francisco with its "local paper" published by some local person?

And now Mr. Blanton of Texas proceeds to unmask his guns and to bring up his infantry and cavalry for the pulverization and annihilation of Mr. Densmore. But to get the full force of it we must keep most carefully in mind the disclaimer of Mr. Densmore to be anything more than the innocent bystander hurried against his will into the confusion of a street row. And so Mr. Blanton has unearthed Mr. Densmore's own report to Mr. Wilson, dated from San Francisco on November 1, 1918. It is too long to reproduce in full, but there are some paragraphs that would be ruined by condensation, and so we may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following. Mr. Densmore says to Mr. Wilson:

Pursuant to instructions received from time to time during the past six months, I have the honor to report that I have conducted a secret and altogether informal inquiry into the Mooney case, and beg leave to submit herewith the results of my investigation. Before entering into a recital of the various steps pursued in carrying out the operation, it might be well to call attention to a number of peculiar features which have characterized this case from the beginning, in order that there may be no misconception, either as to the issues involved or as to the necessity which arose for the employment on the part of the investigators, of somewhat unusual methods of obtaining information.

On the surface and in its narrowest aspect the Mooney case may be defined as the case of the people of the State of California against Thomas J. Mooney and certain other defendants, four in number, charged with perpetrating a bomb outrage in the city of San Francisco during the Preparedness Day parade, on July 22, 1916, thereby causing the deaths of nine or ten persons and the injury of numerous others. Of the five defendants, four have been tried. Two of these, Mooney and Warren K. Billings, were found guilty. Mooney now being under sentence of death and Billings serving a life term in the penitentiary; the other two, Mrs. Thomas J. Mooney and Israel Weinberg, were acquitted. The case against the fifth defendant, Edward D. Nolan, has virtually been dropped for lack of evidence. All five of these persons have been more or less prominently identified with the union-labor movement in San Francisco.

It was charged by the prosecution that these five defendants were animated by anarchistic motives and that the bomb explosion which they were alleged to have planned and consummated was the climax of a carefully laid plot to strike a blow at existing social and political institutions and intimidate all those who were in any way concerned with placing the country in a state of military preparedness.

In my investigation of the Mooney case I have kept these facts well in mind and proceeded on the theory that an unwarranted attack upon labor leaders, with a premeditated and deliberate intention to injure and discredit union labor generally. * * *

The alternative plan was to proceed secretly, with but two or three men, and make no move that would attract attention. * * *

It was therefore decided to work secretly.

I had at this time two trusted assistants in San Francisco, and to these I confided my plan of operations, leaving, however, the execution of the details very largely to their own judgment. * * * It was absolutely necessary to the success of the operation to install a dictaphone in the office of the district attorney, Mr. Charles M. Fickert. This task was a seemingly impossible one, owing to the fact that Fickert keeps himself barricaded behind double-locked doors on the fourth floor of the Hall of Justice, in a private office to which only one other man has the keys.

The full details as to how this dictaphone was finally installed will probably never be divulged, as no good purpose could be served by a recital of the facts, interesting as they are. Some idea of the difficulties involved will be gained when it is stated that more than two months of careful and clever work were required before the installation was complete and the machine in actual operation.

Mr. Densmore then goes on to explain the difficulties and all with the air of "see what a good boy am I"—a clever one, too. Rumbling teams and street-cars, he says, interfered with the dictagraph. Chinese children "playing around the Robert Louis Stevenson fountain in the park opposite . . . (see diagram, Exhibit A)" interfered with the acoustics. When the victims were talking in a low tone "the results attained were not always satisfactory." They had to experiment—these patient little bees—with "batteries, resistance coils, amplifying valves, and receivers, and making several novel improvements never before attempted in similar lines of work." But *labor omnia vincit*. They did it eventually. Who knows but what Federal officials with large salaries will one day be able to overhear us in the confessional, or saying our prayers, or communing with our consciences. What a gay time the "local papers" will have then.

And the cost of it all? Somewhere, Mr. Blanton believes, in the neighborhood of \$20,000, public money, tax money, and this only the mechanical cost. We must add Mr. Densmore's salary, and Mr. Densmore, be it remembered, is no cheap man.

Now what are we to think of all that? What are we to think of Mr. Densmore, who first writes an assurance that "no person connected with United States Employment Service had anything to do with" the Mooney case, who represents himself as the casual observer of events in San Francisco and as the mere transmittor of a dictagraph report that happened to fall into his hands and that was "unfortunately" published "without any authority whatever," and who then writes an elaborate detective story in which he himself plays the double rôle of criminal and Sherlock Holmes, in which he practically confesses that it was he, and he alone, who did the whole thing? Have we not cause to be grateful to Mr. Blanton of Texas and to the *Congressional Record*? But how comes it that this duty falls upon Mr. Blanton of Texas? Has California

no representatives of her own? Or did the representatives of California feel that "they should worry" while San Francisco herself sat patiently under this criminal insult instead of demanding the immediate extradition of Mr. Densmore to answer for offenses against the penal code of California, offenses none the less grave because they were committed by an official of the Federal government and at the cost of the national taxpayer? SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 6, 1919.

OLD FAVORITES.

Meditations of a Hindu Prince.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?

Westward across the ocean, and Northward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,

Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they how to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings;

And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills,
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the shot that kills;

Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,

We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,

And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;

And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,

Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path! ah, who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?

The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain-side,

Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath

Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an ancient name,

Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame;

They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race,

Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,

The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!

What have they wrung from the Silence? Hath even a whisper come

Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?

"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"

It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,

How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,

Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main"—

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?

Shall it pass a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and hear me to silence and sleep

With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep.

—Sir Alfred Lyall.

A statistician who has made a study of the growth of the population of Paris estimates that the city, within its present limits, will have 6,000,000 inhabitants in another half-century, and that the population of the Department of the Seine, which he thinks will then be a part of the capital, will have increased to 14,300,000. He bases his figures on the actual development of the city since 1800 and on the progressive density of the population, which went from eighty-five to the acre in 1861 to 146 to the acre in 1911.

The world's supply of silver is estimated at 250,000,000 ounces annually. There is produced on the North American continent 175,000,000 ounces each year, of which the United States produces 75,000,000 ounces, Mexico the same amount, while Canada furnishes 25,000,000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William W. Hastings, Democratic congressman from Oklahoma, is a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. He is a college graduate and was attorney-general for the Cherokee nation from 1891 to 1895 and has been twice reelected to Congress.

Representative Charles D. Carson of Oklahoma was a cowpuncher before he rose to his post in the National Congress. His early life was spent on a ranch and he got his education in one of the Indian schools. He was elected to Congress on the admission of Oklahoma as a state.

Joseph Warren Fordney, Republican congressman from Michigan, started his career as a lumberjack in the woods near Saginaw, after having lived on a farm until he was sixteen years old. Besides being in Congress, Mr. Fordney is extensively interested in the lumber business and has been in the House of Representatives since the Fifty-Sixth Congress.

President Wilson aged rapidly during the six months of the peace conference. He worked very hard and enjoyed very little pleasure. Aside from a few semi-official dinners, he only attended the theatre three times and visited the races once. The President does not care for the high-brow entertainments that most of the famous diplomats in Paris enjoyed. He attended only comedies, and the more ridiculous he found the comedy the more he liked it.

Premier Clemenceau often carries his food with him when he goes out to dine. In the *Saturday Evening Post* Isaac F. Marcossion tells this story: "Clemenceau once motored out from Paris to lunch with Foch, whose headquarters was then at Compiègne. As he entered the anteroom of the general office he handed a small package to an orderly, saying: 'I am Clemenceau, and I have come to lunch with General Foch. Here are my noodles. They are all I want to eat.'"

J. H. Thomas of the British Railway Administration was traveling recently with an American—one of those Americans who complain that England is slow. "You are so slow," he kept on saying, "you never get anything done." Mr. Thomas did not trouble to answer him. At last the train began to cross the Forth bridge. "Hello!" said Mr. Young America. "What's this?" "Forth bridge," he was told. "How long has it been here?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Thomas, "hut it wasn't here last night."

It is said of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge that he goes about the floor of the Senate with no over-indulgence in words, in patronage, or conciliation. His chat with a member is not toned for the multitude. His smiles are mere flashes that start gracefully, travel up nose and forehead and ripple away in the closely waved hair. His voice and bearing signify restraint. There is an obvious reserve power within him. Whatever Republicanism endures in the United States would have a bulwark in the rules for personal conduct laid down for himself by the statesman Lodge. His mind is highly analytical. His argument is a storehouse of precedent and fact. He has waked his opponents into reminiscence time and again when they have stalked him with some of his own utterances of the past.

It is said in Germany to be a well-grounded opinion that what Maximilian Harden is suffering from is disappointed ambition. One hears in very high political circles that he fully expected a high position in the government—secretary of foreign affairs, chairman of the German peace delegation, or a first-class ambassadorship; also that he expected, at the very least, that the new government would consult him in matters of foreign policy. Instead of that Harden has received no appointment, and not even has his opinion been asked on any matter whatever. Hence, it is everywhere said, Harden has dropped back into his old rôle of political Ishmaelite, hitting out right and left against everybody connected with the present government, and seeking to curry favor with its deadly foes at home and abroad.

Lord Marcus Beresford of England, now in his seventy-first year, has become portly, sports a mustache, and bears but little resemblance to the thin, lean-faced, clean-shaven, and extremely horsey-looking soldier—always punctiliously groomed—of forty years ago. He served for a time as a subaltern of the Seventh Hussars, was A. D. C. to the first Duke of Abercorn when Viceroy of Ireland, and then retired from the army to devote the remainder of his life to the turf. For many years he was the official starter of the jockey club, but gave up the job in order to undertake the management of the racing stud of the late Baron Hirsch. He also had charge of a number of other stud farms and racing establishments, including those of Sir Ernest Cassel, until King Edward, as Prince of Wales, who had always been one of his kindest and most loyal friends, attached him to his household as an extra equerry with special charge of his personal stables, of his horse-breeding establishment at Sandringham and of his racing stud. This position Lord Marcus retained after Edward VII had come to the throne, and he has been continued therein by King George, his clubs being the Turf—which is the favorite club of the present Prince of Wales—and the Marlborough, a creation of Edward VII.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE.

W. Somerset Maugham Writes a Novel with a Quite Unusual Hero.

We are so used to the novel of banal and rather sickly sentiment that it is something of a relief to find that there are still writers who can say something unusual. Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is among them. His novel is in biographical form and its subject is Charles Strickland, the artist. It is a little difficult to disentangle the facts, says the author in his opening chapter. The Rev. Robert Strickland had written his father's biography and had naturally glossed over its unfavorable features. But the Rev. Robert had been adequately handled by Dr. Weitbrecht-Rotholz, who had taken off his gloves, so to speak, to a task that he found not uncongenial:

Dr. Weitbrecht-Rotholz belongs to that school of historians which believes that human nature is not only about as bad as it can be, but a great deal worse; and certainly the reader is safer of entertainment in their hands than in those of the writers who take a malicious pleasure in representing the great figures of romance as patterns of the domestic virtues. For my part, I should be sorry to think that there was nothing between Anthony and Cleopatra but an economic situation; and it will require a great deal more evidence than is ever likely to be available, thank God, to persuade me that Tiberius was as blameless a monarch as King George V. Dr. Weitbrecht-Rotholz has dealt in such terms with the Rev. Robert Strickland's innocent biography that it is difficult to avoid feeling a certain sympathy for the unlucky parson. His decent reticence is branded as hypocrisy, his circumlocutions are roundly called lies, and his silence is vilified as treachery. And on the strength of peccadilloes, reprehensible in an author, but excusable in a son, the Anglo-Saxon is accused of prudishness, humbug, pretentiousness, deceit, cunning, and bad cooking. Personally I think it was rash of Mr. Strickland, in refuting the account which had gained belief of a certain "unpleasantness" between his father and mother, to state that Charles Strickland in a letter written from Paris had described her as "an excellent woman," since Dr. Weitbrecht-Rotholz was able to print the letter in facsimile, and it appears that the passage referred to ran in fact as follows: *God damn my wife. She is an excellent woman. I wish she was in hell.* It is not thus that the church in its great days dealt with evidence that was unwelcome.

We are introduced to Mrs. Strickland before we make the acquaintance of her husband, who is something in the nature of a stockbroker and seemingly about as commonplace a person as one would be likely to find. Mrs. Strickland says of him:

"You know, he's not at all literary," she said. "He's a perfect philistine."
She said this, not disparagingly, but affectionately rather, as though, by acknowledging the worst about him, she wished to protect him from the aspersions of her friends.
"He's on the Stock Exchange, and he's a typical broker. I think he'd bore you to death."
"Does he bore you?" I asked.
"You see, I happen to be his wife. I'm very fond of him."
She smiled to cover her shyness, and I fancied she had a fear that I would make the sort of gibe that such a confession could hardly have failed to elicit from Rose Waterford. She hesitated a little. Her eyes grew tender.
"He doesn't pretend to be a genius. He doesn't even make much money on the Stock Exchange. But he's awfully good and kind."
"I think I should like him very much."
"I'll ask you to dine with us quietly some time, but mind, you come at your own risk; don't blame me if you have a very dull evening."

The dinner comes off and Strickland turns out to be a person of middle-aged bourgeois respectability, in marked contradistinction to his literary wife:

He was bigger than I expected: I do not know why I had imagined him slender and of insignificant appearance; in point of fact he was broad and heavy, with large hands and feet, and he wore his evening clothes clumsily. He gave you somewhat the idea of a coachman dressed up for the occasion. He was a man of forty, not good-looking, and yet not ugly, for his features were rather good; but they were all a little larger than life-size, and the effect was ungainly. He was clean shaven, and his large face looked uncomfortably naked. His hair was reddish, cut very short, and his eyes were small, blue or gray. He looked commonplace. I no longer wondered that Mrs. Strickland felt a certain embarrassment about him; he was scarcely a credit to a woman who wanted to make herself a position in the world of art and letters. It was obvious that he had no social gifts, but these a man can do without; he had no eccentricity even, to take him out of the common run; he was just a good, dull, honest, plain man. One would admire his excellent qualities, but avoid his company. He was null. He was probably a worthy member of society, a good husband and father, an honest broker; but there was no reason to waste one's time over him.

Then the bomb falls, and with shattering explosiveness. Charles Strickland, model of the proprieties, conventional to the point of insignificance, runs away from his wife:

I had not been back twenty-four hours before I ran across Rose Waterford in Jermyn Street.

"You look very gay and sprightly," I said. "What's the matter with you?"

She smiled, and her eyes shone with a malice I knew already. It meant that she had heard some scandal about one of her friends, and the instinct of the literary woman was all alert.

"You did meet Charles Strickland, didn't you?"
Not only her face, but her whole body, gave a sense of alacrity. I nodded. I wondered if the poor devil had been hammered on the Stock Exchange or run over by an omnibus.
"Isn't it dreadful? He's run away from his wife."
Miss Waterford certainly felt that she could not do her subject justice on the curb of Jermyn Street, and so, like an artist, flung the bare fact at me and declared that she knew no details. I could not do her the injustice of supposing that so trifling a circumstance would have prevented her from giving them, but she was obstinate.

"I tell you I know nothing," she said, in reply to my agitated questions, and then, with an airy shrug of the shoulders: "I believe that a young person in a city tea-shop has left her situation."

The narrator condoles with Mrs. Strickland and accedes to her heartbroken petition to go to Paris and

wean back the erring one. But at once he makes a startling discovery. Charles Strickland has not gone away with a woman. There is no woman in the case. He has gone away because he wants to paint. In middle life, immersed in business and surrounded with the domestic impeccabilities, Charles Strickland has deserted his wife and family because he wants to be an artist. And he is obdurate:

"Has it occurred to you that your wife is frightfully unhappy?"
"She'll get over it."

I can not describe the extraordinary callousness with which he made this reply. It disconcerted me, but I did my best not to show it. I adopted the tone used by my Uncle Henry, a clergyman, when he was asking one of his relatives for a subscription to the Additional Curates Society.

"You don't mind my talking to you frankly?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"Has she deserved that you should treat her like this?"

"No."

"Have you any complaint to make against her?"

"None."

"Then, isn't it monstrous to leave her in this fashion, after seventeen years of married life, without a fault to find with her?"

"Monstrous."

I glanced at him with surprise. His cordial agreement with all I said cut the ground from under my feet. It made my position complicated, not to say ludicrous. I was prepared to be persuasive, touching, and hortatory, admonitory and expostulating, if need be vituperative even, indignant and sarcastic; but what the devil does a mentor do when the sinner makes no bones about confessing his sin? I had no experience, since my own practice has always been to deny everything.

"What, then?" asked Strickland.

I tried to curl my lip.

"Well, if you acknowledge that, there doesn't seem much more to be said."

"I don't think there is."

I felt that I was not carrying out my embassy with any great skill. I was distinctly nettled.

"Hang it all, one can't leave a woman without a bob."

"Why not?"

"How is she going to live?"

"I've supported her for seventeen years. Why shouldn't she support herself for a change?"

"She can't."

"Let her try."

Of course there were many things I might have answered to this. I might have spoken of the economic position of woman, of the contract, tacit and overt, which a man accepts by his marriage, and of much else; but I felt that there was only one point which really signified.

"Don't you care for her any more?"

"Not a bit," he replied.

Remonstrances are of no avail. Not even the pitiful plight of his innocent children can move him:

"But aren't you fond of them? They're such awfully nice kids. Do you mean to say you don't want to have anything more to do with them?"

"I liked them all right when they were kids, but now they're growing up I haven't got any particular feeling for them."

"It's just inhuman."

"I dare say."

"You don't seem in the least ashamed."

"I'm not."

I tried another tack.

"Every one will think you a perfect swine."

"Let them."

"Won't it mean anything to you to know that people loathe and despise you?"

"No."

His brief answer was so scornful that it made my question, natural though it was, seem absurd. I reflected for a minute or two.

"I wonder if one can live quite comfortably when one's conscious of the disapproval of one's fellows? Are you sure it won't begin to worry you? Every one has some sort of a conscience, and sooner or later it will find you out. Supposing your wife died, wouldn't you be tortured by remorse?"

He did not answer, and I waited for some time for him to speak. At last I had to break the silence myself.

"What have you to say to that?"

"Only that you're a damned fool."

Charles Strickland knows nothing of painting. He is forty years of age—therefore "high time to begin."

He had been attending a class in London for a few months when his wife thought he was playing bridge.

Now he had burned his boats:

"You won't go back to your wife?" I said at last.

"Never."

"She's willing to forget everything that's happened and start afresh. She'll never make you a single reproach."

"She can go to hell."

"You don't care if people think you an utter blackguard?"

You don't care if she and your children have to beg their bread?"

"Not a damn."

I was silent for a moment in order to give greater force to my next remark. I spoke as deliberately as I could.

"You are a most unmitigated cad."

"Now that you've got that off your chest, let's go and have dinner."

Now we have a curious piece of feminine psychology.

How true is it? Mrs. Strickland would have forgiven her husband if he had gone away with another woman,

but not now:

"As long as I thought he'd run away with some woman I thought there was a chance. I don't believe that sort of thing ever answers. He'd have got sick to death of her in three months. But if he hasn't gone because he's in love, then it's finished."

"Oh, I think that's awfully subtle," said the colonel, putting into the word all the contempt he felt for a quality so alien to the traditions of his calling. "Don't you believe it. He'll come back, and, as Dorothy says, I dare say he'll be none the worse for having had a bit of a fling."

"But I don't want him back," she said.

"Amy!"

It was anger that had seized Mrs. Strickland, and her pallor was the pallor of cold and sudden rage. She spoke quickly now, with little gasps.

"I could have forgiven it if he'd fallen desperately in love with some one and gone off with her. I should have thought that natural. I shouldn't really have blamed him. I should have thought he was led away. Men are so weak, and women

are so unscrupulous. But this is different. I hate him. I'll never forgive him now."

Strickland does actually begin to paint. He even finds a Dutch artist who thinks he has genius. And all this time he is starving:

"Dirk Stroeve thinks you're a great artist."

"What the hell do you suppose I care?"

"Will you let me see your pictures?"

"Why should I?"

"I might feel inclined to buy one."

"I might not feel inclined to sell one."

"Are you making a good living?" I asked, smiling.

He chuckled.

"Do I look it?"

"You look half starved."

"I am half starved."

"Then come and let's have a bit of dinner."

"Why do you ask me?"

"Not out of charity," I answered coolly. "I don't really care a twopenny damn if you starve or not."

His eyes lit up again.

"Come on, then," he said, getting up. "I'd like a decent meal."

Dirk Stroeve and his wife figure a good deal in the story. The Dutch painter has married an Englishwoman to whom he is a good deal of a trial:

Sometimes he embarrassed his wife, and the only time I saw her put out of countenance was when he insisted on telling me that he had taken a purge, and went into somewhat realistic details on the subject. The perfect seriousness with which he narrated his misfortunes convulsed me with laughter, and this added to Mrs. Stroeve's irritation.

"You seem to like making a fool of yourself," she said.

His round eyes grew rounder still, and his brow puckered in dismay as he saw that she was angry.

"Sweetheart, have I vexed you? I'll never take another. It was only because I was bilious. I lead a sedentary life. I don't take enough exercise. For three days I hadn't . . ."

"For goodness sake, hold your tongue," she interrupted, tears of annoyance in her eyes.

His face fell, and he pouted his lips like a scolded child.

He gave me a look of appeal, so that I might put things right, but, unable to control myself, I shook with helpless laughter.

When Strickland is taken seriously ill it is Stroeve who comes to his rescue, moves him to his own house, nurses him, and is rewarded in the Strickland way:

"Strickland can't work with any one in the studio."

"Damn it all, it's your studio. That's his lookout."

He looked at me pitifully. His lips were trembling.

"What happened?" I asked, rather sharply.

He hesitated and flushed. He glanced unhappily at one of the pictures on the wall.

"He wouldn't let me go on painting. He told me to get out."

"But why didn't you tell him to go to hell?"

"He turned me out. I couldn't very well struggle with him. He threw my hat after me, and locked the door."

I was furious with Strickland, and was indignant with myself, because Dirk Stroeve cut such an absurd figure that I felt inclined to laugh.

But poor Stroeve has to endure more than this. He had chivalrously married his wife to save her from disgrace, and now she disgraces herself again:

"Has anything happened?" I asked.

"My wife has left me."

He could hardly get the words out. He gave a little gasp, and the tears began to trickle down his round cheeks. I did not know what to say. My first thought was that she had come to the end of her forbearance with his infatuation for Strickland, and, goaded by the latter's cynical behavior, had insisted that he should be turned out. I knew her capable of temper, for all the calmness of her manner; and if Stroeve still refused, she might easily have flung out of the studio with vows never to return. But the little man was so distressed that I could not smile.

"My dear fellow, don't be unhappy. She'll come back. You mustn't take very seriously what women say when they're in a passion."

"You don't understand. She's in love with Strickland."

"What!" I was startled at this, but the idea had no sooner taken possession of me than I saw it was absurd. "How can you be so silly? You don't mean to say you're jealous of Strickland?" I almost laughed. "You know very well that she can't bear the sight of him."

"You don't understand," he moaned.

"You're an hysterical ass," I said a little impatiently. "Let me give you a whisky-and-soda, and you'll feel better."

Strickland is past middle life, practically penniless, and almost repulsively ill-favored. But Blanche Stroeve falls in love with him and abandons everything for him. Can such things be?

He bore himself most unbecomingly. Knowing at what time his wife did her shopping, one day, unable any longer to bear not seeing her, he layd her in the street. She would not speak to him, but he insisted on speaking to her. He spluttered out words of apology for any wrong he had committed towards her; he told her he loved her devotedly and begged her to return to him. She would not answer; she walked hurriedly, with averted face. I imagined him with his fat little legs trying to keep up with her. Panting a little in his haste, he told her how miserable he was; he begged her to have mercy on him; he promised, if she would forgive him, to do everything she wanted. He offered to take her for a journey. He told her that Strickland would soon tire of her. When he repeated to me the whole sordid little scene I was outraged. He had showed neither sense nor dignity. He had omitted nothing that could make his wife despise him. There is no cruelty greater than a woman's to a man who loves her and whom she does not love; she has no kindness then, no tolerance even, she has only an insane irritation. Blanche Stroeve stopped suddenly, and as hard as she could slapped her husband's face. She took advantage of his confusion to escape, and ran up the stairs to the studio. No word had passed her lips.

Here we must leave the interesting Strickland, and with his story only half finished. At the present time, says the narrator, his pictures command fabulous prices. He had an art message to deliver to the world. He battered at the gates of the artistic heaven and broke them down. What a man! There are few novelists who have created so terrible a figure and one that it is not easy to assign either to the possible or to the impossible.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 2, 1919, were \$145,233,458.90; for the corresponding week of last year, \$100,557,989.34; an increase over last year of \$44,576,369.56.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports as follows: Total gold reserves in the vaults August 1st were \$133,360,000, against \$133,166,000 a week before and \$124,438,000 August 1, 1918. Total bills on hand were reduced from \$154,528,000 for the previous week to \$152,340,000, which compares with \$86,899,000 a year ago.

The total earning assets of the bank were \$168,662,000, comparing with \$163,801,000 a week ago and \$81,487,000 last year. The total resources of the bank were given as \$234,316,000, against \$339,018,000 for the previous week, and \$239,382,000 for the corresponding date last year.

Total gross deposits August 1st were \$120,640,000, as compared with \$125,286,000 July 25th and with \$94,596,000 August 1, 1918.

Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation were reported as amounting to \$194,744,000,

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against \$339,016,000 the week before and \$137,783,000 last year.

Kling, Bean & Co., public accountants, are installed in their commodious new offices in the Oceanic Building, 2 Pine Street. The change from their former location in the Kohl building was effected this week.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company is offering \$350,000 San Joaquin Valley Farm Lands Company first mortgage serial 6 per cent. gold bonds in denominations of \$500 and \$1000, dated June 1, 1919, and due serially July 1, 1925-28. The bonds are secured by an absolute first closed mortgage on 10,023.65 acres, situated in Fresno County, about thirty miles west of Fresno, the county seat. The town of San Joaquin, through which passes the Southern Pacific Railway, is situated at about the centre of the property. This land has been appraised by John C. Moore as having a value of \$1,607,625. Mr. Moore acts as appraiser for the West Coast Life Insurance Company of San Francisco, Savings Union Bank and Trust Company of San Francisco, Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles, Federal Farm Land Bank of Berkeley, as well as for numerous other large institu-

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tions. The appraisal of \$1,607,625 represents a value of approximately \$160 per acre, whereas these bonds represent a debt of less than \$60 an acre, subject to the tax lien of Reclamation District 1606.

When the Spring Valley Water Company discovers from its meter readings what looks like an abnormal consumption it notifies the consumer that he is probably losing water through leaky fixtures, and this is frequently followed by an inspection free of charge.

Some of these voluntary investigations have saved consumers large sums of money.

The company cite the case of a large first-class hotel where the monthly consumption was always heavy. It ranged from 165,000 cubic feet (\$275) to 218,000 cubic feet (\$413).

Many offers were made to inspect the hotel premises for leaks and waste, but the company received no encouragement until the hotel employed a new engineer. With his cooperation a thorough inspection was made.

Several broad avenues of waste were discovered. It was found that water was running continuously in the ice machine and wasting into the sewer. There was a very heavy waste here. Bathtubs with the plunger type of outlet were found to be defective in many instances.

When repairs and changes had been made the hotel's consumption of water dropped to about 75,000 cubic feet a month. The company's helpfulness has saved the hotel management from \$100 to \$150 a month in water bills.

The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company showed a manufacturing profit of 19.3 per cent. for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1919. Comparing its earnings with those of the General Electric Company, whose net earnings were only 13 per cent., makes Westinghouse stock look very cheap. Westinghouse, selling as it does today at \$56 per share, paying \$4 per share yearly dividend, nets 7.1 per cent. on the investment. General Electric stock, selling at \$167 per share, paying 8 per cent., nets only 4.8 per cent. on the investment. The sensational growth in the business of these two world's greatest electric manufacturing companies is a proof positive that we are in the electrical age. In 1915 General Electric gross business was \$85,522,070; in 1919, \$216,815,278; a gain of \$131,293,208 in four years. In 1915 Westinghouse gross business was \$33,671,485; in 1919, \$160,379,943; a gain of \$126,708,458. As the issue of common stock of Westinghouse is only \$70,813,950 outstanding as compared to General Electric's issue of \$118,192,280 outstanding, and considering the price of the two stocks and net earning power, the writer is of the opinion that Westinghouse at present levels is a mighty cheap stock. An investor can get three shares of Westinghouse for \$168 and receive 7.1 per cent. on his money as compared to one share of General Electric for \$168, netting only 4.8 per cent. On an advancing market the rate of speculative opportunity would be three for one in favor of the former purchase.

To show how comparatively low Westinghouse is now selling I will call attention to the fact that in 1915, with a gross business of only \$50,269,240 and paying only \$3 per share, this stock sold up to \$71.65. Surplus has increased since then from \$9,246,707 to \$36,207,733, a gain of \$26,961,026, equal to \$38 per share on the common stock. This gigantic company has an agreement with the Baldwin Locomotive Works for joint manufacture of electric locomotives. The company owns extensive plants at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, New Jersey, Lester, Pennsylvania, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Trenton, New Jersey. It owns also the Stevens-Duryea Company plants and has large interests in the Canadian Westinghouse Company, Ltd. During the war the Westinghouse Company practically turned its plant over to the United States government. The heads of this great concern were all \$1 per year men and took a keen delight in the business of "winning the war" for Uncle Sam. For the last five years the Westinghouse Electric Company has shown a better ratio of profit than has the General Electric Company, completely outstripping them in the race, as shown by the following figures:

Westinghouse—1919, 19.3 per cent.; 1918, 16.2; 1917, 19.5; 1916, 18.8; 1915, 7.6.

General Electric—1918, 13 per cent.; 1917, 14.8; 1916, 11.4; 1915, 10.1; 1914, 9.9.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

Mr. W. K. Cole, president of the Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company, recently returned to the city, after an extended motoring trip through Southern California. Mr. Cole says he was very much impressed with conditions throughout the southern part of the state, especially the increased volume of business this year reported by firms dealing in municipal bonds and high-grade corporate securities. The Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company is now offering on the installment plan a guaranteed group series certificates in

denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000, tax exempt in California and Federal income ownership certificates not required.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company were the successful bidders for the purchase of \$56,500 San Anselmo School District 5 per cent. bonds, maturing serially, 1920 to 1939. San Anselmo is regarded as one of the best suburban residential sections, and has shown a remarkable growth in the past few years. The bonds will be offered to the public to yield from 4.80 per cent to 4% per cent. The school district has an assessed valuation of \$1,550,130, a bonded debt of \$76,500, and population of 2700.

With the formal ratification of the peace pact signed at Versailles the great war which convulsed the world for more than four years will be brought to a close; but numerous problems which have sprung from the war will not end with it. To the contrary, peace has brought into existence many new and grave situations which await adjustment. It is only a short time ago that Frank A. Vanderlip, until recently the president of the National City Bank, was accused of drawing a too gloomy picture of the financial, commercial, and industrial conditions prevailing in Europe. Speculative Wall Street, which was engaged in the upbuilding of stocks, under the theory of vast quantities of merchandise that Europe must buy from this country, was loath to believe that Europe was suffering from an industrial paralysis and could purchase little or nothing here without assistance.

Confirmation of Mr. Vanderlip's observations have come from many different sources now, and there appears to be no doubt that at this time, nearly eight months after the signing of the armistice, industrial reorganization has scarcely begun. The armies, as described by one authority, are partially demobilized, but large numbers of people are receiving unemployment doles. There has been a vast inflation, the expenditures of most of the continental governments have been met in large part by issues of paper money; currencies are depreciated and confused, and credit is partially suspended. The transportation services are dislocated, many industries have found it impossible to resume operations as of old, raw material is lacking, and a state of disorder and unrest prevails among the working classes everywhere.

Mr. Henry P. Davison, of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., expressed in an address before the leading bankers and business men of Chicago recently substantially the same opinion as Mr. Vanderlip with regard to the foreign situation. "Continental Europe," he said, "is nearly prostrate. She needs food, materials—about everything, in fact, that America can furnish her. She owes America about \$10,000,000,000, and she has got to have materials; but how can she pay?" And now comes the testimony of General Smuts, who, in elaborating his protest against the harsh provisions of the peace treaty, said of the existing situation:

"The war resulted not only in the defeat of the enemy armies, but it has gone immeasurably farther. We witness the collapse of the whole political and economic fabric of Central and Eastern Europe. Unemployment, starvation, anarchy, war, disease, and despair stalk through the land, and unless the victors can effectively extend a helping hand to the defeated and broken peoples a large part of Europe is threatened with exhaustion and decay. Russia has already walked into the night and the risk that the rest may follow is very grave indeed. The effects of the disasters would not be confined to Central and Eastern Europe, for civilization is one body and we are all members. The supreme necessity is laid on us all to grapple with this situation."

Peace has been attained, but the problems of peace appear as perplexing as the problems of war. Germany will be in need of assistance to start her industrial machinery and provide the way for meeting the indemnity, and where can she obtain it except from the Allies? The new nationalities which have been created out of portions of Germany and Austria and other countries have little or no economic life of their own as yet. It must be called into being; it must be created. To accomplish this so that the new nationalities may survive will require assistance. But the matter does not end there, for all Europe is in urgent need of assistance to put her industries in order, so that she may manufacture and exchange goods with one another and with the outside world.

Without doubt the first and most important problem of peace concerns the rehabilitation of Europe, including Germany and what remains of Austria. Help must be given from outside, and chiefly from the nationalities which have escaped the more direful consequences of the war, of which this country is the most conspicuous. America alone among the nations of earth today can supply the necessary materials and equipment required for the financial and commercial rehabilitation of Europe today upon the scale demanded. Various plans to accomplish this have been

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discussed by both Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison, and others who appreciate the importance of the matter, but nothing definite has been accomplished as yet.

It may be said in a general way, however, that the bankers favor an extension of long-term credits to Europe which will enable her merchants and manufacturers to purchase their supplies in this country. While bankers and merchants who have studied the situation are virtually unanimous in agreeing that something must be done to assist Europe—for the purpose of checking the sweep of disorder and industrial unrest if nothing else—there is no agreement as yet on the best way to proceed. Mr. Vanderlip favors an international loan secured by the customs revenues of the contracting powers, and Mr. Davison advocates the creation of a semi-governmental banking corporation with authority to issue and sell debentures against the credit advances.

Whether important European governments would be willing to pledge their customs revenues against advances made to its merchants

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by the manufacturers of their country remains to be seen. It is a device which has been resorted to on many occasions, of course, to secure the liquidation of indemnities, war claims, and other damages and bond issues, but only in connection with smaller and generally unstable governments. There is an objection, on the other hand, of issuing any huge volume of debentures based on export shipments. These have always been among the most liquid of commercial transactions, a feature which would be lost if the exporter took a debenture for his shipment of goods and used it possibly as a basis of credit in this market.

It is doubtful if the investing community could be induced to purchase any very large amount of securities of this character. As a merchant must employ the bulk of his capital in his business, it is doubtful if they would retain an issue of the kind, and if the banks were required to take them it would absorb just so much more of their resources which are required in domestic business. One great

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objection to any plan of issuing credits to facilitate the purchase of merchandise by foreigners is that it throws the entire financial burden of the transaction upon this country. The loans of all the national banks of the country on May 12th, according to the report of the comptroller of the currency, were \$9,904,000,000, an increase of \$644,000,000 compared with May 10, 1918.

Merchandise exports for May amounted to \$606,000,000, and for the eleven months of the fiscal year to and including May they total the huge sum of \$6,308,000,000. The question of foreign credits to facilitate exports is wrapped up in a determination of how the banks with their loans expanded enormously can stand any additional strain. The burdens that were placed upon them during the year have been very heavy, if the rates of 12 to 15 per cent. for call money are any index of the situation, and yet the increase of loans to \$644,000,000 is barely more than one-tenth of the volume of our exports for eleven months. It would appear, therefore, even if we are well intentioned toward the reconstruction of Europe that there are limitations upon the amounts of credits we can grant in financing their purchases of our wares.

Financial discussions have converged more and more of late upon the future worth of capital as measured by interest rates. Prior to June 1st the question had little more than an academic interest for the rank and file in Wall Street, but with the establishment of an 11 per cent. rate for call money on that date—the highest at which money has loaned since December 9, 1916—the monetary situation became a matter of vital concern. As is always the case when the tendencies of the money market undergo a radical change, the speculative element looked for some special cause, and they thought they had discovered one in a large payment on account of the Victory Loan. So they were very much disposed to regard the high figures of June 1st as a passing flurry, but as the month progressed the call rate on numerous occasions ran up to 10, 12, and even 15 per cent.

A small deficit in the reserves of the New

York Clearing House banks, around the middle of June, the first which has occurred since the Federal Reserve Banking System was inaugurated in November, 1914, went far in convincing many observers that it was not a flurry, but an actual credit strain, with which the markets were dealing. And this appears to be the case. There is a difference, of course, between capital available for fixed investment and the floating supplies of money or credit available for commercial and speculative use. That capital is worth more is clearly indicated by the prevailing low price and high interest yields of standard bonds and the high rates that corporations, even the best, are forced to pay for new money.

Very much of the financing which has taken place recently has been on the basis which indicates that the corporations have had to pay, as a rule, from 7 to 8 per cent. for their capital. No doubt the destructive processes of war, the extravagance and waste, the creation of stupendous quantities of bonds, and the utilization of these bonds as a basis of banking credit, have had very much to do with the matter. The huge inflation of the circulating medium and of credit, the large volume of business passing in the country and the active speculations in stocks and commodities have added a little more. In any event banking resources appear to be overburdened, and it would appear that some liquidation will be necessary before the credit situation rights itself.

The question of the higher worth of capital is of more importance to the corporation manager and the investor than it is to the speculator. This because there is no imagination about a bond; it runs for a specified time carrying a fixed rate per cent. and it is bought strictly on the income yield. As there is no way of altering the maturity of the bond or the rate per cent. it bears, these features being a part of the contract, the only way in which a bond or any other fixed dated obligation can adjust itself to a permanently higher rate of money is through a decline in its price, and the decline will continue until the yield on the investment is substantially equal to the return the investor can obtain for his money if he loaned it in the market.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that a would-be buyer of bonds should determine the future worth of capital. Bonds are on a very attractive basis now, if the worth of capital is to remain permanently at about the prevailing level, but on that point, apparently, opinions are divided. This because of the very languid state of the bond division, which has contrasted peculiarly with the activity and the enthusiasm in stocks. There were some very severe reactions in highly speculative issues on the occasion of the recent sharp advance in money, and the market quieted down for a while, but the spirit of adventure is running very strong in Wall Street. A recovery followed very speedily on the reaction and at this writing the remarkable series of million share days have been resumed.

General business conditions have shown no material change in recent weeks, the outstanding feature being a well-sustained activity throughout the country which affects nearly every line. This, of course, is the natural result of the still undiminished purchasing power of the workers and the brilliant harvest prospects. In some departments, and notably in textiles, the demand for merchandise appears actually to exceed the supply, and similar conditions are reported in certain branches of the shoe, jewelry, furniture, house-furnishings, and agricultural-implement trades; and iron and steel, long the laggards, are showing con-

sistent improvement. Industrial activity, combined with active speculation, the plans which are pending to finance the reconstruction of Europe, and the necessity a little later on to move the huge crops, will make a heavy demand on banking resources, and money and credit will be the determining factor of the future.

Warnings against excessive speculations are renewed by the Federal Reserve Board in its report for July, though the general business outlook is discussed in optimistic terms. "In nearly all districts," the report says, "the opinion is entertained that the prospects for a successful and prosperous year, with very large output of goods and almost unprecedented financial returns both to manufacturers, agriculturists, and laborers now are positive. The possibilities that speculation may be carried too far and may exert an injurious influence, aided and furthered by the existence of free credit and speculative tendencies, appears as the principal offsetting influence in the situation."—*Harper's Magazine*.

ILLUMINATING THE GRAVES.

Two days annually are observed in illuminating the graves of the Central Cemetery of Vienna. This burying place, while comparatively modern, is regarded as one of the two most beautiful in the world. The illuminating ceremony occurs on Ascension Day and on the anniversary of the burning of the Ring Theatre in 1881, when many fell victims to the flames. When stationary lamp-posts of midget size are at the sides of a plot, these are lighted, but those not thus equipped depend upon the hereaved loved ones who still remain to mourn them to carry lighted candles and torches as a means of illumination. It is a wondrous sight, when thousands of people, including little children, place burning candles at the heads of the graves. With these lights flickering from twilight far into the night and with the scent of the newly-strewn flowers the Central Cemetery leaves a lasting impression.

The cemetery is especially known for three gates. The first gate affords admission to the Jewish section, which was opened as late as 1902, while the third gate leads into the Protestant quarter. The middle entrance, exclusively set aside for the Roman Catholics, is the main one, and because of its central location gives the cemetery its name.

The pompous portals are very modern in architecture, and two accompanying pieces of artistic workmanship are in ohelisk form. Between the two smaller white stone columns are the massive doors of iron in which the marble images are set.

In the centre of these dwarf ohelisks are two Egyptian statues leaning against a heavy portal, on which their god of worship rests, and below this is a richly carved altar bearing crown and jewels. A ponderous square slab of stone seems to hold this Egyptian scene in its place, beneath which is a tableau of four weary men stretching out their hands in sorrow. Directly opposite, under the columns on the west wing, are small arches beautifully carved with unique floral designs and harps.

Within the stately walls all is magnificent. In the centre is a large marble vault, built in form of a tiny chapel, with heads and busts of virgin saints. Six openly-carved windows, set on petit columns, bring to view a tremendous pillow with edges heavily chased, and resting upon it are four sleeping angels. A high dome is above them and at the top a messenger of heaven stands triumphant as if sounding a trumpet. On all sides of this object of absorbing interest are gardens beyond description, with fountains and low-cut hedgehedge surrounding them. Artistic flowerbeds distinctly mark the centre and from this spot paths to all parts of the hurrying ground branch out.

It is authentically stated (says the New York Herald) that in the most elaborate part of the Central Cemetery the cost of graves is 12,000 or 14,000 crowns, and the elite of the city having laid claim to these, leaves not one obtainable.

Close together rest some of the renowned musicians, and perhaps the tribute to Johann Strauss is the finest. A large slab over the ground covers the tomb and at the base of the statue of a woman is a brooklet of water. This indicates "The Beautiful Blue Danube," by which famous waltz Strauss will always be remembered. Above this music-loving woman's image are groups of angels, some playing on harps and some dancing, while others are musing upon the strings of a violin. Twigs of trees encircle the bust of the musician and the background is lost in apple blossoms.

Brahms, the ever-thoughtful man of genius, is leaning upon a high, white stone pedestal, with his head upon his hands peering over some work of art to number among his rare musical collections. Two nymphs play on a harp above him, while a high wall of marble encloses the entire remaining section of the tomb.

Many Mozart enthusiasts, although unaware of the whereabouts of the bones of the composer, erected a glorious memorial to him and this always attracts the visitor's attention.

Schubert's grave, the work of Kundmann,

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the great sculptor, is exquisite in its plainness, being of solid white marble unusual in thickness and carving, and beside this stands that of the much-adored Beethoven, whose tombstone is termed the ohelisk. In striking contrast to this is Gluck, asleep, with his beloved Beethoven watching over him.

Artists of note, including Hans Markard, Amerling, and Victor Tilgner, are sectioned off in exclusively artistic spots in the cemetery, the latter having actually designed his own grave.

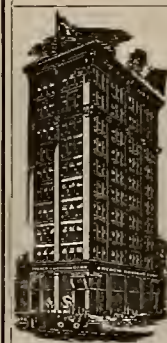
There have been 3216 lynchings, exclusive of the East St. Louis and other mob riots, in the United States in the last thirty years, 702 of which have been lynchings of white people and 2514 lynchings of negroes. Sixty-three negroes and four white persons were lynched in 1918. Some of the recent lynchings have been particularly atrocious, involving burning at the stake and torture of the victims.

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Why We Fought.

This little book consists in the main of speeches delivered by Captain Thomas G. Chamberlain in support of the league of nations. They must have been a disappointment to their audiences. We can find practically nothing in the way of a logical advocacy or of relevant argument. The author should be reminded that the horrors of war have nothing to do with the case, and that the general opinion of a wounded soldier such as he quotes has precisely the same value as the opinion of an unwounded postman. We are all agreed as to the horrors of war. We are all agreed that they must and shall be stopped. To assume that opponents of the league are in favor of war, or at least indifferent to it, is to hit below the belt, besides being rather silly. Their opposition is based on the conviction that the league of nations as at present constituted will not end war, but on the contrary will perpetuate it. A defense of the league that consists of anything except an analytic discussion of its clauses is irrelevant.

WHY WE FOUGHT. By Captain Thomas G. Chamberlain. New York: The Macmillan Company.

History of Religions.

The second volume of this admirable work by Dr. George Foot Moore is devoted to Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, and it may be said at once that those who consult its pages in the hope to find those "odorous comparisons" among which the sectary loves to browse will be disappointed. Dr. Moore conceives it as no part of his duty to show the superiority of one faith over another. His is in no way the zeal of the missionary. He makes no effort to hide his own sympathies, but so far as his actual presentations are concerned he is as coldly impartial as an entomologist in a museum. The doctrines and practices of Mohammedanism, for

example, have never been better set forth than here. Mohammed is represented as a saint, hungering and thirsting after God. The Mohammedan paradise of sex is shown to be figurative. The Mohammedan mystic is willing to endure the fires of hell on his merciful errand of liberation. Doubtless Dr. Moore will give offense in some quarters by his candor and justice, but elsewhere they will inspire a confidence in everything that he says. Indeed, that confidence already exists.

The section on Mohammedanism is decidedly the best of the three, but the section on Christianity is none the less a fine piece of work. It is a digested summary of Christian creeds, and under the somewhat cold hand of the author we forget the passions and cruelties that these creeds have called forth. Most of them are dead and unmourned, but we seem to be still a long way from the theology that Dr. Moore himself seems to favor and that must be attuned alike to science and to sociology.

HISTORY OF RELIGIONS, II: JUDAISM, CHRISTIANITY, MOHAMMEDANISM. By George Foot Moore, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why We Fail as Christians.

Mr. Robert Hunter begins his book with an appropriate inquiry into the nature of truth. Christ, he says, must have been easily able to make himself understood, but he did not do so, and here we have a perplexity. And yet it seems evident that it was not the mission of Christ to lay down a new decalogue, but rather to demonstrate the essential divinity of man and its varying appeal to the human mind. The search for truth is a deference to conscience, and conscience speaks to every man in terms appropriate to that man. A precise and definite spiritual revelation would place mankind in shackles. The first essential to progress is uncertainty and search.

Mr. Hunter and all writers of his kind seem to overlook the fact that all human institutions are the result and the direct correspondence of human consciousness. In other words we have precisely what we have asked for in government, economics, religion, and everything else. If we are now to make a change we must begin with causes, and not with results. We must change the human mind, and everything else will change automatically. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven," etc. But Mr. Hunter puts the cart before the horse with unvarying regularity. Nearly all Christian sects, he says, "have ignored the necessity of an economic foundation for Christianity." But what is it that we really need—an economic foundation for Christianity, or a Christian foundation for economics? If some superman were to furnish us today with a social and economic mechanism perfect at every point we should still have the old humanity to work it, and therefore to damn it with their old greeds and cupidities. Human nature will not be changed by economic systems, but economic systems will be changed by human nature. We had better begin with human nature and change it, and there is no other way to change it

than by direct appeal. Laws will never do it. We are a little tired of these efforts to register Christ as a voter, to show that he would favor this, that, or the other political scheme. He seemed to think that human brotherhood was the sole essential, not Socialism, nor Bolshevism, nor the Single Tax. Human brotherhood, once attained, must necessarily concrete itself into institutions, but it is the change of mind that must come first.

Mr. Hunter, to do him justice, seems vaguely to recognize this, but he continually reverts to his economics. He likes to picture the cart as pushing the horse. He seems anxious that we should legislate ourselves into the kingdom of heaven and learn to love each other by communistic enactment. It can not be done.

WHY WE FAIL AS CHRISTIANS. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Ideals and Reality.

Mr. H. J. MacKinder is a member of the British Parliament and is also one of the world's leading authorities on geography. Naturally he asks for a geographical solution of the peace problem, and while we are properly wary of experts it must be admitted that he has a good case and that he makes the best of it.

Nature, says the author in effect, has her own plan of settlement of this and all other problems, and she will certainly enforce it. There is a power greater than the claims of governments, and that is the necessity of the human race to be fed, and consequently the dominant importance of the places of food supply and the roads that give access to them. The Balkan States, for example, occupy the narrow highway between Asia and Europe and have therefore always been the scene of fighting. In Asia Minor we find an area small in itself, but yet holding a certain balance between Europe, Asia, and Africa. The true wealth of the world has been allotted without regard to dynastic ambitions, and there can be no permanent settlement that leaves out of account the irresistible migrations of peoples in search of food. It is to be feared that Mr. MacKinder's book comes a little late in the day, even supposing that the peace conference would have taken any notice of it whenever it had come. None the less it is an interesting study, lucidly presented and reinforced with many suggestive maps.

DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY. By H. J. MacKinder, M. P. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A Society of States.

Among the many volumes called forth by the proposed league of nations comes this analysis and digest by Mr. W. T. S. Stallybrass, M. A., of Oxford University. It is not a contentious work, nor does it embody a plea. The author first indicates the possible alternatives to a league of nations. He then examines the rights supposed to be inherent in the sovereign state, and in conclusion he discusses the extent to which those rights must be modified by an international agreement, and how far it must effect a change in the true purposes of state existence. Any international agreement whatsoever implies a limitation of sovereignty. To what extent may such sovereignty be limited? To what extent would it be limited under the league of nations?

The author seems vaguely to realize that it is only ethical restraints, self-imposed, that can obviate war. He quotes Huxley as saying "that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off." Of what value is it to make treaties so long as the nations are ethically incapable of keeping any obligation that may be opposed to their interests?

A SOCIETY OF STATES. By W. T. S. Stallybrass, M. A. (Oxon). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Ivory Trail.

Stories of buried treasure have usually a fascination for the healthy mind, and especially when they are knit up historically with the events of the day. Here we have four friends consigned to the monotony of a quarantine in Zanzibar. A casual reference to the hurried ivory of the old Arab slave trader Tippoo Tih arrests their attention, and as they have nothing particular to do they decide to accept the great adventure, only to find that two or three governments are already hot on the trail, as well as half the free-lance criminals of Africa.

We soon find that we are more interested in the journey than in its goal. All the politics of Africa are spread before our eyes. We see the Germans governing their sphere of evil influence with an almost incredible ferocity, and by means of barbarities that are actually sickening. Already they are preparing for the world war by saturating the native mind with the conviction that they are about to establish a Mohammedan empire and

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that they are the only friends of Islam. Professor Schillingschen travels through the country with his scientific credentials and with the deferential aid of the always unsuspicious British. Lady Isahel Saffren Walden is in the pay of the Germans and we have the satisfaction of knowing that this dreadful woman at last realizes to whom she has sold herself. So extraordinary is the panorama opened before us, so startling the adventures, and so clever the characterization that we almost forget the ivory. The story is a long one, but not a page too long. We wish that it might be read by those who would like to return the German colonies to their previous rulers. Mr. Mundy has already written some stories about India, and amazingly good ones. He shows no less power when he turns his attention toward Africa.

THE IVORY TRAIL. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A writer brought back from Germany a grim example of the humor developed among a distracted people by the innumerable deprivations they suffer. It was the story of a man determined upon suicide as the only escape. "His first step," runs the story, "was to buy a rope to hang himself with, but being made of paper, it broke. Next he tried poison, but being a weak substitute, it only made him ill. He went to the river to seek peace in its waters, but the crowd ahead of him was so dense that he never could reach its banks. Finally he determined to confine his food to the government ration—and in a few days he was dead of starvation."

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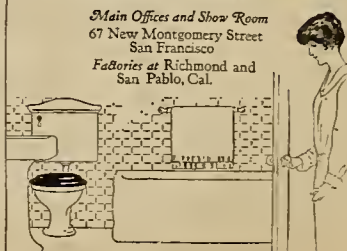
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The Lady.

It is well that we should have a record of the lady, for she seems likely to disappear from view. Mrs. Putnam does not give us an exact definition of the lady. It would puzzle the best of us to do that, but the lady must produce nothing and she must consume a great deal. But she is by no means a parasite. She has a sort of hothouse culture that it is good for us to have in our midst. She has been trained as an ideal. She assuages, mollifies, inspires. And in olden days she produced children, but this is no longer insisted upon.

But Mrs. Putnam does not deal so much with the lady of today as with the lady of history. In ancient Greece the lady was almost a religious cult. Some of the ladies of Rome were unsurpassable in their splendid womanhood. The mediæval lady performed services that the world will not willingly forget. They justified their existence, and they were non-productive only in the material sense. But what shall we say of the lady of today? Must we confess that she produces nothing whatsoever, either material or cultural, that she is not worth either her training or her keep, that she is more often an injury to the community than a benefit? At least it would be ungallant to do so, and certainly not always true.

Mrs. Putnam is an ingratiating writer and abundantly equipped for her task. At a time when everything is being thrown into the crucible it is well that we should have so graceful a guide to the true value of the lady.

THE LADY. By Emily James Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Texas, the Marvelous.

Mr. Nevin O. Winter has already won a place for himself as descriptive writer and historian. Now we have another volume from his pen, and one devoted to the story of Texas. Certainly it is a story worth telling. Six flags have flown over Texas, including those of three foreign powers—France, Spain, and Mexico. The history of Texas is one of vivid colors and full of an unsurpassed heroism. All this is well set forth by Mr. Nevin, who traces the dissemblances of character in the two races that settled Texas, the cause of their inability to coalesce and of the eventual supremacy of the American. Those who wish to know something intimate about Texas or, better still, to visit one of the most romantic states in the Union can hardly do better than place themselves in the hands of Mr. Nevin.

TEXAS, THE MARVELOUS. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: The Page Company.

Hawaii and the Philippines.

No more delightful hooks of travel can be found than those of the Spell Series now in course of issue by the Page Company, and this new volume contributed by Mrs. Isabelle Anderson is fully equal to its predecessors. Each volume is intended to convey something of the spell of the country that it represents, and in all cases the author succeeds well in a pleasant task. The Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands are already fairly well known to the American tourist. They ought to be even better known, and to this end Mrs. Anderson's new hook measurably contributes.

THE SPELL OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND THE PHILIPPINES. By Isabel Anderson. Boston: The Page Company.

Brief Reviews.

"On Uncle Sam's Water Wagon," by Helen Watkeys Moore (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a collection of 500 recipes for drinks that can be made in the home.

Robert M. McBride & Co. have published a volume entitled "Personal Efficiency in Business," by Edward Earle Purinton. The reviewer may diffidently admit that many of these incitements to a certain frantic attention to detail seem to him to be of the nature of paralyzing absurdities.

One of the best technical hooks on the art of flying that have appeared is "Aviation," by Benjamin M. Carmina, just published by the Macmillan Company. The author is assistant chief instructor at the Y. M. C. A. airplane mechanics' school and he appears to handle his subject in a thoroughly competent way.

A great many hooks are being written to show how Christianity can be adapted to democracy. It would be more important to show how democracy can be adapted to Christianity. Those who takes what may be called the plastic view of Christianity will find much to please them in "Democratic Christianity," by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, just published by the Macmillan Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Bolshevism," by John Spargo, is one of the few serious hooks by a competent authority on this burning subject which has yet been published in this country. The author, whose adherence to those tenets of socialism which permit a steadfast loyalty to democratic government as most of us understand the

meaning of the term is well known, has accomplished a piece of work of great importance. His hook succeeds in clarifying a vague terms with conflicting connotations of liberty and license.

"The Education of Henry Adams," published almost a year ago by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is sustaining a sale which can be taken as a happy commentary on the intellectual trend of the American public. That a volume of such a ponderous and æsthetic nature should penetrate so many thousands of homes all over the country is almost a denial of the proletariat taste which is attributed to our American reading public.

Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, author of "The Twentieth Plane," is well known both in this country and Canada as the author of "The Wing of the Wild Bird" and other volumes of poems and essays. He is a Fellow of the Astronomical Society of Canada and president of the Canadian Psychic Research Association.

"When the Germans were engineering the revolution in India," writes Inspector Thomas J. Tunney in his authentic new hook, "Throttled" (Small, Maynard & Co.), "an agent in Germany wrote to a comrade in New York City: 'Can you send me some earnest and sincere comrades, men and women, who would like to help our Indian revolutionary movement in some way or other? I need the coöperation of very earnest comrades. Perhaps you can find them in New York or Patterson. They should be real fighters, I. W. W.'s, or anarchists.'"

New Books Received.

THE TAKER. By Daniel Carson Goodman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A novel.

THE STORY OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION. By Raymond S. Tompkins. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A war record.

THE GROPER. By Henry G. Aikman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A novel.

POEMS AND PROSE OF ERNEST DOWSON. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Issued in the Modern Library.

REZAMOV. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A novel. Issued in the Modern Library.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A play.

JAPAN AND WORLD PEACE. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company.

An inside view of the present policies of Japan.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

THE WAR AND PREACHING. By Rev. Dr. John Kelman. New York: Yale University Press.

Lyman Beecher lectures.

HELLENIC CONCEPTIONS OF PEACE. By Wallace E. Caldwell, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

RESALE PRICE MAINTENANCE. By Claudius Temple Murchison, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY. Edited by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A second series.

THE STREET SURFACE RAILWAY FRANCHISES OF NEW YORK CITY. By Harry James Carman, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.



DEMobilized Professors.

Certain it is that the pedant during the last year has not been the professor. These have been professional soldiers, and even professional business men, who have made the mistake of thinking that they already knew enough to enable them to cope with this war. But not so the professor. Although he has had no chance to practice his former occupation of pouring knowledge into empty, upturned minds, he has found another job that is fortunately not less familiar to him. This is the job of solving new problems.

The war proved to be a perpetual round of new problems for which no existing precedent or remedy, and no existing habits or stores of erudition, nor any degree of acquired skill sufficed. This war has been in a sense an amateurs' war. It has called for two or three fundamental qualities. First, determination or faith—the quality that enables a man to stick to his job with a naive belief in the attainability of the impossible. Second, readiness, adaptability, and the power quickly to absorb and profit by experience—a naked, uncorrupted power of mind that is not surprised or confused by the novelty or magnitude of unprecedented difficulties.

The professor was reputed to be fossilized, but he has turned out to be almost embryonic in his modifiability and capacity for growth. He was reputed to be learned, and, much to everybody's surprise, he has turned out to be intelligent. The third of these basic qualities is capacity for work. Here the professor's old habits serve him in good stead. Over-time (formerly known as "midnight oil") was an old story to him—he may be said to have discovered it. When Washington adopted the fourteen-hour day he felt thoroughly normal when many an athletic line officer showed dark streaks under his eyes.

I am far from wishing to claim that the professor possessed a monopoly of these three elemental qualities. It is sufficiently startling that he should have possessed them at all. But such is the case. In a time when most of the big things were done by main strength the professor was among the many called and the few chosen.

And now what is to be done with these embattled professors? It is a pity that before being discharged the Association of University Professors can not march down Fifth Avenue in full battle array, headed by its own hand, protected by its own airplanes soaring overhead and by its own artillery and tanks. There should be floats bearing the trophies, the death-dealing gases and explosives, the life-saving surgical and medicinal devices, the new offensive and defensive engines of war, which have sprung from the professor's in-

ventive brain. And there should be battalions of war workers bearing transparencies and pennants with such legends as "National Research Council," "We Revolutionized the Art of War," "Planning and Statistical Section," "We Regulated International Trade," "Labor Policies Board," "We Conciliated Labor," "Special Assistants to the Secretary of War," "We Did All the Inside Work of the War Department," "Historical Branch of the War College," "We Did It and Now We're Going to Write It Up," "Committee on the Classification of Personnel," "We Sorted Out Three Million Soldiers and Put Every Man in His Place," "Committee on Education and Special Training," "We Mobilized 600 Schools and Colleges with 180,000 Students."

To make such a pageant complete, the college presidents should line the curb to applaud the returning heroes.

So it is not easy to predict what will happen when the academic family once more reassembles about the presidential fireside. It is supposed that the returned soldier will have an enlivened sense of his power and rights, and that he will not readily acquiesce in old usages or yield to the spell of old authorities. Perhaps this will be the case with the returned professors.—Atlantic Monthly.

Six special salvage vessels are to be built for the British Admiralty. The first one has just been completed at Southwick, on the south coast of England. According to the London Daily Mail, the ships will be used to raise torpedoed vessels. They look like segmented towers with broad shipshaped bases. They rise tier on tier like a wedding-cake, each tier diminishing in size to the top one, which is over 100 feet above the base. Each tier is made of numerous blocks of concrete honey-combed to withstand external pressure, but otherwise hollow. There are water-tight doors by which the blocks can be filled with water and pumps by which the water can be replaced by air. No motive power is on board. These concrete tower ships are to be towed in pairs to the neighborhood of sunk merchantmen. On a calm day the hollow concrete blocks will be flooded and the tower ships will be sunk on each side of the wreck. Divers will lash them to the wreck, the water will be pumped out of the blocks, and if all goes well the tower ships will rise, bringing the wreck to the surface.

Japan is preparing to build a pyramid for the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, somewhere in the suburbs of Tokyo, and for this purpose prominent men will collect a stone from every subject of the empire. It is the intention to make this the highest structure in the Far East.

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FACTS ABOUT MOLIÈRE.

Theatre-goers are terribly lazy about verifying the facts of a semi-historical play. As a matter of fact it takes considerable time, and as Henry Miller's vehicle, "Molière," stirs up considerable curiosity as to the truth or falseness of the happenings in Molière's life that were touched upon, I felt very grateful to an industrious New York critic, who has evidently been delving, and has dug up the following facts and unfacts:

Fact 1—Mme. de Montespan, instead of casting an amorous eye on Molière, stuck to her royal lover so closely that she hired a well-known necromancer to give her love philtres for the king.

Fact 2—It is not on record that Armande Molière ever left her husband to bestow her favors on a lover.

Fact 3—Molière, like Coquelin, could not play romantic parts. The public wouldn't have it.

Fact 4—At the date of the play he was, as Philip Moeller depicts him, ill and in the decline of his popularity. But he was fifty years old and more, and not exactly a romantic-looking subject for the favor of the mistress of a king.

Fact 5—Molière did not live long enough to attain the epoch when the spirit of revolt against monarchies and monarchs was awakened. He only knew and felt the deep reverence due the brilliant young king, who was only thirty-five when Molière died.

Fact 6—Although Armande's love affair with De Lauzun was not proved, Molière, who loved her, suffered from her fickleness and her coquetry.

Fact 7—Mme. de Montespan—it is worth while to reiterate, although most of us remember it from having read the social chronicles of Louis XIV's court—was a thoroughly bad and worthless woman, and in the end was only tolerated by the king because she had borne him eight children.

Fact 8—Molière was the ablest dramatist of his time, and his private character was admirable.

I offer these cullings from the industry of another writer because I had read the facts presented with such interest that I was convinced of the equal interest on the part of the many who had seen the play.

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some of the plays in which he appears—perhaps all of them—are written around him, his special kind of art, and his personality, the line that they follow seeming to be that of placing him, on account of his nationality, in melodramatically effective relations of various erotically hostile kinds towards white women.

There is, however, a field, so far as I have observed, as yet unexploited, in reference to the Japanese, and now that Senator Phelan is agitating this picture-bride question, it seems as if it might crop up in movie scenarios.

It seems that there have been many bumble dramas played in Japantown, when the picture brides arrive. They come from the Orient, pretty little images of submission. They have had well inculcated into them the idea that they are merely doormats to the lordly males to whom they are related. Nearly all the Japanese women we see have come here as picture-brides. There are a few exceptions, I believe, but there is some irregularity about them, as only the married women are supposed to come.

If they are married, they—at first, and often at last also—do literally as their husbands direct them. They—the husbands—fix the figure of the wages they receive, according to the marital dictum, and if the word goes forth that they must leave some congenial employment, why, they just leave, no matter what their inward repining may be.

Still there are exceptions. Some of these girls, after they have lived here for a while, feel the wine of democracy tingling in their veins. They gain courage, and, as it frequently happens that they are indifferent to the strange husband chosen by parental authority, resolution comes, and they snap the marital tie.

It isn't easy for the rejected husband to replace his recalcitrant bride, and he is apt to be very much cut up. Altogether the situation has dramatic possibilities, and since the public seems exceedingly complaisant toward Oriental actors, and as both the Japanese men and women make an effective appearance on the stage, it would seem as if it were time for the scenario-maker to bestir himself and strike out in this new field.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

MOLIÈRE AND MONTESPAN.

To step from the workaday world and its sordid and petty cares into an atmosphere of noble and glorious romance is the happy lot of those who cross the portals of the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, and are thus privileged to behold a magnificent presentation of Philip Moeller's great drama, "Molière." It is a superb play which is as refreshing to the mind and spirit as a deep draught of spring-water would be to a weary traveler in an arid land, for in these days of glare and tumult it is unutterably beneficial to be able to pause awhile at the shrine of Thespis and worship the sacred flame that is so faithfully tended by those who have earned the undeniable right to that supreme honor.

"Place aux dames" and to Blanche Bates every play-goer will undoubtedly tender the most sincere and appreciative admiration of her truly magnificent rendition of the rôle of Mme. de Montespan. Her striking beauty and inimitable grace are typical of the great state that has the honor of claiming her as a daughter, and she is the living embodiment of the golden glory that is synonymous with the magic word California. The lovely tones in her liquid voice are as musical as the harmonious cadences of a waterfall and her vivid personality illumines and irradiates every scene in which she appears, and which are, one and all, a veritable artistic triumph.

In high relief stands out the tragic figure of Molière, that "great master," played by a great master himself, who nobly upholds the oldest traditions of the stage as he presents a flawless picture of the poet-dramatist, who, in spite of adverse circumstances, tended the flame of his genius and followed the gleam that led him up and above the heads of his fellow-men.

Henry Miller portrays to perfection every phase of the mind of a man who spares neither himself nor others in his absolute devotion to his high calling, and on the heights to which he rises in the climax of the play, his superb ideals and noble ambitions dominate and overpower all the obstacles that threaten to engulf him. The scene of his death is intensely moving, and a breathless audience bangs on every word uttered by the great mind that is gradually being shrouded by the descending clouds of darkness that finally engulf him. MELITA.

MISS BELLE BENNETT.

Last week I went to the Alcazar to see "The Brat," with Miss Belle Bennett in the title rôle. The play has already been reviewed in these columns, and as all San Francisco has seen it, or should have seen it, it is hardly necessary to sketch its plot. Of course it is not entirely a new plot. There are no new plots—only a rearrangement of old ones. The

little street waif suddenly plunged into the conventions of a fashionable family has been a tempting topic for the novelist and the playwright. And now it has been used by Maude Fulton for "The Brat," and used with quite exceptional skill.

But it was not so much the play as the player that carried the audience into enthusiasm. Perhaps it would hardly be wise to say too much about Miss Bennett, lest some avaricious manager in New York should wave his wand and tempt her away. It seemed to me that the part was a peculiarly difficult one. It might so easily have been coarsened. In hands less certain and less deft it might even have been repulsive. But Miss Bennett made no mistakes, not in a single gesture nor in a single inflection. She made the "brat" shine both morally and mentally in comparison with the superfine young ladies among whom her lot was momentarily cast, and whose appetite for cocktails and cigarettes was so impressive. But the "brat" was none the less a real "brat," the true product of the New York streets. Nothing was sacrificed for the sake of the suavities.

Miss Bennett is an amazingly clever actress, a delight to the eye and to the understanding. It is too late to see her in "The Brat," but no matter what you see her in she will give it distinction and charm. S. C.

British Workmen's Handicap.

The majority of the workmen in London, and for that matter in most of England, believe in the policy of one job serving two men when it ought to serve only one, says William Higginbotham, who is in the United States collecting data in connection with the establishment in England of an association for the advancement of education in industry and commerce.

"It is hard," continued Mr. Higginbotham in a recent interview, "to get the British workman to drop his 'ca' canny' policy, for he believes that by it his interests are best served, prompted by the idea that capital is his enemy. This false doctrine has resulted in the astounding fact that wages are lower in England than in any other English-speaking country."

"The big strides made by Germany before the war in many lines in which England formerly held the lead are blamed more to this attitude of the workmen than to any unusual skill or diligence of the Teutonic workmen and manufacturers. Why, Germany laid down goods in England cheaper than we could make them, although previously we had shipped the same articles to all parts of the world."

Samuel Gompers gave the British workmen a hard jolt, according to Mr. Higginbotham, when he told them that the toilers in the United States had discarded the "ca' canny" plan. Another American shocked them further by stating that only 15 per cent. of labor in the United States is trade union, while in the United Kingdom the proportion is 85 per cent. It was added that in America, with wages much higher, an automobile could be produced for \$500 less than the same car could be turned out in England with its low wages.

Capitalists in England, Mr. Higginbotham concluded, are not generally against trade unions, and many believe them necessary, but they desire to convince the workers that trade can be carried out only by the efficiency of their members securing intensive production without fatigue.

Library Cards a Revelation.

The annual check of the circulation cards of the Santa Monica library reveals the fact that summer tourists increase the number of books taken out by nearly half. And if the kind of literature that appeals to people is a key to their modes of living and methods of amusement, it is found that they do "queer things" on their summer vacations.

For instance, the records show that nine college professors and teachers have been whiling away the summer hours with such as these: "Love Letters of a Divorced Couple," "You Never Saw Such a Girl," "Tess of the Storm Country," and "The Harvester," while a frivolous group of society girls from the East have actually been reading Tennyson to each other. On the card of the usual movie fan who spends his winters worshipping at the shrine of the terrible vampire of the screen has not changed his tastes, but his standards, and "Romeo and Juliet," "The Sacred Fount," and "Anthony and Cleopatra" have been very popular this summer.

The library is good proof that people change their life habits on vacation trips. There are several young women who spent all last winter at very proper seminaries where they learned the fine art of being shocked with "prune and prim" exactitude, whose cards read like this, "From Baseball to Boches," "The Pool of Fire," and the "Flame."

Prohibition Experience.

This is the outstanding fact of Butte's prohibition experience, sworn to by those whose business it is to observe the life of the city: the man who drank before, because he liked liquor or its effect, still drinks, though per-

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baps in lessened quantity; the men who drank for sociability have given up the practice. The Anaconda Standard, after four months of dryness, with nothing more to fear, offers a few suggestions to cities anxious for the future. "One of the paradoxes of the situation is that many homes which were set against the saloon have now become miniature breweries and distilleries. Housewives exchange formulae for home-made beer as they used to trade cake recipes."

In 1914 approximately 400,000,000 people were governed under various forms of monarchy. Today the figure stands at about 120,000,000.



XVIII.

The Old Way and the New

Under the old way of charging, with the service charge included in the lump sum of the bill, the base rate for water was 28.75 cents per hundred cubic feet, as against 24 cents at present.

If you were a commercial consumer and paid meter rates, you never paid less than \$1.80 a month.

That was the minimum meter bill, and it included a service charge.

If you were a residential consumer, you paid according to size of house and lawn, and number of water fixtures.

The service charge was supposed to be included in your bill. Sometimes it wasn't, if your premises were small. Sometimes you were charged too much for service.

With the whole city metered, and a separate service charge, these inequalities have been ironed out.

The bills of some 40,000 of our 70,000 consumers have been reduced.

Surely a method of billing which reduces 64 per cent. of the bills is an improvement.

If we went back to the old bill, without the separate service charge—

Nearly two-thirds of our consumers would pay larger bills.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

Leo Carrillo comes to the Curran Theatre Sunday night, August 10th, in Frederic and Fanny Hatton's famous success, "Lombardi, Ltd." No play that has been presented in recent years has scored a more substantial success than this famous Oliver Morosco production.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," brings to the stage not only a story that is new, but also a score of the most amusing and unusual characters that any play of recent years has been fortunate enough to possess.

Few characterizations within memory can compare in humor, in depth, or in consistency with Leo Carrillo's drawing of the temperamental Italian dressmaker, Tito Lombardi, the chief figure of the story.

Another excellent performance of the piece is that of Marie Colebrook as the wide-eyed little mannequin whose "movie" teachings had led her to believe that in order to succeed and hold her position in an establishment of the Fifth Avenue sort she must be a baby vampire of the "movie" variety.

The Alcazar.

One success after another follows in swift succession at the popular playhouse where crowds applaud the New Alcazar company for maintaining the finest traditions of this institution. The absurdity of "Here Comes the Bride" this week will be vividly contrasted by the emotionalism of "Sinners," to have first Alcazar interpretation commencing at next Sunday's matinee. Owen Davis wrote "Sinners," and Alice Brady scored a great success in its original New York production for an entire season at her father's theatre, The Playhouse. It is a drama of life in city and country, possessing all that a good play should possess, a gripping story of blended human and heart appeal, with episodes of suspense and thrill. The girl who believed that the quickest path to fame and future led through the big city, rather than the small town, fell among sinners in New York, very human persons of good and evil impulse, but the great test of her womanhood came when she returned to her mother's modest New Hampshire home. There are splendid dramatic opportunities for Belle Bennett as Mary Horton, Walter P. Richardson as the reckless young Western mine-owner, Thomas Chatterton as the simple country doctor, Emelie Melville as the trustful, devoted mother, Rafael Brunetto as the moral fanatic, Edna Shaw as the sullen Sadie, Jean Oliver, Emily Pinter, Henry Shumer, and Vaughan Morgan as the fast set of midnight rounders and revelers along the Great White Way.

To follow Sunday, August 17th, comes first Alcazar presentation of "The New Henrietta," brilliant American comedy drama by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, in which William H. Crane, supported by an all-star cast, won triumphs from coast to coast as "Old Nick" Van Alstyne, a delightful character, in which Walter P. Richardson was featured for two years in Australia and New Zealand previous to his present Alcazar engagement.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will prove a triumph in the history of vaudeville.

Jack Norworth's revue, "Odds and Ends," having closed its successful New York season, Mr. Norworth has taken several of his stars and is presenting them in vaudeville in the best scenes from his revue. Chief among them is Harry Watson, Jr., who will be seen as "Young Kid Battling Dugan" in the "prize-

ring" scene and in the "Telephone Scene." Watson is a comedian of extraordinary humor and ability which never fails to convulse his audiences with laughter.

Billie Mason and Alice Forrest, a recruit from the concert stage, have joined forces for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit. They present a delightful mixture of patter, song, and mirth.

"Pianoville" is the name given to a new vaudeville act which is a combination of three pianos and a vocalist. The three pianists play at the same time on three pianos and George R. Reed sings to this accompaniment. Each of the pianists is a soloist, but it is the harmonizing of the pianos and the singing of Mr. Reed that chiefly contribute to the success of the act.

Steve Juhasz, monologist, comedian, and magician, furnishes a clever act which is a delight to his audiences.

Frances Dougherty, who made her debut in vaudeville here, will present a programme which she calls "A Characteristic Melodic Diversion" and which is something different in the presentation of songs and patter.

The only Chinese Jazz Band in new selections, Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp in their playlet "Discontent," Mlle. Nadje in physical culture illustrations, and the latest Hearst Weekly will be included in a bill that reaches the highest standard of vaudeville.

The musk of commerce comes, for the greater part, from Tachienlu, a town in China that is known as the "Gateway to Tibet." Three thousand pounds of this odoriferous substance is exported annually. The bulk of it goes to France, where it is used in manufacturing perfumery. Musk is an essential ingredient of almost all perfumes. Musk has certain radioactive properties that cause the odor of the perfume to be carried through the air in a very extraordinary way. The radioactive property of musk affects the natives who carry it to market very strangely. If a package of musk is held close to the body for any length of time it produces sores that are similar in character to those caused by pure radium. Musk is obtained from a sort of gland, or pouch, of the male musk deer and it is secreted only during certain seasons of the year. The musk deer is a small animal, seldom more than 3 feet long and 22 inches in height. It is becoming more and more scarce every year, and at the present rate will eventually become extinct.

Medical observers are noting that, strangely enough, at the very moment when the extinction of malaria in America is believed to be within sight, there has been a marked increase in this disease abroad, due, as may be supposed, to the war. Italian and French troops in Albania and Macedonia were the principal sufferers. At one time there were as many as 150,000 cases of malaria in the Italian army. British troops in Macedonia and in the Near East also contracted the disease and brought it home with them, and for the first time in many years the anopheles mosquito has made its appearance in England.

The Harvard Business School, which has already made a study of store management problems in many fields, is to extend its researches. It has received a gift of \$5000 and a promise of \$10,000 more to make an investigation of the retail jewelry business.

The Siamese strive to have in their houses an even number of windows, doors, rooms, and cupboards, for they have a superstition regarding odd numbers.

ROMANCE OF THE BRANDS.

Marking Cattle Has an Interesting History.

Romance, not unmixed with tragedy, might be written about the cattle brands of Texas and the Southwest. Around them have centered many thrilling deeds. They have been the means of bringing swift retribution to a host of outlaws; they have served as the basis for transactions involving the sale of untold millions of head of cattle.

The records of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association show that there are more than 8000 registered brands in this state (says an Austin correspondent of the Los Angeles Times). No two brands are alike. Usually each brand represents a separate ranch. It is often the case that a ranch is much better known by the brand of its cattle than by the name of the owner. Owners may change, but the brand never. When Hernando Cortez conquered Mexico, in the early part of the sixteenth century, he established a ranch upon the Isthmus of Tehantepec. The cattle bore his brand. Although that was nearly 400 years ago the cattle upon that ranch today bear the original Cortez brand.

The origin of the cattle brand dates back to the dim dawn of history. In the days of free grass and open range, the brand was an absolute necessity, in order that the owners might identify their cattle in the annual round-ups. With the coming of wire fences this necessity was largely obviated, but the brand served still to place guilt upon cattle thieves. This purpose is still served and this fact accounts largely for the retention of the brands by all of the ranchmen.

Ingenious methods are sometimes used by cattle thieves to change existing brands upon stolen stock. Most of the members of the Texas Ranger force are experts in the matter of detecting the disguising or changing of brands.

The cattle brands of some ranches are an intangible asset of great value. These brands have come to stand for honesty in breeding, honesty in weight, and honesty in dealing, just as the heraldry of knighthood stood for honor, for bravery, and for noble deeds and accomplishment. The announcement that cattle of a certain brand are offered for sale is often sufficient guarantee that no precautions against fraud of any kind are taken.

In the record of brands every letter of the alphabet is represented, and most letters are found in three or four positions. An exception is "O," which has but one shape, in any position, and therefore can be used only once. True, there is the "O" flattened at the sides, but it is called a mashed "O," a link or goose egg.

"X" is another letter that is not susceptible of many positions, for horizontally it is "Z." "I" is another letter with a limited use. It is seldom seen except in combination with other characters, and is usually called a har.

"C" and "K" are examples of letters that are used in four positions. For example, an ordinary "K" makes one position. Turn it to an angle of 45 degrees and you have the "tumbling K"; on its back, horizontally, the "lazy K"; and reversed, a fourth position. There are lazy and tumbling brands in all letters except "O" and "I."

But when the cattle business becomes general and instead of 100 ranches there are thousands, new brands must be devised. The seeker for a brand naturally gets an insignia different from that of other ranchmen, else the brand would fail of its purpose. So in the latter days the letters were finally all taken up, and the necessity for individual and unique brands has led to many a strange device.

For example, there is the "Spur" ranch, the "Turkey Track" ranch, the "Tumbling K," or the "Lazy X." Every ranch has its principal brand, and some have many others. Ranch-owners who trade extensively, and who are constantly acquiring cattle with different brands, have a number of insignias on record. Often the ranchmen's sons and daughters have their special brands, and the dedication of a new brand is not an unusual form of celebrating a birth on the range.

Among the peculiar brands is a pig pen, which means a square with its sides extending to form the exterior angles. Crescents are common. Only one ranchman has a hatchet for a brand.

A how and arrow gives a name to one big Texas ranch. L. J. Kimberlin's ranch had a crutch on the hip, and a coffee pot on the side. The coffee pot design is not so intricate as one might imagine, consisting of only eight lines.

Wine glasses are not uncommon as a brand, and the J. W. Friend Cattle Company in Crockett County had a gourd. A rocking chair is the brand of the H. B. Opp ranch in Sutton and Menard counties.

Lee Brothers had for their brand the graceful fleur de lis. Anchors are common, but only the John W. Franks ranch in the Osage Reservation boasts of the Swastika.

A hash knife, a hat, the Masonic square, a key, a turkey track, a hell, crossed walking-sticks, an hour-glass, a tree, a hoot, a slipper, a flag, an apple, a flower, ladders, rakes, spades, a fence, a doll baby, a cotton hook,



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Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

a fishhook, a hottle, hridle hits, a frying-pan, a pitchfork, and even a comet may be seen among the long list of brands.

A "scuple" indicates that the ranch-owner was a druggist before becoming a cattleman. Hearts, diamonds, and clubs are found among the records of brands, but the spades are those of agricultural design.

The tendency is toward smaller brands. Branding causes cattle to lose in weight, and the larger the brand the greater the suffering of the cattle and the greater the loss of weight, so the old-time custom of great brands, covering the whole side of a cow, is passing away. Hides are more valuable today, also, and the big brands injure the leather.

The ex-Kaiser made himself extremely unpopular the Easter after he purchased the late Empress of Austria's magnificent palace, now a British military hospital, in the island of Corfu. He sent Easter eggs, together with his "best wishes," to nearly all the inhabitants of that picturesque isle. The eggs were made of soap, which it seems is the one thing the natives hate most. In consequence they regarded the ex-Kaiser's eggs in the light of a deadly insult.

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VANITY FAIR.

We were warned that elaborate efforts would be made by the German propaganda machine—now peculiarly active and malevolent—to produce a state of strain between America and France and we all said that we would sit up and take notice and harden our hearts against all such disintegrating appeals. Perhaps we meant what we said. On the other hand, perhaps we didn't. However that may be, we have now succumbed. A peculiarly mean anti-French propaganda is now in full course, and the Germans are laughing to see how readily we answer to the strings.

We may take, for example, a little paragraph that has just appeared in the woman's column of the New York Evening Post. Perhaps it was written by a woman, which would partly explain the venom. Here it is:

"All I've got to say," observed one member of the A. E. F., after reading that not less than 10,000 American soldiers made foreign marriages, "is that none of those men could have been anywhere near the part of France I was in. I'm not saying anything against the looks of Frenchwomen, mind you; I'm merely stating a geographical, ethnological fact. By the way," he added irrelevantly, "I reached home in time to attend the highest of all Yale commencements, you know. And just let me tell you that never in all my life did I see so many pretty girls. And, oh! how pretty they were!"

Now no one will object to the conversational opinions of a soldier, who naturally looks upon all girls with the comparative and appraising eye of the expert. But why publish a slur of that kind? What execrably bad manners. What should we think if the Paris Figaro, for instance, were to publish such a paragraph about American women? We should snort with rage. We should feel that our proud monopoly of bad manners had been infringed, that there had been an unwarranted invasion of a field peculiarly our own—the field of naked and unashamed rudeness.

The typical Frenchwoman is not beautiful, and she does not think that she is. But she has usually something that is far better than beauty, an infinite and exquisite grace, an unflinching and self-forgetting courtesy, and a mind that is educated in the best and highest sense of the word. Our metropolitan newspapers make some claim to culture, and their women writers pretend to point the way from the gross and the sensual. But here is a woman writer who applauds the surprise of a soldier at the fact that there were actually men in large numbers who were eager and

proud to marry women who were not beautiful. Can vulgarity go much lower than that?

Equally detestable and equally Teutonic is the storm of indignation at the supposedly extortionate prices exacted by French traders. If we want to know what extortion really is we might try a little visit to any small town in America, preceded by a reputation for wealth. Then we shall see the shark and the vulture at their best. Let us exactly reverse the rôles and ask ourselves if we should do any differently. Let us remember also that the French gave us everything that they had, including guns and aeroplanes. In return it seems that some of them helped themselves to a little chocolate from our commissariat stores and we make the welkin ring with it. Perhaps we may also remember that at the present moment we are representing the American profiteer as reducing the whole nation to want by his greed and avarice. We are told that he is gridding the face of the nation—his own nation and his own people. But the French tradesman who asks a few centimes too much for an egg is denounced as though he were the first living example of the commercial pirate. Teutonism of the worst kind, and we all seem to fall for it.

Max Beerhohm, writing in Harper's Magazine for August, discusses the nature of hospitality. Animals, he says, are never hospitable. The dog does not invite another dog to share his bone nor a cat another cat to share her saucer of milk. Hospitality is peculiarly a human virtue, and since human virtues are so few and far between it is just as well that we should take note of the fact.

But perhaps the parallel between man and the animals is not exact. The animal eats because he is hungry, not otherwise. The animal, generally speaking, does not eat to gratify the pleasures of taste. Man does. He thinks far more of the taste of the food than of the necessity to eat the food in order to preserve life. It would probably be correct to say that the average man has never known what it is to be hungry, whereas the animal in a state of nature is usually hungry, raveningly hungry. If men were to be hungry in the sense that an animal is hungry we may doubt if he would be quite so lavish with his hospitality.

The cavemen, says Mr. Beerhohm, did not entertain. "It may be that now and again—say, toward the end of the Stone Age—one or another among the more enlightened of them said to his wife, while she plucked an eagle that he had snared the day before, 'That red-haired man who lives in the next valley seems to be a decent, harmless sort of man. And sometimes I fancy he is rather lonely. I think I will ask him to dine with us tonight,' and presently, going out, met the red-haired man and said to him: 'Are you doing anything tonight? If not, won't you dine with us? It would be a great pleasure to my wife. Only ourselves. Come just as you are.' 'That is most good of you, hut,' stammered the red-haired man, 'as ill-luck will have it, I am engaged tonight. A long-standing, formal invitation. I wish I could get out of it, but I simply can't. I have a morbid conscientiousness about such things.' Thus we see that the will to offer hospitality was an earlier growth than the will to accept it. But we must beware of thinking these two things identical with the mere will to give and the mere will to receive. It is unlikely that the red-haired man would have refused a slice of eagle if it had been offered to him where he stood. And it is still more unlikely that his friend would have banded it to him. Such is not the way of hosts. The hospitable instinct is not wholly altruistic. There is pride and egoism mixed up with it, as I shall show.

"Meanwhile, why did the red-haired man habble those excuses? It was because he sensed danger. He was not by nature suspicious, hut—what possible motive, except murder, could this man have for enticing him to that cave? Acquaintance in the open valley was all very well and pleasant, but a strange den after dark—no, no! You despise him for his fears. Yet these were not really so absurd as they may seem. As man progressed in civilization, and grew to be definitely gregarious, hospitality became a matter of course. But even then it was not above suspicion. It was not hedged around with those unwritten laws which make it the safe and eligible thing we know today. In the annals of hospitality there are many pages that make painful reading; many a great dark blot in there which the Recording Angel may wish, hut will not be able, to wipe out with a tear."

Before the war (says M. K. Wisheart in Leslie's) there was centred in Paris the great industry called "confections of Paris." This industry supplied the whole civilized world with styles and models in woman's wearing apparel—and it was even said that the barbarians of some savage countries got their notions in dress from Paris. The industry was centred at first about a few great houses of international reputation, and gradually spread to hundreds of others, some large and

some small, and the trade lured foreign buyers to come to Paris for better styles, cheaper goods, and cheaper prices.

The handmaiden of this industry was the midinette. The reputation for French goods had been based on handwork in contrast with machine work; and it was the labor of the midinette bought at a very cheap price that enabled the trade to develop. The midinette is a girl from fourteen to twenty-four, possibly Parisian by birth, or perhaps one of the thousands from the provinces who come to Paris to seek their livelihood in this occupation. The midinettes have been apostrophized by French writers, poets, and novelists, and made known even to Americans by the students of the Latin Quarter in antehellum days. During the war thousands of them were employed in munitions factories, and the thousands who remained in Paris were oppressed, as was all Paris, by the gloom and besetting sadness of the strife. The "return of the midinette" refers not only to the fact that those who were in the munition factories are now back in their old trade, but to the reappearance of the *esprit* and gladness and chicness that was characteristic of the midinette. She is again to take her place in the pleasant life of Paris. But she is a new midinette, a more independent being, a unionized midinette!

The typical bright little midinette before the war earned about ninety francs a month, on which by close saving she could live even apart from her family. But in some cases her temperament and her lower bourgeois moral code permitted her something of indiscretion. Sometimes she became the *petite femme* of some clerk or even a wealthy young Frenchman, to whom she gave the comforts of home without the obligation of home-making being assumed by either. Often these relations were happy; literature has represented some of them as ideal—as long as they lasted. Such an indiscretion did not necessarily prevent the midinette from marrying some one else in the end nor from becoming a very lovable and demure *femme de maison*.

On the streets in the old days almost any time of year one was sure to see great numbers of the midinettes. They were always chic, for they were possessed of a skill that could make what looked like a robe out of a carpet and a hat out of a piece of ribbon. Their occupation was seasonal, and when they had nothing else to do they would "promenade."

Now promenading is the great pastime of Parisians. It means so much to the French that some writers say that whenever there is danger of revolution in Paris the government simply declares a *jour de fête*, which is equivalent to proclaiming a day for promenading. Then the Parisians walk off their ebullient spirits, and the government is saved! On any such day the pastry shops would be filled with midinettes and the boulevards would be thronged with what Miss Jane Addams calls the "spirit of joy in the city streets." The gayety of the midinette is of the same temperament that made the phrase *c'est la guerre*.

When the war came the "confections" industry was greatly hampered. The chief men in the business were mobilized. Fifteen to twenty per cent. of the midinettes found themselves in the munition factories; others returned to their homes in the provinces to care for the farm and the family in the place of their fathers and brothers. Paris was concerned with something besides fashions, and many of the midinettes who remained turned to other occupations. They found themselves tending store in the front room of the *boutique*, the French shopkeeper's little place of business, or in the state service, or in the many occupations that opened to women during the war; each became the host-mistress, ear conductor, or *metro controle*. Immediately after the armistice buyers in great numbers turned their eyes toward Paris, and the business of the *couturières* was mobilized for peace.

A Precious and Rare Wood.

Natural scientists, explorers, and travelers in South and Central America have a chance to distinguish themselves by discovering the tree from which the splendid "cacique carré" timber is obtained. The secret seems to have been kept by the Indians remarkably successfully so far. A question addressed, for example, to Dr. Henry Pittier, the botanist, who is particularly well versed in American tropical botany, about the source of the wood, brought the reply that he had not yet found it. Timber men, native farmers, and woodsmen have all been unsuccessful in getting the live tree, or even seeds, while the offer of a substantial reward for authentic information failed to elicit any response at all (says a special dispatch to the *Christian Science Monitor*).

The "cacique carré" wood is the most precious of all American timbers, if not of any known. Canes from it sell for \$25. The wood gets into the market indirectly, generally through Indians bringing logs of it in their canoes and schooners. They will not bring the live trees. A legend exists that cacique

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wood is never found alive in the forest, the peculiar properties characterizing only the trees which have long lain on the ground, so that the tree can not be identified because the live wood is so different from that which has been lying on the ground for some time. Of course this can not be true, because microscopic structure would tell the tale, but the fact might be responsible for the failure of the Indians to identify the living cacique.

The wood is dark brown, with a pronounced black in transverse streaking. The streaks are curiously uniform, usually lozenge-shaped. It takes a high polish. It is not as hard as some other woods, but is one of the harder classes. It works well. Its most striking characteristic is its extreme durability. Pieces of the wood which must be centuries old are as sound as ever. It is also highly resistant to acids.

The name comes from the old Indian word for king or chief, "cacique," and the statement is made that the sceptres of the ancient Indian kings were all made from this wood.

The housemaids of Wisconsin have issued an ultimatum, and mistresses of households may take it or leave it. No member of the Madison Association of Women Workers will hereafter scrub, dust the phonograph, or entertain the grocery boy for a lady who compels her to enter the house by means of the back door or to receive her guests in the kitchen. Social distinctions, far more than wages or hours, engaged the association at its last meeting, and it was decided that when the maid is dressed "for going out" she shall use the front entrance.

In January, 1910, there were in the United States 62,683 single men insane and 26,047 married men insane—which shows that the crazy men stay single. At the same time there were 37,115 single women insane and 35,975 married women insane—which proves that in January, 1910, married life made more women crazy than it did men.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Nail brushes are nailed to the wall above the washstands in a London club. "You don't mean to say," a visitor said, "that the members steal the nail brushes, and you have to nail them down." "No," said the porter. "Not that, sir. Many of our members now have only one arm. We nail our nail brushes to the wall so they can use them."

An actress went to call on a theatrical manager anent an engagement just before he set sail for Europe. "What's your salary?" demanded the manager, after the other details had been discussed. The actress told him. "Ouch!" cried the manager, wincing at the sum. "Why, don't you think I'm worth it?" asked the actress. "Yes," admitted the manager, "but I didn't think you did."

A well-dressed stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a longish interval of rest between two heaves of a pick. "Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in those overalls and set under guard?" "Ah went on a furlong, sah." "Went on a furlong? You mean you went on a furlough." "No, boss, it was a sho' nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."

Two Tommies, disheveled, torn with wounds, and altogether untidy, were on leave in London. As they stood in Trafalgar Square there approached a detachment of the Windsor Guard in silver trappings, waving plumes, red coats, long varnished boots shining like mirrors, and kid gloves. The Tommies looked on in silence for a moment and then one nudged his mate. "Looka, Bill," he whispered in an awed voice. "Them's sojers."

A well-known comedian was sitting in his drawing-room when his servant entered and said: "If you please, sir, there's a man at the front door, and he wants to know if you could give him a pass for his wife and six children to see the performance, as he's out of work." "Who is the man?" "Don't know, sir." "He must be a madman," exclaimed the comedian. "Has he got his faculties about him?" "I—I—I think so, sir," stammered the maid. "He's got something tied up in a red handkerchief."

At a works not far from Manchester some workmen were bragging about the skill of some of the men at their various jobs. After

several had related their experiences, one man said that what he had heard was nothing to the skill of a stonemason he knew. The curious part of it was that the mason was a negro who had only one arm. "How does he manage it if he has only one arm?" questioned one of the men. "Why," said the other, "he holds his chisel between his teeth and hits himself behind the head with the hammer."

"Poor old Alf!" sighed Mrs. Crimp, as the form of her husband vanished down the road. "He's growing shocking bald." "Yes, I've noticed it," assented her neighbor. "Ever since his last illness he's been moulting as you might say. I hope he ain't worryin' over it, Mrs. Crimp?" "Well, it do bother him a bit," she admitted. "And well it might," said her neighbor. "When my old man lost his hair he felt the cold somethin' terrible." "Oh, it aint the cold that worries Alf," replied Mrs. Crimp. "It's the bother he has when he's washin' himself. If he doesn't keep his hat on, poor dear, he can't tell where his face finishes."

Farnklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, at the annual dinner of the Publishers' Association, told this story: "When President Wilson and his physician, Admiral Grayson, visited Buckingham Palace, they were assigned to a gorgeous suite of rooms. Feeling tired, Admiral Grayson stretched himself on a luxurious couch, when in walked a flunkey dressed in knickerbockers, a wig, and other equipment betokening the royal service. In cockney accent he asked the admiral if he would have some tea. 'No, I never drink tea,' answered the admiral. 'H'anything h'else, sir?' No doubt reflecting on the dry condition spreading through the United States, the admiral replied: 'Well, yes. I believe I'll take an Haig and Haig.' Five minutes afterwards the flunkey returned bearing a tray on which were two boiled eggs."

Inez Irwin, the novelist, said in an address in New York on eugenics: "Mercenary marriages are bad, not only for the children, but for the contracting parties as well. The parties to a mercenary marriage fight like cat and dog. The poor young husband of one of these marriages had a terrific fight at breakfast on a spring morning with his rich and withered wife. That afternoon he drove home in a magnificent new touring car. He called his wife out to see it. His good humor was quite restored. She, however, said bitterly, for the breakfast quarrel still rankled

in her breast: 'It's a fine car, a very fine car, but if it hadn't been for my money it wouldn't be here.' 'Well, my love,' said the young husband, 'if it hadn't been for your money you wouldn't be here either.'"

"The late war has knocked all our customs and traditions topsy-turvy," remarked the new Speaker of the House, Congressman Gillett, the other day. "Now it is the young folks who run things. Like the case of William. William was in love. He had declared his passion to the young lady and she had passed him along to her father. Father listened to his tale patiently. 'It's all right so far as I am concerned,' the old gentleman said, 'but I am afraid that Janie will not marry you.' 'Oh, don't say that,' the young man pleaded. 'Has she said so?' 'No,' said the old gentleman, 'but from what I know of Janie, if she had wanted you she would have taken you without referring you to me.'"

An American colonel in France was having difficulty with his safe. It was the headquarters safe. Its locks had jammed and none of his staff could open it. While they were struggling with it a negro sergeant came up to them apologetically. "Cul'n!" he said, "if Ah aint intrudin' into this heah difficulty, Ah believes, sah, dat Ah might he'p you. Ah suggest Co'p'l Hall." "Corporal Hall? Why Corporal Hall?" "Co'p'l Hall," the sergeant explained under his voice, "was fo' foah years a buglah." They sent for Corporal Hall and Corporal Hall opened the safe. "Well, sergeant," the colonel said, "I'm glad to know about Corporal Hall. I wish I'd known it sooner. It would have saved us a lot of time with that safe. And tell me, sergeant—in case we may need to call on you some day—in what direction do your particular talents lie?" "Cul'n!" the sergeant answered. "Ah doan' want to tell no lies. Standin' as Ah does daily in de presence of mah Maker, mos' doubtless Ah doan' want to tell no lies. But if de time comes when Ah kin he'p yah, sah, Ah'll make a full an' free confession; a full an' free confession, sah."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Frein' of the Masses.

"What makes this wild, infernal row?" said Roubles-on-Parade.
" 'Tis Freedom's dawn that's breakin' now," the Lenin-trotsky said.
"What causes all this blood so red?" said Roubles-on-Parade.
"Good, sir, Autocracy is dead," the Lenin-trotsky said.
"For they're frein' of the Masses, can't you bear the children about?"
At last they've got the Liberty they've went so long without,
Oh! I'm sure you'll think it's splendid when you know what it's about,
For they're frein' of the Masses in the mornin'."

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Roubles-on-Parade.
"I spent a rather wakeful night," the Lenin-trotsky said.
"What mean those hollows in your cheeks?" said Roubles-on-Parade.
"I haven't ett for seven weeks," the Lenin-trotsky said.

"For they're frein' of the Masses, bourgeoisie shall be no more,
And no capital shall flourish on this peaceful Russian shore,
But I used to dine quite reg'lar in those shackled days of yore,
Before they freed the Masses in the mornin'."

"But can't you eat and still be free?" said Roubles-on-Parade.

"What's food compared to Liberty?" the Lenin-trotsky said.
"And killing people isn't done," said Roubles-on-Parade.
"Oh! You don't understand, my son," the Lenin-trotsky said.

"For they're frein' of the Masses, that's the fact you must be wary at,
And it isn't really needful to maintain a com-missariat,

So long as the survivors will be of the Proletariat.
After frein' of the Masses in the mornin'."
—Detroit Saturday Night.

Mistaken Identity.

When the rush of harvest workers into Kansas began recently the Rock Island railroad sent a special detective to Bellevue to watch out for suspicious characters, with an extra eye for I. W. W. agitators. The sleuth was industrious, it is said, and none escaped his scrutiny. Indeed, the story goes, it was not ten days before he had the jail full and a waiting line tied to trees and fenceposts around the courthouse yard. One night this week (says a recent number of the Kansas City Star) a fresh stranger alighted in the city and began sitting around, waiting and smoking in a most suspicious manner. The detective impaled the newcomer with his long keen gaze and demanded to know whence he had come. "From Muscatine, Iowa," replied the stranger. "Well, what's your business here?" The suspect did not offer any comprehensive response, so the detective said, "See that ticket window there? Well, you

step up there and buy a ticket to Muscatine, Iowa." The suspect said he had just come from Muscatine. "Well, we've had enough of the likes of you around here, so you just git out of town on the first train. And if it wasn't for those women sitting there, I'd slap the face offen you just for luck." "Well," suggested the stranger, "there's no women out on the platform," and he led the way outside. The detective followed, and they say the manner in which the stranger dived off the platform with the railroad sleuth would have excited the admiration of Jack Dempsey, and doubtless of Mr. Willard besides. "Now," said the stranger, "that's all over, just look at this," and he displayed to the detective his card. It was not an I. W. W. card. It was the card of a union railway fireman, and the stranger's assignment was to go out on a Rock Island engine the next morning. And so, the story goes, it was the detective who bought a ticket for Muscatine, Iowa, that evening, and it may have been for some point even more distant.

In a Pacific Coast town they tell of a political leader who once flourished there, and who, knowing the financial necessities of one of his most valuable workers, sent him a small portfolio, bound like a book, among the leaves of which were deposited banknotes to the amount of several thousand dollars. Some time later the two met, and the donor said: "And how did you like the new work I sent you?" "A fine work!" exclaimed the other. "I read it with great interest; so great, indeed, that I await the second volume with impatience." The politician smiled, and when the worker's birthday came round he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This work is complete in two volumes."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Alice Harrison Smith and Mr. Edward Warwick of Canada was solemnized July 21st at Wichita Falls, Texas. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Harrison Smith of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Warwick will visit here before leaving for the East to reside.

Dr. Max Rothschild gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Commander William Van Antwerp, U. S. N. The guests were Dr. Alanson Weeks, Colonel Sydney Cloman, Mr. Walter Filer, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. Gordon Armshy, Mr. Nion Tucker, Mr. Robin Hayne, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. William Hitchcock, Mr. Ross Curran, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mr. Harold Cook, Mr. Frederick Hussey, Mr. Vincent Whitney, Mr. Donald McDonald, Mr. Charles Blyth, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. John Drum, Mr. Thomas Eastland, Mr. S. P. Britton, Dr. Beck, Dr. Harry Warren, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Willard Chamberlin, Mr. A. H. Vincent, Mr. Eugene Murphy, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Charles Clark, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Mr. Gordon Armshy and Mr. Raymond Armshy gave a camping party over the week-end at the Bohemian Grove on the Russian River, entertaining more than a score of guests.

Mrs. George Marye gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. John Edward Beale of Santa Barbara, Mrs. W. H. McKittick, Miss Flora Doyle, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Mrs. Barnaby Conrad gave a luncheon Friday in honor of Mrs. Kent Hewitt.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon Thursday, her guests having included Mrs. Shafter Howard, Mrs. William McKittick, Mrs. L. A. Dorrington, Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mrs. Ralston White entertained at luncheon Thursday in Mill Valley in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Symmes of New York.

Mrs. Arthur Orena gave a luncheon and bridge last week in Santa Barbara in compliment to Mrs. George Harding and Mrs. James Keeney. Among the guests were Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. G. O. Knapp, Mrs. Duncan Draper, Mrs. James Rickard, Mrs. Robinson Duff, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Washington Smith, Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. Edward Wetmore, Mrs. Thomas Warfield, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Warner Leeds, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

General and Mrs. John McDonald gave a dance last Tuesday evening at the Presidio in honor of Miss Mary Frances Filer of Philadelphia, who is their house guest.

Mrs. Edwin Sawyer gave a luncheon last Thursday in Santa Barbara in honor of Mrs. Stetson Winslow. The guests included Mrs. Warner Leeds, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. I. N. Trimble, Mrs. George Tallant, Mrs. William Dalhila, Mrs. William Yule, Mrs. Harry Webb, Mrs. Dudley Van Horne, and Mrs. Norris Davis.

Mrs. A. H. Vincent gave a dinner a few evenings ago at her home in Burlingame, having as her guests Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Max Roths-

child, Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. George Wingfield, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, and Miss Dorothy Hancock.

Mr. Raphael Weill gave a luncheon Friday at the Palace, entertaining a dozen guests.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty gave a reception Monday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. William Clark of Philadelphia and Dr. Martin Fisher of Cincinnati.

Mr. Redmond Stevens gave a dinner Monday evening, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Anne Peters, and Mr. James Speyers.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters gave a luncheon Sunday for Colonel and Mrs. Edward Holmes. Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Wednesday evening in compliment to General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett.

Major and Mrs. W. H. McKittick gave a dinner Friday evening at the Houghton home on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Frank Pixley gave a tea last week at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Ross Rowell of Washington. The guests included Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Wellington Cogh, Mrs. Shafter Howard, Mrs. J. A. Williams, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, and Mrs. Courtney Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford entertained at luncheon Thursday at the St. Francis.

Kurds Trouble Makers.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Kurds of Mesopotamia, who are giving trouble at this moment, is that at least one ethnologist has said of them that they might easily be taken for Germans in color of hair, skin, and eyes (says a correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian*). They are one of the races, he continues, which have provided plenty of speculation, and they have been classed as of the Caucasian type, though one authority has described them as representing probably the aboriginal race, the pre-Aryan, which extended once over the whole of Armenia, Luristan, and Kurdistan. It seems pretty certain that they are descendants of those Carduchi whom Xenophon mentions as harassing the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and they still use the caves he mentions for their winter quarters. Whatever their race, there is no doubt about their turbulence. They have the air of fierce warriors, and they live up to their appearance, having given endless trouble to the Persians at one time or another. But they have a reputation for honor as well as of courage, and, just as the Romanoffs chose their personal guards from among the fierce Cossacks, so the Persian Shahs have been accustomed to confide themselves more willingly to Kurdish officers. At one time or another the Kurds have been the scourge of Armenia, and have committed some terrible excesses there in their forays.

Mr. Charles R. Page, a native of California and graduate of Yale, who was appointed by President Wilson as a member of the United States Shipping Board in the early part of the war, was recently decorated by the French government with the Legion of Honor. He recently resigned from the Shipping Board.

The use of acetylene for illumination has reached such proportions in Denmark that nearly twenty different types of lamps have been invented there.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Finger and a Thumb.

A Ballad of the Trenches.

It was nearly twelve o'clock by the sergeant's watch;

The moon was three hours high.

The long grass growing on the parapet

Rusted as the wind went by.

Hoar-frost glistened on the hayonets

Of the rifles in the rifle-rack.

Suddenly I heard a faint, weird call

And an answering call come back.

We were standing in the corner by a Maxim gun,

In the shadow, and the sergeant said,

As he gripped my arm: "Did you hear it?"

I could only nod my head.

Looking down the length of the moonlit trench.

I saw the sleeping men

Huddled on the floor, but no one stirred.

Silently we listened again.

A second time came, still dim and strange,

A far "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"

I wouldn't have believed such a ghostly cry

Could sound so clearly, too.

The sentries standing to the right and left

Neither spoke nor stirred.

They stood like stone. Can it be, I thought,

That nobody else has heard?

Then closer at hand, "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"

Again the answering call.

"Quick!" said the sergeant as he pulled me down

In the shadow, close to the wall.

I dropped in a heap and none too soon;

For scarcely a rifle-length away,

A man stood silent on the parapet;

His face was a ghastly gray.

He carried a queer, old muzzle-loading gun;

The hayonet was dim with rust.

His top-boots were muddy, and his red uniform

Covered with blood and dust.

He waited for a moment, then waved his hand.

And they came in twos and threes:

Englishmen, Dutchmen, French cuirassiers,

Highlanders with great bare knees;

Pikemen, archers with huge crossbows,

Lancers and grenadiers;

Men in rusty armor, with battle-dented shields,

With axes and swords and spears.

Great blond giants with long, flowing hair

And limbs of enormous girth;

Yellow men with hudgeons, black men with

knives,

From the wild, waste lands of the earth.

The one with the queer, old muzzle-loading gun

Jumped down with a light, quick leap.

He was head and shoulders higher than the parapet,

Though the trench was six feet deep.

The sentries stood like men in a dream,

With their faces to the German line.

He felt of their arms, their bodies, and their legs.

But they made no sound or sign.

He heeded to the others, and three jumped in.

I was shaking like a man with a chill;

But I couldn't help smiling when the sergeant said

Through his chattering teeth: "K-k-k-keep s-s-s-

still!"

A hairy-armed giant, with rings in his ears,

Stood looking down the dugout stair,

Hands on his knees. Slowly he turned,

And saw us lying there!

With a huge forefinger and a huge, thick thumb

He felt us over, limb by limb.

The two of us together would not have made

One man the size of him.

I could see his scorn, and my face burned hot,

Though my body was cold and numb,

When he spanned my chest so disdainfully

With only a finger and a thumb.

Suddenly the chatter of the sergeant's teeth

Stopped. He was angry, too;

And he whispered: "Are you game? Get the

Maxim gun!"

I hugged him. "It will scare them blue."

Slowly, very slowly, we rose to our feet:

I was conscious of my knocking knees.

The murmur of their voices was an eerie sound

Like wind in wintry trees.

I saw them staring from the tail of my eye

As the tripod legs we set.

We lifted the gun and clamped it on,

With the muzzle at the parapet.

Nervously I pushed in the tag of the belt;

The sergeant loaded and laid

Quietly, deftly; the click of the lock

Was the only sound he made.

"Ready!" he nodded. I turned my head

And nearly collapsed with fright.

Four of them were standing at my shoulder.

The others to the left and right.

Then, "Fire!" I shouted, and the gun leaped up

With a roar and a spurt of flame.

The sergeant gripped the handles while the belt

ran through,

Never stopping to correct his aim.

Fearfully I turned, then jumped to my feet,

Forgetting all about the feed.

They were running like the wind up a long, steep

hill,

With the thumb-and-finger man in the lead!

And high above the rattle and roar of the gun

I heard a despairing yell,

As Englishmen, Dutchmen, pikemen, howmen,

Vanished in the night, pell-mell.

The men who were sleeping in the moonlit trench

Sat up and rubbed their eyes;

And one of them muttered in a drowsy voice:

"Wot to blazes is the row, you guys?"

The sergeant said: "That'll do! That'll do!"

But he whispered to me: "Keep num!"

They wouldn't have believed that the row was all about

A finger and a huge, thick thumb.

—James Norman Hall.

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Embezzlement Increasing.

Embezzlement throughout the United States seems increasing in certain lines of business almost in proportion to the cost of living (according to a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*).

Defalcations are especially noticeable in businesses employing help of less specialized grades.

A popular store which had three embezzlements in 1915 had twenty-three in 1917 and forty-three in 1918.

A chain of stores which had fifty-four embezzlements in 1917 had sixty-nine in 1918.

A big packing-house company which had fifty shortages in 1915 had seventy-three in 1917 and eighty-three in 1918.

Embezzlements exceed the amount of the employees' hands more than ever before. A few years ago few defalcations every year exceeded the bond. Today a score occur monthly.

An increased amount of merchandise is also being found short. This shows increased need in employees' homes. A few years ago employees stole merchandise so rarely and in such small amounts that business concerns did not take trouble to make claim for restitution under the employee's bond.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major-General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett returned Wednesday from the Atlantic coast and have reopened their apartments at the St. Francis. They will reside permanently in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Timlow and Miss Emily Timlow have arrived in California to pass the rest of the summer. Mrs. Timlow is with Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan in Burlingame, while her daughter is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett at Tahoe.

Mrs. McDonald Spencer arrived last week from New York and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn in Woodside. Mr. Spencer is in Paris, but will return in the fall to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn and the Misses Katherine and Dolly Kuhn have returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.

Admiral Richardson Clover arrived several days ago from Washington and is at the St. Francis. He will leave next week for his country place, "Laverne," at Napa.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Follis and their children, Miss Anne and Master Richard Follis, Jr., arrived last week from the Atlantic coast and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coffin. Later in the month they will leave for Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Hawley are spending several weeks at Feather River Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker returned to San Francisco last week from a sojourn in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. James Langhorne has returned from a trip through the Canadian Rockies. Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Edith Bull, who accompanied Mrs. Langhorne, have remained in Canada for several weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Miller left Sunday for Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Peterson Miller.

Mr. Cyril McNear and Mr. Howard Spreckels returned several days ago from visiting Mr. William Heppenheimer in Santa Barbara. Mr. Heppenheimer will come to San Francisco for a brief sojourn before leaving for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen have returned from a trip through Southern California.

General and Mrs. John McDonald, Miss Sue McDonald, and Miss Mary Frances Filer of Philadelphia have returned from a visit to Yosemite.

Mrs. Edgar Bruce, who has been with Mrs. Sherman Stow in Santa Barbara, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. Lewis Hanchett has returned to Capitola, after a brief visit in her town house on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe of Washington arrived here last week and are staying at the St. Francis.

Miss Sarah Collier has gone to Lake Tahoe to spend a fortnight.

Miss Marie Louise Winslow, who has been visiting Miss Josephine Moore in Santa Cruz, has gone

to Capitola to pass a few days at the Hanchett country place.

Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, who visited here last winter, has returned to Paris, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker have gone to Klamath Falls in Oregon for a fortnight.

Mrs. George Marye returned Sunday to Burlingame from a visit in Santa Barbara with Mrs. J. E. Beale. Mrs. Beale and Mrs. Marye came north with Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, and Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia, who have all been sojourning in the south.

Mrs. George Boyd has gone to Sonoma County to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster at their country place. Miss Cynthia Boyd, who has been with Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall at Bolinas, has joined Mrs. Boyd.

Mrs. E. E. Brownell and her children have returned from summering at Inverness.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Terry have returned from a month's visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Miss Dorothy Hancock, and Commander William Van Antwerp spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett has returned to Burlingame from a sojourn in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown have returned from a trip through Northern California and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger returned last week from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. John Edward Beale of Santa Barbara is visiting here as the house guest of Major and Mrs. William McKittrick. The McKittricks are occupying the residence of Miss Minnie Houghton on Franklin Street.

General and Mrs. Charles Stanton, who returned last week to San Francisco, have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster have returned from Pebble Beach, where they have been staying with Mrs. Joseph Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

Professor and Mrs. Warren Perry have gone to Yosemite for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali sailed from New York last week for Europe to be gone until the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton White will return to Oakland next week from a trip to Catalina.

Mrs. Edwin Eddy will return the 15th of August from a visit of several months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin have reopened their house in town, after a sojourn in Brookdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman passed the week-end at the Hearst home in Pleasanton.

Commander and Mrs. D. V. Bagley, who are at present in Washington, will sail the middle of the month for Paris, where they will enjoy a brief visit before leaving for The Hague. Commander Bagley has just been appointed naval attaché at The Hague. Until recently Mrs. Bagley has been with Mr. and Mrs. Tennant Harrington at Colusa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall have returned to Burlingame from Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Mountford

Wilson, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and Mrs. John Drum, who have been the Newhall's house guests, have also returned from the north.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper has returned from a visit with Mrs. Ward Barron in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have returned from New York and are at the St. Francis.

Miss Rhoda Fullam has returned to San Diego, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco and San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and Miss Mary Searles have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Alexander Douglas and Miss Kate Darragh have returned from an outing on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Austin have gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin.

Mrs. Kent Hewitt spent the week-end in Ross with Judge and Mrs. William Hunt.

Mr. Robin Hayne, Mr. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., Mr. Francis Keesling, Mr. Harold Doulton, and Mr. Somers Peterson have gone to Santa Barbara as the guests of Mr. Carlton Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey left Monday for New York. They will visit Mrs. Emery Winship in the south before returning to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have gone to Los Angeles for two weeks.

Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, and Miss Dorothy Hancock have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan of New York spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford spent the week-end in Piedmont with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burnham.

Miss Lillian Hall of Los Angeles is the house guest of Miss Julia Van Fleet.

Miss Katharine Donohoe and Miss Josephine Parrott have returned from a visit at Feather River Inn with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin.

Judge and Mrs. William Hunt, Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Mrs. Hunt Thompson, and Miss Gertrude Hunt have gone to Tahoe for a fortnight.

Mrs. Algernon Gibson has returned to Piedmont from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth, who have spent their vacation at Santa Barbara, have returned to the city and are now located at the Fairmont.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. J. F. Morrill, Chicago; Mr. Finn Schmeigle, Buenos Ayres; Mr. M. Cohen, Mr. Jay S. Hamilton, Portland, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Newbert, Sacramento; Mr. H. D. Carlson, Los Angeles; Mr. David Rodgers, Seattle; Mr. D. W. Carmichael, Sacramento; Mrs. Harry E. Andrews, Los Angeles; Mr. L. A. Reynolds, Phoenix, Arizona; Dr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Kichle, Portland, Oregon; Judge J. A. Gibson, Los Angeles.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. C. R. Patterson, Birmingham, Alabama; Mr. Elmer Kitchen, Bakersfield; Mr. W. H. Richards, Seattle; Mr. C. L. Moon, Los Angeles; Mr. C. C. Allen, Olympia, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Robinson, Washington, D. C.; Mr. A. J. McClure, Tonopah; Mr. E. M. Taylor, Los An-

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geles; Mr. J. H. Bennett, Dallas, Texas; Mr. D. W. Woodhouse, Niagara Falls, New York; Mr. W. O. Smithson, Sacramento.

French Pronunciation Made Easy.

Many persons, even after long residence in France, still speak the French language with a marked accent, not, as has been scientifically demonstrated, through inability to enunciate syllables, but from never having rightly heard the sound as the native speaks it. Having found the cause for this stumbling block in French pronunciation, Milles Yersin some years ago set about studying the remedy. They realized that if foreigners could not hear French sounds they naturally could not pronounce one French word. Therefore the only way out of the difficulty was to open the ear that it might hear the sounds. Though a tremendous task, it proved a possible one, and thus Milles Yersin have been able to achieve what no other people in the world have done. They continued the study of the great question of pronunciation and found that the French language is composed of fifteen sounds of vowels, and that a person possessing the power of saying these fifteen sounds can say any and every word in the French language. A most successful exponent of the Yersin method, which is rapidly gaining deserved recognition in San Francisco, is Miss Sallie Taylor, who will reopen her studio at 521 Shreve Building, Monday, August 11th.

The world's product of lead pencils probably amounts to nearly 2,000,000,000 a year, half of which are made from American-grown cedar. The United States makes about 750,000,000 a year, or more than eight pencils for each of its inhabitants.

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Read all about it in Next Sunday's

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

AUGUST 10, 1919

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A divorce suit would not appeal so much to a jury if it was cleaned before it was pressed.—*Life*.

"Are you getting enough of the food?" "Just about," the summer boarder somewhat ambiguously replied.—*Judge*.

"The man I marry must have common sense!" she said haughtily. "He won't!" he replied bitterly.—*London Answers*.

"I suppose the streets of Petrograd are far from clean?" "Simply littered with paper money."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Wife (reading)—Big checks for dresses will not be in demand this season. Husband—Thank heaven!—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

"You say the Blanks are going to move?" "I think so; they have begun to scratch matches on the walls."—*Houston Post*.

"A dollar doesn't go far nowadays, old man." "Quit yer kiddin'. Why, it goes so far it never comes back."—*Buffalo Express*.

"What are you growling about?" "Here I tell you a hard-luck story good enough to sell to a magazine for \$20, and you refuse me a measly dime."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You will at least admit," said Tennyson J. Daft, "that I have won something of a

reputation as a poet." "Yes," returned J. Fuller Gloom. "It is generally acknowledged that you have no inferior."—*Kansas City Star*.

"She insists on having at least three new hall gowns for the coming winter." "Another advocate of overpreparedness."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Horold—One moment, old thing, while I collect my thoughts. Reginald—While you are at it, old top, collect a few for me.—*Buffalo Express*.

"What's the excitement in your neighborhood?" "Going to pool our interests and buy a community watermelon."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Flatbush—Ever try the fighting game? Bensonhurst—Well, I've played croquet with my wife, if that's what you mean.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Troveler—Did you find a roll containing fifty dollars under my pillow? Pullmon Porter—Yas, suh; thank you, suh.—*Cortoons Magazine*.

"What did Columbus prove by standing an egg on end?" "That eggs in his day were cheap enough to be handled carelessly."—*Washington Star*.

Wife (with newspaper)—Another strike. Isn't it awful? Hub—Can't say until you give me particulars—it might be a strike of tax collectors.—*Cleveland Press*.

Johnson—They tell me that Dobbs is an awful grumbler. Jackson—He is. He is the kind of fellow who hames his face because it needs a shave.—*London Blighty*.

Mrs. Newbride—When you found that you couldn't accept the invitation to our wedding why didn't you send your regrets? Miss Ryval—Oh, I thought you'd have enough of your own pretty soon, dear.—*Kansas City Star*.

"How much is your new country house going to cost?" "Much more than I expected," answered Mr. Crosslots. "We forgot to figure in the mural decorations and private elevator for the servant's room."—*New York Globe*.

Hewitt—My wife is a cheerful sort of companion. Jewett—How is that? Hewitt—I told her that I had taken out a twenty-year endowment on my life, and she said that she hoped I wouldn't mature before the policy did.—*Life*.

"How did your husband's gardening turn out?" "Not well so far," responded the seri-

ous woman. "The preliminary outdoor work gave him such an appetite that he ate the potatoes instead of planting them."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I am an itinerant musician. Lawyer—Have you ever done time? Witness—No; I beat it.—*Baltimore American*.

"There are two sides to every question." "At least," asserted Senator Scragham. "Sometimes by means of riders and amendments we can work in a great many more than that."—*Washington Star*.

"There are two sides to every question," remarked the ready-made philosopher.

"There's two sides to a hickory nut," rejoined Farmer Cornfossel; "an outside and an inside, but only one of 'em is worth payin' any attention to."—*Washington Star*.

Moud—Major, it is true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life? Major Bluntly—Yes. Moud—How noble! How did it happen? Major Bluntly—I killed him.—*Form and Home*.

"But even you may be mistaken in your views." "All right," replied Senator Sorghum. "It's my duty to state 'em, just the same. If I am mistaken, a whole lot of other people may be mistaken the same way, and if anybody can show us up, it's coming to us for the common good."—*Washington Star*.

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VOL. LXXXV. No. 2212.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 16, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. W. M. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Andrew Carnegie.

If Andrew Carnegie had died twenty years ago we should have been ecstatically invited to consider the fruits of a well-spent life and to train our children to emulate the example of a great and good man. To rise from poverty to unimaginable wealth seemed at one time to be the *ne plus ultra* of human endeavor.

But we have changed all that. The death of Andrew Carnegie leaves us unmoved, perhaps a little perplexed. We are no longer quite sure that Andrew Carnegie was a successful man. We have some new ideas about success. We are not wholly edified by the amassing of millions in questionable ways, nor by the subsequent dispensing of these millions by the simple process of signing checks. It is true that we have got our money back, or at least a good deal of it, but we are inclined to wonder if the transaction taken as a whole is one that we should like to see repeated. Probably not.

But this is in no way a censure of Andrew Carnegie. If anything, it is a censure of ourselves. The Carnegie methods were not unusual at the time they were practiced. Quite the contrary. We admired them and we applauded them. Indeed we admired and applauded much worse things than the practices of Mr. Carnegie. We admired and applauded almost anything that brought wealth. Probably it never occurred to Mr. Carnegie during his business career that his methods were morally unwholesome. They belonged to his day and generation. When he found that a new order of

things had come he hastened to make restitution, and he did it with honor and generosity, although not always with wisdom. The memory of Mr. Carnegie will be something of a landmark in the social history of America, and if from some points of view it suggest a reproach, it will be against ourselves and the things that we tolerated and approved, and not against Mr. Carnegie.

The Railroads and the Nation.

The railroad brotherhoods demand that the annual sum of one billion dollars in the form of increased wages be guaranteed to them by September 1st, that is to say a yearly increase of \$500 for each man, or \$10 a week. They demand also the nationalization of the railroads. They threaten to strike in support of the first demand, but no immediate menace accompanies the second one. None the less the menace is there. The nationalization plan is backed by 2,200,000 trainmen, and it has been endorsed by the American Federation of Labor. Moreover, we are told that the nationalization of the railroads is only a first step to the nationalization of everything. Organized labor, in other words, has thrown overboard all the law and the prophets of American government as it has hitherto existed. It asks us to adopt pure socialism, not in spots or by way of experiment, but completely and entirely. Moreover, we are notified that unless there is immediate compliance with the will of the minority in the matter of wages and ultimately in the matter of nationalization the country shall forthwith be reduced to a state of paralysis and ruin by a strike that "will tie up the railroads so tight that they will never run again," to quote the words of Mr. Jewell, the head of the railroad shopmen. We are told also that the unions "will not brook" the return of the roads to the companies. And by way of general summary we have the assurance of Mr. A. B. Garretson, adviser of the Order of Railway Conductors, that we are on the brink of revolution, that "social unrest is underlying the smooth crust and it can disrupt the crust if it seems that no effort is being made to remedy the existing intolerable conditions."

When Mr. Garretson talks about a remedy for conditions he means that we shall all put our hands into our pockets in order to pay an additional \$10 a week to some two million men. It is a curious "remedy" for those who do not happen to be included in the two million. We may draw the further inference that it is the two million railroad men who will make the revolution, since it is hardly to be supposed that the rest of us will make a revolution because we are debarred from the privilege of paying an additional billion dollars a year. Here, then, we have the true soviet principle of minority rule. There shall be no appeal to the people, nor even time for discussion. Surrender, say the trainmen, by September 1st, or accept the alternative of national anarchy. Senator Myers of Montana expressed the situation when he said: "Accompanying their demand for increased wages is a demand that the industries of the country be sovietized. This demand also is accompanied by threats of dire disaster to the country if the so-called Plumb plan is not accepted. A vast propaganda is being carried on with the sovietizing of all industries as the end in view. It falls to the railroad brotherhoods to present to the country this first concrete test of Bolshevism against Americanism. It must be decided now. It can not be sidestepped or dodged."

Some of the great New York newspapers, supporters of the Administration, are very angry with the railroad men, although their anger has about as much effect as it would have upon a solar eclipse. Perhaps some of their anger is due to the realization that the first and automatic impulse of the Administration is to obey the orders of the railroad men, who are naturally encouraged and stiffened by well-remembered precedents.

Such language, we are told, "ought not to be tolerated in any class of citizens." But it has been tolerated many times before. Why not now? If the railroad men intend force "a greater force will be used against them," such as was threatened by President Cleveland in 1894. Quite so, but then that was President Cleveland. Furthermore, we are reminded, quite unnecessarily, that "we should have simply impotence at Washington if there were meek submission to such menaces as Mr. Jewell and the others are fulminating." That, also, is entirely true, but unfortunately "impotence at Washington" is not quite an unthinkable condition when we remember other demands and other capitulations, when we remember, for example, that farmers and labor unions were specifically exempted by President Wilson himself from laws against combinations in restraint of trade, the very combination that farmers and labor unions are now making. There seemed to be "impotence at Washington" upon that occasion, and there may perhaps be a recurrence of the malady now.

The railroads at the present time are the property of the nation and their incomes and payrolls are national responsibilities. They are being run at a loss, and that loss goes to swell the high cost of living. Now we are asked to swell it still more by another billion dollars. Director-General Hines says that he has no money with which to pay higher wages. The men reply that it is "up to him" to find it by a congressional vote. That is to say, it is to be raised by taxation. The annual billion is then added to the cost of living. Where does the process stop? Certainly it is small consolation to know that the railroad incapacities and extravagances of the last year or so are to be perpetuated and universalized.

The country is not yet awake to the situation. We do not know what it will do when it does awake. We do not know what it can do without guidance or leadership. But it is none the less apparent that we are now facing the greatest of all crises, a crisis that perhaps is greater than the war itself.

Prices and Perils.

Most people solve the problem of the high cost of living in the light of their pet animosities. In the whirl of charge and counter-charge it seems that no one escapes. Wholesalers, retailers, manufacturers, bankers, employers, labor unionists, all have to take their turn on the firing line, all are equally busy in attack and defense. The only relatively silent class is that of the men who work on small salaries, who have no weapons of combination, no kind of control over the size of their incomes, and who are called on to pay, not only the increased cost of living, but the enhanced wages that are exacted by their more fortunate and organized comrades.

The profiteer is, of course, abhorred of God and man. We are all agreed on that. Indeed our resentment is so keen that we usually overlook the formalities of definition. For what is a profiteer? Doubtless we can all name some profiteers according to our favorite hostilities—packers, leather makers, and so forth. But what constitutes a profiteer? In what way is his action distinctively different from that of other men? How shall we know him when we see him? What sort of indictment shall we draw against him?

A profiteer is presumably one who avails himself of a national need or a national crisis in order to enrich himself. But in that event who among us shall escape, except the aforesaid salaried and unorganized class, and they, too, would be profiteers if they were able? We have not yet heard of any one, high or low, who has shown any disinclination to sell his goods in the highest market or to buy them in the lowest. It does not matter whether those goods are labor or sides of bacon, whether they are large in quantity or small. We may say that if we should hear of such person

considerable numbers we shall at once order our ascension robes, no matter what their price. We are every one of us in the profiteering game, if it comes to that, except those who can not get into it, and they wish heartily that they could. The workman who avails himself of the situation to demand higher pay is precisely in the situation of the manufacturer who demands a higher price. Each is obeying an economic law as old as trade itself. Each, of course, blames the other for his own exactions, and it may be said that the exactions of each neutralize the exactions of the other. And what are you going to do about it?

A technical diagnosis of the disease in the face of the irreconcilable opinions of innumerable experts would be futile. Congressmen and the like are the only people who know instantly and infallibly what to do in the face of every human emergency, and it will be noted that their activities usually take the form of demagoguery with its many evil heads of denunciations, appeals, investigations, and commissions. They may all be classified under the colloquial and convenient term of "bunk." We have seen this same flurry before, although not on so large a scale. We have witnessed the almost incredible sillinesses of our so-called leaders again and again. We "dissolved" the oil and tobacco trust. We waged legal war upon organization after organization and no one was a bit the better for it except the lawyer and no one a bit the worse for it except the public. The Federal Trade Commission raged up and down the land busily doing nothing except raise hatreds. Are we to have another dose of the same futilities for lack of a leader to tell the truth? Doubtless there are some prices that could be lowered by direct executive order, but it would be well to ask ourselves the end of that particular road. Are we to do business henceforth on a basis of executive orders? When the government guaranteed the price of wheat at \$2.26 we might have foreseen the increased acreage that would be devoted to wheat and the decrease in the supply of meat, butter, and eggs. We might have foreseen that prices must soar, since nearly everything has a wheat basis. Of course we foresaw nothing. We never do. It may be that there is now a great deal of hoarding. Probably there is. But we shall gain nothing by violently looting the hoards. What about the morning after?

At present there is a hue and cry after the packers, but do we really believe that the packers, sinful though they may be, have the power to lower prices? A simple and indisputable calculation will show that if the packers were to sell at actual cost the decrease in the price of the pound of meat would be imperceptible—a fraction of a cent. And here we may note the curious fact that the packers are being attacked for paying too low a price to the cattle raisers—that is to say they are giving us our meat too cheaply. Obviously we can not have it both ways. If we merely want to destroy some one, by all means go after the packers, but let us avoid the curious delusion that in that way we can lower the cost of living.

The remedy is largely in the hands of the public, but it will not be found in hysterical legislation nor by empowering half a dozen new commissions to hoist the black flag. The world has been destroying its wealth for the last five years. During the war we had a spasm of what we called economy. We conserved, or thought we did. The moment the war was over we began to buy with prodigal haste, and the manufacturers, who had lessened their production, were caught napping. There was an unexpected scarcity and those who had any commodities to sell were quick to take advantage of the sudden demand. Labor did the same. We all did the same. We have not heard of any workman who demanded a reduction of his pay on the ground that it was excessive. We have not heard of any packer who accepted the lower rather than the higher bid for his sides of bacon. The workmen who go on strike for higher wages—that is to say, who hoard their commodity for a higher price—are doing precisely the same as the packer who hoards his sides of bacon. It is an ugly spectacle, but then all competition is ugly.

There are some things that we must buy, no matter how high the price, or else die. But there are large numbers of other things that we need not buy at all. For the matter of that we need not buy meat, and we might even be better off without it. The woman who pays \$120 for a suit that cost \$60 a few years ago is not the victim of the profiteer. She is the victim

of her own vanity. Probably she could buy a suit for a very small amount if she would alter her standard. The high cost of living is largely due to our stupid resolve to go on living as we lived before the war. It can not be done. But the worst of all remedies, the most insane, is an appeal to the government. If there is no help for us except from Congress then indeed we are in a perilous plight. We have tried that.

Editorial Notes.

We have some sympathetic interest in the fact that there are between two and three hundred thousand people in New York needing house accommodation. Building operations are at a standstill because of the high price of materials and from fear of unreasonable strikes. Overcrowding means disease and immorality. Also it means Bolshevism, but no one seems to know a way out. The city authorities utter a few feeble bleats on the subject of profiteering and also they appoint committees that take evidence, draw their salaries, and twiddle their thumbs. There must be plenty of able men in the country who could solve the problem, and a good many other problems, too, but then what about the system that we have so elaborately evolved for the exclusion of all able men from the service of city, state, or nation? It would never do to tamper with that.

It has now been proved that large numbers of aeroplanes in good condition were intentionally burned in France at the end of the war. It has been asserted, and it probably will be proved, that hundreds of automobiles were scrapped for no better reason than a loose nut or a broken strap. Other war munitions were destroyed in like manner and for like reasons. There seems to have been a veritable frenzy, not only in France, but also in Washington, for hurrying out of sight everything savoring of war. But there is another reason that finds its well-informed backers. The return to America of large quantities of unused stores would have lowered prices, and this, of course, must be prevented. The theory seems to be consonant with what we know of governmental practices.

The ideal system of education has been discovered and is now in full operation in New York. Its originator says: "America is the land of free democracy. How can you develop citizens for such a democracy unless they are trained for freedom in an atmosphere of freedom?" How, indeed? The reply is simple. School children should be allowed to do precisely as they please. Down with discipline, authority, and control. It sounds attractive—for the children. But is it new? We were under the impression that the system had been in operation for many years, in the home as well as in the school.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The League of Nations.

ROCKLIN, CAL., August 4, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the United States the main obstacles to the ratification of the treaty of peace with Germany, with its purposely interwoven league of nations, are found in the league and not in the treaty proper. It becomes increasingly evident that the league in its present form will not be ratified by the Senate, for certain of its provisions that affect us directly carry threat of possible disaster in the future that can not be ignored.

Elihu Root (than whom no one is better equipped mentally and through experience) has presented the amendments and reservations that he believes to be absolutely necessary to safeguard America's interests and future. The Root amendments were fully explained editorially in the *Argonaut* of June 7th under the caption "The Senate and the Treaty."

There are, however, other powers that the covenant gives to the league that the people of the United States should thoroughly understand before they take this jump into the unknown, and one other provision, at least, in this covenant which we as a people should never accept in its present form.

It is Article 26 of the covenant of the league, which now reads:

"Amendments to this covenant will take effect when ratified by the members of the league whose representatives compose the council and by a majority of the members of the league whose representatives compose the assembly."

"No such amendment shall bind any member of the league which signifies its dissent therefrom, but in that case it shall cease to be a member of the league."

This can only mean that an absolutely unanimous vote of the council will be necessary to amend the covenant; that one dissenting vote, and one only, would be sufficient to defeat any amendment.

As Article 26 is at present drawn it would be found well nigh impossible ever to amend the covenant.

If the league should become operative the council as now provided in the covenant would "consist of representatives of the principal allied and associated powers," together with representatives of four other members of the league" to "be selected by the assembly."

Any proposed amendment therefore, it is obvious, will be only too likely to affect detrimentally the interest or the influence of some power represented in the council. If this should happen the amendment in question would have (what

a New York wit used in terms of derision to refer to as) "a Chinaman's chance" of adoption, a singularly felicitous comparison in the light shed by the cynically unjust terms of the Shantung settlement.

There never has been such a thing as human perfection, nor will there ever be. No matter what may be claimed for it by its sponsors, this league is not a perfect work, nor can they or any one else tell with any degree of certainty how it will actually work. Once in being, the intent of its sponsors and builders will be beside the mark, for the only thing that will then count must be the interpretation that will be put upon the wording in the covenant itself. The power to amend, therefore, should be made easier and more flexible.

In this connection we should never forget that our own Constitution, the strongest bulwark protecting freedom that has ever been erected, within less than its first three years of existence had to be amended ten times in orders that it might be made to work smoothly and effectively. Since then nine other amendments have been added to the original ten.

The door to withdrawal from the league should also be left widely open, in order that should the time come when it would seem the wisest course to retire the United States would have the unquestioned right to designate the time and terms of such withdrawal.

Whatever may be claimed for the league can now be but promise and prediction. Only in its actual working can its value be determined.

Why, then, should the American people accept the league? Our own form of government has always satisfied us. One thing is certain, if the league did not interfere with us we would never interfere with it. Why, then, if the league will possess the inherent strength that it is claimed that it will have, could it not be made to function even if we did not join it?

Our first duty, as Theodore Roosevelt taught almost to the hour of his death, is to ourselves. We possess a tried and tested Constitution under which in little more than a century and a quarter we have risen from obscurity into the first place. We occupy a country "splendidly" isolated and unique in its natural defenses. A continuous chain of mountains guard the great central basin from Eastern attack, while the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada, and the Coast range of mountains raise up an almost impregnable triple line of defense on the West. Between these Eastern and Western barriers to foreign aggression lies a mighty stretch of territory, watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, within which is to be found in natural resource all that has ever been necessary to sustain or defend a great people.

The only added thing necessary to make us free from even the threat of danger will be a sane measure in preparedness; such development of our resources in men and means that attack upon us will never be made.

For almost a thousand years England has acknowledged no other sovereignty than her own. She is the only European state that within this period has not at one time or another been overcome by force of arms. This immunity she owes to the twenty miles of open water that separate Dover from Calais; to this and to a sane preparedness of her naval resources.

The width of the River Marne is measured but in feet, and yet it was twice found a sufficient barrier to stop the German advance on Paris. First in 1914 and again in 1918.

Yet we are told that the three thousand miles of the Atlantic Ocean that separate us from Europe because of modern invention have now shrunk to the narrow width of a brook that armed forces could to our undoing take in their stride.

The Atlantic is as wide today as it was in Washington's time and as deep.

What the English Channel has been to Great Britain and the River Marne to France, the Atlantic has been and should ever be to the United States. All that is necessary to preserve its width in its entirety is to hinder our side of it with a sufficiently armed and consolidated coast line.

The preservation of our Constitution inviolate, under which liberty is being constantly extended, holds more certain promise for freedom than can any experiment in super-government, no matter how altruistic its aim.

Have we not given in this war sufficient in altruism? Of all the victors we alone have given but will not take. This should have been enough to satisfy the world without breaking its heart, but apparently it is not, for we are further told that our sacrifice will prove to be but as dust in the balance unless we now shut our eyes and swallow in its entirety the league of nations.

Unless this league can do what has never yet been done, eliminate the human equation and do away with the strivings of men and nations, there can be but one end to its activities, and that end failure.

For in last analysis what is this league, after all, but the old, dangerous, and universally condemned balance of power in hut another form? It is disguised, it is true, but so thinly that almost all of its repellent and dangerous features show only too plainly through its high-sounding veneer of words and promise.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

An Irish Republic and the British Empire.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 11, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the controversy respecting the Irish question and the right or otherwise of any state within a confederation of many to secede irrespective of the interests or agreement of the rest there is an aspect of this question relating to Ireland that is entirely overlooked, and, if understood, never mentioned by the advocates of Irish independence with whom this question is only a matter of political sentiment and idealism where there are no practical interests at stake and no material advantages to lose. As an Irish-Australian (to describe myself by a hyphen) visiting America, I would ask the favor of a small space in your splendid journal, so largely read in polite circles in Australia, to refer to these points of the question as they are viewed by the great majority of people of Irish birth and descent in Australia, and what applies there is equally true of New Zealand and probably other parts of the British Empire.

I would say as a native Australian of Irish descent that our people are the last in the world to question the right or offer any opposition to any other people establishing any form of government they desire, and as we should secede from the empire tomorrow if we so decided we do not question the right of Ireland to do the same if she so elects.

We should have no business to go beyond an expression of opinion on this question, and that as given by representative men of Irish birth and descent in public and private life in Australia is one of flat disapproval of an Irish republic and angry repudiation of any statement that they favor secession of Ireland from the empire. They claim, quoting statistics, that Ireland's prosperity, as with all countries, is a matter of its commercial prosperity, and as Ireland's trade is mostly within the empire any act of secession that would place it outside of it with the loss of preferential tariff and other advantages would prove disastrous to the commercial welfare of the country and make the general economic and industrial conditions so bad that an exodus of the best in the country as emigrants to other lands would rapidly ensue. In other ways it presents questions of serious concern to Irishmen whose in-

terests and all in life are within the empire. As regards Australia as illustrative of other divisions, an eminent counsel in Sydney recently stated in a newspaper interview that if Ireland becomes a republic special legislation (which might be rejected) would be necessary in Australia to accord as an act of grace on proofs of long residence in the country the status of citizens to those born in Ireland who would otherwise be classified as aliens, deprived of the suffrage, and obliged to resign many hundreds of well-paid positions in the public employ, while numerous others engaged in a lucrative practice of the liberal professions could follow them no longer, as the foreign degrees and diplomas of non-citizens could not be recognized.

It may be said in regard to these and other similar matters England would make reciprocal agreements when Irish independence is officially proclaimed. Australia might take another view. We are not English. Over 80 per cent. of our people are native born. Environment, climate, and other conditions have developed a type of humanity physically and mentally as different from the people of the United Kingdom as the old type Americans, whom they more resemble than any other people I have ever seen. Of these about 17 per cent. belong to the Irish race by birth and descent, and these with the others hold an opinion unfavorable to the secession of any state from the empire for whose defense and principles of liberty in the great war they sent 400,000 of their best troops. They believe Ireland's best destiny is to remain a dominion state within it.

MAURICE P. DESMOND.

WHAT OF WINSTON S. CHURCHILL?

By Raymond Blathwayt.

For Americans the personality of the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill must ever possess a special interest, for the simple reason that he is the son of an American woman. Which not only is a very significant fact in itself, but which explains much that is puzzling and intriguing in his meteoric career and which will go far towards the elucidation of his, probably, even more remarkable and eventful future. For of one thing we may well rest assured, and that is that Winston Churchill's future is not only a brilliant one as regards himself personally, but it is one that is pregnant with meaning for the future of the British Empire, possibly even of the whole world.

Three years ago there were those high in affairs of state who regarded Mr. Churchill as a back number, a discarded and discredited statesman, whom one would never see in office again. Myself, I did not hold that opinion and indeed, on more than one occasion, I stated in print that not only would we see him in the cabinet again, and that very shortly, but that in the dim and distant future he would inevitably and by sheer force of an extraordinarily powerful and irrepressible personality come to be one of the greatest statesmen that Britain has ever produced.

And I still hold to that opinion.

Already part of my prophecy has verified itself, and Mr. Churchill takes a prominent part in the deliberations of the British cabinet; already he is coming once again to the front as one of the most daring and most originally minded statesmen, not only of England, but of the whole world.

His future to my way of thinking is assured.

He has much in his favor. To begin with, so far as statesmanship is concerned, he is a comparatively young man. At forty-five the British politician has everything in his hands. Physically a man has scarcely begun to degenerate at that age; whilst at the same time he has obtained that judgment, that experience, that knowledge of men and affairs which gives that poise to a man which is impossible in the golden twenties and thirties.

And then again Mr. Churchill's semi-American nationality is a tremendous asset to his credit.

It gives him an alertness of mind, a daringness, a contempt for mere conventionality, an inventiveness, a resourcefulness, a freshness, and a vigor which you will search for in vain in the older and long descended traditional statesmen of Shakespeare's England.

You can't put Churchill down. He won't remain "put." He is too resilient. He is too independent. He is too indignant. In a word he is too American.

All those qualities he inherits from his brilliant and beautiful mother. Miss Jennie Jerome of New York is mainly responsible for the character and for the career, past, present, and future, of one who has already shown himself to be one of the most remarkable politicians (may I not say statesmen?) that Great Britain has ever produced.

Mr. Churchill is descended from John Churchill, the hero of Blenheim and Malplaquet, but I do not hesitate to say that he owes more of his qualities and his brilliant success to his American lineage even than he does to his English.

And yet in many respects he is the son of his father, who also, in his way, was an exceptional and a remarkable man.

But Winston Churchill far transcends poor Lord Randolph Churchill, clever and dashing and original-minded as he was.

To begin with he is a much better educated man. Lord Randolph was extraordinarily and inexplicably ignorant of many subjects, and notably in that very direction of literature in which his son has more than once displayed conspicuous ability, notably in his war correspondence and in his brilliant biography of his father.

It is told of Lord Randolph that he once went to a performance of "Hamlet." The great actor who was playing the chief part crept into the back of the statesman's box during a long interval. Lord Randolph,

greatly to his own disappointment, had to hurry away to keep an important appointment, and in expressing his annoyance to the actor-manager he said: "That's a splendid play. Tell me, what does that chap do? Does he get the throne?"

Such incredible ignorance would be impossible in Winston Churchill. But it is perhaps his daringness that is most responsible for his marvelous success. And also, I frankly own, for some of his most tragic and disastrous failures. But daringness is a quality that submits itself to the modifications which can only come of dearly-bought experience.

And this is already beginning to display itself in the newer and riper statesmanship of the Churchill of today. A newer and riper statesmanship which he is sedulously impressing upon the English people at the present moment. A statesmanship which, unlike the policy of the Bourbons, has condescended to take lessons from and to benefit by the experience of the past. Daring as his policy always has been and always will be, it is characterized today by that wonderful spirit of compromise which has ever been the salvation of English life.

Robert Smillie, that grim and sinister protagonist of the British Labor party, may possibly, though I greatly doubt it, be able to overthrow Mr. Lloyd George, but he has yet to try conclusions with Winston Churchill. The daring young subaltern who, still in his early twenties, possessed the sublime audacity to attack and criticize the methods of Kitchener, the hero of Omdurman, carries heavier cannon today with which to withstand the onslaughts of the doughty Scottish coal miner, powerful and relentless though that miner undoubtedly is.

More than to any other English statesman, I personally believe, we shall find that the policy of the future will derive its origin and its inspiration from the daring and far-sighted brain of this young Anglo-American statesman. Somehow or another, during the course of the next few years, the conception, the forming, the handling, and the control of a great new national party will be confided to the genius and the personality of Winston Churchill, who will succeed mainly because he is half American.

I do not say this with any idea of currying favor with American readers. I hope it is unnecessary for me to say this. I say it deliberately because, though there is much in American methods which I heartily deplore, I am firmly convinced that there is also an originality, a freshness, a daringness, a brilliance which we can not hope to rival in the noble and stately traditions of our own glorious history.

And these American qualities are just those which go towards the composition of the whole new genius of the present day.

And it is because he is, from his mother's blood, so inherently in sympathy with these qualities that I believe Winston Churchill will inevitably come to the leadership and be the head of the whole British Empire.

On more than one occasion Churchill has displayed a wonderful sympathy with and understanding of the attitude and point of view of the British Labor party.

How far this sympathy is genuine and from the heart I can not say. It may be sheer opportunism born of a cynical and time-serving view to his own good. The fact remains that, to a great extent, the Labor party recognize in him somebody who at least understands them and to whose leadership they would not be altogether unwilling to submit themselves.

Smillie they regard as a good fighter, but they are too clever and too astute not to recognize that other qualities are essential to leadership after the mere temporary battles have been won.

Smillie may be all very well to lead them to victory. But when it is attained they still lack the statesman who shall be able to form them into, and to guide and control them as a great party of the state.

And in Churchill they will find such a man. And many of them know and recognize that fact even better than I do. And, curiously and paradoxically enough, the fact that he is an aristocrat will be an additional commendation in their eyes.

Churchill will keep many of the old Tory party behind him; he will reconcile many, at present, sadly conflicting elements, and he will take hold of the great Labor party and out of them all he will construct such a national party that will keep and preserve monarchy and empire, the old and the new, for many a long day yet to come.

It is believed that there are only three mats of ivory in existence. The largest one measures eight by four feet, and, although made in the north of India, has a Greek design for a border. It is used only on state occasions, like the signing of important state documents. The cost of this precious mat was almost incalculable, for more than 6400 pounds of pure ivory was used in its construction. Only the finest and most flexible strips of material could be used, and the mat is like the finest woven fabric.

These figures represent the number of savings bank depositors a thousand of population: Switzerland, 552; Denmark, 462; Norway, 426; Sweden, 404; Belgium, 391; France, 362; Germany, 346; England, 320; Italy, 232, and United States, 115.

TWENTY-TWO WARS.

Andrew Bonar Law, speaking about a month ago in the British House of Commons, said that twenty-two wars were at that moment in progress. It was true. Indeed the list might have been somewhat lengthened by the inclusion of quarrels not involving nationalist aims. There seems to have been a quite lively little war in India, but this was not included in the list. On the other hand the war between the British and the Afghans came to an end about a week ago. Ten years ago almost any one of these twenty-two wars would have been blazoned on the front pages of our newspapers. Today we take no notice of them. If they are recorded at all it is in small type and upon the inner pages. We still talk of the "end of the war" and the "conclusion of hostilities." If we notice the present wars at all we refer to them as "smouldering embers" or "scattered clashes." We have an enviable power of soothing ourselves by mellifluous phrases. We assert the things that are patently false and declare them to be true for no better reason than that we wish they were true.

The whole of the old eastern front from the Baltic in the north to Egypt in the south is in a blaze. The Southern Slavs are fighting against the Austrians. Roumania is fighting against Hungary, Poland against Ukraine, the Letts and Balts against the Bolsheviks, the Estonians against the Bolsheviks, Denikin and Kolchak against the Bolsheviks, the Finns against the Bolsheviks, the Germans against the Bolsheviks, the Siberians against the Bolsheviks, and the Czechs against Hungary. These are some of the chief wars now being waged. It is comparatively easy to state the cause in each case, but it is not easy, indeed it is impossible, to describe the age-old passions that underlie those causes. We may even believe that the causes are trivial, and indeed they are trivial in many cases. But there is nothing trivial about the ancient hates that they express. And that is usually where the American falls into mistake. He makes no allowance for tradition. He can not understand why things are not settled in the light of reason and the ballot-box. It all seems so simple. And indeed it would be simple but for the memories that burn and blister and that have nothing to do with reason. Listen to the Balkan Slav mother singing a lullaby to her new-born baby. It sounds pleasant enough, even idyllic. But she is singing to that baby of the day when it shall be big enough to cut the throat of a Turk. There is not a single generation in the ancestry of that woman that is not red with murder and revenge, desolation, torture, and rapine. What is the use of talking to her about ballot-boxes and majorities?

Several of these wars are the direct result of the principle of self-determination. Oceans of blood are likely yet to flow from it. The principle of self-determination has given East Prussia back to Germany on the ground that although Germany stole it from the Poles she has now the right to keep it because her policy of extermination has now produced a German majority. On the same plea of self-determination the Germans have been allowed to retain the greater part of West Prussia and the Poles, the true owners of the country, have been put off with a corridor so narrow that it might just as well not be there. The principle of self-determination has given Germany a practically free and open road into Russia and the prospect of saturating Russia and so winning her way to the Pacific. But for the principle of self-determination there would be no war between the Galicians and the Ukrainians, nor, for the matter of that, between any of the Slav peoples. Self-determination inflamed their vanities and tempted them to break away from their proper Russian affiliations. There is nothing on earth so dangerous as a political axiom, and in this case it has been simply incendiary. The Galicians and the Ukrainians, for example, ought to have been brothers. They would have been brothers under the direction of Russia. The Ukrainian commander said that he believed his people would have submitted to Russia. He said that the Galicians would have done the same. But their national vanities were inflamed by the vision of nationality and they went to war. The Ukrainians who live in Galicia refuse to be governed by Galicians. They care nothing for the fact that they are in a minority. That makes it all the worse. They have no reverence for ballot-boxes, strange as it may seem, if the ballot-box places them under a government they hate.

But, it may be asked, what is the peace conference doing to end these wars? Well, it is a little hard to say what the peace conference is doing since it disappeared from the front page of our newspapers as well as from all other pages. Now and then the curtain lifts for a moment, but the spectacle is rather an absurd one. Roumania and Hungary, for example, are now at war and a Roumanian army has entered Buda Pesth. Hungary refused to accept the conference frontier award, and Roumania went to war to compel her to do so. The peace conference ordered Roumania to withdraw her armies and threatened her with exclusion from the league of nations if she should disobey. Perhaps it is too soon to say that Roumania has defied the peace conference.

ference, but certainly she has not withdrawn her armies and at the moment of writing she has shown no disposition to do so. Roumania, we may be fairly sure, does not care a cent whether she is excluded from the league or not, and we may even suppose that she feels somewhat resentful at the fact that two or three self-constituted autocrats in Paris should issue peremptory orders to an independent country that suffered so heavily in the common cause and that is now ordered to evacuate territory in the interests of the common enemy. The temper of Roumania is shown by her blank refusal to place her army under the command of Marshal Foch. She withdrew from the peace conference several weeks ago and she now demands that the Hungarians reduce their army to 15,000 men and that they surrender 30 per cent. of their harvest animals and farm machinery and 50 per cent. of their railway supplies, as well as submit to certain frontier rectifications. The peace conference has no army to support its demands and we may watch with some interest to see if the threat of exclusion from the league of nations shall prove to be effective.

A survey of the situation would hardly be complete without a reference to Turkey and Bulgaria. America was at war with neither of these powers, although it is hard to see in what respect they were on a different footing from Austria. European observers believed that Bulgaria and Turkey escaped a declaration of war from America through the influence of the Presbyterian clergy, who believed that their missionary interests would be adversely affected, and in this connection we may note that the Bulgarian ambassador to Washington is a Presbyterian. It was said also that the Tobacco Trust was fearful for the safety of the Turkish tobacco crop. However that may be, we have no official interest in the making of peace with Bulgaria and Turkey. None the less we may observe with interest a bulletin to the New York *Globe* and the Chicago *Daily News* to the effect that the "delay seems to have given the Turks confidence." The old German influences are once more hard at work and an army is being massed in the vicinity of Trebizond and Erzeroum, an army that bodes ill for the poor Armenians if there are any left. It is under the command of Mustapha Kiamil Pasha, who calls himself "dictator of national defense." The Turks yet hope to save their country, says the bulletin. They know that neither France, Britain, nor Italy will send troops to Asia Minor. The radicals would not allow it. Nor is it conceivable that America would send an army. Why, then, should not the Turk have his own way? A threat to exclude Turkey from the league of nations would certainly give to the situation an element of humor otherwise lacking. Turkey could have been disposed of with the utmost ease at once after the end of the war. There were large armies in Greece and Serbia as well as around Jerusalem. Now there are no armies. Once more we see the results of a dilatoriness that amounts to political incapacity. Just at the moment the Turk is on his best behavior. He is not likely to massacre the Armenians until he is quite sure that he can do so with impunity. Moreover, disease and starvation may do the work for him.

Italy and the Southern Slavs provide us with another topic for rumination. They are not actually fighting, and so they are not included in the twenty-two wars. But they are very close to an open conflict, and the peace conference is just as powerless here as it is everywhere else. Italy now makes no effort to conceal her enmity toward the whole Southern Slav movement, and as Italy is powerful and organized and the Southern Slavs are unorganized and relatively weak Italy has within her hands an enormous power of persecution and she is unquestionably using it. Sir Arthur Evans, speaking recently to a representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*, says that hundreds of Southern Slav notables, schoolmasters and the like, are languishing in Italian prisons. To put it shortly, he says, "the Austrian régime is being repeated today under the ægis of the peace conference in Paris." It was Sir Arthur Evans who first disclosed the pact by which Italy was to receive the Dalmatian coast and so aroused the Southern Slav world to the fact that no matter what their prowess in the field the essentials of their independence would be taken from them in the council chamber. The situation is now one of the most serious kind, and as soon as the Slavs arouse themselves to the fact that Italy is their implacable enemy and that they have nothing to expect from the peace conference they will assuredly begin a war that may involve the whole of the Southern Slav world. But it is to be feared that very little can now be done, even if the peace conference were disposed to do anything at all. It has no power to enforce the least of its commands. Its armies have melted away, or are disaffected, or are under the control of radical influences at home. The whole of eastern Europe is a boil of discontent, of indignation, of disappointment, and of actual war, and the peace conference is rapidly passing from impotence to absurdity. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 13, 1919.

The historic battle of Waterloo was begun and finished in eight hours.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The medical marvel of the war, in England, is Lieutenant W. Mallandain of the Fusiliers. None of the doctors can understand why he is alive, and you may share their amazement when you learn that not only was he shot through the head, but through both lungs and through the heart as well. And with that series of disasters behind him he holds himself as erect and moves as smartly as the keenest Guardsman.

Dr. Mary Thompson Stevens, who was appointed as warden of the Detroit House of Correction recently, was first appointed a member, then president of a board named by the mayor of Detroit to investigate and correct the administration of the prison. She is a graduate of Michigan University and has been active in civic work. She has already introduced twenty reforms in connection with the institution of which she is in charge now.

John Miller Baer of North Dakota, who claims the distinction of being the first congressman elected receiving the indorsement of the Nonpartisan League, is the son of an author and poetess and the husband of the daughter of North Dakota's flax king. He has two sons, the elder being "the eighth John M. Baer in unbroken sequence." He resigned the postmastership at Beach, North Dakota, to engage in cartooning and other journalistic work. After being elected to Congress on the Nonpartisan ticket he was reelected as a Republican.

Sir Thomas White, Canada's finance minister during the war, who has recently retired, enjoyed in early life the double training of a newspaper man and lawyer, but when comparatively young became manager of the National Trust Company, one of the leading financial institutions of Toronto. A Liberal, who had hitherto taken no active share in party politics, he strongly objected to the reciprocity treaty of 1911, and, taking to the platform, made a political name for himself by his brilliant and effective speeches during that campaign.

Thomas Oxe, the new professor of Italian at Cambridge University, acquired his knowledge of Continental languages and art by means of his trade as a basket-maker. About forty years ago he began to travel through Europe, working at basket-making as he went from town to town in Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. For several years after his return to England he still carried on his trade, but in the course of time he was able to give it up and to become a teacher of languages. He is a good Greek and Latin scholar, and is said to know almost all there is to be known about every picture of note on the Continent.

Lord Eversley of England, who entered his eighty-eighth year recently, is a wonderful old parliamentarian. He first entered the House of Commons in 1863, quite a considerable time before the large majority of the present members were born. His lordship, who is still hale and hearty and may often be seen in the lobbies of the House, has had a remarkably productive career, and Londoners especially owe him a debt of gratitude for the legislation which he placed on the statute book relating to tramways and the equalization of rates. He also was instrumental in passing the act which established the sixpenny telegram.

Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts is said never to have married because of obligations to his family. A recent biographer says of him that his stature can't be less than five feet ten inches. He is trim, but athletic, and the breadth of his shoulders gives his body both grace and strength. His eyes are blue with very black pupils, and his hair is dark brown. He is handsome without being conscious of it and honestly friendly to all the world, especially to the poor. The charm of his manner and the magnetic quality of his presence make him friends and win the confidence of acquaintances, and his Boston accent gives color and culture to his spoken words.

Three of the most successful architects in New York are women. Miss Alice Durkin, the *doyenne* of her profession, designed some of the tallest of New York's skyscrapers, including a big hospital. The handsomest structure in Manhattan, the Hall of Records, was designed by Miss Fay Kellogg, whose work also abounds in other parts of New York. Miss Josephine Chapman started practice in Boston, and made a reputation as designer of offices. She tired of this kind of work—"turning out huge cubicles upon strictly mathematical lines," as she terms it—migrated to New York, and announced: "Hereafter I am going to build houses and leave my impress on the homes of America." It is said that each of these architects enjoys a practice worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year.

When Winston Churchill entered the British Parliament in 1900 as Conservative member for Oldham he had a record behind him that is said to have been without parallel for a political neophyte of only twenty-six. He had crowded those few years with adventure and achievement. Every one was familiar with the picturesque story of his gallant exploits in Cuba, in the Tirah, in the Soudan, and in South Africa, where his escape from Pretoria was one of the most thrilling in-

cidents of the war. Meanwhile he had found time to write a novel and to become the author of fascinating books on the expeditions in which he had been engaged. He brought into his political career the courage, the élan, and the resourcefulness that had made him conspicuous in a very different field. He was the *beau sabreur* in politics. His readiness in debate soon made him a combatant to be reckoned with. As time went on, his parliamentary skill began to be awkward for his friends, for as often as not his lance was turned against the forces arrayed on his own side.

T. P. O'Connor says of Lloyd George that without Mr. Asquith's profound mind, equipped besides with all the wisdom of the world by a long scholastic training, Lloyd George makes up his opinions as he goes along, except such opinions which can be better described as the inherited prejudices he imbibed as a young, penniless nonconformist in his native village, circumscribed by the iron rule of the alien squire and the alien parson. Never in his life has he shown sympathy with idealists, for whom he has the same contempt that Napoleon had for idealogues. Years of training as a lawyer and a House of Commons figure, with all their compromises and make-believes, have produced in Lloyd George hatred for mere ideals as shibboleths that can conveniently cover all kinds of parliamentary deals, and hypocritical, unmeaning words. As a result of this increasing indifference to mere principle and clear thinking, Lloyd George has lost touch with all that kingdom of clear-cut inflexible convictions in which statesmen and thinkers of the higher intellectual type dwell and make their fights.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Policeman's Lot.

When a felon's not engaged in his employment,
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother
When constabulary duty's to be done:
Ah, take one consideration with another,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one!

When the enterprising burglar's not a-hurrying,
When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun:
Ah, take one consideration with another,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one!

—W. S. Gilbert.

The Dream of Gerontius.

Softly and gently, dearly ransom'd soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was hound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou horn in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.—Charles Lamb.

Unwelcome.

We were young, we were merry, we were very very wise,
And the door stood open at our feast,
When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes
And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
The loudest voice was still.
The jest died away on our lips as they passed,
And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turned pale on the board,
The white bread black as soot,
The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie where the dead dog lies,
Ere I sit me down again at a feast,
When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes
And a man with his back to the East.—Mary Coleridge.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LAWYER.

Sir Edward Clarke Reviews His Half-Century of Legal and Political Activity.

Americans will be interested in the autobiography of Sir Edward Clarke, not because it is the record of a prosperous career—such are common enough in all conscience—but because it covers an important period of history, and one crowded with events of world significance. The author does not doubt that vanity has something to do with the compilation of his book. Neither will the reader doubt it. It is an innocent vanity, but it is apparent enough. Sir Edward Clarke expresses the hope that his story "may interest lads whose early lives are spent as mine was, in somewhat humble and difficult circumstances, and who may be encouraged by the story of my happy and successful career to be vigilant to find and active to use opportunities of self-improvement by study, by exercise of mind and body, by the habitual companionship of books, by the cultivation of worthy friendships." Let us hope that the youth of the world will profit by Sir Edward Clarke's autobiography, although we can hardly venture to hope for it a vogue so wide as its author seems to contemplate.

We may pass over the author's early privations, which, after all, were not of an acute kind, in order to reach the more interesting record of his early acquaintances. He knew Mrs. Lynn Linton and Henry Irving, and he believed that Adelaide Neilson was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. W. S. Gilbert, he says, held that the palm should be given to Julia Neilson, while Mary Anderson was not without her champions:

For several years my time was so filled with work that I hardly ever went to the theatre, but soon after I left the India House I made the acquaintance of another very charming actress—Nellie Farren. A friend of mine who was in some way interested in the Victoria Theatre took me there one evening and we went behind the scenes. Nellie Farren was then "Singing Chambermaid" in the regular company. She lived with her mother in Richmond Road, Barnsbury, where they kept a little school, and Nellie, who had a very small salary, used to walk to and from the theatre in the Waterloo Road; sometimes, when rehearsals were on, twice in the day.

One night she consented to my seeing her home, and we went through the New Cut to the Blackfriars Road and turned up towards the bridge. As we came near it an elderly man who was sitting on a doorstep got up and touched his hat and said, "Good-night, miss." "Good-night," said Nellie. "I shall not want you tonight." We walked on, and when we came to Smithfield two young men were waiting at a street corner. She bade them good-night and said, "I have an escort tonight, you see, so I shall not want you." Then she explained that every night these three waited for her, and walked behind her to see that she was not molested. The elder man followed as far as Smithfield, and the young men saw her safe to her own door. It was a chivalrous service freely rendered. The devotion of the young men of the Waterloo Road was somewhat embarrassing, for on Sunday afternoons they would take pilgrimages to Barnsbury and stand in a row opposite the house hoping to get a peep at her.

Sir Edward Clarke is an enthusiastic Freemason. When he became Member of Parliament for Plymouth he practically abandoned his Masonic work for a time, as he did not wish that it should be connected with politics, but none the less he hopes that "the Sir Edward Clarke Lodge will be the most lasting of my memorials":

For I can not imagine any changes in the political or social condition of England which can weaken the strong hold which Freemasonry has upon our people. I trust no such changes may take place, for I look upon our Masonic lodges as centres of a powerful influence which is constantly having effect in purifying and upholding our national character. The work of Masonry is essentially religious. Its teaching has indeed no relation to the doctrines which distinguish and divide the churches. But it proclaims at every meeting its reverence for the Great Architect of the Universe; it hymns His praises; it invokes His blessing upon all its work; it teaches in all its formularies the virtues of brotherly love, charity, and truth; and the solemn obligations by which its members are bound together are only special sanctions of the Divine law which bids us fear God and love our neighbors. I do not say that all Masons are good men, but no bad man can be a good Mason, and he will soon leave off attending Masonic lodges, for the man who is dishonest or immoral, or covetous or uncharitable in thought, or slanderous in speech, it must soon be intolerable to listen to the noble teaching of the Masonic ritual. A full clear note is sounded in every hymn and every response in which he joins and to his conscience there must come at once the bitter reproach of insincerity and falsehood.

Sir Edward Clarke participated in many of the great criminal trials of his day, some of which attracted nearly as much attention in America as in England. His life was certainly a busy one. His law duties kept him engaged through the day, and as soon as the courts rose he went to the House of Commons until midnight, or perhaps even much later. And he duly records the fact that he gave up smoking:

This story of my life would not be complete if I omitted a fortunate incident which happened about this date, the suggestion by my friend Sir William Jenner that I should give up the habit of smoking. I had learned to smoke when I was thirteen years old at a wretched boarding-school at Calais, from which I was brought back in a very few weeks to my better surroundings at George Yard. From the time I was eighteen I was a constant smoker, and when I came to the hard work of a leader much engaged in court I found the evil of the habit. I was indeed quite moderate in its indulgence. But it is impossible for the habitual smoker to avoid occasional excess. A long public dinner; the interesting talk in the smoking-room after a political meeting; the evening spent in the smoking-room of the House of Commons to escape the terrors of a Scotch debate—all these were occasions of excess which sent me into the court the next

morning with less clearness of brain and less steadiness of nerve than I should have had. But this was not very frequent, and I think I should have continued the habit had not Sir William Jenner said to me one day, "You should not smoke so much."

"Do you mean," said I, "that I ought to give up smoking altogether?"

"Well," he said, "if you could give it up it would be a good thing for you."

I told him that I should be ashamed of myself if I had a habit I could not give up at five minutes' notice; and since that conversation I have never smoked. For a few weeks I suffered severely, but at the end of a couple of months the desire had entirely passed away, and I have never felt the least inclination to resume the habit.

The author refers at some length to the Parnell case against the *Times*, his own sympathies being, of course, strongly against the Irish leader. The *Times* had published what purported to be a facsimile of a letter written by Parnell in 1882 in which he seemed to condone the Phoenix Park assassinations:

Parnell spoke that night just before the end of the debate and declared the letter to be a fabrication. But the strange way in which he dealt with it made most of his hearers believe that directly or indirectly he was responsible for the document. He drew a sharp distinction between the letter which was on the first page of the notepaper, and which was not suggested to be in his handwriting, and the few words, "Yours very truly, Charles S. Parnell," which were at the top of the fourth page, and which were alleged to have been written by him. As to these few words he said the signature was unlike his, and curiously enough pointed to its free and flowing character as evidence that it was a forgery. As to the letter he said, "I certainly never heard of the letter. I never directed such a letter to be written. I never saw such a letter before I saw it in the *Times*." He said, "When I heard of the letter I supposed that some autograph of mine had fallen into the hands of some person for whom it had not been intended, and that it had been made use of in this way. I supposed that some blank sheet containing my signature, such as many members who are asked for their signatures frequently send—I supposed that such a blank sheet had fallen into hands for which it had not been intended, and that it had been misused in this fashion, or that something of this kind had happened."

Parnell's vindication is, of course, a matter of history, but his triumph was largely neutralized by the divorce proceedings brought by Captain O'Shea against his wife:

A step had been taken by the respondent which I have never understood. At first the defense put in both by Mrs. O'Shea and by Mr. Parnell was a simple denial of the adultery. Later in the proceedings Mrs. O'Shea amended her defense by adding a plea alleging that Captain O'Shea had been guilty of conduct conducing to her adultery, that he had connived at and condoned it, and she add a counter-charge alleging his adultery with her sister, Mrs. Steele. Who could have advised this step, or why Mr. Parnell permitted it, was and is a mystery. The charge against Mrs. Steele was utterly baseless and wanton; while of course the plea of connivance was in effect an admission of the adultery alleged against herself. But the whole business was full of puzzles. During the week before the trial we had consultations almost every day, and we heard all sorts of rumors. One day we were told that Mr. Parnell's solicitors had no instructions; another that a staff of clerks were at work at the house at Brighton preparing briefs for the defense; next day we heard from Captain O'Shea that it had been intimated to him that he could have £20,000 if he would abandon the suit. And strange witnesses came to Mr. Muskett, and offered to give curious and incredible details of the adultery they said they could prove.

So we went into court on Saturday, November 15th, quite uncertain as to what would happen. Sir Charles Butt was the judge, and Inderwick and Lewis Coward were my juniors.

When I went into court Frank Lockwood was already in the Queen's Counsel row, and he came across to speak to me. I guessed what was coming, and refused to hear anything privately. I wished to be able to say that I knew nothing of the course he intended to take until it was publicly announced in court. Then he, when the judge came in, said he appeared for Mrs. O'Shea, and did not intend to take any part in the proceedings. The position was rather embarrassing for me, for in view of the defense of connivance and the counter-charge I had prepared myself to open the case very fully, and had decided to call among my earliest witnesses young Harry O'Shea and one or both of the two girls who had been born before the acquaintance with Parnell had begun. I at once decided to do without their evidence, to make my statement as short as possible, and to call only a few witnesses. Mr. George Lewis came to me with a message from Mr. Parnell, who had been subpoenaed, and was, he said, in attendance, asking that I would if possible dispense with his appearance in court for the purpose of identification, and he handed me a few recent photographs. I managed to make these do. We might have finished the case that day, but I wanted to call Mrs. Steele to deny publicly the charge that had been made against her, and she was not in attendance. So the case stood over until the 17th, and then, after a little more evidence and a short summing up, the jury gave their verdict, and a decree *nisi* was pronounced.

Mr. Gladstone and his supporters seem to have believed implicitly that Parnell was innocent. Parnell had given John Morley an assurance to that effect, and the result was disastrous to the Liberal hopes, as well as to the Home Rule cause of that day:

Lord Morley has told me that the last time he talked with his old chief on political matters Mr. Gladstone said, "We should have carried Home Rule but for Kitty O'Shea." I once said to David Plunkett, "I knew I was throwing a bombshell into the Irish camp, but I did not know it would do quite so much mischief." "Ah," said he, "you didn't know that when it burst they would pick up the pieces and cut each other's throats with them."

The author was, of course, no longer in office on the occasion of the introduction of the second Home Rule bill by Mr. Gladstone in 1893, but he was asked to follow the prime minister and to make the leading speech in opposition:

As I went up the staircase I heard the roar of cheers when the prime minister came to the table, and when I entered the chamber his first sentence was stilling the House to silence. It was a wonderful sight. The whole House was crowded to its limits, every seat occupied, rows of chairs ranged along the floor, all the galleries full, and a crowd

of members who could find no seats standing massed at the bar. From over the clock the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York watched the scene; from the rows right and left of them Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Lord Knutsford, Lord Rowton, and Lord Cadogan listened to the speech.

The Reporters' Gallery was crowded, and as I went to the seat reserved for me between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen, I could not help recalling the night twenty-six years before, when I had stood in that gallery, and heard the memorable speech which anticipated, and strove to avert, the fall of a Liberal ministry. And now the same speaker, casting aside the burden of his eighty-four years of strenuous life, stood in the same place, and with form erect, and flashing eye, and voice which had lost but little of its strength and music, poured out for three hours the stream of clear argument and copious illustration and unflinching phrase. It was, as I acknowledged in my opening sentence, "a splendid example of physical and intellectual power."

One of the last honors bestowed upon Sir Edward Clarke was his appointment to the Privy Council, an incident that led to a serious breach of sartorial etiquette:

I soon had notice to attend at Windsor Castle to be sworn in, and the notice said "morning dress." So I drove over from Thorncliffe on the appointed day dressed in my usual gray suit. I thought the servants who showed me up to the room where we were to wait looked at me rather oddly, but the reason did not occur to me. The others had not arrived, and I found afterwards they had waited for me a few minutes at Paddington, expecting me to join the special train which brought the party from London. There were five of us to be sworn of the council, and were rather an odd group. Sir Rennell Rodd had been appointed earlier, and for some reason had delayed taking the oaths. The four new members were Mr. J. A. Pease, Mr. Herbert Samuel, Sir Charles McLaren, and myself. Pease, as a Quaker, had to affirm; Samuel, a Jew, had to swear on the Old Testament and with his head covered; so the ceremony was rather a long one. Three of us took the oaths in the ordinary way; then Pease affirmed. The only difficulty was with Samuel, but it was decorously solved. He had a new hat which he held behind his back. Just as he kissed the book he jerked up his hat and touched the top of his head with it, while King Edward looked another way. We had an excellent lunch afterwards, served at three rather large round tables, and I sat next a pretty young woman who was a lady-in-waiting to one of the princesses.

I asked her what was the rule of the court about morning dress. "Oh," she said, "it means black frock-coats." I asked her if every one staying at the castle was expected to come to breakfast in a black frock-coat. "Yes," she said, "that was so, although the king never met his guests at breakfast." I said, "Do you mean that they put on black frock-coats whatever they are are going to do afterwards?" "Yes," she said, "it is a strict rule." I think she, like the others, was much amused by my breach of etiquette.

Sir Edward Clarke retired from active life in 1914, after fifty years of legal practice and of governmental responsibilities. After a half-century of conservative championship he finds himself at the beginning of a new era and facing the overthrow of practically all the political principles for which he fought. It would be interesting to know what he thinks of it.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K. C. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The age of the oceans has been estimated by a leading authority, Professor Frank Clarke of the United States Geological Survey, at about 90,000,000 years. This, of course, is only an approximation, but is based on carefully studied scientific data. All the water was once contained in the vapor that surrounded the glowing, slowly cooling mass which is now the earth. After the gases combined to form water the process of making the ocean salt began. This was the work of the rivers. Mineral salts were extracted from the rocks over which they flowed and deposited in the sea. Each year the action of the streams is said to make the ocean slightly more salty, and this is the basis on which its age is calculated. The amount of salt carried by the rivers of the world is computed by the scientists and compared with the total quantity in the ocean. After evaporation and the velocity of currents have been considered, it is possible to calculate how long it has taken to make the sea water as salty as it is today. About 3½ per cent. of mineral salts and 96½ per cent. fresh water make up the oceans. Three-fourths of the solid matter is common salt, other ingredients being chloride, sulphate, and bromide of magnesium, sulphate and carbonate of lime, and sulphate of potash, besides traces of various other minerals and metals, including gold and silver.

The population of the Azores is about 245,000, the number of inhabitants having changed but little in the last century, and, if anything, having diminished. This fact is probably due more to various political and social conditions than to climatic, agricultural, and other conditions of the islands. In the early days the Portuguese literally "raised cane" on the islands, and established a large sugar trade with England and other countries. Tobacco and fruits were also produced in great quantities, but, with the discovery and settlement of Brazil and other South American countries, Portugal rather discouraged production in the Azores in order to aid her colonies in South America. With the sugar and tobacco trade snatched from them, the Azoreans began the cultivation of the vine and the making of wine and other liquors became one of the chief industries of the islands. The population consists mainly of Portuguese, Moorish, and Flemish settlers, with a few negroes and a fair sprinkling of English settlers.

An effort is being made in Italy to produce a great atlas of the world, which will make Italians independent of the German atlases of Stieler, Anfree, Debbs, and others.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 9, 1919, were \$142,593,645.53; for the corresponding week last year, \$108,840,207.38; an increase over last year of \$33,753,438.17.

The San Francisco Federal Reserve District, with a quota of \$35,300,000 and a subscription of \$38,175,000, won fifth place among the twelve Federal Reserve Districts of the United States in percentage of over-subscription to the Treasury's \$300,000,000 issue of certificates of indebtedness dated August 1st and maturing January 2, 1920, known as Series A, according to a telegram received by Governor John U. Calkins of the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank from Washington. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury R. C. Leffingwell, who signed the telegram, congratulated Governor Calkins and predicted that "the brilliant success of the first issue of the new series of treasury certificates of indebtedness is a good omen for the success of the plan as a whole."

The total issue of \$500,000,000 was over-subscribed by the banks of the country as a whole by \$33,801,500. All Federal Reserve

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districts, except Boston and Richmond, equalled or excelled their quotas.

United States commerce in the fiscal year which ended with June "broke the record" in many particulars. Both imports and exports were the largest in the history of our foreign trade, and the grand total for the first time crossed the \$10,000,000,000 line; the "favorable trade balance" exceeded that of any earlier year; and the closing month, June, wound up the spectacular record with a total trade of \$1,211,282,450, an average of nearly \$50,000,000 a day in the twenty-six business days of the month. The value of the merchandise forming the foreign commerce of the United States in the fiscal year 1919 was one-half as large as that forming the entire international trade of the world in the year preceding the war.

The exact record of this remarkable year in our trade was, according to a statement by the National City Bank of New York: Imports \$3,096,000,000, against the former high record of \$2,945,655,000 in 1918; exports \$7,226,320,000, against the former high record of \$6,290,048,000 in 1917; the grand total \$10,322,460,000, against the former high record

of \$8,949,404,000 in 1917. The excess of exports over imports, or "favorable trade balance," was \$4,129,000,000, against \$3,630,639,000 in the former high record year of 1917. The favorable trade balance in the five years since the beginning of the war is greater than in the 125 years preceding the war. The gold imports in the past five years aggregated \$1,823,000,000 and the gold exports \$785,000,000, making the net importation of gold in the five years \$1,038,000,000. The excess of exports of merchandise in the same five-year period was \$13,963,000,000, this difference between net exports of merchandise and net imports of gold being largely offset by the government's credits of \$10,000,000,000 to our European allies.

The Morris Plan Company issues the following statement of condition at the close of business July 31, 1919:

ASSETS.	
Loans	\$363,225.89
Furniture and Fixtures	\$5,908.36
Less Depreciation	741.42
Miscellaneous Items	4,718.44
Cash on Hand and in Bank	8,355.65
	\$381,466.92
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Paid in	\$202,870.00
Other Liabilities	133,000.00
Investment Certificates	1,700.00
Received on Installment Certificates Unhypothecated	471.00
Discounts Collected—Unearned	19,761.93
Surplus and Reserves	23,663.99
	\$381,466.92

United Alloy Steel Corporation was incorporated on October 25, 1916, under the laws of New York and acquired the assets and property of the United Steel Company of Akron, Ohio. Also owns 51 per cent. of the United Furnace Company.

United Alloy has achieved a greater success in a shorter space of time than any steel company which was ever incorporated. This is due to the fact that this company specializes in high-grade alloy steels and supplies the automobile trade almost exclusively with vanadium steel, one of its largest customers being the Ford Automobile Company. These alloy steels bring extraordinary prices. The company markets them in the shape of merchant bars, squares, rounds, plates, hexagons, and octagons (cold-drawn shafting which sells at \$600 per ton), also heat-treated bars for special uses, sheet bars, forgings, blooms, and billets. This company has had the advantage of the experience of older steel companies and is said to have built a plant which is thoroughly up to date, with an efficiency of 100 per cent.

The land upon which this plant is built comprises nearly two hundred acres. The tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad run throughout its yard, as do also those of the Wheeling and Lake Erie and Baltimore and Ohio.

The United Furnace Company's plant is located on 111 acres and adjoins the Alloy Steel Company's plant. It has modern blast furnaces built in 1916, and produces pig-iron in large quantities. Also has many coke ovens equipped with a modern by-product plant for the recovery of by-products and henzol. During 1918 the company developed some new types of steel, especially electric furnace molybdenum steels for aeroplane work. This is a most expensive steel and will greatly increase the income of the United Alloy Corporation.

Net profits for the first two months of this year showed an increase of 75 per cent. over 1918. This is a most remarkable showing, as every other steel company in America showed a comparative loss during the same period.

The prosperity of the company, no doubt, was due to the "boom" in the automobile and aeroplane industry. The company has a ready market for its high-grade products with all of the well-known automobile concerns in the United States, including the Ford, Willys-Overland, General Motors, and Studebaker corporations.

The company is in excellent financial condition, having a surplus as of December 31, 1918, of \$21,448,254, equal to \$42 per share. Has no bonds or preferred stock.

The stock is selling at \$53 per share, pays \$4 per share yearly dividend, and at present, according to latest reports, is earning at the rate of \$10 per share per annum after taxes. Alloy certainly looks like the best purchase on the list among the steel stocks at present, netting as it does nearly 8 per cent. on the investment. Labor troubles are practically unknown at this well-managed plant. The employees are stockholders, having been allowed to subscribe for stock in 1916 at \$40 per share. This gives them 10 per cent. on their investment, as well as other benefits, such as life insurance, etc., which have been inaugurated by the corporation.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

The Blänkenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company and Frank & Lewis are among the firms offering \$2,000,000 Pacific Cotton Mills (a corporation organized under the laws of the State of

California) 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, par value of shares \$100. This stock is tax exempt in California and also exempt from Federal normal income tax. The Pacific Cotton Mills Company has been organized by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company (of Akron, Ohio) to manufacture cotton fabric for use of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of California in the manufacture of tires and other Goodyear products. The stock is non-assessable, is preferred both as to assets and dividends, and dividends are cumulative. The company may place no lien or mortgage on any of its properties, nor create for a period of more than one year any unsecured indebtedness (excepting such obligations as are included in commercial borrowing) without the consent of the holders of three-fourths of the outstanding preferred stock. Net assets must at all times be maintained at one and a half times the amount of preferred stock outstanding. Dividends on the preferred stock will be advanced by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company (of Akron, Ohio) until such time as the Pacific Cotton Mills is in operation.

Between October, 1918, when the meter rates for water authorized by the railroad commission went into effect, and the end of May this year, the householders of San Francisco were saved an average of \$4395 a month on their water bills.

This despite the fact that the meter rates were not intended by the commission to raise or lower water bills, but to produce the same revenue the Spring Valley Water Company had collected under the old flat rates fixed by municipal ordinance.

The meeting of all services in the city and the fixing of meter rates corrected the glaring inequalities of the flat rates schedule; hence the reduction in the bills of householders.

In the eight-months period from October, 1918, to May, 1919, the average gross charges paid by residential consumers amounted to \$119,186.03 a month. It is estimated that they would have amounted to \$123,581.04 had the flat rate schedule continued in force. That is an average monthly reduction of \$4395.01—a decrease of about 3½ per cent.

The average number of residential consumers for the period was 48,648.

Leaders of the state chambers of commerce and prominent members of other promotion organizations interested in the welfare of California, incidentally and otherwise, will constitute an advisory committee to act in that capacity with the committee of the California Industries and Land Show to be held in the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco, October 4th to 19th.

Members of the advisory committee will be entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel Thursday, September 4th, by the Home Industry League, under whose auspices the Land and Industrial Show is to be presented.

Shingle, Brown & Co. announce the successorship to the investment business heretofore conducted by Fred Shingle & Co., the active members of the firm being: Fred Shingle, formerly in charge of the bond department of the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco; Horace J. Brown, formerly chief deputy of the corporation department of the State of California; Axton F. Jones, formerly sales manager of E. H. Rollins & Sons, San Francisco.

For the American investor the investment trust offers opportunities that should prove both satisfactory and profitable. Those who desire a high degree of safety in their investments can buy the bonds; those who wish a higher return and are willing to take more risk, the preferred stock and the common stock of an ably managed investment trust should offer excellent speculative possibilities. The Metropolitan Trust Company, Ltd., for example, has paid 12 per cent. on its common, or ordinary stock as it is called, for the past ten years.

As an institution to continue the education of the American people in the ways of thrift the investment trust is the best successor to the Liberty Loans. That is a point that should not be overlooked. The government and American investment bankers have a duty to fulfill to those whose investment education has been started with the war loans. If the government, in continuing its war savings campaign, puts enough force behind it to make it effective, it will be rendering a public service the indirect results from which will be remarkable, although hard to measure. If coupled with this should go effective government action against those who are robbing the people of their savings and Liberty Bonds, it would result in material conservation of our national wealth.

The investment trust will teach a lesson in investment more advanced than that taught by the War Savings Stamps. It will be a lesson of great importance to the business of the country, for it will lead American savings into foreign fields, where there is a great

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potential demand for our products provided we grant the credit to make payment for them. Unless we grant the credit the countries of Europe, which have so much need for our products and materials just now, will be unable to buy them and American business will suffer.

This credit is not one that the banks can grant, for it must be for a long term. Europe is not going to be able in three months to pay it back, and bank funds, which are generally repayable to the bank's depositors upon demand, should not be tied up in credits that are not due in a few months, in other words that are not liquid. These same depositors, on the other hand, can draw their money from the banks, or increase their savings, and invest in foreign countries and thus grant the long-term credits that are needed at this time. The investment trust, with expert knowledge, that will examine the foreign investments and will distribute the risk by grouping many of them together and give the American investor its own obligation issued against them, seems the best medium through

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which to grant the necessary credits to Europe with least danger of loss to American investors in an unknown field.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., are offering \$300,000 Coachella Valley Storm Water District, Riverside County, California, 6 per cent. bonds, in denominations of \$1000, dated January 1, 1919, and due serially January 1, 1920 to 1939. These bonds are tax exempt in California and exempt from Federal income tax in the same manner as state and county district bonds. The districts consists of approximately 217,000 acres situated in Riverside County northwest of and adjoining the famous Imperial Valley. It is traversed by a main line of the Southern Pacific, and includes the towns of Indio, Coachella, Thermal, and Mecca. Based on government reports, there is practically an inexhaustible supply of exceptionally pure water from artesian and domestic wells. Portions of the district have been under successful cultivation for over twenty years. Due to the climatic conditions,

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it is especially adapted to the raising of early vegetables, dates, cotton, and alfalfa, and crops ripen about two weeks earlier than in Imperial Valley.

Stephens & Co., with others, have purchased and are offering \$1,500,000 Great Western Power Company of California 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock. This stock is non-assessable, par value \$100 per share, tax exempt in California and free from individual normal Federal income tax. Stephens & Co recommend this stock as an investment for the following reasons:

The investment in the operating properties of the Great Western system, in a report made by independent engineers and submitted by the company to the railroad commission of California, was placed as of June 30, 1918, at \$39,252,000. In the same report the cost of the undeveloped property is shown to be approximately \$12,000,000. Therefore \$50,000,000 may be taken to be a conservative value for the existing properties of the Great Western system.

As shown above, the company's net surplus for the twelve months ending July 1, 1919, after paying all prior charges, including income tax, were over seven times the required amount to pay dividends on the preferred stock and earnings for the past six years have averaged six times the required amount.

This \$1,500,000 preferred stock is issued to

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defray a portion of the expense in the construction of the company's new Carhou development, which will produce as soon as completed an additional 53,000 horsepower.

The foregoing figures do not take into consideration increased values or the earning capacity of this new development. This stock is issued with the approval of the railroad commission of the State of California.

E. E. Cole, president of the National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, is in San Francisco and has announced the appointment of Jay C. Wickler as manager and John T. Beales assistant manager of the Pacific department of this company.

Sooner or later the financial world is bound to pay very dearly for the enormous expansion in credits that has been going on since the war began. For the time being this expansion is being reflected in a very low valuation placed upon the dollar and a very high valuation placed upon about everything that the dollar must be exchanged for. In the long run, however, the exact reverse will be the case.

It may be a good deal too early yet though to pile up trouble on this score except that one may profit by watching the situation closely and taking such advantage as one may from the twists and turns in the market that

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are frequently reflective of such situations. We are on a basis of exceedingly high living costs, and it is difficult to see how these costs will decline so long as the government persists in its refusal to declare an open market for wheat and maintains a price consistent with its guarantee, thus definitely assisting in high prices for the other grains and probably everything from the commodities to labor.

It is frequently noted whenever the market undergoes a relapse that "prices had been ridiculously high," or words to that effect. This will be the case at times in reference to individual securities, but as a whole I think prices have not been ridiculously high when we can go over the list and find scores of stocks under which there has been piled during the last few years an equity equivalent to their present price and we can find other scores of stocks whose companies are earning at the present time anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent. per annum on their price.

Naturally the higher the market and the specialties go the fewer such instances will there be, but it rather looks to me as if the market is going to be a thorough bull affair before we get through with it, barring the customary sharp reactions that occur in every bull market, and we can hardly blame the public for hanging on very desperately to the stocks that they favor.

The general labor situation is rather disturbing, especially as some labor leaders seem to think that the time is ripe for a movement to unionize the country. Once this country gives in to any closed shop idea we may see very serious breakers ahead, and it is to be hoped that the hard-headed leaders in both the capitalistic and labor worlds will come to some agreement without the long months of strikes that would otherwise supervene.

The railroad section of the list at last betrays considerable inclination to advance as the time is fast approaching when Washington too do something definite for the roads. It is too bad to think that the never-ending rise in high living costs must be emphasized again through increased freight rates, but the arteries of commerce must be kept unclogged if we are to come through these troublous times with any degree of real prosperity.

There has been a searching through the list of cheaper railroad stocks for bargains and there is a general impression, which it seems is more or less well grounded, that in the readjustment of railway affairs the smaller roads will be taken care of through some general plan of mergers.

One very big factor of strength in the whole railroad situation is to be found in the replacement value of the roads. With everything required to build and operate a railroad vastly more expensive than when the railroads were constructed there is a legitimacy in the railroad argument that would be materially emphasized in any general plan for government ownership. It would seem, however, that our very sorry experience with government operation has for long decades put a definite quietus on talk of this sort.

That during the year 1917 street and interurban railways of the United States "transported more than 11,000,000,000 fare-paying passengers, representing an average of about 100 trips for every man, woman, and child in this country," has been discovered by *Bradstreet's* in a preliminary report recently issued by the Bureau of Census, Department of Commerce, covering operations of such railways. The report relates to the calendar years 1917, 1912, and 1907, but it "gives many other interesting details." For instance these, as *Bradstreet's* summarized them:

"Electric railway companies in 1917 operated 102,603 cars on 32,353 miles of line, comprising 44,812 miles of track; employed 294,826 persons, to whom were paid salaries and wages aggregating \$257,240,362, and derived revenues amounting to \$650,149,806 from their railway operations. These figures are for 947 operating and 364 lessor companies. The number of operating companies compares with 975 in 1912 and 945 in 1907. The line mileage represents an increase of 6.9 per cent. as compared with 1912 and 27.4 per cent. over 1907, the corresponding rates of increase in track mileage being 9.1 and 30.3, respectively. The total number of cars reported, comprising 79,914 passenger-cars and 22,689 freight and other non-passenger cars, shows an increase of 9.1 per cent. for the period 1912-17 and of 22.7 per cent. for the decade 1907-17. It is noteworthy that there was a marked increase in the number of electric locomotives in use, the total in 1917 being 357, against 277 in 1912 and only 117 in 1907.

"Pay-rolls increased much faster than did the number of employees. Between 1912 and 1917, for example, an increase of 4.4 per cent. in the total number of employees was accompanied by an increase of 28 per cent. in salaries and wages, while during the ten-year period, 1907-17, the corresponding rates of increase were 33.1 per cent. and 70.4 per cent.

"In addition to 11,304,660,462 revenue passengers, the electric railways carried 3,021,-

137,935 transfer and 181,116,176 free passengers, making a total of 14,506,914,573. This total represents an increase of 19.5 per cent. during the period of 1912-17 and 52.2 per cent. for the decade 1907-17.

"The report shows that the income of the companies from all sources in 1917 aggregated \$730,108,040, of which sum \$650,149,806 represented revenues from railway operations \$59,675,286 was derived from auxiliary light and power business, and \$20,282,948 was non-operating income. The revenues from railway operations increased by 21.3 per cent. during the period 1912-17 and by 62.2 per cent. between 1907 and 1917, but those from light and power business increased by 89.4 per cent. and 245.1 per cent. during the five-year and ten-year periods respectively.

"Operating expenses totaled \$452,594,654—an increase of 36 per cent. over 1912 and 80.1 per cent. over 1907; and the deductions from income, comprising taxes, interest, and fixed charges, amounted to \$221,062,456, an increase of 19.6 per cent. for the later five-year period and of 60.1 per cent. for the decade. The net income, therefore, was \$56,450,930, a sum less by 17.2 per cent. than the net income of 1912, but greater by 39.9 per cent. than that of 1907. Of the 947 operating companies, 300 paid dividends aggregating \$48,337,435, a decrease of 6.4 per cent. as compared with 1912.

"The increase in operating expenses, coupled with the decreases in net income and in dividends over the later five-year period covered, is significant of conditions which are compelling the serious attention of traction managers. How urgent the situation is felt to be was indicated in the course of a hearing before the Federal Electric Commission at Washington this week, when Mr. Guy E. Tripp, chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, representing the American Electrical Railway Association, predicted that many of the larger electric lines of street railways would be in bankruptcy before the commission completed its hearings. An investment banker of Chicago, Mr. H. L. Stuart, said that there was little or no market for street railway securities, while Mr. W. G. Bradlee, president of the Stone & Webster Management Association of Boston, said that approximately \$1,000,000,000 was needed by the electric railways each year to meet demands and serve the public. According to Mr. Bradlee, there are only two ways to secure this money—either through municipal ownership or the establishment of some plan under which the private investor will feel that he can count on a reasonable return on the capital invested."

STAGING A LEMON EXTRACT BOOM.

Few, we think, can know before they are here informed what a devilish leverage has lurked on kitchen shelves, in cupboards, dining-room closets of the most respectable homes. Lemon extract in its trig, flat bottle must have been thought of by innocent millions as the thing which, put into custards, jellies, ice-cream, and cakes, gives for those who care for that kind of flavor the kind of flavor they care for. But truth has been having her day out in Washington. Bland of Missouri read from printed matter to prove that lemon flavoring compounds are "absolute alcohol, 90 per cent. by volume."

Then Mr. Tinchier told his colleagues that in the courthouse at Cherokee, Oklahoma, he had assisted in the prosecution of a creature named Jacobs who had killed in cold blood Farmer Strohl, "the evidence disclosed that Jacobs had drunk twenty-eight bottles of lemon extract on the day he committed murder."

In view of this appalling revelation there were immediately offered amendments to strike out the requirement that the alcohol contents of flavoring extracts should be stated on their labels. It was feared, strangely indeed, that if the exact alcohol content, 90 per cent., was plainly printed on the labels of bottles exposed for sale in the show windows of drug and fancy goods stores it would boom the truly rural appetite for lemon custards and cakes to an excess destructive alike to digestion and morals. Yet the printed label prevailed, partly perhaps because the pure food law calls for it.

Other trouble followed. It was found that lemon extract in the prohibition bill was described as "non-potable," which, it was excitedly declared, the spelling books defined as "non-drinkable." Surely if a citizen of Cherokee, Oklahoma, could drink twenty-eight bottles of it in a day and then accomplish murder the stuff could not with due regard to truth be said to be non-drinkable. Not in Oklahoma, anyway.

Mr. Baer of North Dakota became suddenly alarmed lest some one should do away with pickled peaches. He quoted the laws of his state, which in effect declare that "all intoxicating liquors that will produce intoxication shall be held to be intoxicating liquors." But is a peach, pickled or in its right mind, a liquor?

In the midst of great confusion the cool official reporter heard Mr. Brinson of North Carolina announce: "Utopia will not be

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reached at once. The question of Cain finds instant answer from us. We are our brother's keeper."

A diligent search of the *Record* of that tumultuous session fails to disclose how Brother Baer's pickled peaches fared.—*New York Times*.

The City of Paris, a few years before the war, presented the late Czar of Russia with an Easter egg containing jewels to the value of \$10,000. The same year one of his revolutionary subjects sent him an egg stuffed with dynamite, timed to explode at a certain hour. The weight of the egg aroused suspicion, and a tragedy was averted by the secret police opening the egg and discovering its contents.

The keeping of gold fish is a great institution in China. The fish are fed on lean pork, which is first dried in the sun and then reduced to powder.

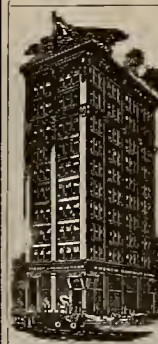
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JUNE 30th, 1919.

Assets - - - - - \$60,509,192.14
Deposits - - - - - 57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - - - - - 2,387,011.92
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The White House

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Mr. Wells has taken a great spiritual conflict as the theme of his novel. This he has made vivid and compelling through characters drawn with his usual penetration and insight and through incidents of a highly dramatic nature.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

On the Coast of France.

Very little has been written on the activities of American warships in European waters. Indeed we know very little of the war at sea, and in this respect the navies of all powers have preserved their reputation as the Silent Service. For this reason there should be a welcome for the little volume that comes from the pen of Joseph Husband, Ensign, U. S. N. R. F. It is in no sense a complete record. For that we may have to wait a long time. None the less it gives a highly satisfactory survey of the operations carried out by American war craft in the course of their onerous duties against submarines and in keeping open the traffic lanes of Great Britain and France. The author carefully avoids heroics. He knows of what he writes, and the result is a vital little book that deserves high praise. It is admirably illustrated from photographs.

ON THE COAST OF FRANCE. By Joseph Husband, Ensign, U. S. N. R. F. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Old Freedom.

We are a little tired of being told that America is the only country in the world where the strong can not oppress the weak, and at the same time that America is now in such a perilous position that only a complete subversion of our fiscal and economic systems can prevent a tidal wave of Bolshevism. Either the pill is a peculiarly nasty one or the sugar coating need not be quite so thick.

Mr. Francis Neilson does not say quite so much as this, but he seems to think that calamity awaits us unless we tax monopoly values, that is to say land, and free industry from its present imposts. The British unionist, he says, is not so foolish as to believe that his position can be bettered by protection, nor does he rely on increases in wages

that are instantly and automatically canceled by advancing prices. It was the elder Pitt who said that by indirect taxation "you can tax the last rag off a man's back, the last mouthful of food from his mouth, and he won't know what is injuring him." But we are still deluded by indirect taxation, says the author. He complains that "no one seems to understand that all taxes on wealth can be shifted; no one seems to be aware that, with all the supertaxes, profit taxes, excess profit taxes, the rich are not really less rich." Therefore let us put taxes on the full monopoly value of land.

Of course we have heard all this before and we shall hear it all again. But we are not likely to hear the idea more capably presented than in this little volume by Mr. Neilson.

THE OLD FREEDOM. By Francis Neilson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

A Journey in War-Time.

Mrs. Isabella St. John made a wonderful journey, and one well worthy of record. Learning that her son, a British soldier, was lying wounded somewhere in France, she started off at once to find him. She had nothing but an ordinary passport, which was worth, of course, about as much as a postal card behind the lines. She was in imminent danger of being taken for a spy. She was hindered and frustrated at every turn, but eventually she won her way through and found her son, and now she gives us a vivid story of how she did it all.

A wonderful example of maternal devotion, of course. And yet the mere man, the mere father even, will be disposed to shake his head over the performance. Suppose all mothers who learned that their sons had been wounded had tried to do the same thing. The conduct of the war would have been immensely hampered and a new danger to operations would have been introduced. It is, after all, a fair test of the legitimacy of what we do—what would be the result if all others should do the same? None the less we may put moralizing upon one side and congratulate the author on an energetic and unusual war story.

A JOURNEY IN WAR-TIME. By Isabella St. John. New York: John Lane Company.

Chosen Peoples.

Mr. Israel Zangwill comes to the defense of Judaism against a charge that we believe is a new one on this side of the Atlantic. Gentiles, says Mr. Zangwill, have always been irritated by the claim that the Jews are a "chosen people." Have they? We have never experienced such irritation. Nor heard of it. Indeed it would ill become any people to resent a claim that all peoples make for themselves. It belongs to the harmless national egoisms that are universal and that are supposed to be patriotic, and Mr. Zangwill is quick to point this out. America, for example, calls herself "God's own country," and in "Rule Britannia" we have the assumption that Britain "arose from the azure main" at Heaven's command. What are these

but the "chosen people" theory, and it would be quite easy to find similar expressions of patriotic faith from most other countries. Friedrich Lange says: "The German people is the elect of God and its enemies are the enemies of the Lord," but this hardly justifies the writer who identifies Judaism with Germanism. Lange expresses himself in the brutal German way, but unless we are much mistaken we shall find that there are few people who do not innocently enough avow themselves to be peculiarly the pets and protégés of Providence, and directly destined by God for the redemption of the human race. But we do not take offense.

It is only in certain respects, says Mr. Zangwill, that "the Lord" is regarded as a tribal God. Israel disappears, he tells us, in whole books of the Old Testament. Even Genesis speaks of the rainbow as a covenant "between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." All gods are originally tribal gods, but philosophy speedily gives to them cosmic attributes. We have universalism in the first verse of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

And so it may be that Mr. Zangwill is tilting against a windmill. None the less he tilts most powerfully and we are grateful to an excuse for a piece of writing so eloquent and so graceful.

CHOSEN PEOPLES. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Idealism and the Modern Age.

Are we to create a new world of philosophy as well as a new world of economics and politics? Does the coming of the "new age," whatever that may be, mean that we must fashion for ourselves a new heaven and a new God in it, as well as a new earth? Mr. Santayana and some others are confident that we have done with the old order of things in philosophy, and that so far from shaping our lives upon the old philosophic ideas we must henceforth shape our philosophic ideas upon the new pattern that we have given to our lives. And the new pattern is atheism and democracy. The gods must henceforth pass a competitive examination in Marxian socialism and eugenics before they can be accepted. None the less we will put our money on the old philosophic gods. Carlyle, when told that the young woman had determined to accept the laws of the universe, replied grimly, "She'd better." The old Platonism will not be disturbed by the new pragmatism. It is the new pragmatism that will be disturbed by the old Platonism. And Mr. Santayana might be surprised to discover how many there are who look upon the present pragmatism and atheism and utilitarianism as a disease that will soon be cured, a disease alike of mind and of morals.

Plato believed that there was an invisible world of ideas, and that we must eventually conform with it, and not it with us. Over that world of ideas we have no control. It stands and will stand. Pragmatism and democracy raising their hands against that eternal order of things are no more than infants defying the laws of solar energy. The divine autocracy of cosmic ideas can not be overthrown. To attempt to do so is only to invoke chaos upon ourselves. Already we have seen some of that chaos. There is more to come unless man shall make his submission to God. God will not make his submission to man.

The author tries to find a *modus vivendi* between the two. He is no worshipper of the new pragmatism. Far from it. He believes in the archetypal world of ideas, but he is not sure that we have correctly read it. He does not believe for a moment that man can henceforth do as he will, or that he can exercise any sort of Prussianism over the moulds of his life. He can not create what he will. His plans and blue prints must correspond with those of the archetype, but perhaps those higher plans and blue prints have been misread. That is the only question. But they will prevail.

Mr. Adams is a profound thinker and he is free from philosophic superstitions. Neither the old nor the new appeal to him as such. Personally we may regret to see the slightest deference to the depravities of pragmatism, or any disposition to regard them as other than the cloaca of the day. But Mr. Adams reaches his conclusions by hard thinking and honest search.

IDEALISM AND THE MODERN AGE. By George Plimpton Adams. New York: Yale University Press.

New Books Received.

THE AMERICAN LABOR POLICY. By Julius Henry Cohen. New York: The Macmillan Company. An analysis of the labor problem.

THE COSMIC COMEUP OR THE VITAL URGE. By Leonard Stuart. Boston: Richard G. Badger. A poem.

GERMANY IN WAR AND AFTER. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: The Macmillan Company. A picture of the German mind.

IRELAND'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. By George Creel. New York: Harper & Brothers. Modern history.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By the Rt. Hon. Sir

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G. HARGENS, (formerly of The White House.)

Edward Clarke, K. C. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Autobiography.

HELPING FRANCE. By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A story of the Red Cross.

A MODERN FRENCH GRAMMAR. By Philippe de La Rochelle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
For secondary schools and colleges.

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE. By Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
A novel.

JINNY THE CARRIER. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.
A novel.

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New American Poetry.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer is one of the very few critics of modern American poetry whose opinion has any value. The majority start from the assumption that to be "new" is in itself a virtue and that the first of all requisites in the poetic writer is an original eccentricity. Mr. Untermeyer himself has far too much toleration for the freak, but it is actual toleration, and not novelty worship. He is willing to look carefully at whatever is visible, and we can only admire a patience that seems sometimes to be so ill-rewarded.

It is, of course, useless to ask whether this or that is or is not true poetry. It is not a question of fact like the "all wool" nature of a fabric. No one has ever given us an acceptable definition of poetry. It is a matter of liking or disliking, and therefore all criticism is personal. We applaud the judgments that coincide with our own. There is no yardstick for poetry that can be passed from hand to hand, and there is no such thing as impersonal criticism. Mr. Untermeyer does not like Whittier. There are many who do. We read Mr. Untermeyer's opinions of Whittier because they are Mr. Untermeyer's opinions rather than because they are about Whittier.

Mr. Untermeyer tries to create a yardstick for poetry. Of course he does. He can hardly say, "This is not poetry because I do not like it." Some one else would say, "This is true poetry because I do like it." But Mr. Untermeyer's yardstick does not fit firmly to the hand. It wavers, and varies in length. But it is interesting to watch it in operation. We like to see the way it responds to the discriminating intelligence of its creator. But it is Mr. Untermeyer himself who attracts us. We want to know what he likes and dislikes, and this not entirely because we shall proceed to do the same, although we probably shall.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN POETRY. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Street of Adventure.

We can not quite determine whether "The Street of Adventure" is a novel or a biography, or a mixture of the two. Its author is Philip Gibbs, whose name on a title-page is sufficient recommendation for any book. But then Mr. Gibbs himself appears in the narrative. But it does not matter. It is capital reading, whatever it is.

Francis Luttrell is anxious to be a newspaper man, and this seems, parenthetically, to betoken a weak mind. Mr. Gibbs tries to dissuade him from that wild career, but at last gives him a letter of introduction to a London editor. Luttrell is engaged as a reporter, and then his troubles begin. The book may be said to be a story of Luttrell's journalistic education and of the pitiful struggle for existence that seems to be the normal lot of the London newspaper man. But there are women reporters also, and with their effective aid we have all the elements of a novel.

It is a particularly good piece of work, and we must assume that it is an accurate picture of journalistic life in London. Certainly it is an unpleasant picture so far as its uncertainties, disappointments, and tragedies are concerned. The path of the London reporter is strewn with wrecks and it would seem that the best of all possible good luck is to die young and before advancing years give the signal for displacement and submergence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gibbs has exaggerated, but it is to be feared that he has not.

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE. By Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Without the Walls.

We have a strong impression that the day has passed for the biblical novel and the biblical play. They have become distasteful and we need not now inquire why this should be. "Without the Walls" is a play representing a love affair between a Jewish maiden and a Roman soldier, and we can not see that the idea gains in strength from its connection with sacred history. Certainly the sacred history does not gain. Nor can we admire the device by which the earthquake that is supposed to have followed the death of Jesus is made to serve the reunion of the lovers by shaking down the prison wall that separates them. Mrs. Trask is a strong writer and she has the dramatic instinct, but we do not think she does it justice by selecting scenes and events that are best left in the isolation of their original setting.

WITHOUT THE WALLS. By Katrina Trask. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Isaacs.

This amusing book consists of twenty-one sketches illustrating a phase of Russian Jewish life in the east end of London. The author makes the acquaintance of Isaacs when the street urchin sells him an out-of-date newspaper, and eventually he becomes the legal adviser of the shrewd young Russian, whose many business adventures range all the way from the legitimate to the criminal. Isaacs is

a finished young scoundrel, but none the less the author makes us excuse him and eventually love him, and, through him, the whole body of exiles whose suffering and persecution have burned themselves so deeply into their characters.

ISAACS. By Joseph Gec. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Mummery," published by the George H. Doran Company, is said to be Gilbert Cannan's nineteenth novel. He will have a new one ready for fall publication called "Pink Roses" in which he advances his well-known intellectual satire against war. He lives in London, dines at the Café Monico, and is frequently mentioned in Hugh Walpole's London letters to the New York Sun hook section.

Great interest is being shown, both in London and New York, in the news of the approaching publication of General Ludendorff's book on the great war. He alone can throw light on many obscure episodes that occurred in the Central Empires since August, 1914, and nobody can speak with more intimate knowledge of the real part played in the war by the former Kaiser.

V. Sackville West (the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson) is well known as a writer of verse, but "Heritage" (Doran) is her first essay in fiction. She is the author of "Poems of West and East."

Sir Anthony Hope, whose "Prisoner of Zenda" has been popular for so many years, has just completed a new novel, "The Secret of the Tower," which has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. During the past four years Sir Anthony has been engaged in war work for the British government, and wrote nothing for publication until he began work on "The Secret Tower." The novel is said to be in his best vein and promises to be a treat, coming as it does from this entertaining writer after such a long interval of silence.

George J. Hecht has made a collection of distinctive American cartoons of the war which E. P. Dutton & Co. will bring out in book form about the middle of August under the title, "The War in Cartoons."

The news comes from Spain that Vicente Blasco Ibañez, whose new novel, "Mare Nostrum," E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published, is contemplating a trip to the United States some time in the near future. This will be his first voyage to North America, although his familiarity with South America is evidenced by the series of novels dealing with life in the Spanish republics which he had planned and one of which he had written when the war broke out and turned his attention to its problems, which he has handled in so masterly a style in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Mare Nostrum."

Having securely established the principle of electric propulsion in the navy of the United States, attention is now centred on the adaptation of the same theory to the propulsion of the cargo and passenger-carrying ships which will make up our merchant fleet. Electric propulsion for this class of vessels has been slower in growth than the same principle applied to naval vessels. Engineers are now at work on American turbo-electric and oil engine electric systems for cargo vessels in this country, and they believe future development along these lines to be unusually bright.

It has been officially announced that over one hundred and seventy-five thousand alien soldiers in the United States Army have applied for citizenship under the Soldiers' Naturalization Act of May 9, 1918.



MAN THE MOST HARDY.

An interesting comparison of the tenacity of life among men and animals has been made by John B. Burnham of New York, who says:

"The total death casualties of the war have been estimated by Secretary of War Baker as 9,000,000 men. The total population of the world is, I believe, something over a billion and a quarter souls, so that the world lost something like 7 per cent of its population. But reproduction was going on all the time, and the world has more people today than when the war began.

"Audubon once estimated that a single flock of passenger pigeons which he saw contained more birds than the total population of the world, yet only a few decades later there were no passenger pigeons. The race had been annihilated.

"The comparison is interesting, for it illustrates the fact that the human being is the most hardy game animal of all. The greatest war of history not only failed to annihilate, but also failed to stop man's increase. Also it must be observed that while humanity is increasing game is decreasing.

"The ratio between man and the game he hunts is constantly assuming a more unfavorable percentage as regards the game. And the war itself, paradoxical though it may be, has in many places and over large areas accentuated the disparity.

"Almost everywhere except in North America the food shortage has caused appalling inroads on the game supply. In England, the honorary secretary of the English Game Guild tells me it will take at least twenty years to get game back to anything like normal abundance. The great increase in vermin, with the game-keepers off at the war, is partly responsible for this. In Russia many of the finest preserves have been ruined, and game nowhere exists in its former supply. In France the poison gases have completed the work of destruction. The Mexican handits in their mountain retreats have converted magnificent game sections into unproductive wastes.

"Carl Akeley says that the war has taken a toll of from half to two-thirds of African game in the sections where there has been fighting. Much of this game, he says, was wantonly slaughtered by the Boers for rifle practice. Aside from the northern portion of North America, the picture is one of nearly universal gloom, but here, I am glad to say, conditions are much brighter.

"Both Canada and the United States have wonderful food supplies and what is more important still an exalted brand of wisdom with regard to their natural resources. In

both nations the full meaning of the value of the conservation of wild life is at least recognized. This was never more clearly demonstrated than by the passage of the treaty for the protection of migratory birds which today unites the two countries in brotherly bond, and which was ratified by Canada during the darkest hours of the war.

"Neither country for a moment lost its good sense. In the face of the clamor for cheap food in the form of marketed game efficient protective laws were in no way relaxed. Both countries knew that if the demand were granted it would mean the annihilation of the game without any appreciable benefit, for the price of food would not have been lowered by any fraction of the medium of exchange.

"Today both countries have more game than when the war began—game which is of far greater value from the standpoint of making, by the taking, men and soldiers self-reliant and healthy individuals than it can ever be for food alone."

Mysterious White Horses.

Every now and then, naturally enough, a little wave of popular interest eddies around the mysterious white horses cut in the hill-sides in various parts of southern England. Sometimes, owing to the encroaching habits of the brush, the chalk which constitutes the lines of the animals fades from view and almost from memory (according to the *Christian Science Monitor*). This process had well nigh happened to the Westbury White Horse at Bratton, Wiltshire, when the clearing of brush laid it bare and revived inquiries as to its origin and solicitude for its preservation, as well as for the upkeep of its various counterparts elsewhere.

Well-known authorities have it that the horse was cut out to commemorate the victory of King Alfred over the Danes at Ethandune, the site of which is not far distant. Uffington, however, has a better specimen as white horses go, though abnormally lean and scraggy in proportions. In size it is nearly 350 feet in length and the same in breadth. It is mentioned in the records of 1571 and was long the scene of annual festivities known as the "scouring" festival. The existence of these and the other white horses, with which may be included the Cerne Abbas Giant and the Long Man at Wilmington, has been the object of much learned and largely unfruitful discussion.

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AN IMPRESSION.

Every city has its characteristic expression. The extreme misery of the lowest, poverty-stricken classes in London has stamped itself on the collective physiognomy of that vast, wealthy city. In America the national prosperity makes for national exuberance. We are well fed; to a certain extent overfed. Poverty we have, of course. But not in great measure. People who are well paid, well fed, well clothed, well housed, well entertained show it in every fibre of their beings. And so the collective national physiognomy is that of abounding satisfaction with life.

One day at the Exposition, while waiting in front of the Pennsylvania building to meet friends, I fell into chat there with a group of Pennsylvanians; all of us strangers to each other.

They all agreed, though, on a certain point concerning California. Our state is the promised land in the dreams of the majority of Easterners. I remember that after the great calamity of 1906 one of the prominent Eastern periodicals referred charmingly to California as one of Columbia's youngest and her favorite daughter. And a group of these Pennsylvanians declared that they had dreamed for twenty years of coming out here; "and now," they said, "we are never going back."

In San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, we are not at all troubled by a lack of self-satisfaction. When we are away and write ourselves down as hailing from San Francisco we are generally sure of a quick up-welling of interest. San Francisco is, to a certain extent, the city of romance. At all events, it is the free, joyous, unconventional city, where you can stay home from church Sunday, or never go at all, and none to say you nay. Nobody asks you to what church you belong, for so many belong to none. It is the city of excellent French restaurants, of beautiful women, of smart, well-tailored girls, of prosperous men who think nothing of a hop, skip, and jump across the continent. It is the city where you can be cool in summer and warm in winter—outdoors. It is the city of apartment houses and parades, and, of course, we must not forget that the grafter has a particularly joyous time here. And the average citizen grumbles a little, but generally leaves him to speculate in peace.

But—there is Southern California. By the way, is San Francisco the metropolis of the Pacific Coast? Somehow, up here we smile at the claims of Los Angeles and deride them.

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But down there that huge, hustling city with its splendidly built skyscrapers, its fine, extensive shops, its well-paved streets, its modern electric night lighting, its innumerable restaurants that supply food so much more reasonably than San Francisco does, its limitless number of automobiles, its vast stretches of residential sections, containing lawncircled, vine-hung, flower-set homes of taste and beauty, and its many practically suburban ocean beach cities—all this makes one feel meek and lowly.

And the people; how well satisfied they are. There are so many ex-Easterners there that they do not seem like Californians. But they reflect the geniality of their climate. They fairly glow with self-satisfaction and contentment.

They have not the air of being citizens of a metropolis, the city still remaining in the hobble-de-hoy stage. The girls, many of them, look like animated figures made of pink and blue candy, as they sweetly mince their silk-stockinged, high-heeled way through the downtown street throng. But there are no standards in dress. A fat old frump, hallowing out over her percale waistband and wearing hedroom felt slippers if she feels so inclined, waddles along on Broadway as unconcerned as if she were on the corner of Third and Bryant in San Francisco. Our smart San Francisco girls make a much more modish show. But—there's the climate. They couldn't wear these correctly-tailored wools and gorgeous furs that so becomingly set off their piquant little faces in Los Angeles.

The two cities are entirely different, and pleasant and happy though our San Franciscans look, especially when the sun is shining, the Los Angeles wear an especially Southern Californian looks of well-being and sun-warmed content.

Is it conceit? Is it superiority over us? Well, they didn't seem to be thinking of us at all, the mean things! If the subject of San Francisco happened to come up—seldom introduced by us, as we were looking on round-eyed at Los Angeles, and trying to absorb all we could—they just gave us a passing knock and promptly forgot us.

Every big city, of course, has a queer hodge-podge of people in it. But the climate down there draws queer sects and genially encourages queer experiments. They tell me that the Los Angeles have pennies to our dollars. Nearly everybody knows some one, or is related to some one, that has business connection with the various movie studios. An immense amount of money has been expended on the immense tract of territory that they call Los Angeles. The city is a change-ling. It has its own psychology. Yes, I would like to make a long stay there and find what I really think of it.

But the most uncomfortable impression I carried away is that there is more enterprise down there than there is here, in spite of their relaxing climate. And then there is that insistent question, Are we the metropolis of the Pacific Coast?

There is a spot on the Los Angeles sun, however, viewing it as a sophisticated metropolis, the existence of which is admitted by the Los Angeles: admitted with flashing eyes both by those who motor and those who don't. And that is apparent inability or unwillingness of the city authorities to enforce the rules and regulations concerning motoring with reckless drivers. Accidents and sudden deaths make no difference. The indignation of conservative drivers concern them not. The boys and young men automobilists of Los Angeles are allowed to remain a byword and a reproach to a fine city.

I suppose all big cities blow. I am sure we do in San Francisco. But the odd thing is the simple-hearted trust with which we believe local blowers and the lofty incredulity with which we receive the breezes of remote blowers. Los Angeles blows; so, by the way, does San Diego, which cheerfully claims 33-1-3 per cent. more population than it has—so I am assured by a San Diegan. But it will get it, when the United States buys Lower California. And when San Diego begins to forge ahead—it already has 75,000 population—then look for ferocious ructions between the two cities.

If Los Angeles, however, wants Lower California to be bought by us, bought it will be Los Angeles generally gets what she wants. She wanted a harbor, and she got it. Northern California pokes fun at San Pedro, but Los Angeles placidly goes on making herself a bigger and bigger distributing centre and making money out of her unpretentious ditch harbor.

From the metropolitan point of view she is the younger brother of San Francisco; a lusty youth growing apace and looking down rather disdainfully on his slower-paced senior. Yes, I really think they have the nerve to look down on us. And they're getting factories; a big tire factory is due; and Wigley, the gum man, is going to spend a million or so on Santa Catalina and make it, he declares, the finest island resort in the United States.

And the city spreads, and spreads. Of course it is rather ridiculous including so much open farming territory in "the city limits."

One can motor half an hour and more after entering "the city limits," and see nothing but cultivated fields; scarcely a house visible.

And still, when he plunges into the city proper, the rueful San Franciscan is apt to ask himself, "Are we, or are we not, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast?"

DEVILS AND DAMNS.

Never was our horizon so full of them as since the war. The hars have been let down since then and women—many of them—"damn" almost as freely as the men. They used to do it—many of them—behind closed doors. But the war came. The world was full of pent-up emotion. Volcanic language was invoked to give it vent, and "devils" and "damns" began to wing their sulphurous flight from feminine lips. At present women are swearing in novels, and next they will do it in plays.

Just yet the public isn't ready. But they'll get there. They always laugh when a "My God!" humorously intoned strikes their ear on the stage. They laugh rapturously when the female crook "damns"; for she already has begun to damn in the drama; but they are not yet quite ready for the nice girl to perpetrate the devils and damns heretofore sacred to the male.

I have been reading Margaret Deland's "Small Things" (D. Appleton & Co.). Margaret Deland's stories of New England life have always indicated a pretty considerable knowledge of human nature. This popular authoress has been working in the Y. M. C. A. canteen service in France. Evidently she has some position of authority over a group of girls who have volunteered for that service. At any rate she quotes freely from their pithy comments on war conditions, and does not refrain for a single moment from repeating the devils and damns that come hurtling from fair lips. As, for instance, says an American girl ambulance driver when questioned as to where she would go to hide when the aeroplanes homed the road she was on: "Hide? Why, no; what would be the use? You never could tell where the damned thing was going to hit." This was evidently not said for effect, but with matter-of-fact earnestness. But one notices that the marriages out there are not with our free and easy American girls. Queer characters turned up in Margaret Deland's pages; her stories, I mean. They turned up because she has always understood so well that the world is made up largely of queer people. Still there was always a certain atmosphere of propriety reigned in her books, and I can imagine the pale horror of some gentle New England lady who has always loved this interpreter of a locked-up, reticent people when she came across, in her pages, some such remark as this, made by a U. S. girl typist: "I hate typing like the devil, but it seemed to be up to me, for somebody had to do it, so I just said, 'Oh, damn! I guess it's my job!'"

It is quite evident that those middle-aged American women over there—Mrs. Deland admits to middle age—are intensely enjoying being on such terms of camaraderie with delightful youth. They wouldn't for the world check the flow of free comment by showing a sense of shocked decorum, and, in fact, I rather suspect them of enjoying all this emphatic profanity. It probably offers some relief to various emotions that they are unable to give tongue to. At any rate that is the impression I derive from Mrs. Deland's hook. Here's her final dictum, however, on the subject: "I wish these steady, necessary girls, a few of whom smoke (never publicly, I think); and who love to make soher folk jump with their occasional 'had word'—I wish they knew that we are just as proud of the courage of their endurance of the dull job as we are of the courage that meets shellfire with composure." JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Life on a Destroyer.

There is no motion on land or sea comparable to that of a destroyer (says Joseph Husband in a recent hook on naval experiences off the coast of France). Rolling often in five-second jerks at an angle sometimes over 50 degrees, there is combined with the roll a quick and violent pitching which produces a sensation without parallel on any other type of vessel. The pitching movement of a destroyer may be compared with the abrupt starting and stopping of an elevator operating at high speed; a sudden sinking, in which the deck seems to drop way beneath the feet, and then an abrupt upheaving motion, almost before equilibrium can be regained.

Like maddened switchback cars, the destroyers gyrate in the slightest sea. Grimy with soot of fuel oil, reeking with oil gases, they reel and plunge at express-train speed. The officers and men on the hridge, half choked with frequent hack draughts of gaseous oil smoke and the reek from the "Charley Noble" (galley smokestack), peer ahead through a blizzard of flying spray. In the wardroom the colored mess attendants balance like acrobats. . . . Few are the days when meals can be served with racks on the

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table. It is a hand-to-mouth existence, a catch-as-catch-can game in which the galley challenges the sea and the sea usually holds the cards. Even personal cleanliness becomes impossible in an unstable world where water will invariably find its level when the water howl slants at 45 or 50. Chairs are lashed to the bulkheads, and by day or night, when opportunity offers, officers and men roll into troubled bunks fully dressed.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "would you mind helping me with a little bit of arithmetic?" "Not at all." "Well, if we pay the cook all the wages she wants will we have enough money left to buy anything for her to cook?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



XIX.

Why the Service Charge Varies

It costs more to serve some water consumers than others.

So naturally the service charge is on a graduated scale.

However, about 94 per cent. of our customers are on approximately the same footing so far as the cost of giving them service is concerned.

These all have 3/8-inch meters, and pay 65 cents a month for service.

The rest of our customers use more water than could be supplied through the service pipes for which the 3/8-inch meter is suitable.

For proper service they need larger service pipes and larger meters.

Their service charges range from \$1 to \$40 a month.

Before the city was completely metered there were cases where certain consumers asked for the installation of larger services and meters than they really needed. Whenever we found this to be the case we substituted smaller meters, thus reducing the monthly service charge.

Whether you belong to the vast majority of consumers and pay 65 cents, or to the small minority and pay more—

You are paying on a basis which reimburses us for the expense involved in giving you the particular kind of service which satisfies your individual need.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**Curran Theatre.**

Leo Carrillo begins his last week at the Curran Theatre in "Lombardi, Ltd.," credited with being Oliver Morosco's most brilliant comedy production, with tomorrow night's performance.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," was written by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, authors of another Morosco success, "Upstairs and Down."

Carrillo has the rôle of Tito Lombardi, "creator" of gowns for the ultra-fashionable. It is a picturesque central character and he plays it with a delicious foreign accent. Carrillo displays a resourcefulness in characterization and vigor of method that absolves his interpretation of any charge of monotony, and in the gentler scenes he achieves the effect of an artist-dreamer without resort to mawkish sentimentality.

Oliver Morosco has given the unique play a lavish mounting, the gowns in Tito Lombardi's shop are stunning enough to suggest a fashion show, and the supporting company is admirable.

The Alcazar.

Laughter and thrill race neck and neck at the Alcazar next week, commencing at the Sunday matinée, when its first presentation of "The New Henrietta" will possess special interest because Walter P. Richardson was featured in it two seasons in Australia before he became leading man of the popular New Alcazar Company. It will be final proof of Richardson's versatility to see him in the delightful rôle of "Old Nick" Van Alstyne, the irascible but golden-hearted wizard of Wall Street. The vibrant comedy-drama is the work of Winchell Smith, author of "Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'," and many other popular plays, and Victor Mapes, whose craftsmanship was shown in David Belasco's comedy success, "The Boomerang." They have adroitly blended buoyant humor and radiant romance with the tenseness of melodrama. Charming Belle Benett will be revealed in a new light as the brilliant, sparkling young widow, Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke, who turns the grizzled bear of the stock exchange into a lamb of gentleness. Vaughan Morgan and Jean Oliver, as the magnate's son and dainty ward, have a

humorous romance all their own; Thomas Chatterton is the polished villain of a stock wrecker, and Henry Shumer the fashionable clergyman with a mania for speculation. Emily Pinter, Rafael Brunetto, Edna Shaw, Al Cunningham, Nate Anderson, and other favorites are admirably cast.

"The Brat," with Miss Benett as a humorous little waif, drew such record-breaking crowds during its single week that its revival for a farewell week, August 24th, will be good news to thousands who were either away on vacation or unable to obtain seats for the recent presentation.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a new bill composed of headline acts.

Emma Haig will offer a selective programme of songs and dances which is of unusual appeal. She will be assisted by that clever comedian, Jack Waldron, who has just returned from France.

Trixie Friganza, who shares the headline honors, will in compliance with a numerous expressed wish play a return engagement and will indulge in new songs and witticisms. She is deservedly one of the greatest favorites the stage possesses.

William L. Gibson and Regino Connelli will appear in Aaron Hoffman's comedy, "The Honeymoon," which has won golden opinions in the East. Miss Connelli will be remembered for the brilliant success she scored in "Moon-down" some two years ago and Mr. Gibson is a valuable asset to any performances he takes part in.

The Bradnas, who hail from Europe, have just arrived from Australia, where they recently concluded a long and successful engagement. They will be seen in a quaint specialty which is principally hat manipulation. They are ambidextrous and at times all four of their hands keep a number of hats flying through the air. They are also capital comedians.

"Smiling" Billy Mason and Alice Forrest; "Pianoville," featuring George Reed and girls; Juhasz, in his great hit, "Bunkology"; the latest Hearst Weekly, and Harry Watson, Jr., as "Young Battling Kid Dugan" and in "The Telephone Scene," will be the other numbers in a bill which can be truthfully described as illustrating the best in vaudeville.

"Broken Blossoms."

D. W. Griffith, who gave the greatest motion pictures to the world—"The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," and others—has created a new sensation, "Broken Blossoms." It is a combination in artistic assembly of pictures, speech, music, and lights and will be presented at the Curran Theatre for a limited engagement beginning Sunday, August 24th. This will be the Pacific Coast première of "Broken Blossoms," which has been given in

New York and Chicago to enthusiastic audiences. The critics of the East have been more than eulogistic in praise of "Broken Blossoms."

MYSTERIOUS MURDER PLAYS.

It would make an interesting study of play-writing psychology if somebody should investigate the reasons why plays of a similar mood always come to the American stage in herds of three or more. Of course, it is easy enough to account for the fact that a number of dramatists have turned their attention this season to the problems of the returned soldier, as that is a topic uppermost in the public mind. Nor is there anything mysterious in the promise of plays on Bolshevism. But we are at a loss to account for the fact that three of the first four plays of the new season are murder mystery melodramas.

"The Thirteenth Chair" was so successful when produced here in 1916 that everybody looked for a number of similar plays on the same general lines. As a matter of fact only one reached New York and that was an indifferent success. "The Blue Pearl" followed the Veiller drama rather closely in form, but the playwright made the mistake of having his mystery hinge on theft instead of murder, and nobody, least of all a New Yorker under the Hyland administration, is likely to get excited over a mere burglary.

Now, after a lapse of more than a season, come three plays, all of which show the influence of "The Thirteenth Chair." Each contributes certain variations. In fact the actual basis of "A Voice in the Dark" is quite different and its resemblance is only incidental. Ralph E. Dyer's play is, therefore, the most original of the three new mystery dramas. We are not sure it is the best entertainment. "The Crimson Alibi" seemed to us a little brisker and more interesting, although its material is familiar except for one slight quirk in method by which the guessers are thrown off the track in their search for the guilty person. Dyer's idea is to show the same happening from different points of view. Thus in "A Voice in the Dark" we have a scene played as it came to the senses of a deaf woman, and then the same scene with the missing words and sounds supplied. Later we have a scene, though not the same one, played as it would appear to a blind man. All this is decidedly ingenious and rather fascinating, but there are certain technical difficulties which Dyer and Willard Mack, who aided in the production, have not quite solved. They have not been able to get away from a certain loss of interest which occurs in the repetition of any scene even when the point of view is different.

Moreover, they are working under a handicap which must increase with the growing vogue of the movies. No person who has observed the ease with which the picture playwright can flash you from one scene to another is going to be quite content with the slower changes of the stage when it makes an effort, in the twinkling of an eye, to switch its audience from a lawyer's office to a bit of woodland and then back to a lawyer's office. Even the best regulated ropes creak.

In one respect Owen Davis, the author of "At Nine Forty-Five," has easily surpassed both his competitors. He has been able to combine exposition and action in an exceedingly brisk and effective opening. He begins with a big head start over his rivals, but his play is not able to hold the pace and interest; ours at any rate begins to slacken when first one, then another, and finally still a third person confesses that he is the murderer. This seems too palpable a device to puzzle the audience.

"The Crimson Alibi" diverts suspicion very neatly and further keeps up the interest by one or two well-devised scenes of melodramatic tension which are not directly dependent on the mystery element of the play. There is, for instance, a cleverly devised scene in which the detectives come all the way down three flights of stairs while the audience waits with bated breath, or thereabouts, for the crooks concealed at the bottom to open fire. On the other hand, the dialogue of the Broadhurst play is almost invariably stilted and the comic relief forced in the extreme. In its comedy scenes "A Voice in the Dark" stands at the top.

Any rating of the three plays is difficult, but our selection would place them in the following order: "The Crimson Alibi," "A Voice in the Dark," "At Nine Forty-Five."

We said in our review of "The Crimson Alibi" that the audience was unfairly deceived because the hand which was shown in the murder scene did not wear a rubber glove, although much stress was laid upon this particular fact later on. A number of readers have written in to say that we do not know what we are talking about, and so we undoubtedly should score our observation as an error.

All three of the murder mystery men have agreed in one device. In each play the murdered man (in one he is only badly wounded) is such a complete rascal that there are no regrets. This serves to produce a happy

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ending, for in each play the murderer is assured that no jury in the world will convict him.—*Heywood Brown in New York Tribune*

Camouflage experts of the United States Navy are employing their talents in an effort to perfect a uniform system of camouflage for all vessels intended to reduce the dangers of collision between ships by a design that emphasizes and accentuates the true course of the ship. British naval experts also are interested in this endeavor, and camoufleurs of both navies are agreed that just as it was possible to elude the German U-boats by means of a design that gave a deceptive impression of the true course which a vessel was steering, so it is possible to minimize the danger of vessels coming together on days of poor visibility.

The first duel to take place in France since the beginning of the war has just been "fought," and according to the society editors a pleasant time was had by all. The performers were the mayor of Bayonne and the vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce. They "exchanged shots without results" and tea was served.

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FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 1

VANITY FAIR.

Major Raymond W. Pullman is superintendent of police in Washington, D. C. He is an uplifter. He believes in suffrage and suasion. He exults in his "women policemen" and he takes care that his right hand shall always know what his left hand doeth. After the negroes in Washington had shown themselves impervious to the good, the beautiful, and the true by assaulting a large number of white women we have an announcement from Major Pullman that "there will be no parleying with the elements of disorder."

But why was there any parleying at any time? asks "The Woman Patriot," and pauses for a reply. How about the suffragette pickets? Did not Major Pullman shake hands with them after they had been arrested? Had not the thus-hand-shaken suffragettes cursed the American flag? Did they not—we blush to repeat it—kick a police matron in the abdomen? What did Major Pullman think of that performance? Or did he, a mere man, permit himself to think of anything so indelicate? Fancy kicking a police matron in the abdomen. We ourselves are supposed to be among the adversaries of the sex, but we can lay our hands upon our heart and most solemnly asseverate that we have never kicked a police matron in the abdomen. We would scorn the act. But the suffragettes did it almost with impunity. And now the negroes have been doing worse still and Major Pullman will no longer parley "with the elements of disorder."

There are some curious people who believe that our names are in some way revelatory of our characters, and they are said to do a thriving trade among the fashionable by explaining to them the startling significance of their patronymics. There may be something in the idea. For example, there is Mrs. True Worthy White of Boston. We know at once that Mrs. True Worthy White must have a mission to redeem us from our sins. She could not possibly be a hurglar, for example, with a name like that. And sure enough we

find that she is a great and good woman. She says that women will become a force in government. How true, and also how original! Nothing is more inspiring than the way in which women hurl the forces of their iron resolution against the flinty walls of conservatism and reaction and call forth illuminative sparks of an unprecedented wisdom. Government, says Mrs. T. W. W., is nearest to the home and the problems with which women are familiar. Once more, how True, how Worthy, how—one might say—White.

And then there was Mrs. Funk. She was at the same meeting. She told her hearers that it would break their hearts to know the truth about the men of both parties. We pricked up our ears, expecting scandalous disclosures, midnight carousals perhaps, conceivably even worse. One never knows what a man will be up to. Mrs. Funk was the originator of the famous "card index" with its cargo of explosives. If any one knows the deep, dark recesses of the male heart it is Mrs. Funk. But no. She had no revelation of the kind we hoped for. None of these infamous legislators, she said, "cared anything about our cause." Monstrous! None the less they voted for it. They did not know what was on the card index, but they knew what might be there. It was not conscience that made cowards of them all. They had none. But memory did just as well.

It was a strong team, Mrs. True Worthy White and Mrs. Funk. Their names were sufficient. Henceforth we shall study the science of names. There is something in this, as the monkey said when he put his hand into the lady's bag. But we should like to know whether it is the name that influences the character, or whether it is the character that in some curious way attracts the name. Mrs. C. C. Catt, for example. How does it come about? But that is another story. And what was the name of the lady who said that men were physiological necessities, but otherwise nuisances?

The following chaste effusion appears in the columns of the New York Tribune under the title of "Omar, the Rent-Maker":

Here with a little flat and modest chow,
A kitchenette, some closet room, and thou
Beside me in Manhattan wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears;
Tomorrow? Why, tomorrow I will sign
A lease at any price—and no arrears!

Ah, make the most of all we have to spend
Before the rent doth further up ascend;

Apartmenteering gets one's goat, I know—
But some day profiteers may meet their end.

Alike for those who for today prepare
And those that after some tomorrow stare
A landlord from a tower of darkness cries:
"Fools! Lower rents are neither here nor there."

Into Manhattan came I, why not knowing
Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly flowing:
From house to house as wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried whence!
And, without asking whither, hurried hence!
Ah, contrite heav'n endowed us with the vine
To drown the memory of that race for rents!

Oh, threats of hell and hopes of paradise
One thing at least is certain—who denies?
One thing is certain, all the rest is lies—
The limit with the landlord is the skies.

If I but had a tent wherein to rest,
Or poultry coop unpainted and unblessed,
I'd move me in, but presently I know
Be ousted by some profiteering pest.

We are no other than a moving row
Of visionary shapes that come and go
(But mostly go) in caravan and truck,
Chased by these landlords, Ahie, Ben, and Joe.

Impotent pieces of the game each plays
Upon this chequer board of hoost and raise;
Hither and thither wove we nights and days,
Wond'ring how any salaried man the rental pays.

The moving finger writes; and having writ
Another lease, moves on; piety or wit
Can't lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

Ah, love, could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp a city block or two entire
Would we not shatter rents to bits?—Or would
We, after all, decide to send them up a little higher?

Just now one of the chief troubles of British musicians, professional or amateur, is the scarcity and cost of their material. Pianos, violins, and all other instruments are fetching extraordinary prices. Violinists are hard put to it to get a sufficient supply of decent strings, for the British manufacturer has not by any means filled the gap caused by the cessation of the German products which previously met the wants of the music stores. And printed music, even of the best-known classics, is rapidly acquiring almost curio value.

Farmer—So you're an experienced milker, hey? Now, which side uv a cow do you set on when you milk her? Applicant for Job—Oh, I aint a bit partickler, if the cow aint.—Buffalo Express.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The small boy went with his class to visit the zoo. He stopped in front of the kangaroo cage, and after studying the queer animals for awhile, asked the attendant what they were. "Natives of Australia," was the reply. "Gee whiz, an' my sister married one of 'em," gasped the urchin.

George Ade was inveigling bitterly at the Chicago Athletic Club against the proposed bachelor tax. "By the way, George," said a broker, "I hear that Blanc eloped last month." "Yes," said the humorist. "So he did. With a rich widow." "How is he taking marriage?" asked the broker. Mr. Ade smiled. "According to directions," he answered.

A private who had overstayed his leave one night sneaked into camp and was just on the point of entering the barracks when the sentry turned at the end of his beat. The private turned and acted as though he was trying to sneak out of camp. "Get back there; no man out tonight!" shouted the guard. Needless to add the private lost no time in obeying the order.

In San Francisco at a launching of a ship a staunch temperance advocate exclaimed: "I strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne." "I don't see why you should; there's a great temperance lesson in the ceremony," declared a local magnate. "How's that?" demanded the prohib. "Well," explained the magnate, "the ship starts off with a bottle of champagne. Immediately afterwards it takes to water and sticks to it for the rest of its days."

Sir Robert had come to America and was the house guest of a wealthy family whose most prized gem was a daughter named Agnes. His lordship was viewing the estate with the girl's father and waxed enthusiastic. "And does it go as far as that strip of woods?" he babbled. "It does," grunted the unsympathetic parent. "Does it go way across that meadow?" "It does." "Does it go to the river, way over there?" "Yep. But remember one thing—it doesn't go with Aggie."

Among the new arrivals at the front in France was a ducky who was greatly interested in what a veteran driver had to say of his experiences at the front. "And was you ever shot at?" he asked. "Sure; dozens of

times." "And did them Germans ever come near gettin' yuh?" "You bet! Once a shell took the radiator right off my car." "Say, man, if dat eber happened to me, Ah'd have made mah legs move so fast an' showed de bottom ob mah feet so often they'd a thought Ah was layin' down."

"Not even the horrors of war could dim the optimistic nature of the ducky," declared General Crowder, and added: "I remember one ducky who, on receiving his discharge, said: 'No, sah, Ah aint got no kick comin' ober de war. Ah bad de most excitement and de most meals in all mah life. Honest, captain, Ah neber missed a meal!' 'Never missed a meal? It doesn't seem possible.' 'Well, sah, Ah sure got all mine. Ob course, some of dem was three or foah days late in arrivin', but Ah got 'em eventually, just de same.'"

That a thorough appreciation of thrift has had much to do with the success of our great financial leaders is graphically illustrated by a story that is told on Charles M. Schwab. On entering his private car one night to return to his Pittsburgh home from Washington, Schwab was surprised and amused to find his negro valet sprawled on the floor groping around in the dark. "Why, Sam, what are you doing?" he demanded. "Oh, boss," wailed the ducky, "I sure am gwine to lose mah job." "Lose your job? Come, Sam, tell me what's the matter." "Oh, boss, I done lost one ob dem bone collar buttons you-all bought yesterday and think so much of."

A story told by Bishop Greer illustrates the plain nature of the man. On an occasion when he was to confirm a class a carriage was sent for him in charge of an English coachman who had been imported by a wealthy American. Bishop Greer walked unaccompanied from his front door to the carriage and entered it, but the driver did not move his horses. After waiting for a moment the bishop asked the man why he did not drive on. "I'm waiting for the Lord Bishop of New York, sir," the proper person replied. "Well," said the bishop, "I'm it. Drive on."

A speculative writer on a Kansas City paper makes some reflections on the postal service in the Missouri city. He puts them in the form of a conversation, as follows: "I have placed my will in my safety deposit box," said J. Fuller Gloom. "My pockets are filled with condensed and dessicated foods. I shall attach the end of this stout cord to a convenient projection, light a candle, and

enter, crawling carefully among the stalactites and stalagmites, paying out the cord as I go, and—" "Great heavens, Mr. Gloom!" ejaculated an acquaintance. "Are you contemplating exploring some vast and dismal cavern?" "Yes. I am going into our Kansas City postoffice for the purpose of having weighed, purchasing stamps for, and mailing this parcel-post package."

In Washington, D. C., the public utilities commission recently ordered a charge of 2 cents on the hitherto free street-car transfers and a few days later received a letter of thanks from a cobbler, who said: "Your excellencies have my thanks. So many have found that they like best to pay \$2 for some new soles on the shoes than pay 2 cents for something they have before received for nothing. The work piles high, the covers on my bed are now heavy and warm. I have the Liberty Bonds in abundance. If your excellencies will but raise the price of transfers some more there shall be masses said in your honor."

"I were a-layin' down behind the breast-works one day," said the veteran perversicator, "a-firin' at the enemey, an' a 'ittin' of 'em hevery time, when I 'ears the patter of a 'orse's 'oofs be'ind me. Then a voice said: 'Hi, there, you with the deadly haim! Jist come 'ere 'alf a mo!' I turned round an' salooted an' who should it be but the general. 'E come up and shook me by the 'and. 'Wot's your name?' sez 'e. 'Logan, general,' sez I. 'Your first name?' sez 'e. 'Dan, sir,' sez I; 'Dan Logan.' 'Well, Dan,' sez 'e, 'go 'ome. You're killin' too many men. It don't seem 'ardly fair. It's massycre, that's wot it is. An' look 'ere, Dan, don't call me general—call me 'Erbert,' sez 'e."

When Mark Twain was editing a weekly journal in a small Western town a subscriber wrote to him to remark that he had discovered a spider concealed in the folds of a recently delivered paper. The writer wanted to know whether such an occurrence was a sign of good or bad luck. The young editor replied in the next issue as follows: "Constant Reader—The appearance of a spider in a copy of last week's paper was a sign of neither good nor bad luck; that intelligent insect was merely studying our columns in order to ascertain whether any store in the neighborhood had failed to advertise in our paper, in order that he might make for that establishment and there weave a web across the doorway, where he might dwell in undisturbed peace."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Prototypes.

Said the Diplomat to the Parrot gay: "You talk hut don't know what you say." Said the Parrot gay: "Perhaps that's so, But you don't dare say what you know." —New York Evening Post.

Aunty.

She's sometimes "Mrs.," sometimes "Miss"; She may be lean or fat; Some people call her "Anti-this"; And others, "Anti-that";

But when in harmless, youthful glee — You seek to have your fling, You'll mighty quickly learn that she Is Anti-everything.

"Oh, Aunty, can't I make a het?" "Oh, Aunty, don't you think That I could smoke a cigarette?" "Oh, can't I take a drink?"

"Oh, Aunty, can't I read this book? Or can't I see that show?" And Aunty gives you such a look! And sternly answers, "No!"

The glad Pursuit of Happiness Is ours by institute; But frigid Aunty, none the less, Objects to that pursuit.

And who is she to make of life A parallelogram!— Oh, Aunty! Can you be the wife Of dear old Uncle Sam?

"Now, Aunty, can't I go to see A Sunday game of ball? Or tread a measure glad and free Within the festal hall?"

"Oh, can't I wear this hathing skirt?— It isn't much too scant." But Aunty looks extremely hurt, And says, "You surely can't!"

So Aunty rules our sorry lot With presidential sway. (If one should ask her, "May I not?" Would Aunty smile, "You may"?)

Of Mrs. Grundy's sisterhood That hold us by the throat, She's my Antipathy—I would I knew her Antidote!

—Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

Bald-Headed Gentleman (in barber's shop) —You ought to cut my hair cheaper; there is nothing much to cut. Hairdresser—Ob, no. In your case we don't charge for cutting the hair; we charge for having to search for it.—London Answers.

Mounted Newsboys.

Montevideo, the capital of the Uruguayan Republic, has 300,000 inhabitants and spreads over a very extensive territory. The Uruguayans, like other people, want their evening paper as soon as possible after it comes from the press. Newsboys on horseback supply this demand with astonishing rapidity. *La Razon*, one of the leading evening journals, is issued at 5 o'clock. About twenty minutes before that hour the newsboys—mostly young men from eighteen to twenty-five years of age—gather in the streets in front of the newspaper office.

When the papers are brought out a clerk hands a bundle to each, and away he starts at a full gallop. All the business in the centre of the town is done by ordinary "foot newsboys"; the horsemen race away to their "beats" in the suburbs, shouting with all their might:

"*La Razon! La Razon!*"

A customer who wishes to buy a paper steps to the curb and holds out his arm. The horse knows the signal and pulls up so short that it is a wonder the rider is not catapulted over his head.

So efficient is this system of equestrian newsboys that a dweller in the outskirts of Montevideo gets his evening paper almost as soon as the man who lives in the very heart of the city.

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Mid-Summer Fiction

ANNOUNCEMENT—The special arrangement by which THE ARGONAUT has been able to offer this paper in conjunction with SUNSET MAGAZINE at a special price below the cost of the two separately will be subject to change in a short time, due to the fact that SUNSET has found it necessary to increase its regular subscription price from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per year on account of increased postal rates.

The publishers of SUNSET have notified THE ARGONAUT that our agreement with them will shortly be revised; but THE ARGONAUT, for a limited period, will continue in effect the special price of \$4.00 for SUNSET and this paper in combination, for one year.

THE ARGONAUT is your newspaper—it is the champion of your community and of you. It keeps you in touch with the affairs of your own home people.

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THE ARGONAUT and SUNSET at their regular subscription rates would cost you a total of \$5.50 per year at the old price for SUNSET, and \$6.00 per year under the new price of \$2.00 for SUNSET (add 50 cents).

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Raas of San Anselmo have announced the engagement of Miss Marguerite Raas and Mr. Uda Waldrop. Their marriage will take place in the early winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame in honor of General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan of New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Harry Lippincott of New York, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Christiane de Guigne, Miss Helen Keeney, Captain J. G. Ord, Captain Walker, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Mayo Newhall, Sr., and Mr. R. A. Curran.

Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a luncheon and theatre party Tuesday in honor of Miss Edith O'Donovan of Baltimore. The guests were Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. William Lyle, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Marion Winston, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Amy Regua, Miss Alice Regua, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Emelie Tubbs, and Miss Josephine Grant.

Mrs. Thomas Ryan gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests having included Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. George Marye, and Mrs. Harry Lippincott of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan gave a dinner Sunday evening in Menlo Park.

Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley gave a dinner a few evenings ago at the Marin Golf and Country Club, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Judge and Mrs. George Crothers, Miss Barroll, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Frank Madison, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Walter Bentley, and Mr. Walter Hush.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford gave a dinner Sunday evening, having among their guests Major and Mrs. Hart Palmer, Major and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, and Mrs. Frank Pixley.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan of New York were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor last Tuesday. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Harry Lippincott of New York, and Mr. William Hamilton.

Miss Eleanor Davenport gave a tea Wednesday for Mrs. Kent Hewitt, who is visiting here from Annapolis. Among the guests were Mrs. Maud Payne Bogue, Mrs. Gilbert Hawkins, Mrs. Harold Plummer, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mrs. Bruce Cornwall, Miss Edith Treanor, and Miss Mary Wilcox.

Mrs. George Creel gave a luncheon Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes of New York. Those asked to meet them included Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mrs. Samuel Steifel of New York, Mrs. Lucius Solomon, Mrs. Emil Greenbaum, and Mr. Henry Miller.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the Palace in honor of General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a dinner Thursday evening in San Mateo, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, and Mrs. Harry Lippincott of New York.

Miss Margaret Madison gave a dinner-dance Wednesday evening at the Marin Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. George Crothers gave a luncheon last week in Ross, having among her guests Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs.

Paul Fay, Mrs. Winfield Davis, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. H. Howard, Mrs. Frank Lucas, Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Mrs. William Mills, Mrs. J. L. Laine, Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Clarence Smith, Miss Gertrude Bates, Miss Edith Slack, and Miss Margaret Foster.

Miss Eleanor Davenport gave a luncheon Friday at the St. Francis in compliment to Miss Amy Sacker of Boston.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge gave a tea last Wednesday afternoon in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury gave a tea last Sunday in San Rafael, where they are spending the summer. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mr. William Barry, and Captain T. Snyder, U. S. A.

Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Miss Edith O'Donovan of Baltimore, Miss Elita Ames, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Louise Winston, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Florence Newton of New York, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Alice Regua, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Anne Dibblee, and Miss Marie Louise Winslow.

Mrs. Franklin Zane entertained twelve friends at luncheon Wednesday at the Palace.

Mrs. G. H. Mendell gave a luncheon last Thursday, her guests including Mrs. Thomas Ryan, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Harry Lippincott, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Joseph Grant, and Miss Jane Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton gave a luncheon Saturday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening in Menlo Park.

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Sir John and Lady Barton have arrived from Santa Barbara and are staying at the St. Francis. They will sail soon for Japan and China, leaving there late in the fall for their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan and Mrs. Harry Lippincott left Monday for New York.

Miss Marion Crocker has returned to San Francisco from France.

Mrs. George Marye has returned to Burlingame from a visit at the Spreckels ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller are passing several weeks in the Canadian Rockies.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Minton, who have been at the St. Francis since their arrival from Trenton, New Jersey, will leave next week for San Rafael to visit Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton returned to the St. Francis from the Feather River Inn last week. Mrs. Dutton left Monday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have returned to Menlo Park from a visit at Shasta Springs.

Miss Edith Bull is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle in Menlo Park. She has recently returned from a trip through the Canadian Rockies.

Mrs. Douglas Waterman of Havana has taken a house in Palo Alto for two months.

Mrs. J. E. Beale has returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. Arthur Payne has returned from France, and is at the Payne home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre of London, the Misses Edith and Olga Eyre, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., and Mr. Edgar Eyre are at the Fairmont for a visit of several weeks. They passed the week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. Walter Hohart has returned to Tahoe to join the Misses Ruth and Hannah Hobart.

Mr. Francis Loomis returned last week from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have gone to Banff for a month's sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Miss Helen Cheshrough, and Mr. Francis Carolan are on a trip through the Northwest.

Colonel Herbert Brees, U. S. A., arrived during the week from France and is at the Bobemian Club.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs of New York is spending a few weeks at the Fairmont.

Miss Lorna Williamson will leave next month for the East to resume her studies at Bryn Mawr.

Mrs. Walter Hohart and Mrs. Frederick Hussey

have gone to the Dean ranch at Beowawe, Nevada.

Mrs. Douglas McBryde and her children have gone to the Feather River Inn for a fortnight.

Mrs. Georges de Latour has returned to Rutherford, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. George Howard has returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Miss Sara Butler of New York has been spending several days in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr.

Miss Natalie Campbell has returned to Burlingame, after a brief visit with Miss Helen Garritt.

Colonel and Mrs. Cloman and Miss Natalie Campbell have gone on a fishing trip to Webber Lake.

Mr. James Speyer of New York and Mr. Redmond Stephens have left for Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Steifel and their daughters will leave the first of September for New York.

Miss Nancy Lane, who arrived recently from Washington, is with Mrs. M. A. Anderson at the Lane ranch at Morgan Hill.

Miss Helen Ashton has arrived in New York from France and will return to San Francisco within a fortnight.

Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Davis, U. S. A., has returned from France and is at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mrs. Kent Hewitt left Monday for Annapolis, after a three weeks' visit with Mrs. Randall Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas are visiting in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Felton have opened their apartment in town for a few weeks. They have been summering at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mein have reopened their apartments at the Fairmont, after having spent the early summer at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicolai Sokoloff, who are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly, will leave next week for Cleveland, Ohio.

Palace Hotel arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Llewellyn, Los Angeles; Mr. W. M. Wantland, Ocean Park; Rev. and Mrs. B. M. Cocks, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. James S. Snapp, Mr. Charles Hayden, Seattle; Mr. F. C. Miller, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. Rowland Morris, Melbourne, Australia; Dr. Fred Emery, Philadelphia; Mr. B. C. D. Byneron, Amarillo, Texas; Mr. J. A. McElhin, Oklahoma City; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kaufman, Lake Charles, Louisiana; Sir M. V. Visvisaraya, Bombay, India; Mr. J. W. Zimmerman, Chicago; Mr. A. C. Dorman, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Ticken, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Casper Whitney, New York City.

Registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Dr. and Mrs. Harry Hund, Ross; Mr. C. E. Morris, Melbourne, Australia; Dr. C. R. Long, Piercelin, Indiana; Mr. C. H. Hall, Minot, South Dakota; Mr. W. J. Emerick, Bellmont, Pennsylvania; Mr. A. L. Le Gro, Detroit; Mr. H. B. Reeder, Omaha, Nebraska; Mr. Elbert J. Benton, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John M. Switzer, Manila, P. I.; Mr. A. W. Heaverlich, Austin, Texas; Mr. C. H. Edwards, Mr. Boyd Callahan, Salt Lake City; Mr. F. O. Williamson, Chicago; Mr. E. G. Higgins, New York; Mr. William E. Kelleher, Los Angeles; Mr. A. C. Popham, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dolan, Shanghai, China; Mr. H. L. Schwars, Dover, New Jersey; Mr. F. H. Warner, New York; Mr. William A. Wilson, Philadelphia.

Made No Promises.

"President Harrison prided himself on not making any promises regarding office. He flattered himself that in this, at least, there was not even the smell of fire upon his garments," says Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Halford, who was the former President's private secretary. "One day there came in the mail a letter from an old-time Indiana friend, Enoch Fuller of Bloomington, asking for consideration of his name in connection with some Federal position. He enclosed a letter written by Harrison when a member of the Senate, in reply to one Fuller had then written asking for some sort of Federal office, saying that inasmuch as the Administration was in Democratic hands (Mr. Cleveland was President) he was not able to do anything for him, but added, 'If the time shall ever come when it is in my power to do so I will be glad to remember your desire.' Mr. Fuller thought 'the time' had come; and so did I. When I handed Harrison his own letter he read it and remarked, 'That's a mighty close shave!' After the election of Hayes, 'Bob' Burdette of the Burlington *Hawkeye* wrote a humorous poem, the conclusion of which was:

"If I were Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Birchard Hayes, Birchard Hayes?
If I were Rutherford Birchard Hayes,
I would say to the *Hawkeye* funny man,
'Here's a three-thousand-dollar pup-pup-postoffice.'

"If I had been Mr. Hayes I would have done just that thing; and I felt the same way about Harrison and Fuller."

Grieving Cows.

An Essex correspondent of a London paper writes that he witnessed a strange sight in which a herd of cows, an old bull, and a few calves took part in a meadow near his house. "A cow that had recently calved died in the night, and yesterday morning lay stiff on the frosted grass beneath a tree. During the day cows roamed near the place and stopped to smell and lick the side and face of the dead animal. Not till this morning did the knacker's cart arrive to carry the body away. "When the vehicle was drawn to the spot the whole herd came slowly up and stood round watching intently, with beads down and an indescribable expression, which seemed half questioning and half sympathetic, in their

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eyes. Seven of them and the old bull came up and licked the dead cow's face, in one instance as it was being hoisted into the cart. When it was taken away they stood watching it to the far side of the meadow and through the gate till they could see it no longer. Then they smelt all over the spot where it had lain.

"What I should like to know," asks the correspondent, "is whether the behavior of this herd really signified the sympathy—even sorrow—that seemed apparent? Did these animals feel for their companion and grieve for its fate?"

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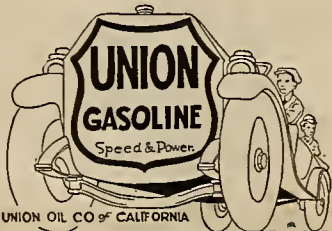
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Pessimist—I have only one friend on earth—my dog. *Optimist*—Why don't you get another dog?—*Judge*.

Generally speaking, an after-the-war garden looks as if it had been through one.—*Kansas City Star*.

"The cook says she is going to take a two weeks' vacation, John." "Gee! I wish we could afford to!"—*Life*.

Smithson—I want to sweep the cobwebs from my brain. *Wilson*—Why not use a vacuum cleaner?—*New York Evening Post*.

"Are they well mated?" "I should say so. He seems to be able to make money almost as fast as she can spend it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"What can be the cause of that crowd gathering over there?" "Oh, vulgar curiosity, I suppose. Let's go over."—*Boston Transcript*.

Ted—He's a queer gik. He says he likes to write free verse. *Ned*—There's no accounting for tastes. I know fellows who claim they like to read it.—*Life*.

"Well, well," said the pompous doctor, "and how has our little one been in the interim?" "Oh," replied the anxious mother, "she hasn't complained of that at all; it's her

stomach that seems to pain her today."—*New York Evening Post*.

"My hair is coming out dreadfully. Do you know of any way to prevent it?" "No; you ought to have thought of that before you got married."—*Baltimore American*.

"Did you see daughter's bathing suit?" asked mother. "No," answered father. "I scarcely noted the suit. Most of what I saw was daughter."—*Washington Star*.

"Why do they call Broadway 'The Great White Way'?" asked the visitor. "Because," answered the New Yorker, "the thoroughfare is dedicated to ice-cream soda and butter-milk."—*Washington Star*.

"I made a 200-yard drive yesterday," said the golf nut. "You look to me," said the nice old lady, "like a man who ought to be ashamed to want to ride such a short distance as that."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Of course, you would never think of deserting your party." "Never!" said Senator Sorghum. "On the contrary, it sometimes takes quick work on my part to keep my party from deserting me."—*Washington Star*.

Young Wife—Oh, Jack, you don't mean to say that you've found a flat? *Husband*—Not exactly, dear; but we're pretty fortunate. We are first in after a couple who have taken it for three years.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

The Phrenologist—Yes, sir, by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell exactly what sort of man you are. *Mr. Doolan*—O! believe it will give ye more ov an oidea wot sort ov a woman me woife is.—*Jack Canuck*.

He—My dear, I can't afford to buy you that hat. *She*—Still you'd save money if you did. *He*—How do you make that out? *She*—Because I shall fret myself ill if I don't get it, and you know what doctors' bills are.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Ah," sighed the poet sadly, "I made the mistake of my life when I was young." "What's the matter?" "In the light of the present high wages I regret now that I didn't follow my father's advice and learn a trade."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Reilly—You'll be sorry to hear that Pat Donovan was drowned yesterday. *Dooley*—But I thought he was a good swimmer? *Reilly*—Yes, but he was a staunch union man. He swam for eight hours then gave it up—on principle.—*New York Globe*.

Gladys—What did papa do? *Jack*—He showed me the door. *Gladys*—And what did

you say? *Jack*—Oh, I said it was certainly a very fine door, but it wasn't what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine.—*Tit-Bits*.

"I'm giving a box party at the opera tonight." "I know." "And have learned that this afternoon the opera company holds a rehearsal." "Well?" "I was just thinking that perhaps I'd better get my party together and rehearse with 'em."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"That man is an egoist. He talks constantly about himself." "And yet," said Senator Sorghum, "I'd rather take a chance on the man who is talking about himself than

the one who talks about other people's interests and all the time thinks about himself."—*Washington Star*.

Diner (just entered)—Hello, Jim! Anything new on the bill-of-fare today? *The Other*—There's a grease-spot I didn't notice there yesterday.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"Discharge that press agent immediately!" thundered the theatrical manager. "But," protested the financial backer, "he has gotten some wonderful publicity." "That's the point. If the actors read all he has written they will become so impressed with themselves that there will be no hope of meeting salary demands."—*New York Globe*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2213.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 23, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Climax of a Shameful Record.

Until Monday last we had supposed that the record of our dealings with Mexico had run the whole gamut of humiliation. We had suffered the murder of nearly three hundred Americans, with seizure of their property. We had permitted our territory to be invaded at Columbus, New Mexico, and many scores of our people murdered in the streets of their own town or in their beds. We had marched two armies into Mexico, only to march them out again. We had witnessed, apparently with patience and certainly with tolerance, the pro-German activities of a government set up by our favor and practically under our authority. While all these things were doing we watched and waited—watched and waited in inaction and toleration. It has seemed that nothing more in the way of insult and contempt could be added to what we had already suffered. But now we have gone a step further and downward; we have sent to Mexico a sum of money to "redeem" the lives of two American officers cast by accident upon Mexican soil and held for ransom under threat of murder. We have fallen to the low estate of a tribute-payer to savages who live beyond our southern border, savages who despise and defy us, take our money and laugh in our faces. To this has "watchful waiting" brought us! In humiliation and shame we view a situation that turns the heroic record of San Jacinto and the Alamo into accusation and reproach. Our President says nothing. Our Secretary of War,

"on his way to the tennis court," informs the reporters that "the bandits are being pursued" by American troops. Oh, for an Andrew Jackson, or a Theodore Roosevelt, or for somebody else in the presidency with red blood and the spirit of other days!

On Common Ground.

President Wilson was easily master of the situation in conference with the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs on Tuesday. If Messrs. Lodge, Borah, and Johnson had set out to give the President opportunity to put his case before the country in an effective way, they could not have done it better than in the range and form of the questions put to him. Regarded as an attempt to embarrass and confute Mr. Wilson, the encounter was a failure. Broadly speaking, he came off the victor.

On the part of the committee there was the curious indiscretion of acceptance, tacitly, of Mr. Wilson's interpretations of the league of nations as authoritative. In effect he was permitted, unchallenged, to substitute, so to speak, his opinions and impressions for the letter of the text. It was not brought out that the draft of the covenant, and not Mr. Wilson's reflections and notions about it, is what must come ultimately to the court of international judgment. What should have been demanded of Mr. Wilson by the critics of the league was *facts*. What was got from him, in the main, was *opinions* which practically have no greater value than the opinions of any other man.

Under Mr. Wilson's interpretations of the controverted clauses of the league, the objections urged against it are nullified. There seems no reason for further discussion if agreement can be made upon these interpretations and if, further, *they be made part of the record*. Surely Mr. Wilson should not object to accompany approval of the treaty by declarations defining its meanings and obligations as he has now declared them. There is small difference or none at all between Mr. Wilson's interpretations and the various reservations that have been proposed. It would seem that an all-round satisfactory course would be approval of the treaty upon terms—call them "interpretations" or "reservations" as you please—of common understanding. The only point of real and uncompromisable difference is that of the Shantung award; and the Senate should insist upon a resolution of disclaimer.

The Highwayman's Demand.

Summed up and boiled down, the demand of the railroad brotherhoods—or of their leaders—is for the government to buy or confiscate the railroads and turn them over to the unions for administration and exploitation. A more impudent proposal, a project more shamelessly dishonest, could hardly be conceived. Accompanied as it is by threats to "tie up the roads so tight that they will never run again," it is on a moral par with the highwayman's demand—"stand and deliver." And this gross demand is a direct and logical consequence of President Wilson's surrender three years ago embodied in the infamous Adamson Act. Of course there can be but one answer to this new proposal. It must be rejected, and in terms so positive as to recall its sponsors to their senses. To accept it, to yield now, would be on the part of the government abdication of its powers, with cancellation of the foundation principle of the republic.

The Actors' Strike.

Some twelve of the New York theatres have now closed their doors as a result of the actors' strike, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of an agreement. The demands of the striking actors are not extravagant and the public is disposed to be sympathetic toward a profession that does so much and so uncomplainingly for the amusement of a world so sadly in

need of it. They ask for pay during rehearsals and that the rehearsal period be considered as a part of their engagement. Their second demand is for additional pay, or overtime, whenever they are called on to give more than eight performances a week. Finally they ask for a revision of the terms of their contract and one that shall not leave them so wholly at the mercy of the producers. There has been no sympathetic strike on the part of other employees of the theatre, and we can but hope that the matter will be arranged without departure from the present good temper. We can not do without the theatre, and the successful theatre is incompatible with discontent behind the curtain.

Editorial Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 15th.—The Republican party is not playing the full strength of its hand in either branch of Congress. It has narrow but sufficient majorities, and ought therefore to be carrying into effect the presumptions upon which it won the November elections. But it is falling shy at the point of achievement. The reason is in plain view. There is lack of strong leadership. In the Senate Mr. Lodge holds the party mandate, but he is minus the qualities that bring men into coöperative action. Mr. Lodge is essentially a man of negative mind; leadership calls for the positive mind. Furthermore Mr. Lodge, for all his experience in political life, is still a dilettante—more a literary artist than a practical statesman. He ought in respect of his antecedents and long service to be a personal force; but he is stronger at the points of family history and of individual refinement than in native power. To put it bluntly, his is a mind of relatively moderate quality overweighed by tradition and culture. If the Republican party in the Senate is to get results commensurate with its opportunity and its pledges it must find a more vital and red-blooded leadership.

The situation in the House of Representatives is similar to that in the Senate. Speaker Gillett is rather a fine man than a forcible man. He would make a better lieutenant than a captain. Mann and Mondell, like Gillett, have excellent qualities, including long experience in working the legislative machine, but they are not men of constructive power. Thus while the Republican party has a clear majority at both ends of the Capitol, it is doing a good deal of floundering about. At the end of five months of nominal domination in Senate and House it has come to no definite policy and has attained no real coördination of the forces under its hand.

The issue of the next presidency is closely related to the matter of leadership in Congress. Throughout the country it has been hoped that consideration of the large issues now calling for determination would bring to light some man of large capability and of commanding powers. This hope has not been justified by time and events. If in either house of Congress there is a man up to the measure of public expectation in relation to the presidency, he has not yet made the fact manifest. The new senator from Missouri may be such a man. I have not heard his name mentioned in this connection, and I have met him only casually, but I get the impression that behind a modest bearing there is a force likely to make itself felt in the Senate and possibly—I emphasize the word possibly—in the executive sphere. Unless my judgment is at fault the Senate has gained in Mr. Spencer a notable accession of intellectual energy.

Nomination to the presidency is gained in two ways. In recent time two men of widely differing minds and characters have won it by the same means, namely, by appealing to and commanding the popular imagination. This method calls for dramatic qualities and for a

tain let-down of personal dignity. To gain favor as a "popular" candidate a man must descend to courses which may not inaptly be styled circus. Traditional standards of presidential decorum must be thrown to the winds. Roosevelt and Bryan, each after his own fashion, achieved a position before the country which more than once made his nomination a foregone conclusion. Another method of attaining the presidential nomination is through organization—by a skillful combination of dominating party groups in the several states.

I have just said that there are two ways of attaining a presidential nomination, but there is still another: It may come about through such conflicts and such confusion in a nominating convention as to turn the minds of all factions to some strong figure who has not descended to popular appeal and whose fitness is rather a matter of intellectual appreciation than of political calculation. This has happened aforetime and it has given us more than one highly competent and successful man in the presidential office. It may happen next year, for by all signs the nomination will be made, not in advance by popular acclaim, but in and by the convention.

Of the several men whose names in recent months have been under discussion in connection with the Republican nomination that of General Leonard Wood is easily foremost. He is the one candidate who has gotten beyond the "favorite son" stage. In practically every state there is now an organized coterie favorable to the nomination of General Wood. The argument in his behalf is to the effect that he is a man of strong intellect and of demonstrated character. He is further urged as a logical and moral inheritor of the Roosevelt tradition, and as something of a martyr, in that he has been badly treated by the Wilson administration. Very much may truly be said of General Wood; he is a fine man and it is conceivable that he would make a capable President. But General Wood is essentially a soldier with the soldier's idea of executive action, and this is not a time when the country needs or wants a soldier. The issues of the time are essentially non-military and the country is in no mood for arbitrary methods or adjustments. The labor vote is certain to loom large before the party conventions, and labor will surely protest the nomination of any military man; and there is the woman vote, not likely to favor a soldier. If I am right in these presumptions, the argument which disposes of General Wood will be similarly effective with respect to General Pershing, who is occasionally named as a presidential possibility. It is further to be said as to General Pershing that for all the acclaim attending his service in Europe he does not command enthusiasm or even the good-will of the returned soldiers. There is a general sentiment that there was given to Pershing a duty and an opportunity that belonged by logic and right to another; and there are facts in the European record, both large and small, which establish limits to the individual esteem in which Pershing is held by the men who were under his command in France.

I take it for granted that, since the greater groups of voters are in the region east of the Mississippi River, the presidential nominees of both parties will be found either in the Atlantic or in the Middle Western states. This presumption disposes of Senators Johnson of California, Poindexter of Washington, and Borah of Idaho, each of whom in turn has been more or less under discussion. And even if it were in the cards that the nomination might come to the Pacific Coast the men above named have, I think, disqualified themselves by policies of radicalism in relation to the peace treaty. The country, while demanding interpretations and reservations, seems favorable to an experimental try-out of the league of nations project. I believe that any man whose record is that of wholesale and uncompromising opposition to the treaty would enter the campaign under a serious handicap, and the Republican party is not likely to saddle itself with a candidate who from the hour of his nomination would have to stand upon the defensive.

Just as the senatorial radicals have weakened themselves by uncompromising opposition to the treaty, ex-President Taft has lost credit through a course of wobbling about it. If Mr. Taft's attitude toward the treaty had all along been what it is today, nothing, I think, could have prevented his nomination. The public

has come to regard him with a sincere affection, and six months ago there were many to say that he was the one large available figure in the Republican party. But his uncertainties of mind with respect to the proposed league of nations have served to revive in a multitude of minds the idea that Mr. Taft, albeit a man of large abstract powers, is subject to a certain flabbiness when it comes to dealing with concrete situations. I think little of the argument, but I am none the less convinced that it will be a potential one with the nominating convention.

I find a general sentiment to the effect that, other things being equal, the Republican party would better find its candidate in the West; and by the West is meant the Middle West. This gives emphasis to the names of Senator Harding of Ohio, Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, and Governor Lowden of Illinois. Of the three, Lowden is most frequently mentioned as a probability. He is making a fine record in the governorship under trying conditions, and there is already in his own state a strong organization in his behalf. Lowden is really presidential timber. He is just under fifty, a lawyer of standing, and has had respectable but not very notable experience as a member of the lower house of Congress. He is a man of fine appearance and what is styled a "good campaigner." As to larger qualities, his powers are yet to be demonstrated. Lenroot is a fair type of the "solid man." Without brilliancy, he is substantial and able, and would in the opinion of those who have closely followed his congressional career make a strong executive. But there is a serious flaw in his record. He so far cringed to the pro-German sentiment of Wisconsin as, in 1917, to cast his vote against our entrance into the war. After we were once in he did not waver, but there remains the awkward fact. Would it be wise to put up to the people as a presidential candidate a man who opposed our going into the war? Probably not. There are in the country something more than three millions of voters who personally participated in the war, and each of these represents a domestic connection which at least duplicates his own voting power. Then there is the inevitable suggestion that a man not strong enough to stand against the pro-German sentiment of his state in 1917 might not be strong enough to meet other emergencies likely to arise at any time. The pity of it is great, for there are real potentialities in Lenroot. He has many elements of strong character, he has intimate acquaintance with governmental affairs, he is geographically well placed. But as I have made plain, there is the record; and it will probably be fatal.

In the course of many casual meetings within the past week I have had two conversations that I think worth repeating in detail, in that they are related to two notable men and are reflective of different theories of presidential selection. Coming down on the Congressional Limited I fell in with a New Yorker, once a citizen of Ohio, and a man of wide political observation. I have no right to use his name, but I think I may go so far as to say that he represents a name and a tradition of credit in American history. "If it were given to me," he said, "to nominate the Republican candidate I would without a moment's hesitation name Senator Harding. Harding," he went on, "is not an eager candidate, nor a candidate at all. Although for a good while in politics, he is not a politician in the ordinary sense. He is a substantial citizen of Ohio with a propensity for public affairs, and individually a man of the highest character and of the most sincere patriotism. In the Senate he has shown both capacity and industry. He has become familiar with the duties of that office and he finds them congenial to his taste and temperament. Only the other day he said to me in reply to a suggestion on my part, that he would rather serve in the Senate than in the White House, and I do him the credit to believe that he meant precisely what he said. He is not a candidate, openly or otherwise, but—no man has ever yet declined a presidential nomination at the hands of one of the great parties."

Continuing his argument, the gentleman above quoted said: "The old idea of a President was pretty well illustrated in the case of McKinley. He came from old American stock and was representative of plain ideals. By inheritance and tradition he held to the Lincolnian idea in politics and in government. He was open-minded, accessible, friendly in spirit and manner,

not so self-satisfied as to resent information or counsel, eager to associate with himself the best available talent. Since McKinley's day we have tried other types of men, and have found them wanting. In the case of Roosevelt we tried dynamic force and political genius in combination with intense personalism. It gave us much, likewise it cost us much. For while we have to thank Roosevelt for a certain high enthusiasm for political morality, we have at the same time to remember that to his pride, his resentment, his ambition we owe the smash-up that brought the Democratic party into power with the mischiefs that have followed. In Wilson we have experimented with the type of man who stands detached, aloof, in his vanity superior to information or counsel. We have discovered to the satisfaction of most of us that no one man, whatever his acquirements or pretensions, is wise enough or good enough to stand above and apart from others and rule the country and regulate its foreign adjustments by the lights of his individual intuitions and conceptions. I think the time is ripe, I think the public mood would favor, a return to the McKinley idea—to a man of the receptive, accessible, friendly type. And this brings me round to Harding. He doesn't pretend to be a political or any other kind of a genius. He is not an artist in phrase-making. He does not pretend to have all the brains in the country or to know by instinct what other men gain through study and counsels. In the presidency he would be representative of the intelligence and the conscience of the country. And, knowing the man, being familiar with his habits of mind, I feel safe in making pledge that with him in the White House we should have as heads of the great departments of government, not Danielses, Bakers, and Burlesons, but the very best intellect and the very highest patriotism that the country affords. I am for Harding for the reasons I have set forth, and for the further, practical reason that his nomination will bring back to the Republican party, not only the State of Ohio, but other old-line Republican states that have wandered in search of new gods without finding them."

Here in the lobby of the Shoreham Hotel an evening or two back I fell into talk with a man from the Northwest—from Minneapolis. He was, he told me, a native of North Carolina and a graduate of Princeton College. He went to Minnesota as a young man thirty years ago and has grown up with the country, a man of substantial success in life and of broad intelligence. His views had for me an especial interest in their contrast with those of the gentleman whose championship of Senator Harding I have just noted. "I have never been impressed," he said, "by the common arguments of political availability. I have found your available man to be usually an untried and more often than otherwise a spineless man—a man who has made no real impression in connection with anything. The search for availability is always a movement away from positive character and from personal achievement. To be really available for the presidential nomination is first of all to be fit for the presidency. Now fitness may imply one set of qualities at one time and another set of qualities at another time. Your average plain American man may make an excellent President in normal and placid times. But there come times when something more than amiability, moderate intelligence, and domestic concentration are needed. Now is one of the times. The world is being made over. We have mixed in the business of readjustment and we have made a mess of it. We have taken over large responsibilities in different parts of the world, and in the doing of it have sacrificed a large measure of our credit. A year ago America was the hope of the world; today it is less regarded than any other of the first-rate or even second-rate powers. There is not a chancellor in Europe that really respects us or that even tolerates us upon any other basis than its hopes of what it can get out of us. On the Far Eastern side of the world we have lost the traditional friendship of China and have gained the ill-concealed enmity of Japan. Our 'idealism' has been shown to be mere rhetorical buncombe and the Shantung bargain has shattered our moral pretensions. And all this is directly due to faults in the character of our President. What we need now in Congress, and above all in the presidency, is high intelligence, not only with respect to matters of domestic policy, but in relation to world affairs. Whether we like it or not, our national vision must now take in

the full scope of the world's political and social activities. Since we are no longer free from 'foreign entanglements' we must carry ourselves in our dealings with world affairs with knowledge and judgment—the knowledge and judgment of fixed habit; not of mere intuitions and impressions hastily formed. Now as never before we need in the presidency a man who knows history, a man acquainted with the forces which control in matters of government, a man capable of working with other men—all this, of course, under the guidance of character, patriotism, knowledge of men and things."

At this point I ventured to recite the views above quoted with reference to Senator Harding. "I am not unmindful of the merits of Senator Harding," my friend replied, "but with all due respect to a sound and worthy man I feel that we need in the presidency higher personal qualities. An imperative requirement in my view is something above and beyond mere routine competence. I have looked over the field carefully. I am a student of the *Congressional Record* and I have read, I think, every notable utterance from every respectable source in relation to our political affairs since we entered the war. The man who has most impressed me at the point of a historically-informed and wisely-constructive mind is Murray Butler. Something more than three years ago Butler delivered in our city an address dealing broadly with America's world relations as directly connected with our domestic politics. It touched many chords and there came not one false note. Since then I have made myself familiar with the work of the man in connection with his administrative duties and with his discussions of political and social subjects. Butler, in my judgment, is preëminently the man for President in the existing emergency. He is an American; none better, none wiser, none more highly qualified for leadership. As to his 'availability,' there are, I know, those who would raise the point of 'another college president,' but the presidency of Columbia and the presidency of Princeton are vastly different offices. And Woodrow Wilson is one kind of a man and Murray Butler is quite another. Columbia is a great organization founded upon a great endowment. Its successful administration calls for business judgment, the capacity to appraise men—in short for practical wisdom and practical experience. Butler's long-sustained success in the building up and in the administration of Columbia affords absolute assurance of practical powers. I speak not only for myself; I have been a good deal about the country this past year, and I find that everywhere among thoughtful men there is recognition of the fact that in Murray Butler we have a man preëminently equipped for the presidency. Butler is no recluse, he is no stiff-necked autocrat. He is a man among men, as approachable as a Kansas farmer, a man open to information and counsel, a man notably of the coöperative type. Butler has, too, the indispensable qualification resting upon high powers of expression; he thinks clearly, speaks plainly. He concedes nothing to rhetorical adornment. There is no filigree work, no uncertainty, in what he says. He would win instant attention in a campaign and surely command the respect and admiration of the country. Butler has all the merits attributed by your friend to Harding and he has in addition much that Harding hasn't got."

"What in your opinion," I asked, "are the chances for Butler's nomination?" The answer came promptly: "I take it that Butler could not if he would and would not if he could go barn-storming about the country by way of working up a popular candidacy. Nor is it likely that he could be brought to participate in a cheap scheme of political organization. He is, I take it, above these tricks. His nomination, if it comes, will come upon consideration of his qualifications. Many names, of favorite sons and the like, will be put before the convention. There are certain to be rivalries and possibly confusion growing out of them. In such a situation men are likely to ask themselves who is the fittest man in the country for the presidency; and in my judgment the name of Murray Butler will occur to three out of five." Continuing, he asked: "Can you think of a man of suitable age whose qualifications overmatch or equal those of Butler?" I could only answer that I knew of no man by character, temperament, acquirements, connections, and experience in administrative work better qualified than Murray Butler.

A. H.

ADDRESS ON FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

By Joseph D. Redding.

On Friday, the 15th of August, 1919, the Bohemian Club paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Francis Bret Harte. The occasion was the unveiling of a bronze plaque which had been set into the outside wall of the club on Post Street, disclosing in bas relief the principal types and characters found in his prose and poetic writings. It is the work of Joseph Mora, the sculptor. The unveiling was entrusted to Charles Robinson, the dean of the artist colony. In life-like facsimile John Oakhurst, Salome Jane, the Heaten Chinee, and the numerous other familiar types are reproduced in permanent form.

Beside the dedication, musical numbers composed for the occasion, selections from the author's poems, and an address constituted the programme.

The following is the address of Mr. Joseph D. Redding on the occasion:

Literary genius may be defined as the ability to portray in appropriate language the outstanding events and individual characteristics of any epoch, so that the reader not only visualizes the picture, but remarks subconsciously to himself:

"That is just the way I would have said it."

A genius is not a thief. He makes a conquest of raw material, develops and refines that material by art, arouses the imagination of his audience, and the world accepts the finished product as its own.

The soul of a poet reflects back the vision that passes before him. His spiritual mirror contains that subtle alchemy called genius; which dissolves, precipitates and recoordinates the elements of the vision so that it comes forth to the dazzled eyes of the world a glorified consummation.

California in the days of the Argonauts was a very, very remote and distant land. It was enveloped in the legend and story of cloud-capped mountains, Brobdignagian trees, valleys and streams filled with gold and precious stones. It took months to reach this land. The railroad, telegraph, wireless, did not exist. Remoteness and mystery, which make for romance, prevailed; and, wonder upon wonder, the legend and story were true!

The adventurous youth of both continents responded to the lure and soon this land of ours was peopled with unique types of a thousand varieties, brought together by the spirit of adventure; untrammelled by convention.

There was a sad-eyed, shy young man here in San Francisco at that time working in a newspaper office. As somebody said, "He was always looking out of the window." His name was Francis Bret Harte. He was a genius. The raw material was all around him, and what a conquest he made!

Born in New York State in 1839, coming to California in 1854, his literary activities commenced even before his maturity.

His collected sketches and poems were published in San Francisco in 1869 when he was but thirty years of age, and they contain nearly all of his writings of unusual merit, although he did not pass into the Great Beyond until thirty-three years later—in 1902.

In the dedication of this volume to the public he says: "I fear I can not claim, therefore, any higher motive than to illustrate an era of which California history has preserved the incidents more often than the character of the actors; * * * an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry, of which perhaps none were more, unconscious than the heroes themselves." And he closes his dedication by modestly adding, "And I shall be quite content to have collected here merely the materials for the Iliad that is yet to be sung."

He did not realize that he indeed was the true Homer of the modern Iliad—but the world did—and, as the years have passed, his reputation has enhanced until today he holds his unquestioned place among the immortals of American literature.

His poem, "Dickens in Camp" (1870), is one of the gems of English poetry. To us Californians every line breathes of our wonderland and thrills us with personal memories:

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting;
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

Bret Harte was a poet, in prose as well as rhythmic line. His fragmentary writings, first appearing in the *Overland Monthly*, which he helped to establish, soon reached the East and the English-speaking public across the water. He was rightfully hailed as a new star in the literary firmament both here and abroad.

It is an interesting phenomenon to note that, leaving California in 1871, never to return, his Muse refused to accompany him. His Goddess remained behind, very rarely to inspire some other poet, very often to flirt with literary folk.

His writings are household treasures to us all. It would be banal to quote to you from his works; but it is most appropriate that his characters, the virile types of early California immortalized by his fancy, should be riveted in bronze to the foundation stones of our Bohemian Club.

Bret Harte left the state one year before our club was established; but his immediate associates, his fellow-craftsmen and closest friends, composed the group that founded our beloved brotherhood. Verily, he was one of the founders in spirit.

He was a Bohemian in the highest sense. Let me

venture to give what I believe to be the true definition of a Bohemian. It is he who has the temerity, in this material workaday world, to give flight to his imagination in any direction, with the prayer upon his lips that he may receive one breath perchance of the divine afflatus, that supernal power which brings us in harmony with the Infinite.

Hail, Bret Harte! Hail, great poet! Welcome all thy children! Ye each and all are honorary members in the immortal halls of Bohemia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Gracious Word from "Sir Hubert."
"THE TIMES."

LONDON, 28th July, 1919.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMAN: The *Argonaut* is a joy to my circle; your traveling experiences most interesting.

Yours sincerely,
ALFRED HOLMAN, Esq. NORTHCLIFFE.

EGYPT.

When Germany began to prepare her campaign against the human race she studied the political strategy of the world in much the same way that a soldier studies the military strategy of the battlefield. She examined the problem as a whole and in all its parts. She considered the vital centres and the lines of communication. For the world, after all, is much like the human body. It has its centres of vitality, its arteries, and its nerve ganglia. A skilled surgeon can do more injury by the trust of a cambric needle than a thug can with a bludgeon. This is where we usually go astray in our studies of the war. Actually it was fought and determined, not on the great battlefields, but on the small ones. It was begun by the attack upon Serbia and it was ended by the defeat of the Bulgarians. We watched with bated breath the struggle for Verdun, but that was the mighty smoke screen that hid the corruption and collapse of Russia. Germany seemed always to be attempting mighty deeds in mighty ways. The bludgeon was always in evidence. But her main reliance was upon the needle.

The solar plexus of the human race is in Asia Minor and in Egypt; at least that is where it was before the war. Talleyrand told Napoleon that if he could conquer Asia Minor he would be the master of the world, he would hold the spot whence all roads converge. That is why he occupied Egypt. Plato reminds us that Egypt, in consequence of her geographical position, had never been subject to the cataclysms that had successively overwhelmed all other parts of the world, and that therefore she had an unbroken record of human history for 50,000 years. That claim was steadily derided by historians and archaeologists, but it seems to be true. Egypt is on the high road to India. The Suez Canal runs through Egypt. The old world can be cut in two by an attack upon Egypt. Destroy the Suez Canal and India and China become inaccessible. East and West meet in Egypt, and in Egypt they can be divorced, socially, commercially, militarily, and in every other way. No wonder that Germany should try to cut the life line in Egypt and that preparations to do this should be engaging her attention long before the fatal August of 1914.

It had to be done by sedition and by revolution. The Egyptian population is a conglomerate of peoples. It is essentially Mohammedan, but it has large colonies of Christian Copts. To the south is the Egyptian Soudan, inhabited by fierce Arab tribes and by Mohammedan negroes, warlike, fanatical, and brave, and with the usual Moslem tendency to be swept by gusts of religious zeal that expresses itself in Christian massacre. It was fruitful soil for German intrigue, and the rewards of success, the destruction of the Suez Canal and the paralysis of communications, were enormous. Letters seized in September, 1914, showed that Turkey was trying to produce a strike of Mohammedan stokers on the mail steamers, and then came the arrest of Robert Mors with a bag of bomb detonators. Mors had come directly from Constantinople and from Enver Pasha, who had told him that his agents were "fomenting trouble to prepare the way for a Turkish invasion and to compel the British to split up their forces." Moreover, Mors had a secret code to use in his communications with Dr. Puffer, the German agent in Constantinople. It was also discovered that Indian military uniforms were being made for the use of German officers, who were thus to mingle with the Indian troops passing through the Suez Canal. The Mohammedan population of India was sedulously warned that a Holy War had been proclaimed against the British and the French, that the Mohammedans of India were in revolution, and that the time had come to overthrow the power of Christianity everywhere and to raise the green banner of the Prophet over the Christian Cross.

The proclamation of the Holy War was a failure, thanks largely to its repudiation by the Sheikh of Mecca and by the Aga Khan, the leader of the Mohammedans of India. None the less it was impossible to throw so large a stone and to raise no ripples. A Turkish army led by Germans advanced across the Sinai Desert and toward Egypt, and at once there was

a ferment amongst the native Mohammedans. The Turkish army was heavily defeated long before it came within sight of the canal and the sporadic outbreaks in Egypt were suppressed. None the less there has been a continued and aggressive agitation on the part of the Egyptian Mohammedans and in favor of the restoration of Turkish rule. The fighting at times has been somewhat formidable and in the press of greater events we have learned practically nothing about it. German and Turkish agents have now secured the publication throughout the world of a series of sensational stories representing the Egyptian people as struggling for their rightful independence and for an application to their country of the principle of self-determination. In the total absence of authentic news it is well to be cautious. None the less we are informed as to German efforts in Egypt at the beginning of the struggle. We are well informed as to the tremendous attempt that was made by Germany and Turkey to make a Jihad or Holy War throughout the fanatical Mohammedans of the world. We know that while the attempt was a failure it produced a certain boiling of the Mohammedan pot everywhere, and we may assume that we are now witnessing its extension and its results in India and Egypt. But to speak of an Egyptian revolt as a movement for freedom or democracy is mere naked nonsense. It is a movement for the restoration of the Turkish power over Egypt. It is exactly comparable with the present Turkish effort to conquer Armenia. The Turkish party in Egypt is anxious to bring back the good old days of Turkish government, unlimited corruption, of nameless cruelty, of the abominations of oppression, of the taskmaster and the whip-wielder, the courbash and the corvee.

There is a general impression that some new departure has been made in the government of Egypt. There has been no new departure outside of a technicality. Egypt is governed now precisely as she has been governed during the last thirty-five years. Whether England has a right to govern her at all is another matter. So much depends on what we mean by right. Before the year 1882 Egypt was under the government of Turkey and it was the *ne plus ultra* of cruel despotism. As a result of one of the usual Christian massacres following on the rebellion of Arabi Pasha—a rebellion against Turkey—the British and French fleets were sent to Alexandria and the city was bombarded. England invited the coöperation of France, Italy, and Turkey in the restoration of order, and as the invitation was declined she undertook the task alone. She promised to withdraw her forces as soon as a proper and stable government had been established. She believed that this could be done speedily. As a matter of fact the British forces have never been withdrawn, and from that day until the outbreak of the war Egypt has been governed by the British, although the fiction of a Turkish suzerainty has been maintained. That fiction naturally came to an end when Turkey allied herself with Germany. It is perfectly open to us to believe if we are so disposed that England never intended to relinquish Egypt and to hand over the safety of the Suez Canal to the fellaheen and the pashas. Lord Milner in his book, "England in Egypt," said: "I feel bound to put the question whether the fact that English policy now commands the sympathy both of the resident Europeans and of the powers is not the best answer to the charge so often flung in our faces that we have broken faith with Europe. I should be the first to admit the formal discrepancy between the repeated statement of British ministers and the policy which, as a matter of fact, Great Britain has been compelled to pursue, but I deny that this is any proof of bad faith. We misunderstood the situation at the outset. When we first went to Egypt we believed, and it was natural that we should believe, that the duty before us was a comparatively simple one. We thought all we had to do was to put down a military rebellion. Only actual experience of the internal condition of Egypt could teach us that the rebellion was the least part of the matter, and that the real difficulty lay in the utter rottenness of the whole fabric of government."

That Egypt has been regenerated since the year 1883 is indisputable. It was never denied by any one until Germany found it to her interest to spread a film of falsehood over the world and to mobilize the Mohammedan fanaticisms of the world. The American Missionary Society presented a formal memorandum to Lord Dufferin, when he was High Commissioner in Egypt, asking that the British occupation might be made permanent. Greek, Italian, German, and Austrian residents expressed the same wish. Herr von Brandt in his "Die Englische Kolonialpolitik" says: "The Earl of Cromer . . . has made out of this poverty-stricken, debt-laden land, as well as out of the desolate Soudan, a prosperous empire, with considerable budget surpluses every year. He owes this success to his clear head, his energy, and the tact with which he overcame the difficulties caused by the opposition of the Egyptian government, by the religious fanaticism and moral apathy of the population, and not least by the control and interference on the part of the signatory powers." And finally we have a letter written by Lord Cromer by a Mohammedan chief, who was at little pains to hide his fierce fanaticism and his hatred of all things Christian, but in which he said:

"He must be blind who does not see what the English have wrought in Egypt; the gates of justice stand open to the poor; the streams flow through the land and are not stopped by order of the strong; the poor man is lifted up and the rich man pulled down; the hand of the oppressor and the briber is struck when outstretched to do evil. Our eyes see these things and know from whom they come."

It may be that the days of Great Britain in Egypt are numbered. It may be that she ought never to have been there. But the Suez Canal is a vast property and its importance to the world is inestimable. Is there any one who will say that it should have been left to the care of a wholly undeveloped people divided into bitterly hating sects and with no other political experience than that furnished by the barbarisms of Turkish rule? Should we be willing to consign the custody of the Panama Canal to such hands? Should we be willing to hand over the Christian Copts to the inevitable massacre that would await them at the hands of the Mohammedans, just as inevitable massacre would await the Armenians? The British have, without doubt, pursued a policy of self-interest. Their hand has been a heavy one. They were fighting the Turkish invader of Egypt and the Turkish friends in Egypt during the whole course of the great war in the west. They were keeping open the great lines of communication without which the western war would have been paralyzed. It is likely enough that their methods were harsh. All war is harsh, and the stakes here were tremendous ones. But surely there is no one so unutterably ignorant of Egypt as to picture the people of that country—Copts, fellaheen, Mohammedans, Arabs—as hungering for ballot-boxes, sighing for democracy, languishing for liberty, as debating the self-determination of peoples and the rights of nationalities. Discontented many of them unquestionably are, but it is the old feshpots of misrule that they want, the old régime of plunder, the ancient rule that "he shall take that hath the power, and he shall keep who can."

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 20, 1919.

OLD FAVORITES.

Noble Sisters.

"Now did you mark a falcon,
Sister dear, sister dear,
Flying toward my window

In the morning cool and clear?
With jingling bells about her neck,
But what beneath her wing?
It may have been a ribbon,

Or it may have been a ring."
"I marked a falcon swooping
At the break of day:
And for your love, my sister dove,
I 'frayed the thief away."

"Or did you see a ruddy hound,
Sister fair and tall,
Went snuffing round my garden bound,
Or crouched by my bower wall?

With a silken leash about his neck;
But in his mouth may be
A chain of gold and silver links,
Or a letter writ to me."

"I heard a hound, highborn sister,
Stood baying at the moon:
I rose and drove him from your wall
Lest you should wake too soon."

"Or did you meet a pretty page
Sat swinging on the gate?
Sat whistling whistling like a bird,
Or may be slept too late:
With eaglets broidered on his cap,
And eaglets on his glove.
If you had turned his pockets out,
You had found some pledge of love."
"I met him at this daybreak,
Scarce the east was red:
Lest the creaking gate should anger you
I packed him home to bed."

"O patience, sister! Did you see
A young man tall and strong,
Swift-footed to uphold the right
And to uproot the wrong,
Come home across the desolate sea
To woo me for his wife?
And in his heart my heart is locked,
And in his life my life."

"I met a nameless man, sister,
Who loitered round our door:
I said: Her husband loves her much
And yet she loves him more."

"Fie, sister, fie, a wicked lie,
A lie, a wicked lie!
I have none other love but him,
Nor will I die.
And you have turned him from our door,
And stabbed him with a lie:
I will go seek him thro' the world
In sorrow till I die."

"Go seek in sorrow, sister,
And find in sorrow, too:
If thus you shame our father's name
My curse go forth with you."

—Christina Rossetti.

In 1914 Denmark used 20,000 barrels of hardened whale fat in the margarin industry. Preparations are under way in Norway for utilizing this material in the same way. The product is said to keep, and taste well. Whale fat is even better suited for making lard.

The world's most crooked river is the Jordan, which wanders nearly 220 miles to cover sixty.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Walter de Frece, who has been given a knighthood in England for his services at the ministry of pensions, is said to be almost as well-tailored in ordinary life as his wife is on the stage, and so fluently amusing as an after-dinner speaker that at the Eccentric Club he has for years been dubbed "Avocat." His wife is the well-known actress, Vesta Tilley.

Gabriel Terra, the new Uruguayan foreign minister, became a member of the cabinet of President Willman in 1907, holding the portfolio of public instruction, labor, and industry. In 1915 he represented Uruguay at the Pan-American Financial Congress, which was held at Washington. More recently he was Uruguayan minister at Rome, and last March it was reported he had been recalled and assigned to the Uruguayan legation at Buenos Aires.

Major David Davies, M. P., who is rapidly becoming "King of the British Movies," is chairman of two recently-formed cinematograph companies, which are to provide super-picture theatres in all the great towns on a scale of magnificence never before reached, and all-British films for the world. Major David Davies, who is only thirty-nine, is one of the richest young men in public life. His principal business interests are railways and collieries.

Senator Henry W. Keyes of New Hampshire, while at Harvard, was notable as a high jumper, a runner, a football player, and an oarsman. He was captain of the varsity crew during his senior year and was graduated with honors. After leaving college he traveled in Europe for a year and sent home to his New Hampshire farm one of this country's earliest importations of Holstein cattle. Returned from Europe, he built a home on his farm and devoted himself almost wholly to agriculture.

A London correspondent who recently visited the Russian general, Denekine, said of the latter: "In manner and speech he is directness and simplicity itself, a man of the people. His rich idiomatic Russian, with its slow, gentle intonations, is quite distinct from the language of the intelligentsia or the aristocracy. His big brown eyes light up suddenly under bushy eyebrows into a kindly, humorous smile, and give one the impression of a nature rich, generous, brave, and absolutely straightforward."

President Raymond Poincaré of France is not expected to offer himself for reelection for another seven years' term. He has already expressed a desire to return to his work at the bar, of which until 1913 he was the acknowledged leader—his practice being regarded as far and away the most lucrative in France. He does not, however, propose to follow the example of ex-Presidents Emile Loubet and Armand Fallières in withdrawing entirely from public life. On the contrary, he intends to seek a seat in the Senate.

Lord Chelmsford, who as Viceroy is having rather an anxious time on account of the Indian disturbances, is "one of the best" (according to London *Tit-Bits*). "The friend of all and the enemy of none," was the verdict when he left New South Wales, where he had become the most popular of governors, for India. His lordship blushed, however, when, attired in gorgeous uniform at the swearing-in ceremony at Government House, a shrill voice from the gallery cried: "Why, it's daddie." It was one of the small Chelmsford girls, who until then had never seen her father in his state uniform.

Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley, who produced "The Crimson Alibi" recently in New York, and who has been engaged as general stage director for all forthcoming productions at the Broadhurst Theatre, is the first woman to attain such a position on Broadway. There have been women stage directors for their own plays or for an occasional production, but no general stage director of all the plays for a leading producing firm as far as the records show. Mrs. Bradley is a horticulturist and an expert in roses. She was well known as a whip, and several years ago won a medal in the women's tandem class at Mineola, Long Island. She has a summer home at Lake Mahopac. Plays she has written include "Mr. Myd's Mystery," in which Taylor Holmes appeared.

Archduke Joseph of Hungary, who was recently given important authority by the Allies in connection with the overthrow of Bela Kun, was a commander of Austro-Hungarian forces on the southern section of the eastern battle front during the first two years of the war. In 1918 he headed a movement looking to the securing of independence for Hungary from Austria, and when the collapse of the dual monarchy came in November, 1918, he was asked by Emperor Charles of Austria to take charge of the situation and find a solution of the political crisis before the country. With his son, Archduke Joseph Francis, he took the oath to submit conditionally to the orders of the Hungarian National Council and later took the oath of fealty to the new government. Last April it was reported that he had been executed by the Communists at Budapest, but this report was promptly denied. Archduke Joseph was born at Alosuth on August 9, 1872.

GERMANY IN THE WAR AND AFTER.

Mr. Vernon Kellogg Gives Us Some of His Experiences of Germany and the Germans.

Very many people have tried to tell us what the Germans think of the armistice and the treaty. Their statements have usually been based on insufficient information, on mere frontier gossip, or on conversations obviously intended to produce a desired effect. As a result there has been a tangle of opinion hard to unravel, and perhaps hardly worth the attempt. The German newspapers have been similarly unreliable. The shadow of the censor has hung over them still, as well as what may be called the habit of ingratiating with the powers that be. Moreover, the thought of a nation is a somewhat illusive quantity. It is not easy to focus or to personify. We may think that we have done so, only to find that it is that of a class or caste, or that it is insincere.

Mr. Vernon Kellogg faces these difficulties in his new book, but to a large extent he surmounts them. His work under Mr. Hoover brought him into close association, not only with representative Germans, but with Germans who are themselves the creators of German public opinion. The state of mind in the German army naturally attracts his early attention. In 1915 he had known the Hauptmann Graf W., who had been his escort officer, and who boasted to him *ad nauseam* of the perfection of the German government and the German army. It would be well for America to acquire a Kaiser and a general staff without delay. Otherwise she would be destroyed by democracy. But the Hauptmann was now singing to another tune. He had changed his political hue with chameleon-like rapidity:

But Hauptmann Graf W. had learned, surprisingly quickly, a new boast. Germany was now really going to be the greatest nation because she has got a splendid new government, a real democratic government, not a pseudo-democracy like America's, where the President was more of an autocrat than any king or kaiser in Europe, but the most real thing in democracies conceivable.

My astonished C. R. B. friend stammered out a question. "Do all the officers at great headquarters and all the other officers say this, too? Do they all think as you do?"

"No, not all; some are fools. But 60 per cent. of them do; and the other 40 per cent.—well, they don't count." This seems hard to understand. But I know the Hauptmann Graf W. very well, and many others like him. It was the acceptance of authority, the cringing to power. The Kaiser had run away; so had some of the general staff; the others were rapidly changing their clothes, doffing uniforms for mufti. The "real democracy" was in power; hence, knuckle down to it. This is not to say that there are no Germans who believe in democracy and want it. Only the Hauptmann Graf W. is not one of them. He accepts the real democracy—if it can give the orders.

The Germans in Belgium accepted instantly the new order of things. A private soldier named Einstein took command and every one obeyed him with the same deference that had been shown to the generals. It was amazing. It was beyond words, says the author:

Private Einstein had learned the language of command; not by using it, but by hearing it, by having it growled or barked at him. He used it now. The others knew it, too. And they knew the proper response. Each knew how to lift impassive face to it, hands down on trousers seams. Private Einstein gave each the opportunity to practice a little all that he had so long practiced.

Then he told them what to do and what not to do. He said that he was informed that the jails in Namur had not yet been opened. Would Governor H., governor of all of Walloon Belgium, see to it that the prisoners, British, French, Italian, were all released by night? Governor H. would see to it. Would Graf R., who had lived in the same house with Governor-General von Bissing, and used this familiar intercourse to rise to great power in Belgium, do this other particular thing that Private Einstein wished done? And would Baron von der L., chief political adviser of the successive governors-general of Belgium, and a widely known figure in German diplomacy and official intrigue, do that other thing? The humble servants of Private Einstein assured him that they would.

Is this credible? It happened.

German privations were very severe, says Mr. Kellogg. We do not know yet how severe they were, but we can not accept them as an excuse for German outrages at the front, nor for the palliation of those outrages at home. Moreover, the German soldiers were well fed almost to the last moment:

But there were other peoples who, during the war, were living on a minimum life-sustaining ration, and who lost weight under it, and were exposed to all the consequences of malnutrition. With all the efforts of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, most of the ten million people in Occupied Belgium and France—especially France—were underfed through all the period of the war. Their food shortage began within a few months after the war began; Germany's food shortage did not begin to be serious until a year after theirs. Yet no one would have been less inclined to ascribe to the imprisoned and half-starved Belgian people a serious falling-off in will power and mental capacity and moral balance, in one word, *morale*, than Governors-General von Bissing and von Falkenhäusen and their staffs, to whom control of the Belgian people was entrusted. The underfed Belgians maintained a spirit through all their martyrdom, under all the discouragement of continuous bad news—carefully provided whether the real news was bad or good—and all the humiliation and privation of soup-lines and all the possible hopelessness of resistance that is beyond words fully to make known. On the other hand the underfed Germans had all the encouragement of the long period of German military successes, and of the continuously exploited assurances of ultimate success and an ensuing grand orgy of eating, drinking, and being merry at the expense of the Allies.

Mr. Kellogg finds it hard to account for German docility during the war, and in face of inevitable German defeat. Several high officials told him that they knew a year before the end that Germany was doomed. It was the German censorship that must be blamed for the delusion of a whole nation, a censorship that hesi-

tated at nothing and that reduced lying to the status of a fine art:

For example, to show its attitude towards a single critically important matter, on May 17, 1918, the official news agency gave out for publication in all the newspapers a statement that "the number of American fighting troops in France is, according to reliable official information, to be estimated at about ten divisions—only four of these are at the front. The total of all those back of the lines as well as in them is at the most from 150,000 to 200,000 men. Press notices concerning these facts should state, therefore, that America has not been able to meet its expectations in the way of sending troops, and the earlier estimates of the German general staff as to what America could do have proved to be true. However, in order not to let the enemy know how well informed we are, the actual figures given above should under no circumstances be mentioned!"

Now as a matter of fact there were at the time this was given out to the German press nearly one million American troops in France. Was the general staff just lying or was it just ignorant of the facts? The latter supposition is almost inconceivable. In any event the giving out of this false information to the German people was both stupid and criminal.

Every department of news was handled by the censor, and every newspaper was furnished with a lengthy list of the things that it might and might not say with precise instructions as to its general attitude toward all occurrences, actual or prospective. At the same time the fact of a censorship was one of the things that must not be mentioned. Such a system could not have succeeded in any other country, but it succeeded in Germany:

Under "Zensurmassnahmen" it was forbidden to print any news concerning any measures taken to enforce the censorship. In a word, in the face of, and by means of what was notoriously the most radical and criminal censorship ever instituted it was attempted to cover up the fact of any censorship at all.

On September 22, 1914, just after the first battle of the Marne, the "Press Conference" gave out to the newspapers and the people of Germany the following announcement:

"The general military situation in the west is good. No retreat or backward push has taken place as a result of any tactical advantage of the enemy. Our movements were entirely of strategic nature for the preparation of new successes and were not forced by the enemy."

On the next day this general thesis was repeated with certain interesting additions—amazingly absurd additions, as a matter of fact—one of them being a prohibition to the press to say nothing about the backward movement of the German troops "in order that the enemy may be left in his present embarrassing great uncertainty" about these movements!

The collapse of Russia must not be mentioned because this would detract from the bravery of the German troops. The press was notified that both sides had failed at the Marne, but that only the Allied failure was to be mentioned. It was not simply censorship. It was premeditated official deception of a whole people, and although there were some who knew the truth, they did not dare to say it and to incur imprisonment or exile:

We know censorship, and do not like it; and so do the English and the French people know it and dislike it. One country may make use of it more than another. But there is more than a quantitative difference between the censorships we know and this German one; there is a qualitative difference. One country may not allow its newspapers to print the enemy's communications. The German newspapers had to print them with additions or subtractions that made them tell, as of enemy origin, the lies that the German authorities wished to tell their people. The official deception of the German people by the German rulers through all the long war agony was not the least of the crimes of imperial Germany, nor was it the least of the means whereby the German nation was led to ruin.

During 1915 and until July, 1916, the Germans were extraordinarily boastful, but their confidence began to be shaken by the opening of the battle of the Somme. In July, 1916, Mr. Kellogg was with the Germans at Coucy le Château, and on one occasion they were having lunch at the foot of the old château ruins:

As we munched our war-bread and Leberwurst we heard the constant rumble of a heavy cannonading along the front to our west. It even interrupted our conversation. That is, the officers occasionally and rather nervously checked themselves in mid-sentence to glance at each other and mutter, "Heavy, unusually heavy; the damned English are getting more wasteful." Talk about the history of the château and the German victories in the east faded away. They were too much interested in the significant rumble.

So after luncheon we climbed the long spiral stair in the tower wall to the summit to see what we could of what was going on. We had a most extended panorama of the west front all the way from Noyon to Soissons. All along this line there was the smoke of hursting heavy shells; it was really a bombardment on a grand scale; an enormous quantity of shell was being hurled into the German lines by hundreds of heavy cannon. If it were not the prelude of an extensive serious offensive, it was at any rate a proof that the Allies had finally succeeded in so developing their munitions output that they could play with equal extravagance the German game of artillery preparation and offensive.

Our officers did not like the looks of it. They became gloomy, grouchy. We made the long journey back to headquarters mostly in silence. And that evening at dinner and after when the news of what was really going on at the front had come in by radio and telegraph and telephone, for there was much of it, they began whining. "How can we expect to win with America furnishing the Allies enormous quantities of munitions? What can we do with all the world against us? Why this universal hate of Germany?" It was an amazing change from the boasting of the day and days before. And it all came from the first day's artillery preparation for the first Somme offensive—from that and from the yellow streak that the hutted-up field-gray houses had up to now concealed from view.

Incidentally we have a sidelight on the character of Dr. Muehlton, whom the author met in Berne a few weeks after the armistice. He had been exiled for telling unpalatable truths, and even while he was describing the plight of his country "he flashed out now and then with characteristic German insolence a boast or a challenge." He even suggested an American subscription for the relief of German children. And then

Mr. Kellogg refers to the German conviction that they were not militarily beaten, a conviction naturally fostered by a premature armistice, a blunder that has not yet been fully explained:

We believe that Germany was heated in a military way and that her military leaders so fully recognized this as to lead them to know that the only means of saving their armies from complete slaughter or complete surrender as prisoners was to ask for an armistice; which was, in effect, an acknowledgment of defeat, but an escape from the full consequences of defeat. But the German people as a whole do not by any means share this belief.

Returning from Berlin to Paris in February I found myself alone in a compartment on the train from Cologne to Spa with a German locomotive engineer on his way to help advise the German armistice commission about the delivery of railway engines and cars to the Allies. He was an unusually intelligent man, or seemed so, and was very frank in his talk.

We were discussing the German revolution. He agreed that it was a good thing for Germany; it had to come; the old régime had to go; the time had certainly come for it to go.

"But," he added, "what a pity they didn't put off the revolution a little longer."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why, because we should have won the war soon, and then we should have been in so much better shape. You know, we were not heated in a military way. It was just our breakdown behind the lines."

And he then, unintentionally, gave some proof of the conditions "behind the lines," when he paid ten marks to a passing Scots soldier for a cake of Sunlight soap. The occupying troops along the Rhine can pay many hills with a few bars of soap. That is one thing the blockade did.

But the idea that Germany was not heated by arms is not limited to the man in the street. In a speech before the National Assembly at Weimar, a minister of the Majority Socialist government was interrupted by clamorous approval when he declared: "We were not heated; we gave up."

For the sake of stopping further bloodshed in Europe, and to end the privation and suffering of the civil population of Germany, the unheated army of Germany "gave up!"

Mr. Kellogg doubts if any one can claim successfully to know the Germans. Nor does he believe that Germans will necessarily act in the future as they have acted in the past. Moreover, the future of Germany is not altogether for the determination of Germans. It will depend on materials and coal, labor, money, and many other material considerations:

But does, indeed, anybody really "know Germans." Because Germans are human beings like ourselves and because they read the same history, study the same mathematics and science and philosophy, speak a language that we can acquire, enjoy the same music and pictures, live, in a word, as we live, can we, from the experience of knowing ourselves, know Germans? We have, most of us, certainly decided that the Germans, from the experience of knowing themselves, certainly do not know other people. Their behavior during the war has shown that they did not know English, Belgians, or Americans. But whether this behavior, as we have seen it with horror and dismay, is the only thing we are to take into account in our attempt to prophesy as to German future doing and becoming seems to me very doubtful.

Germans can not be wholly indifferent to the fact that their philosophy has been tried and that it has failed. A perverted and brutalizing education told them that the struggle for existence among human groups is the same as among the brute groups. They believed this fully. Do they believe it now?

But whether these men accept the war's verdict, or not, as the verdict of natural law, there will be plenty of less scientifically-informed, less sophisticated but more commonsensical Germans who will see in the debacle of Germany's autocracy and militarism the need and the opportunity of changing the type of German education, of changing the environment of Germany's new generation to one more in keeping with the world's present stage of social evolution. It is the stage of democracy; German human nature can be changed to fit with it. We may not "know Germans," but we do know something about human beings in general, and Germans are, after all, of that biological category. And human beings can change, and change fairly rapidly, their consciously controlled environment, and hence the character of their social evolution.

There are still sixty million Germans in Germany; a human group of great potentiality. All they need is the proper education; the kind of environment that the world has come to understand as the best for right influence on human evolution. Instead of carrying their old type of social organization and political attitude to all the rest of the world and imposing it on the rest of the world by force, they have now for their own sake and the sake of human progress to accept another type. I believe that, with time, they will see this and do it. But it will not be done in a day.

Mr. Kellogg attempts no deep analysis of the world problem, nor do we want it. It can not be done. It is sufficient that he should give us a survey of his experiences and his reflections. It is the most useful service that any one can render.

GERMANY IN THE WAR AND AFTER. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: The Macmillan Company.

American postal savings deposits forged ahead during the war \$34,000,000. On March 31, 1917, six days prior to the declaration of war, deposits in the United States postal banks footed up \$125,424,686. On October 31, 1918, eleven days prior to the signing of the armistice, they had increased to \$159,670,830. The increase was made in spite of the fact that during the same period four intensive Liberty Loan campaigns and an almost continuous drive for the sale of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates were carried on.

The chief products of the Kalamata district of Greece are figs and currants. The figs, though good, edible ones, are inferior to those of Smyrna because of their thicker skin. They are exported in bulk or strung—about sixty figs to a string—or prepared, sometimes with walnuts, in paper packages of eleven, sixteen, and twenty-two ounces. The pre-war exportation of figs to European countries amounted to 27,000,000 pounds and to the United States 4,000,000 pounds.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 16, 1919, were \$161,551,558.15; for the corresponding week of 1918, \$119,766,428.69; an increase over last year of \$41,785,129.69.

The gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco gained in the week ending August 15th from \$144,499,000 to \$147,634,000, comparing with \$125,147,000 at the close of the corresponding week of 1918. Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation gained correspondingly from \$195,181,000 to \$198,341,000, comparing with \$142,125,000 a year previous.

Total bills on hand were \$152,988,000, against \$151,535,000 a year before. Of these \$49,936,000 were secured by government obligations, against \$49,260,000 and \$31,147,000.

Total earning assets of the institution were \$162,291,000, against \$160,857,000 and \$103,865,000. The bank's total resources are given as \$340,240,000, against \$340,683,000 and \$258,895,000.

The gross amount of deposits held by the bank was \$126,785,000, as compared with \$126,447,000 and \$109,382,000.

The market has been fairly well purged of

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weakened speculative holdings during the past week. August is a month of uncertainty in the market generally. In a bull year it is the month when big people are picking up stocks in preparation for a vigorous bull campaign in the fall.

Naturally these people are pleased to buy stock at attractive prices, and if they are buying now, they certainly would not be disposed to discourage the operations of the aggressive bear party.

While the market probably would not have broken so much had it not been for the rather startling railway labor development, it was due to go down quite as much as it did and even more in order to provide a safe underpinning for the bull structure many are planning for next month.

Our labor leaders are probably doing more bluffing than thinking. When any reasonable person surveys the ruin that has followed in the wake of government operation of our railroads, one may imagine that even railway labor leaders understand that they are advocating a development that would be most hurtful to the interest of labor generally.

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than at present with government and politics in this country would assuredly mean the gravest peril since the Civil War, quite as grave as if capital were ruling at Washington, something that labor hints at, but the idea of which is, of course, absurd in view of the income-tax provisions and the other obstacles to financial enterprise that have been fostered at the capital.

The government at last seems awake to the fact that there is peril in the high living costs that have been imposed on our people by the uneconomic policies of the government. The sooner the food markets are absolutely unrestricted either by government meddling or by capitalistic profiteering the better for the country at large.

However, despite the many unfavorable features in the situation, we believe the bull market for 1919 is not by any means finished. Prospects are for materially higher average prices next month, barring some real calamity. Certainly even government ownership should mean no danger to holders of railway stocks at current levels.

India rubber imports into the United States in the fiscal year just ended are the largest in the history of our imports and the lowest in price per pound in any year since 1890. The four hundred million pounds of rubber imported in the fiscal year 1919 cost on an average only 40 cents per pound, against an average of 50 cents per pound in the last five years, 54 cents per pound in 1914, 79 cents in 1913, 84 cents in 1912, and \$1.06 per pound in 1911. The quantity of rubber imported in the five fiscal years since the beginning of the war is greater than in the twenty years preceding the war, but the average price per pound during the war period is less than that of the twenty years prior to the war. The total quantity of rubber imported in the five fiscal years since the beginning of the war is an average of about 51 cents per pound, while, in the twenty years prior to the war the total quantity imported was 1,549,000,000 pounds, valued at \$1,034,000,000, or an average of about 67 cents per pound, and the average in the year just ended is less than that of any single year since 1890.

India rubber is in fact one of the few imported articles in which prices have not advanced. A statement by the National City Bank of New York shows that the average import price of India rubber in the United States in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, is slightly less than 40 cents per pound, as against 80 cents per pound in 1913 and over \$1 per pound in 1911. This fall in price of India rubber, says the bank's statement, is due to the enormous increase in production. While it is a fact that the world's consumption of rubber greatly increased during the war, especially that in the United States, the gain of production was even more rapid than that of demand. The world's production of rubber in 1913 was only 108,000 tons, and in 1918 259,000 tons, being thus two and a half times as much as at the beginning of the war. Our own importation has grown even more rapidly than world production, being, as above indicated, practically three times that of 1913, while the world production was doubling. The Central European powers, formerly large importers, of course imported but very small quantities during the war, while Russia, which was formerly a large importer, has taken practically none during the past year, leaving England and France the only large consumers of rubber outside of the United States.

After eighteen years of most careful management, coupled with the abnormal prosperity resulting from the world's war, the United States Steel Corporation has now reached a point in its history where it can safely be designated as the peer of all industrial corporations. Its financial and moral status is such as to make it the acknowledged leader in the manufacturing world and of the stocks of corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange. As a fitting climax to its career and a strong argument in favor of industrial combinations it may be said that the United States Steel Corporation was one of the most potent factors in helping the Allies to win the war, the production of this vast organization exceeding by one-third the steel output of all of Germany's plants combined. Judge Gary, president of the Steel Corporation, was a \$1-per-year man and placed the entire plant and its 250,000 employees at the disposal of the United States government during the war.

The United States Steel Corporation, with \$94 in cash and government bonds in its treasury and with a book value of \$235 back of its common stock, is certainly in an enviable position. Most of the other large corporations (not excluding the Standard Oil companies) are in the market trying to sell preferred stock, while the Steel Corporation has money to loan. Admittedly the greatest problem before the banker of America today is the financing of Europe to enable them to purchase our goods, to feed themselves, and to rehabilitate their recently destroyed industrial enterprises.

A "bull market" is absolutely necessary to

achieve success in marketing securities. It will therefore be necessary to produce the proper psychological effect and to retain public confidence to strengthen the New York stock market and keep up the "bullish activity." United States Steel Common will be the stock selected by the big men of Wall Street as the next stock market leader when the bull market starts again.

Segregating the stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange into five divisions as follows: Tobaccos, Oils, Motors, Railroads, and Steels, we find that the leaders of all classes of stocks above mentioned have crossed the two-hundred-dollar mark at some time in their history with the exception of United States Steel Common, leader of steels. As a matter of fact, Steel Common has more actual value behind it than any of the other leaders.

The following facts concerning the United States Steel Corporation may prove interesting to prospective investors: The last published annual statement of the United States Steel Corporation (December 31, 1918) shows total assets of \$2,571,617,175.08; current assets, \$883,136,081.03; cash on hand, \$173,806,259; government bonds, \$250,000,000; accounts receivable and inventories \$391,709,355.72; property accounts, \$1,563,937,122.89.

Rumor has it that the Steel Corporation will place its government bonds (amounting to \$250,000,000) in a fund and issue common stock for a like amount and distribute same as a stock dividend to its common stockholders. A most desirable method, indeed, for capitalizing part of its enormous assets and distributing same to its stockholders. In the first half of 1919, although the plant was running at only 60 per cent. of its capacity, the company added \$10,000,000 more to its surplus, bringing it up to \$477,019,324.38. This surplus consists of cash and government bonds and equals \$94 per share on the common stock.

Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who made millions in the stock market, particularly in steel common, always bought the stock when nobody wanted it and sold it when everybody wanted it. He was a keen student of economics and a psychological expert as well, and his methods were far different from the average operator. Why not try them?—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering a large selection of California school district bonds. School district bonds are regarded as one of the highest types of municipal securities. The entire taxable property within the district is security for the payment of these bonds, and under the California laws the debt may not exceed 5 per cent. of the assessed valuation of the property within the district. This company is offering a variety of 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. school district bonds, yielding from 4 1/2 per cent. to 4.95 per cent., and reports an excellent demand at these prices.

Cotton and grain prices suffered a collapse in sympathy with the break in stocks, the threat of a nation-wide railway strike and the belated activities of the government to control the soaring prices of life's necessities.

We probably will not have a nation-wide railway strike, though the sooner the labor problem is solved by some sane method the better.

The government should instantly lower the price of wheat to the people. Merely to avoid a bookkeeping loss on the resale of wheat at less than the guaranteed price the government has played into the hands of the food profiteers everywhere, fomenting indirectly a great deal of labor unrest as well as directly helping the cause of the pro-Bolshevik among us. The guarantee of wheat prices was a war measure purely and simply.

Food prices are bound to be high, but by supervision can be kept in reasonable bounds. Cotton will be in big demand all the while, but on fancy bulges such as recently it is foolish not to take some profits.

The various metal trades will be more or less affected by labor disturbances, but these will be calculated to restrict output, and, as the demand is increasing if anything, the general price tendency should also be upward.

The Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in its August monthly letter has the following to say about foreign trade, loans, and exchange:

"June merchandise exports of \$918,242,671 were not only the largest ever reported in a single month, but were 90 per cent. greater than a year ago and six times larger than the similar exports in that month in 1914. June imports were slightly less than a year ago and the resultant excess of exports over imports reached the stupendous total of \$625,142,892, the largest export excess ever shown in one month. For the full fiscal year ending with June 30th new high records were made both by imports and exports, the excess of exports over imports being \$4,129,000,000. No country ever before ended a year with such an extraordinary international trade balance in its favor; the figures just

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given being twenty-two times larger than the export excess shown in 1910.

"The foreign trade balance explains in large measure the sensational break in foreign exchange quotations and shows why it is that dollar credits command a premium in nearly all foreign countries. It must be remembered, however, that such a world-wide rise in New York exchange makes it much more costly for foreign countries to do business with us and acts really as a serious barrier in the way of the foreign trade expansion of the United States. If the foreign purchaser of American merchandise is forced to pay a premium varying from 10 to 25 per cent. for New York exchange with which to settle for his indebtedness to the United States, it stands to reason that the terms of doing business with us become almost prohibitive. In such a situation the foreigner can not be expected to buy heavily here unless practically all other markets are closed to him. In other words he will make large purchases in the United States only to the extent that he is absolutely forced to do so.

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"Within the past month the actual offerings to American investors of foreign government and municipal loans amounted to about \$250,000,000, at prices giving an investment yield of from 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 per cent. and with the stipulation that both principal and interest shall be paid in the United States. It is too early yet to tell how far these loans have been actually absorbed by the investing public, or to what extent they are likely to be permanently retained by the purchasers as income-producing investments. Some of the loans have found a ready market, others have not been as well distributed, but the general results on the whole are said to have been satisfactory.

"The situation evidently calls for the adoption of more comprehensive measures looking towards the creation of some adequate credit fund for financing these foreign purchases of American merchandise and supplies. Senator Edge of New Jersey has introduced a bill in Congress which has been approved by the Federal Reserve Board, providing for the forma-

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tion of corporations with a Federal charter and capitalized at \$2,000,000 or more, authorized to handle the composite commercial and financial business of the American export trade. These corporations would be privileged to do a banking business and to make advances to foreign purchasers of American produce and merchandise upon such security as manufacturing plants and other assets. They would be under the control of the Federal Reserve Board, but the government itself would not participate in their operation nor guarantee the debentures which they would issue. The bill which has been endorsed by various foreign trade authorities, is at least a contribution to the development of the subject and seems destined to exercise an influence upon whatever legislation is ultimately provided."

The outstanding feature of metal mining in California during the first half of 1919 is the closing down or the restriction of the operations of some of the principal productive deep mines. A number of mines, according to C. G. Yale of the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, have been closed by labor strikes; others by the low prices of the metals produced, the high cost of labor and supplies, the scarcity of skilled labor, and high taxes and other "war conditions." Moreover, for the last few years there has been a very manifest disinclination to invest capital in metal mining, especially in the older centres of the industry. The copper and lead mines have been most materially affected by these conditions, but the larger deep gold mines have also had their troubles. The gravel mines, especially the dredge properties, have not been so seriously affected at the quartz mines, yet their cost have greatly increased and they have had difficulty in obtaining sufficient competent help. The war surcharge cost for electric power has been the greatest burden borne by the gold dredgers, who assert that the voltage has gone down while the rates have gone up.

During the first six months of 1919 the United States Mint and the local smelters and refiners, to which most of the newly mined gold in California is sent, received from the mines in the state \$390,573 less gold and \$24,511 less silver than during the first six months of 1918, but as the annual output of gold is now \$17,000,000 to \$20,000,000 this difference in the output during the first half of the two years is insignificant. In 1918 there was a falling off in the production of gold, compared with 1917, of over \$3,500,000, but the small loss in the first half of 1919 compared with that in the first half of 1918 shows that the decline in output has been materially checked and that under normal conditions the output of gold in the state will take the up grade.

Correct lubrication of tractors is necessary for good results. If goes without saying, of course, that a tractor must be operated correctly in order to secure efficient results. It is just as essential that a high quality lubricating oil of the correct grade exactly suited to the engine be used. But correct lubrication means something more than this—the oil must be used in the right way.

The tractor manufacturer builds an efficient power plant which is designed to do certain work and do it economically. To insure this the manufacturer does everything possible to educate the operator in the proper care and operation of the tractor.

In the same way the Standard Oil Company issues literature on the correct lubrication of all kinds of tractors, it maintains a

corps of experienced lubrication engineers in order to study the lubrication needs of each type of tractor. The company then recommends to the operator the correct grade of Zerolene for use in his machine if he is to get the most efficient service out of it. The Standard Oil Company is interested in selling correct lubrication, not merely in selling a gallon or a barrel of oil.

Through its long experience and vast resources, the company has produced the exact grade of Zerolene suited to each type of engine. Each grade will do the work for which it is manufactured if used correctly in the engine for which it is recommended. In this way the Standard Oil Company is doing an invaluable service in teaching the tractor operator the science of correct lubrication.

Eighty thousand incandescent lights are to twinkle in the California Industries and Land Show, which will take place October 4th to 19th at the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco. The hulbs will range from the tiniest to the biggest and the illumination will surpass anything ever witnessed in California.

In the exhibits the general plan will be that of a grotto effect on the main floor. Each exhibit space will form a part of a city block, a garden spot on a city thoroughfare. The blocks will be bounded on four sides by city streets. Each street will be named after a participating county. All the activities of the city streets will be utilized. There will be guards and traffic regulations, street lamps and signs, and all the "props" of the average city scene.

Records kept by the Spring Valley Water Company show that some consumers wasted enormous quantities of water without knowing it—and without paying for it—when flat rates were in effect.

There is the case of a large residence in the Mission district. Under the old flat rates the water bill was \$7.31 a month.

When the meter was put on it registered for the first month 23,100 cubic feet—value, \$49.50!

The meter was found to be quite accurate, and the fixtures were tight, so careful search was made for a hidden leak.

After a long hunt it was finally discovered that a faucet was running in a dark corner of the basement, the water escaping unnoticed through the sewer drain. That enormous wastage had probably gone on for years.

Since then the water bill at meter rates has averaged \$6.24 a month during winter, but considerably more during the summer, this residence having a very large garden and hot house.

Another case is that of a large residence on Pacific Heights. The flat rate was \$10.59 a month. The first meter bills averaged \$20 a month. Here again it was hard to find the cause of the excess delivery. But finally a broken pipe was discovered behind the basement wall. Delivery now averages \$9.70 a month, which is normal for a residence of this size. It will be noted that this is less than the old flat rate.

The United States consul at Canton, China, reports that there is a good market in China for aniline dyes. At the outbreak of the war, he says, shipments to China of aniline dyes of German manufacture were practically suspended. The Chinese, realizing the impossibility of further importation of this commodity and the absolute necessity of having dyes, were out slow in buying up all dyes available on the local market and holding them for higher prices. Early in 1917 the prices of "green," which, prior to the war, was sold for 85 cents per tin of twenty ounces, easily brought \$65 (local currency); and the price of "scarlet" rose from 80 cents to \$40 per tin. (\$100 Hongkong currency is equivalent to about \$78 United States currency.)

As a result of this speculation many Chinese made enormous profits. Even up to the present time there are considerable quantities of German dyes in Hongkong, Canton, Wuchow, Shanghai, and other large Chinese cities. It is learned from an authentic source that German dyes of the minimum value of \$200,000 to \$250,000 local currency are still held by Cantonese merchants. The market prices of a few of these German dyes are given below, the pre-war price being quoted in parentheses. All prices are for twenty-ounce tins and are in local currency:

Scarlet, "New Duck" brand, \$8 (60c); scarlet, "Old Duck" brand, \$10.50 (80c); phloxine or carthamine, \$25 (\$1.20); green in crystals \$35 (\$1); basic orange, \$6.50 (75c).

A type of mad-stone was used all over Europe in the Middle Ages as a remedy for poisoned wounds of every description. It somewhat resembled pumice stone, but was not so porous, and whiter. It was regarded as a sure cure for any bite, from that of a mad skunk to a rattlesnake.

The increase of a single pair of rats in five years has been calculated at 940,369,969-152 rats. One pair of rats may have 870 descendants in a year.

SILVER MINES OF MEXICO.

Mexico, since its conquest by Cortez in 1519, has produced a steady stream of silver. Although the possession of apparently inexhaustible stores of white metal has undoubtedly brought some wealth to the nation it has brought infinitely more misery. It was for silver that the happy, progressive Aztec people were enslaved and robbed by the Spaniards. It was the Spaniard's lust for silver that worked the ruin of a semi-harshous civilization that had built great irrigation systems, massive temples, and beautiful cities. It was for silver (says the Salt Lake Tribune) that the yoke of degradation and slavery was fastened for four centuries upon a once proud, happy, and free people.

Spanish governors had a remarkable power of ferreting out the location of the hidden wealth of their conquered kingdom. The mines of Guanajuato and Zacatecas, which had produced fabulous treasures of gold and silver for the Aztecs and the Toltecs, were soon discovered by the Spanish and developed. On account of the cost of gunpowder and other supplies, and taxes which had to be paid to the crown, ore that would not produce over 100 ounces of silver to the ton was not mined.

Guanajuato means the Hill of Frogs, so called because at one time, it is said, a huge image of a frog, an object of worship among the natives, stood at the top of the hill. Immense deposits of silver were found here. Igneous rocks formed the superstructure of the great plateau which had been partly upheaved and partly overlaid by shales and limestone.

Larger profit had been obtained by the demolition and reduction of the material contained in some of the old houses in the Chihuahua district. The methods of the natives were so primitive that much mineral was thrown away as dross after the reduction of the ore. In the absence of more convenient and cheap building materials this slag was used in the construction of the walls of these huts.

Strange tales are told of the wealth of the Spaniards who controlled these mines. It is said that the owner of the Quinteca mine in the Alamos district, a Señor Almada, on the marriage of his daughter lined the bridal chamber of the palace with bars of the precious metal and paved the path to the church with the metal.

Many of the churches of Mexico, which have been on account of their architecture and the priceless value of their ornaments the wonder of the world, owe their existence to a mine. The Baroyeca Church, built in 1792, was built with the wealth derived from the Mina Grande in the Baroyeca Mountains. Prior to 1850 the walls of the Santuario and the Transcoro were lined with sheets of the pure silver from the mine, the altar vessels were pure gold, the candelabra, the altar rails, and the other parts of the sanctuary were of silver.

A great many of the lost mines of Mexico were the result of the depredations of the Yaqui Indians. Prospectors were killed or driven from the country by these savages, the marks of their workings were obliterated, and a mine that had great possibilities lost to the world.

For many years one of the mines of the Estrella del Norte Mining Company had been lost. The only clue to its location was found on an old Jesuit map, which stated that the adit of the mine could be seen by looking in a given direction from a church door. The directions found on the map were followed. The hills for miles around in the given direction from the church door were searched, but no mine was found. At last, long after the search had been abandoned, a wall that had been built around the church at a later date fell down and revealed another door whose existence had been hidden. From this door the hills were searched with a powerful field glass, a trace of the old workings was detected and the old mine was discovered.

Book Hunting in Japan.

Book hunting is an agreeable pursuit, and nowhere can it be conducted with more zest and profit than in Japan. I think there are more old book shops and stalls in Tokyo than in all the cities of the United States combined (writes Stewart Culin in Asia). In many of them one finds only school textbooks and cheap magazines, but there are shops in almost every quarter that contain real treasures. The greatest number are in Hongo and the neighborhood of the university. The second-hand booksellers have a society and a clubhouse where they have weekly auctions for members, and once or twice a year they hold a public sale on the second floor of a large house belonging to the Tokyo Fine Arts Club in Hongo, near Ryogokubashi, on the opposite side of the bridge from the wrestling pavilion. The entire second floor is thrown into one large room by removing the interior screens and the books are spread out on the mats, each dealer's lot apart, each set of volumes plainly labeled with its title and price. There is a bewildering variety;

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An Eastern aeroplane and motor corporation received recently from an Illinois farmer a bill for \$100 for use of his wheat field as a landing place for an airplane. In a flight recently from Millington Field, Tennessee, to Chicago a pilot found it necessary to alight for gasoline. There being no landing field in sight he dropped into what looked to him from the air like a meadow. It proved to be a wheat field. Attracted by the machine, the residents of the vicinity flock to the field despite the protests of the owner, and the grain was trampled under foot. As the pilot, his gasoline supply replenished, arose from the field the indignant farmer called out after him: "I got your number, young feller!" The bill to the corporation was the result.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Flag.

The author reminds us that the American flag in war was not a wholly unprecedented sight in Europe when the American armies landed in France in 1917. Paul Jones flew it at his masthead, and this redoubtable sailor persuaded the French admiral to salute it as the symbol of national sovereignty in 1778. The American flag was seen also in Tripoli in 1805, when an American force cooperated with the Greeks, Tripolitans, and Arahis and besieged and took the fort of Derna, driving out the pirates who had made of it their headquarters. Mexico, Cuba, and China were, of course, familiar with the flag, and we need hardly remind ourselves that it was planted by Peary at the North Pole, which certainly comes under the designation of "foreign parts."

All of these incidents and a dozen others are enthusiastically described by Mr. Samuel Abbott, who gives a wise emphasis to the less familiar episodes in history. It is a hook not to be overlooked by those too prone to decry our present participation in the affairs of the old world.

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF OLD GLORY. By Samuel Abbott. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Rosy.

This is hardly a war story, although the war supplies its central motive. Its scene is in the Arkansas Mountains and its heroine is Rosy, and she lives alone and has two lovers.

They are both, in a sense, unfortunate. Zeh Nanny has been railroaded to jail on a bogus charge of stealing a horse. At the moment the story opens he has been temporarily released on parole and uses his few hours of freedom to visit his sweetheart. But Rosy already has a visitor in the shape of Nat Minturn, who is rich and something of a dandy, and whose chief object in life just now is to escape the draft. To this end he is hiding in

Rosy's cottage, and the two men meet, to their mutual embarrassment.

But Zeh Nanny has only a few hours. He must go back to prison. He loses his way in the storm and determines to break his parole. Arrested as a hobo, he states that he was on his way to enlist and he is allowed to do so under the name of Nat Minturn, for whom the police have mistaken him. This accounts satisfactorily for Nat Minturn, who continues to hide in Rosy's cottage while Zeh Nanny is supposed to have been killed in the mountain storm. Meanwhile Zeh goes overseas and wins honors which are duly set down in his home town to the credit of his rival.

Of course it all comes right in the end. Minturn is a yellow dog who has no objection to compromising Rosy in case of detection, and who actually offers her money by way of reward. Minturn in the end gets found out and we know that some way will be found to exculpate Nanny when he returns with his honors and his medals. Doubtless it is all a correct picture of life in Arkansas, where they seem to have an unconventional way of doing things. But it makes good reading.

Rosy. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An American Labor Policy.

Holding unalterably to our conviction that the greatest of all present human needs is to be let alone without interference or regulation from the mechanisms that have descended upon us like a pestilence, we must none the less record the suggestions for further mechanisms that come so liquidly from the pens of economists. And so here is Mr. Julius Henry Cohen, who views with alarm the conflict between labor and capital which at present promises to end in a triumph either for reaction or for Bolshevism, and we would willingly be saved from both. Mr. Cohen has a plan. On paper it seems to be an admirable plan. But would it work?

Let there be free resort to organization both by labor and capital. Let organization be encouraged as providing definite unities for agreements and negotiations. But these agreements, once made, must be valid and they must be enforced. To this end we must have a national labor board, or industrial council, so organized as to avoid the suspicion of group domination. This board shall determine all disputes as to agreements and it shall have judicial powers to that end, such powers residing either in itself or to be delegated to courts or tribunals. All agreements will then be registered and they will be enforceable. Perhaps it is hardly fair thus to summarize a scheme of which its author's own presentation should be sought, but such seems to be its main features.

It looks well upon paper, as has been said. None the less we seem to be confronted with a situation where force rules and where might is right. What guarantee have we, or could we have, that millions of men on the one hand or incalculable wealth on the other would submit to arbitration of this sort in matters concerning their vital welfare? And in what way could decisions be enforced?

The author assumes good-will and a hearty

intention to live and let live and to accept the supremacy of law. We hope that he is not too sanguine. Nor can we hide a certain amount of admiration for such confidence in a new mechanism which is to be added to a political system already strangled, asphyxiated with mechanism.

AN AMERICAN LABOR PARTY. By Julius Henry Cohen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Eastern Question.

There is no one more competent than Mr. Millard to interpret for us the puzzle of Oriental policies. His judgments are based upon a long study of facts, and his facts are obtained from contact and residence. Against prejudice we must, of course, be always on our guard, but strong convictions may exist without the taint of bias.

Mr. Millard certainly has strong convictions. He does not believe that Japan has played the game fairly, even where the loading of the dice is to be almost assumed. Her sympathy with the Allies was of the head and not of the heart. The threat of desertion was always legible and audible. China was not anxious to enter the war because she believed that she would be crushed under the weight of the victors. When she finally threw her weight against Germany it was not because Japan wanted her to do so, but because she regarded America's declaration of war as a guarantee of fair play for herself. Japan, says Mr. Millard, wished to keep China out of the war, and this, of course, is directly contrary to the current of opinion. But if Mr. Millard's view is the correct one, if China relied upon America for the preservation of her territorial integrity, we may well wonder what China thinks of America today, and of a policy that ranged America on the side of aggression and partition.

Mr. Millard thinks that we do not understand Japan. We know Europe because we are in such close contact with Europeans and we understand their languages. But we do not understand Japan. We read what Japan wishes us to read, and no more. We accept the Japanese at their own valuation. Japan, says Mr. Millard, "adroitly set out to write her own history for Westerners to believe, and the West has, with an astounding complacency, taken Japan's own estimate of herself. The West, in effect, has given Japan a blank draft on its credulity, and allowed the Japanese to fill it out for themselves. Japanese propaganda has done that."

Japan, says Mr. Millard, is the Germany of Asia. Her ideas of government, army, and foreign politics are all German. She is insatiably ambitious and utterly unscrupulous. But at least we have the gratifying realization that Japan's aggressive designs against America have been modified by the war. She was profoundly impressed by the rapidity with which an American army was raised and by the recognition that it could be raised much more quickly now than the ways have been greased.

Mr. Millard has written a rather disquieting book, and one that a stupid optimism may perhaps discount. But the discreet among us will not allow it to pass without many ruminations.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EASTERN QUESTION. By Thomas F. Millard. New York: The Century Company.

The Disabled.

The education of those who have been disabled by war has suddenly become a matter of world-wide concern. Many thousands of men, drawn from all ranks of life, will never again be able to earn their living in their usual ways, and unless they are to become hopelessly and permanently dependent they must be taught new ways of livelihood.

All the nations that have emerged from war are now busy with this problem. Disablement includes, of course, every variety of incapacitating injury, from the loss of a foot or a hand to total blindness. In this volume Mr. Garrard Harris tells us what is being done for these men, the almost incredibly clever devices that are being used to alleviate their distress, and the even more incredible aptitude that is being shown by the men themselves in overcoming their disabilities. It is saddening, and at the same time inspiring, a triumph of human skill as well as of human fortitude. The book is well illustrated.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE DISABLED. By Garrard Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An Adopted Husband.

We are gradually becoming initiated into the fiction of the world, and perhaps there is no better way to learn the essentials of foreign human nature. Now at last we have a Japanese novel, and we realize with almost a start of surprise that the Japanese have their novels like other people.

It is a good novel. It is real literature, but its basis of national custom is so unusual that it takes us a little while to place ourselves squarely upon it. It seems that the adopted husband is a Japanese institution. A boy is selected and trained by the family of the girl, and he seems to accept his duties without rebellion, although not without suffering. In this case the adopted husband is Tetsuya.

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He becomes the *irimuko* or adopted husband of a very unpleasant wife, and it is small wonder that he should solace himself with Sayo-ko, the housemaid of the family. Here we have the outline of a novel in which the customary triangle plays its customary part. It appears that east and west do meet sometimes.

The story is notable not so much for its plot as for the glimpse that it gives us into Japanese domesticities. But the author is a skilled writer, severely economical of his words and with a keen eye to dramatic effect. It is well that we should know that Japan has her novelists and that they can tell a good story in a good style.

AN ADOPTED HUSBAND. By Futabatei. Translated by B. Mitsui and Gregg M. Sinclair. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

An up-to-date train connection was made recently in Southern California when the manager of a Los Angeles automobile branch missed the California Limited on the Santa Fé at the local depot and had an airplane carry him to San Bernardino, where he boarded the train for Toledo, Ohio.

One of the world's largest retaining walls has been built at Rangoon, Burma, to keep a river in its channel.

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New Voices.

We have a certain instinctive shyness of the voices and hands that would guide us into the recesses of the new poetry, or indeed into any newness anywhere. The old seems always to be so much better. But Marguerite Wilkin-son in her "introduction to contemporary poetry" has given offense to no proper conservatism. Throughout the four hundred pages of her book we find no word of praise for eccentricity, no suggestion that we should forsake old and beautiful things, no insistence upon new epochs nor millennial arrivings. Her object is to make us acquainted with modern poetic values and to show us some of the reasons why they are values. And while we may not always agree with her conclusions we must recognize that her standards are always just. They are never essentially nor radically wrong.

The volume has two main divisions—"The Technique of Contemporary Poetry" and "The Spirit of Contemporary Poetry." Under the former classification we have "The Pattern of a Poem," "Organic Rhythm," "Images and Symbols," "The Diction of Contemporary Poetry," "Certain Conservative Poets," "Certain Radical Poets," and "How Poems Are Made." The second part of the work is devoted to "Democracy and the New Themes," "Patriotism and the Great War," "Love in Contemporary Poetry," "Nature in Contemporary Poetry," "Personality in Contemporary Poetry," and "Children and Poetry." There are also indices of poems and authors.

The book is made attractive, not alone by the author's illuminating analyses and comments, but by the wealth of her citations. Nearly every excellent thing in the most modern poetry is to be found here in full and under its proper classification.

New Voices. By Marguerite Wilkin-son. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Heritage.

We have our doubts about these strains of heredity in which the novelist so much delights, but then strains of heredity are "the thing" just at present, what with eugenism and the like, and, moreover, what does it matter so long as we have a good story? None the less we do not believe that a Spanish great-grandmother who was a professional dancer in her day would have any effect on the character of an English dairy maid. But then, once more, what does it matter?

Ruth Pennistan is the dairy maid in question. When Mallory goes down to the farm in the wealds of Kent to recuperate he naturally takes an interest in Ruth and her love affairs, but he seems to be quite unaware that he himself is Ruth's chief love affair. Such unawareness is not usual among young men. Ruth has a tempestuous suitor, a sort of cousin, and when she finally despairs of Mallory she marries the cousin, who naturally beats her. Moreover, she has three children by the time she eventually gets rid of the husband. Then Mallory turns up again and some unconventional happenings ensue.

It is all intended to show the Spanish dancer strain asserting itself through the princesses of English farm life. Of course it may actually be a case of heredity, but it is to be feared that the theory will have to work overtime if it is to account for all the eccentricities and the perversities of young women. We have known young women act in very much the same way as Ruth and without a Spanish ancestor to account for it. None the less the story is admirably told, and in a quaint and original way. It must be accounted as decidedly among the successes of current fiction.

HERITAGE. By V. Sackville West. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Short Story.

We are all familiar with Edward J. O'Brien's annual volumes of the best short stories. The selection of such short stories is necessarily a matter of taste, but Mr. O'Brien's taste is so good as to find few critics.

Now we have another volume of short story criticism. It is by Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, and it consists of an analysis of the stories selected by Mr. O'Brien so arranged as to exhibit their style of construction and to indicate their merits. Short story writing, says the author, is an art, and it can be learned. But it must be learned by labor and study, and it may be said that she has substantially aided the acquisition of this art by a careful volume that can not fail to be of aid to the aspirant.

HOW TO STUDY "THE BEST SHORT STORIES." By Blanche Colton Williams, Ph. D. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Leaves in the Wind.

The short essay has for long been a feature of some of the English newspapers, and notably of the *Star*. Some time ago a volume of these essays by "Alpha of the Plough" was published, and now we have another and a larger volume under the title of "Leaves in the Wind." It is not easy to summarize the

value of writings of this sort. Their language is, of course, impeccable. So is their style. They are bright, humorous, and shrewd. They do precisely what they are intended to do—wile away a few minutes of the homeward journey of the tired business man, who nowadays is catered to out of all proportion to his deserts. Whether they have any educative effect except in good English is open to question. But here they are, a substantial volume of them, with their kindly philosophy and their somewhat penetrating vision into the froth of human nature.

LEAVES IN THE WIND. By Alpha of the Plough. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

New Books Received.

BETSY LAKE, PATRIOT. By George Merrick Mullett. New York: The Century Company. A story for girls.

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

The drama of the past fifty years, its changes, contributions, and tendencies.

GERMANY'S NEW WAR AGAINST AMERICA. By Stanley Frost. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. With an introduction by A. Mitchell Palmer.

SUMMER IN THE GIRLS' CAMP. By Anna Worthington Coale. New York: The Century Company. Information on camping.

SOCIAL GAMES AND GROUP DANCES. By J. C. Elson and Blanche M. Trilling. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Games and dances for community and social use.

THRIFT AND CONSERVATION. By Arthur H. Chamberlain and James F. Chamberlain. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Issued in Educational Guides.

RUSSIA IN 1919. By Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

An account of the Soviet government.

STANDING BY. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

War-time reflections in France and Flanders.

THE GREATER WAR. By George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Four essays on the war and the peace.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. A novel.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Florence Guertin Tuttle is the author of "The Awakening of Woman," essays on the spiritual aspect of the feminist movement; "Give My Love to Maria," short stories, of which three were prize-winners, the title story taking a prize in *McClure's Magazine*; and "No Questions Asked," a one-act play produced on the B. F. Keith circuit.

Who wouldn't want to be a correspondent? E. Alexander Powell forwarded from Rome to the Scribners the last two chapters of his new book, "The Army Behind the Army," which has just been published, with this word: "We are starting on our trip to the Trentino, Istria, Dalmatia, Albania, and the Balkans. The comando supremo has placed a motor-car and the admiralty a destroyer at our disposal to take us everywhere we may wish to go in the territories held by the Italians."

Among the forthcoming publications of E. P. Dutton & Co. will be R. MacIver's "Labor in the Changing World," in which the author takes up the central question of the place of labor in the industrial system and endeavors to show that the ideal toward which we must strive in these changing times is some more cooperative order of production.

Alec Waugh, the son of Arthur Waugh of the Chapman & Hall Publishing Company, London, wrote his first book, "The Loom of Youth," at the age of seventeen. "The Loom of Youth," a story of the public school system, is in its ninth edition in England. It



will be published in America early in the autumn by the George H. Doran Company. "The Prisoners of Mainz" is the genuine record of his experiences covering a period of time from March 21, 1918, through the signing of the armistice and his consequent release from the prison camp at Mainz.

"He who is faithless with a ship will be faithless with a comrade," says Nelson Collins in his just published book, "Opportunities in Merchant Ships." "Whatever her faults, keep talk about them within the ship's company, and even there be chary of it when young seamen are about taking in their first fast impressions of the seamen's code."

RACIAL HATRED NURTURED.

If the Germans lost any chances of sowing dissension and creating disorder in this world during the last five years it was not for want of trying. So when they came into Belgium in 1914 they bethought them of the saying of some forgotten writer that Belgium was inhabited by a fortuitous concatenation of Latins talking bad French and Teutons talking bad Dutch. Whereupon, in the intervals of deliberate cruelty, they set themselves to arouse the Teutonic half of the population to a racial and cultural hatred of the Latin half.

It must be admitted that they had ground to work on (says a writer in the *New York Tribune*). There has been a Flemish-Walloon question in Belgium longer than the oldest inhabitant can remember, and today it is terribly acute. Belgians have told me, in the last twenty-four hours, that the breach is widening seriously, and that the issue is even more important than that other—which Belgium shares with all the countries of the world—between capital and labor.

In West Belgium you have the Flemings of Flanders and the Walloons of Hainaut, and in East Belgium you have the Flemings of Brabant and the Walloons of Lemberg, Namur, and Luxemburg. They have lived together for centuries. That is to say, governments changed, but they remained together under whatever government the changes of history imposed on them. When you have added Liège, which was a separate prince-bishopric until 1795, and which is inhabited chiefly by Walloons, who are very "Belgian" in sentiment, you have accounted for all of Belgium.

What do you find when you talk to Flemings and Walloons and try to study this acutest Belgian political question? The Walloons, for the greater part, inhabit the semi-mountainous and naturally picturesque part of the land. In other days they lived by quarrying, smiths' work, and the manufacture

of arms; in modern times they have turned to coal-mining, steel-making, and engineering. The Flemings people a featureless plain whereon man has had to impose such beauty as is seen.

Centuries of patient toil have left the Fleming with a conservative tenacity, a deep loyalty to religion and traditions, a pondering habit of mind and an immense power of industry of the detailed sort necessary to the intensive cultivator and the handicraftsman. The Walloon is a bolder type, who has jumped to the highest point of modern industrial development, moving in a world of change as in his element—a revolutionary, a transformer.

And these differences are carried into politics. The Walloons are the great strength of the Liberal and Socialist parties and are strongly anti-clerical, while the Flemings are the backbone of the great Catholic party, the strongest political force in Belgium for many years past. Here we have, then, a linguistic division coinciding with a division of party and creed. By every means in their power the Germans strove to widen the breach.

Have they succeeded? The diligent questioner can get both yes and no for an answer. It was possible before the war and the coming of the Germans to say that the Flemings and Walloons much prefer each other's partnership in independence to a dependent association with anybody else—but it is not so true today. There are French-speaking Walloons who openly announce their preference for annexation by France, but it is fair to assume that they are a small and a very extreme section.

In the days when the Jesuit priests chanted mass there Juarez was happy and prosperous. The hills to the west of the town were covered with grape vines, and wine was made in the town, wine of a quality famed in the interior. On the plains to the east of Juarez were fertile fields. And now the hills and the plains are barren except for a fringe of cottonwoods and green stripping the river. The transformation was caused (says the *New York Herald*) by the diversions of the waters of the Rio Grande when the American farmers of New Mexico learned the merits of irrigation. The river that once was grand became three-fourths sand, with a muddy stream trickling in the centre. Only at flood time is there water enough to wet the banks. The canals which once watered the arbors and the fields on the Mexican side are dry. Juarez always was unfortunate.

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"LOMBARDI, LTD."

The Hatton pair—Frederic and Fanny—are at present buoyantly riding on the crest of the New York wave. What they see there reflects—apparently—their idea of what constitutes the important things of life. It may be, of course, from a commercial point of view. Perhaps fundamentally they are serious people. Comedy writers often are. At any rate, they are all business. The superficial chopping of the New York sea of life brings up in high relief, as the Hattons see it, millionaires, chorus girls, jewels and fine feathers, midnight suppers, and illicit love affairs. Yes, it is very businesslike to recognize the existence of these things and their importance in certain phases of life, for it is what the public is curious about. We, the citizens of the greatest and most prosperous democracy in the world, are fairly crazy about money-spending, and, if we can't do it ourselves, we love to see the evidences of others being engaged in that pleasant vice. And "Lombardi, Ltd.," gratifies one phase of that curiosity.

It is a fine-feathers, show-girl, manikin-stuffed play. There are a millionaire or two in it. And the astute authors have placed in the midst of this artifice-crammed atmosphere a sunny-hearted, sweet-natured Italian milliner, who is the leaven there because he is a child on the subject of profit.

We have grown used in the musical comedies to find show girls tricked out in fine feathers; also to fashion shows, although the public never seems to tire of them. But the character of Tito Lombardi has something novel to it, and is the principal element in the popularity and vitality of the play.

Its popularity has lasted a pretty long time, the length of its stay in New York warranting its second appearance in San Francisco, the city of short runs. Recently they have begun, down in Los Angeles, the picturization of the play, and after some months the movie-going public will see it in photo-play form. And then, after it has been thoroughly exploited on the screen, it will pass away from earth. The same may be said of all the Hatton plays, which are, to a certain extent, machine-made and offer little if any food to the spirit.

The point of view is shown in the character of Daisy, who is a humorously exaggerated version of the girl who is overfed on movies. Daisy is a raw young thing in her teens who, when she finds herself employed in Lombardi's luxurious establishment, immediately begins looking expectantly around for some affec-

tionate millionaire who will establish her in a velvet-carpeted, fur-farmed, diamond-decked, luxury-strewn but illicit paradise. The kind authors, foreseeing the indulgence of the public toward the entertaining Daisy, thoughtfully provide her with a real millionaire as a legitimate mate, the whole episode amounting to a curious mingling of shrewdness and naïveté on the authors' part on account of their tacit sympathy with Daisy's, her wooer's, and the public's immense regard for the purely material rôle that money plays being made so palpable.

Really, however, this is regarding a play created purely for light entertainment almost too seriously. It is of the spirit of New York, and superficially New York gives us the effect of being a shallow, materialistic, money-worshipping town. And Daisy is just a materialization of that spirit, exaggerated, for purposes of comedy, but ceasing to have even a comedy plausibility when the authors sentimentalize over her love affair.

Still, we must recognize that there are points appealing to the sympathies, the Hattons having shown Lombardi as sunnily indifferent to pelf, and having presented in the play a conscientious, hard-working business manager, a devoted and unselfish girl assistant, and a faithful, attached forewoman, thus introducing the elements of friendship, affection, devotion. What more can we ask?

As a matter of fact, the public seems not to ask any more. The play has been most successful. One recognizes its entertaining and pleasing qualities, but somehow that Daisy episode, to quote from Lombardi's piquant slang, "gets my goats."

These amusing little perversions of English on Lombardi's part are very well done and win their laughter every time. And Leo Carrillo is just about perfect in the rôle. The air of genuineness with which he indicates Tito's geniality, his gay irresponsibility concerning finance, the warmth of his heart, his Latin vivacity, his headlong launches into zigzag English, his light-hearted love-making, and his mannish distaste for the over-imaginative Daisy endowed with histrionic stability this character creation in an otherwise light and superficial play.

The piece is, of course, following the intentions of the authors, most handsomely mounted and costumed. Good-looking girls—for there isn't a downright beauty in the cast—fitted through Lombardi's brocade-strewn studio clad in the most fashionable conceptions of the dressmaker's art. We are permitted to view the workings of inspiration, as Lombardi creates a new costume on a shapely hired model. We are also admitted into the privacy of a scene which shows the severing of a long-established affair between a millionaire and his mistress; one of the most interesting incidents in the play, I thought, appropriately acted by Charles Wellesley and Ethel Wilson. The authors made them both very human, the cooled lover in his kindness and still existing regard for the girl, the ardent woman in her passionate jealousy and grief over the breaking of the tie.

Margery Card, Lillian Brennard, and Hal-lam Bosworth successfully expressed the fidelity of Tito's trusted employees, Mr. Bosworth being especially good in the rôle of the foreboding bookkeeper. Mary Brittain formed a shapely clotheshorse in the rôle of Lombardi's light-minded sweetheart, Ethel Wilson was womanly in the rôle of the saddened mistress of an adored but cooling lover, and Lillian Franklin was amusing as the gum-chewing model, half a dozen or more other characters rounding out the rather lengthy cast.

THE ORPHEUM.

It will happen, every now and then, that there is a certain monotony on the Orpheum bill. This week there are too many cheerful young men coming out and songfully or dancefully addressing the audience. Some of them have female pards, and some haven't. George E. Reed has a lot of these fair ones assiduously playing the piano. George, by the way, struck me as something of an "empty bar'l." He made a lot of noise, and it was somepun lovely the way his hair shone, but he wasn't particularly amusing.

However, the act went, and the audience always welcomes these cheerful young men. There was also the Mason-Forrest pair, just regulation patter, and Emma Haig with Jack Waldron; both good dancers, and Emma prettily costumed.

I wonder if Steve Juhasz—who ought to change his Slavic-sounding name for the convenience of vaudeville patrons—is new in vaudeville. He was, in his "Bunkology" act, very, very funny. Yet it took longer than it ought to have for the house to realize that he was a very slick amuser. In spite of his odd name, he is thoroughly American in appearance and address, and is primed with excellent burlesque of prestidigitation in speech, manner, and tricks; some of them real. In fact he is a genuine humorist. Before he got through he had the house in a roar, tickling them hugely by wheedling two non-confederating urchins on the stage, whom he handled

with the utmost deftness and tact, making them and the audience equally tickled.

The "Bradnas"—another queer name—are different; "conventionalized comedians," and also acrochats; very good.

There remains the three best acts. One is, of course, Cut-up Trixie. This billowy beloved of the public has some of the same material as last time, and some new. Also the pudgy knees were spot-lighted. Dear Trixie, she has a wonderful flow of animal spirits; and how we do welcome such when things become quite too vexatious and worrisome. Trixie gave a hurlscue imitation of an operatic aria, and really she was so funny that she would have made a cold corpus sit up and hold its sides. And the way her voice held out while she gave us the half-strangled but irrepressible bursts affected by the uncertain prima donna was greatly to the credit of her vocal efficiency.

In the act entitled "The Young Kid Battling Dugan"—not a good title; why don't they change it to "The Kid versus Dugan," and ring the changes on "young" in the dialogue?—in this act, to resume, things began so flatly and tamely that I thought it was going to be a frost. But Harry Watson, Jr., was not on the scene then; which was a mistake, as the act is long and the preliminary patter somehow doesn't insinuate its point. When Mr. Watson appeared as a desperate citizen in the telephone booth things began to hum immediately. His talent is excruciatingly funny facial play, and when he was through with the scene our earlier gravity was as badly mangled as the wrecked telephone. Mr. Watson was also superlatively funny as the elderly kid pugilist.

Another gravity-wrecker was "The Honey-moon," an Aaron Hoffman comedy played with much spirit and humorous understanding by William L. Gibson and Regina Connelli. This play depicts the early insurrection of a brand-new husband against the petty tyrannies of his brand-new bride, said bride having begun forging her relentless chains upon him in their childhood. So the husband rebels, and, partly madly sympathizing with him when the actor sent light-blue flares of defiance out of a pair of very successfully beligerent eyes, and partly laughing wildly as the intrepid male dared, single-handed, to oppose the hitherto dominant will of his amazed and incredulous tyrant, we extracted an immense amount of capital out of the situation.

Men are funny things. They will rush into matrimony. You can't keep them back. Look at the way our baby boys in the army are bringing back thousands of foreign brides. Yet with what hoysish abandon they indulge in Homeric laughter during all the jeers and jokes launched against the holy estate of matrimony. How intensely they sympathized with the bridegroom when he insurrected. But their was a note in their laughter, poor chilluns, an admiring note, which said, "How did he ever dare?"

"THE NEW HENRIETTA."

Yes, the old play, under its new name, still has wonderful vitality. Finance is ever an interesting subject, adroitly manipulated, whether in fiction or in the drama, and that scene in old AvN Alstyn's Wall Street office in which love and finance are so inextricably mingled—and separated—is most adroitly manipulated. Every play with enduring vitality has a big scene—such as the screen scene in old Van Alstyn's Wall Street office and sentimentally exciting scene is the big one in both the old and the new "Henrietta."

But the piece goes with a zip from the very beginning. Bronson Howard was a dramatist of parts; one of the well-known figures of his day. And, old-fashioned those his plays are now, those young modernists Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes have brought this one up to date. There are, it is true, a few evidences of the hoary past in the original creation of the play still surviving, one of which is the acceptance by Bertie of the stigma of his brother-in-law's guilt. That motive of Quixotic self-sacrifice was very much overworked in Bronson Howard's day, and always strikes, to the ear of a common-sensical person, a false note. So it did in "The New Henrietta," although the modernizers of the piece partly lessened the impression by causing Bertie, in a later act, to explain his Quixotic proceeding to his sweetheart by the simple words, "I didn't know what to say." As Bertie is presented as a master specimen of native reticence we partly forgive him his foolish Quixoticism.

It is a very happy idea, too, to have the young love and the older love running in parallel lines, both animated with the comedy spirit, the former through Bertie's characteristics, in spite of the seriousness of his sweetheart.

The character of Old Nick Van Alstyn has been made almost a classic by William Crane's noted connection with the rôle. The sensation of the present performance is Mr. Walter Richardson's assumption of the rôle, which matches Belle Bennett's excellent impersonation of the old woman medium in "The Thir-

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teenth Chair." Mr. Richardson successfully subdued all signs of youth except that his eyes refused to conform. That, however, was all right, as they expressed the abounding youthfulness of Old Nick's temperament. He even, at first, repressed certain individualities of voice and address, although it is very difficult for a player to keep that up perfectly during an entire evening. Mr. Richardson was also most delightful in indicating the extremely likable side of Nick's character, which is an important matter in respect to this jolly and plucky old Wall Street bull, when we remember how popular was William Crane, and how highly acceptable he made him to American taste.

Next in importance to Mr. Richardson's



XX.

Water Rates in General

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The fairness of both viewpoints must be studied carefully. Your interests and ours interlock, and in the long run are identical.

The water supply is YOUR water supply. We are charged with the responsibility of administering it.

If the water rate is unfair to you, you suffer hardship, and become our enemy instead of friend. We become deservedly unpopular.

If the water rate is unfair to us, we can not interest the necessary capital to build extensions and betterments. The service suffers, and you will feel the effect directly and indirectly.

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impersonation was that of Vaughan Morgan, who, as the new juvenile in the Alcazar company, is emphatically making good. Mr. Morgan is fortunately possessed of a talent for comedy, and although he is generally cast as a juvenile, he plays with the poise of an experienced actor.

This is not Belle Bennett's week, her rôle being very ornamental, but not calculated to show her full ability, although she was very successful in indicating the slightly matured charm of a young and fascinating widow. The actress gowning Mrs. Opdyke most effectively, making a particularly good entrance on Mrs. Opdyke's first appearance, when she laid old Van Alstyne low. Miss Jean Oliver made a pleasing and pretty little ingénue as Nick's serious-minded ward, and Emily Pinter gave a winning presentation of Rose, Van Alstyne's daughter, married to the villain of the play.

The villainy of Mark Turner was another old-fashioned touch in a play which had its birth when villains were an almost indispensable adjunct to the drama. Thomas Chatterton seems to be developing into the line of versatility which enables him to flit from juvenile to villain, from villain to polished, gray-templed drawing-room ornament. Mr. Chatterton is steadily gaining in his art, being particularly noticeable for the reposeful lack of restlessness with which he conveys to us the atmosphere of the character assumed. Half a dozen other actors were easy and natural in the rôles of friends and henchmen of Van Alstyne, Mr. Shumer filling the most important, that of a fashionable clergyman, although with it, seemed to me, a rather more forced and exaggerated note to his comedy than is usual with this reliable and valuable player.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Merely Fish Stories.

There is a record of a fish rain in 1666 that showered smelts all over Stanstead Parish in merry England.

At Baton Rouge in 1896 it rained ducks, cathirids, and woodpeckers.

We pause right here to say that scientists explain these showers by the lifting power of the wind and the ancient principle that what goes up must come down, and you never can be sure what's up.

Getting down to 1917, John Lewis of Aherdale, Wales, reports: "I was startled by something falling all over me. . . . On putting my hand down my neck, I was surprised to find they were little fish."

No less a person than Alexander von Humboldt writes of a downpour of fishes in the Andes which seemed to be aided and abetted by a very active volcano. The natives said they rather counted on fish showers to reduce the H. C. L., usually having several a season. Singapore holds the shower record, with a rain of fifteen-inch catfish, which the Chinese gathered up by the basketful.

Nine native eye-witnesses, urged by a canny Scot, made depositions before a magistrate attesting the truth of their tales of a shower in Bengal during which at least five kinds of fish fell from the heavens.

Boston, in the days of the plug hat, had what it called (being Boston) "a piscatorial deluge." But in Connecticut the same year it rained fish and ice together.

Most of the world's sources of tin are stationary or decreasing in their output, Bolivia alone of all countries giving promise of an increasing production.

Tortoise shell does not come from tortoises, but from the sea turtle.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"Broken Blossoms."

One of the distinctly unusual features of the company of players to be seen in D. W. Griffith's production of "Broken Blossoms," to be given its Pacific Coast première at the Curran Theatre on Sunday, August 24th, is the splendid individual characterization achieved. Never before in the history of motion pictures has there been so small a company of players in any Griffith feature, and never before have playgoers seen such remarkable difference in character.

"Broken Blossoms" concerns the lives of but three persons. While the complete cast boasts of seven players, these three principal ones dominate the play from beginning to end. They are Cheng Huan, a Chinaman; Little Lucy, a child of the London slums, and "Battling" Burrows, the brutal father of the child. These three important characters are in the very able hands of Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish, and Donald Crisp, respectively. Of the remainder of this interesting company of actors there are but four—Arthur Howard, Edward Peil, Norman Selby, and George Beranger.

"Broken Blossoms" is presented by one of the most notable companies ever assembled by Mr. Griffith—and the smallest.

The Alcazar.

The wheel of Alcazar success spins rapidly. Another of its lucky numbers will turn up certain winner again next week, commencing at the Sunday matinée, when an insistently demanded revival of "The Brat" is made. The story of a shabby little dancer, fresh from unjust ordeal in a fashionable household, has a curious psychological appeal that reached young and old in every class of the community. Belle Bennett in her creative and original portrayal of the elfish heroine has registered a brilliant artistic triumph. She moves audiences to laughter and tears, dances, does contortionistic tricks with the skill of an acrobat, and is wholly adorable. The entire cast, which remains unchanged, shows the fine class and quality of the New Alcazar company, now spotlighted in public favor.

For Pacific Fleet Week, including a holiday matinée on Labor Day, the Alcazar will announce a play of great interest alike to city playgoers and the thousands of incoming visitors.

The Orpheum.

Mme. Marguerite Sylva, who opens at the Orpheum next week, came direct from the celebrated Opera Comique in Paris and the Paris Grand Opera to join as a guest star the Chicago Grand Opera Company, with which she sang "Carmen" and other operas last season. It required not only persuasion of diplomatic order, but the further inducement of a flattering financial offer to persuade the prima donna to enter vaudeville, but it requires less effort to retain her after her brilliant début at the Palace Theatre in New York, where she aroused greater interest among vaudeville patrons and music lovers than any event for a decade.

La Bernicia, America's youngest prima ballerina, with the assistance of Yvonne Verlaine and Therese Neilson and her company of classic dancers, will present a delightful programme.

Marion Harris twinkled brightly on Broadway in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic." She has the knack of singing songs in the catchiest kind of a way and is an expert as a ragtime vocalist.

Bailey and Cowan, assisted by clever and

charming Estelle Davis, will be responsible for fifteen minutes' melodious entertainment. Cowan is an excellent singer of appealing songs and Bailey is a virtuoso on the hanjo.

Millicent Mower, who is the possessor of a fresh, clear, soprano voice, will be heard in a vocal fantasia with Ruth Avery en prologue.

Jack Gray and Marie Norman, clever novelty entertainers, will present a delightfully original act, in which they introduce their "Four-Dancing Kewpies."

Symphony Orchestra.

Formal announcement of the plans for the ninth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has just been made by the board of governors of the Musical Association. The season is to open on October 10th in the Curran Theatre. From the official statement the following paragraphs are taken:

"Alfred Hertz has been reëngaged as musical director and will enter his fifth season as conductor of the orchestra. Negotiations are now under way for soloists, and the names and dates of their appearances will be announced later.

"The board of governors trusts that the public will be mindful of the financial needs of the association. All should realize that the cost of symphony promotion has increased proportionately with other costs during the past four years. The burden of continuing the orchestra is becoming greater and should not be left to the comparative few who have supported it since its inception. That the orchestra has become an asset to our community is proven by the fact that 35 per cent. of our ticket sales comes from persons living outside of San Francisco. The board of governors, therefore, feels that it is the duty of all public-spirited citizens to take a vital interest in the continuation of this splendid work by becoming guarantors of the association, thus doing their part toward perpetuating an orchestra of which any city might be proud.

"Since a substantial amount of our income is derived from the sale of tickets, all patrons are urged to purchase season tickets and contribute to the success of the season. The list of subscribers will be made public at a later date.

"Season tickets for members are now being sold at the offices of the Musical Association in the Phelan Building. The public season sale will open on September 22d.

"Season tickets for the twelve Friday symphonies range from gallery seats at \$6 to orchestra seats at \$24; for the twelve Sunday symphonies (repetitions) from gallery seats at \$6 to orchestra seats at \$12; for the ten popular concerts at \$2.50 for gallery seats to orchestra seats at \$9."

Ancient Furnace Discovered.

A lady member of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society of England has discovered what is believed to be a Roman bloomery, or ancient smelting furnace. Her attention was drawn to the place by the work of moles, which recently exposed some of the remains, and again later by the turning of the whins formerly concealing the hearth and other features of the bloomery, near Forest How.

By some exploration with a spade she traced the foundations of a large hearth, twelve yards in diameter, and a number of heaps of cinders, slag, and ore; and she also turned up specimens of Roman tiles, with pottery, slag, and hematite. The size of the hearth of the Forest How bloomery marks it as quite different from the ordinary north country mediæval iron furnaces, which run from seven to nine or ten feet in diameter, for the one just found is twelve yards across.

At a recent auction in England there changed hands some mementoes of a very eccentric man known in the early part of the last century as the "Wandering Piper." This man in private life was the son of Sir Joshua Stewart, and the souvenirs included a portrait and some remarkable documents. After serving at Waterloo, this curious character entered into a wager of £5000 with a certain Count Bender, a former school-fellow, that in order to test the hospitality of various countries they should proceed in disguise, the "piper" through Great Britain and the count fiddling his way through France and Belgium. The campaign was to have lasted three years, but the count gave up the contest, having only collected £340, as against the Scotsman's £7000 in England alone.

A young society woman called one morning to see a bosom friend. "No, ma'am, Miss Alice is not in," the maid informed her. "She has gone to the class." "Why, what class?" inquired the caller, in surprise. "Well, ma'am," explained the maid, "you know Miss Alice is getting married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."

A caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 6000 times its own weight in food. It will take a man three months before he eats an amount of food equal to his own weight.



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When Lawyers Struck.

Some years ago the harrisers practicing in Sierra Leone were so dissatisfied with the judge who was acting as substitute for the chief justice while the latter was on leave that they unanimously elected to give up pleading before him. Legal business in the colony was therefore at a standstill until the chief justice returned.

France, too, affords an instance of a legal strike. One of the judges at St. Amand accused his colleague of deliberately promoting disputes in order to fill their pockets with fees. Thereupon all the lawyers in court departed in a body, declaring that they would not return until this insulting statement had been withdrawn. Eventually the judge apologized, and the lawyers resumed practice.

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Honey is a part of the daily diet of almost the entire population of Switzerland.

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MILICENT MOWER in a Vocal Fantasia,

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prologue; JACK GRAY and MARIE NOR-

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NELLI in "The Honeymoon"; OSCAR LOR-

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VANITY FAIR.

Pity the poor Dachshund. He has disappeared from American life. His name was against him, and he had no kind friend to suggest that he call himself the Liberty Dog. It will be remembered that sauerkraut had an uncomfortable time of it until some unimaginative idiot called it Liberty Cabbage, and then we went on eating it as heretofore. What a curious people we are. We ban a harmless and quite attractive dog because he has a German name, but the moment the great German propaganda machine calls for an anti-French or pro-Sinn Fein tune we all fall into line and march merrily down the street to the time set for us.

One wonders why there should be such a difference in restaurant prices. A writer in the New York Tribune expresses the same surprise. It can not be altogether a matter of location, because there are fourteen restaurants on the single block between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, and at one of them you pay 5 cents for a cup of coffee and at another you pay 25 cents for a demi-tasse. Probably the 5-cent variety is much the better of the two. Claridge's is one of the restaurants on this block, but Claridge's seems to have been hard hit by prohibition. Another restaurant is at the Hotel Astor, and it is said that one may find something to eat here, but they will not let you have a cup of coffee for 5 cents. Then there is Delmonico's, and here, too, the appetite may be satisfied if one has the price.

But it is mainly a matter of cost. It is not for the purpose of buying a meal that you enter these princely places. What you are buying is distinction, the inward glow that comes only from a sense of prodigality and the exclusiveness that prodigality gives. The food is practically the same as at the other restaurants where they show you juicy beefsteaks in the window and fascinating pyramids of pastry, and where you can get a "regular dinner" for 45 cents. They have real cooks at some of these plebeian places and one wonders why they have not gravitated upward to more exalted places on the culinary scale. And of course the company at the 45-cent place is immeasurably more attractive than is to be found at their exclusive rivals.

No, we certainly do not go into a restaurant in order to make a purchase in the ordinary sense of that word. Otherwise we should be more business-like about it. No man will give 30 cents for a 25-cent cigar merely because there is extra fine plate glass in the windows. We know exactly what we shall have to pay for a given kind of cigar, no matter where we buy it. Nor will we give a fancy price for butter or cheese because of the geographical location of the shop. There are, of course, slight variations from this cause, but they

are only slight, and we easily persuade ourselves that we are getting some sort of additional value. But the moment we enter a restaurant we throw our ordinary business sense to the winds. We will pay \$2 for a steak that is in every way identical with the 40-cent steak that is obtainable next door. Obviously it is not the steak that we are buying. We are buying an emollient salve for our souls. We are buying a sense of exclusiveness. We are paying an admission fee to a social circle.

It will be observed that the cheap restaurants usually display their wares in the window, and the expensive restaurants allow you to see only a muslin curtain with the name of the establishment woven into it. There again is the hint that you are not buying anything so coarse as food. It is tacitly understood that food will be part of the transaction, but it is atmosphere that you are buying, and you can not put atmosphere on a plate and display it in a window.

The Tribune correspondent tells us of a man who started to eat his way west to the Hudson from Vanderbilt Avenue. He didn't die, or get so fat that he was the same height standing or lying. He found an attractive and reasonable place in the middle of the block, gave up his mission, and got a job as waiter in the place and lived happily ever after. They also say that if a man can't get satisfied in any of the restaurants on Forty-Fourth Street he should try Forty-Third, or get married.

Says Mr. Dooley in his latest survey of the solar system: "Woman's rights? What does a woman want iv rights whin she has priv'leges? Rights is the last thing we get in this wurld. They're the next thing to wrongs. They're wrongs turned inside out. . . . They haven't the right to vote, but they have the priv'lege iv conthrollin' th' man ye ilicit. . . . They haven't the right iv a fair thrile he a jury of their peers; but they have the priv'lege iv an unfair thrile he a jury iv their admirin' infeyors. If I cud fly, d'ye think I'd want to walk?"

Mr. Charles M. Schwab talked to a *Globe* representative after a dinner by the employees of the Emergency Fleet Corporation in New York the other day. He was reminded of Mr. Carnegie, and he said:

"Many years ago when I first took up golf Mr. Carnegie, upon learning that I was going abroad for an extended stay, insisted that I should go to the St. Andrew's Golf Club and play over its links. 'Now, Charlie,' he said, 'your stay in Scotland will be for naught unless you join this club and partake of its wonderful hospitality and play over its world-famous links. I will fix everything for you and cards will be awaiting you at your London hotel.'

"Sure enough when I arrived in London I received notice of my election to the club and incidentally a bill for several hundred dollars, whatever the initiation and yearly fees were. Of course I paid it, but I determined I would make Mr. Carnegie reimburse me. So when I arrived home I enclosed him the bill with the comment that when I was entertained at a club I took it for granted my host was all the name implied. Later I had a nice note from Mr. Carnegie, ignoring my reference to the bill, and concerning entirely different matters. But the bill was also enclosed to me. That bill went hack and forth in every letter Mr. Carnegie and I exchanged. He never referred to it either in letter or by word, and in the end I failed to make him come across."

Continuing, Mr. Schwab said: "But there was another side to his character. A few years before I left the company he sent for me one day and said: 'Charlie, I am worried about you. I fear you are extravagant. Strange tales have come to me about your lavish mode of living and the reckless manner in which you spend money. I should discipline you. But the only way I know of keeping you within bounds and help you to live within your income is to raise your wages. So hereafter, Charlie, your salary will be a million a year.'

"That salary was continued until I severed connections with him.

"When Bethlehem Steel came so near collapsing a few years ago I was dead cold broke. When I went home that night I said to my wife: 'How much money have you?' She told me that she had a few hundred dollars in hank. 'Well,' I replied, 'that is all that stands between us and starvation. I suppose I could dispose of certain holdings I am interested in, but which are not worth much now. That might bring in an income that would make you at least comfortable for life. I am all in after this blow and feel that I have made a complete failure of life and that I should stop where I am.'

"But Mrs. Schwab is made of different stuff. She thought a moment and then replied, 'When I married you, Charlie, we paid sixteen dollars a month for our rooms. I believe I was happier in those little rooms than I have ever been since. We will close up here, give up everything to pay your debts,

and I will go out and try to get those rooms back. Then you must go to work. You could never be happy if idle and I have sufficient faith in you to believe you will soon be on your feet again.'

"In the meantime Mr. Carnegie heard of my troubles and sent for me. When I left him I was in a position to start out afresh and in three years I was worth more money than I ever dreamed it possible for me to make. In fact it was this added start he gave me that enabled me to clean up as I have done with Bethlehem Steel and Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporations during the war."

Mr. Schwab admitted that he was now "worth" considerably more than a hundred million dollars. But we are not sure that we like the story as a whole.

OLDEST OF DETECTIVE STORIES.

Found Among the Folklore of Ancient Japan.

It has been pointed out that the detective story is as old as the hills and that certain of the "Arabian Nights" forecast "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "A Study in Scarlet" by a thousand years or more. No better proof of the antiquity of the detective story can be found than that offered by feudal Japan, which produced the tale of the arrest of the stone god Jizo.

In this folk story of ancient Yedo the hero detective moves with all the seeming indirection of Lecoq and Dupin and Sherlock Holmes his marvels to perform. O-oka was he, mayor of Yedo under the eighth Shogun and holder of the high justice and the law over all the merchants of Tokugawa's capital.

One day a servant employed by a proprietor of a big shop near Japan Bridge in Yedo was sent with a heavy pack of valuable cotton goods on his back to a dyer in Honjo district. When the store's messenger reached Yokogawa Street he was ready to seek rest. What more safe invitation could have offered than the little grove of trees set about the stone statue of the god Jizo, the patron saint of travelers and defenseless women and children?

The somnolent porter awoke from a nap to find that his employer's cotton had disappeared. In great distress he went to the storekeeper and confessed that he had slept and that a robber had made off with the goods during his slumber. The master would not believe his story, saying that it would have been impossible for a robber to make off with so large a bundle in broad daylight. Unless the porter should pay for the lost goods he would have to go to prison, said the master. In despair the porter took counsel of Mayor O-oka.

"You are certainly to blame for having fallen asleep," said the mayor, "but Jizo is equally to blame, for he is a god bound to protect every one who trusts him and this time he has betrayed you. Even though Jizo is a Buddha, I can not pardon him for his neglect of duty. I will have him arrested and brought before me for trial."

So O-oka gave immediate orders to his court officers to go and arrest Jizo of Yokogawa Street and bring him before the mayor's seat for trial. Three of the officers departed on their mission. They first bound the arms of the stone god with coils of rope; then they tried to lift him from his firm pedestal into a cart. A great crowd assembled before the Jizo, attracted by the unusual behavior of the court officers. When they were told that Jizo must go before the mayor for trial, the citizens of Yokogawa Street and the neighborhood of Honjo marveled.

The task of unseating the god was too much for the three officers, and they sought aid of those standing about. They promised that in return for assistance they would admit all volunteer workers into the courtroom to witness the extraordinary trial. Hundreds were spurred by curiosity to lend a hand, and when the stone god went through the streets strapped to a cart like any offender the crowd grew. It filled the great hall of justice when Jizo was lifted in and propped up before the platform upon which sat the mayor. O-oka addressed the god in stern terms:

"You are a negligent fool, O Jizo!" he exclaimed in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "You are supposed to protect every one who believes in you and who renders tribute, yet this trusting porter here made a prayer to you, then fell asleep at your very feet, and he was robbed while he slept. You stand accused of being an accomplice in this robbery. Have you anything to say for yourself before I pass sentence?"

Mayor O-oka waited for a few moments as if expecting the stony lips of Jizo to open in reply, but when no answer was returned by the god he passed sentence immediately.

"Since you do not defend yourself I consider that you are guilty," said his honor, "and I shall imprison you."

At this remarkable spectacle of a mayor passing sentence upon a stone god there was a titter of laughter. O-oka thundered in a voice of brass:

"Who are all these people standing about here?" he inquired of his court officers. "Are

they accomplices of Jizo or only plain thieves? They think this court is a penny show and they laugh at the court's orders. Shut all the gates at once."

The frightened attendants hastened to shut the gates of the courtroom. Then Mayor O-oka adjudged every man in the great crowd in contempt of court and fined each of them one tan (a kimono length) of cotton cloth. The hundreds thus suddenly found in contempt were happy that their punishment had been so light at least, and under bonds they hurried to their homes to bring back the cloth fine. Before the day was done 700 pieces of cotton cloth had been presented before the mayor's court, the name of each culprit being set down upon the tan of cotton cloth which he presented.

Before he would allow the 700 to go, however, O-oka retired with the porter who had been robbed to an inner chamber and he asked the porter to look over the 700 pieces of cloth and see if he could identify any of them as having been once in the pack he had carried. Since every manufacturer of cotton cloth in Yedo always marked the selvage of each strip with a little red trade-mark stamp the porter searched the edges of many strips of cloth for a stamp similar to that borne upon the cloth of which he had been robbed. He found that two of the pieces of cloth brought to pay the mayor's fine bore the stamp of his plundered pack. Instantly Mayor O-oka ordered the arrest of the two men who had brought this cloth; they confessed to the robbery, and all the cloth they had taken from the sleeping porter's pack was restored to him.

All the other pieces of cloth taken in toll by the mayor were restored to their owners, and all but the two guilty members of the crowd which had attended the trial of Jizo were released. Then Jizo, the stone god, was put on a cart, wreathed with the evergreen pine and the bamboo, symbols of long life and prosperity, and he was carried back to his pedestal in Yokogawa Street at the head of a triumphal procession. Jizo had vindicated himself, and Mayor O-oka the wise sat more firmly than ever in his seat of power.

The mayor of Contreras, Mexico, has issued a public order making it obligatory for male residents and visitors to wear pants. He specifies that the use of underwear will not be in compliance with the order.

Common house sparrows fly at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour.

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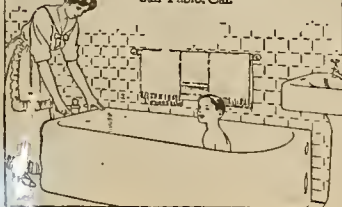
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The cat settled herself comfortably in front of the farm kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the ways of cats, regarded her with horror. "Oh, gran'ma, gran'ma!" she cried. "Come here quick. The cat's begun to boil."

Little Ethel, a town child, aged three, went to the country for a week's holiday. Her first discovery, her mother informed her, was a dandelion. Then suddenly Ethel pounced on a large marguerite, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I've found a dandelion trimmed with lace!"

A cockney wag, while spending his holidays in the Highlands, met an old shepherd driving a flock of sheep, and, wishing to show off a bit, said: "Now, if I were a shepherd, I would teach the sheep to follow me." "Oh, ay—an' I've nae doot ye would manage it, too, for if the beasties saw another sheep in front they would be sure to follow."

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the well-known artist, who died recently, used to tell an amusing story of a London art dealer. This man had two beautiful reproductions of the painting, "The Approaching Storm." One of these pictures he placed in the show window, but it did not sell. At length, in order to draw attention to the picture he used the words "The Approaching Storm," especially suitable for a wedding present."

Young Roosevelt, at a flying school in France, talked about his father's farming experiences. "My father," he said, "was a gentleman farmer for many years. Now he'd have a ranch. Now he'd have a plantation. The experience was costly. 'Father,' I said to him one day in my childhood, 'what is a gentleman farmer?' 'Quentin,' said my father, 'a gentleman farmer is a chap who never raises anything except his hat.'"

Joseph Cummings Chase, the portrait painter, told at a club the other day the story of a Connecticut farmer who never would admit that he didn't know all about anything that might come up. He was never surprised. "Wa'al," would be in his invariable comment upon some striking incident, personal or otherwise, "I expected it." Recently at a county fair he was invited upon the platform and the magician after some manipulation,

extracted a rabbit from his flowing beard. "Ha! Ha!" laughed his wife when he returned to the audience, "now you can't say you expected that." "Wa'al—no, that is, not exactly. For two days I been feelin' somethin' going on in them whiskers o' mine, but I couldn't quite make up my mind 'twas a rabbit."

Little Willie was on his first visit to the farm. He was being shown about the place when he saw a cow grazing in the pasture. He was greatly excited and asked: "Oh, uncle, what is that?" "That is only a cow," replied his uncle. "And what are those things on her head?" "Horns," he answered. They turned to go back when the cow mooed long and loud. Willie was astounded. Looking back, he demanded: "Which horn did she blow?"

An old negro went to the doctor for a prescription for some ailment that he had, and was given a box of pills. The next day he returned to the doctor's office. "How do you feel now?" asked the doctor. "Jest about the same, sah," answered the negro. "Did you get the pills?" "Yessah." "Did you take them?" "Nosah." "Why not?" "Kase, doctor, de label on de box said 'take one pill three times a day.' I jest couldn't understan' how I'se gwine ter take one pill more'n once, so I'se come back for further instructions."

Shortly after the death of the district attorney of Montgomery County, Governor Smith of New York received so many applications for the appointment of a successor that he was reminded of a story told about the late Senator McCarren of Brooklyn. In the district in which the senator was leader the death of a man who held a minor position occurred. The deceased had not been buried when aspirants for the job started the political wheels in motion. One of them hunted up Senator McCarren, who was located in the evening in a restaurant. "Senator," said the applicant, "I would like to be in Smith's place." "Very well," the senator answered, without looking up. "Go see the undertaker. I have nothing to do with the case."

Henry Ford, the automobile man, was camping with a party of friends in the woods of Washington County, Tennessee. Mr. Ford was busy sawing wood with which to replenish the camp-fire when he was approached by the small son of a neighbor, a Mr. Lee, who offered his assistance. "All right, sonny, come on," remarked the noted car-maker; and then

when the two had been cutting wood awhile, Mr. Ford said to his young helper: "Do you know that you are saving wood with Henry Ford?" Not for a moment overawed by the great man in whose presence he stood, the lad retorted: "And do you know you are saving wood with Robert E. Lee."

"The recent protest of Italy over the Fiume," declares Secretary of State Lansing, "was nothing but a bluff which she felt forced to make to insure her standing among the smaller surrounding countries. Indeed, Italy was in much the same position as Mrs. Subub, who, having lost the key to the kitchen clock, went into town with her husband to get another. Mr. Subub waited across the road while his wife went into the jeweler's. Presently she came out again. 'Got it?' asked Mr. Subub. 'No,' said his wife. 'Why not?' 'Well, Mrs. Subub was in there buying pearls, so I couldn't ask for a key for the kitchen clock.' 'What did you do, then?' 'Oh, I just inquired how long it would take to clean a diamond tiara.'"

A judge tells with relish of his encounter with a certain young matron. Seems her husband had been spending most of his nights at the club and the lady hinted to his honor that one of these days she might bring the matter into court. The other day, however, encountering the judge on the street, she buttonholed him, saying: "Judge, I'm so sorry I said all those things about my husband. He can go to the club all he wants to, and I'll never say a word." "Why the change of heart?" asked the judge, curiously. "Well, the other night a burglar broke into the house and my husband laid him out with a poker. I had heard that he was a poker expert and now I understand. The dear boy has been spending his nights preparing for just such an emergency."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Horace Up to Date.

O fons Bandusiae, splendor vitæ.—Horace, Book iii, Ode 13.

Worthy of flowers and syrups sweet,
O fountain of Bandusian onyx,
Tomorrow shall a goatling's bleat
Mix with the sizz of thy carbonics.

A kid whose hudding horns portend
A life of love and war—but vainly!
For thee his sanguine life shall end—
He'll spill his blood, to put it plainly.

And never shalt thou feel the heat
That blazes in the days of Sirius,
But men shall quaff thy soda sweet,
And girls imbibe thy drink delirious.

Fountain whose dulcet cool I sing,
Be thou immortal by this ode (a
Not wholly metrical thing)

Bandusian fount of ice-cream soda!
—Franklin P. Adams, in Harper's Magazine.

Variation on a Theme.

Notably fond of music, I dote on a clearer tone
Than ever was blared by a bugle or zoomed by a
saxophone;
And the sound that opens the gates for me of a
Paradise revealed,
Is something akin to the note revered by the
blessed Eugene Field,
Who sang in pellucid phrasing that I perfectly
well recall,
Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher that the
hoy brings up the hall.
But sweeter to me than the sparrow's song or the
goose's autumn honks
Is the sound of the ice in the shaker as the bar-
keeper mixes a Bronx.

Between the dark and the daylight, when I'm
worried about the Tower,
Comes a pause in the day's tribulations that is
known as the cocktail hour;
And my soul is sad and jaded, and my heart is a
thing forlorn,
And I view the things I have written with a
sickening, scathing scorn.
Oh, it's then I fare with some other slave who
is hired for the things he writes
To a Den of Sin where they mingle gin—such as
Lipton's, Mouquin's, or Whyte's,
And my spirit thrills to a music sweeter than Sul-
livan or Puccini—
The swash of the ice in the shaker as he mixes a
Dry Martini.

The dries will assert that metallic sound is the
self-same canon made
By the ice in the shaker that holds a drink like
orange or lemonade;
But on the word of a traveled man and a bard
who has been around,
The sound of tin on ice and gin is a snappier,
happier sound,
And I mean to hymn, as soon as I have a moment
of leisure time,
The chill sussur of cocktail ice in an adequate
piece of rhyme.
But I've just had an invitation to hark, at a
heckoning bar,
To the sound of the ice in the shaker as the bar-
keeper mixes a Star.

—Detroit Saturday Night.

"The boys are eating your green apples,"
said one of the country boarders. "That's all
right," said the farmer. "Let them eat all
they want. It will keep them away from the
table for the next three or four days and I'll
charge their daddies for the apples besides."—
Boston Transcript.

Boiled the Watermelon.

Lieutenant Smith, stationed in one of the towns of northern Luzon in the Philippines hankered for the juicy lusciousness of a melon from his own sunny southland. So his family in Tennessee carefully crated a choice watermelon, and shipped it to him by express. It cost him a good many pesos, but no matter. It was a beauty, and arrived in perfect condition.

He instructed the cook to prepare a good dinner that very day; the splendid melon was to be served as a crowning glory. The provincial treasurer, the schoolteacher, and the few Americans in the town were invited to partake of a treat that was to be a surprise to them.

The dinner went forward successfully, but there was much curiosity concerning the surprise that the host had promised his guests, and all eyes were turned frequently toward the door through which it was expected to appear. At last it came. The cook entered, bearing aloft an immense platter, and there came from the company a chorus of "Ahs!" The platter was placed on the table under a halo, no, a cloud of—steam. The melon was boiled, thoroughly boiled.

"Sergeant," said the commanding officer, "I was looking last evening for some records concerning the religious services held every Sunday morning, but could not find them in the files. Where are they?" "They are filed under 'H,'" answered the sergeant in charge of the files. "Why under 'H'?" "Because it begins at half-past 9, sir."

Mrs. Flatbush—I don't know what's the matter with my doughnuts. They always seem to be heavy. Mr. Flatbush—Why not try making the holes in the middle larger, dear? —Yonkers Statesman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Armsby, to Mr. Ralph Warren Palmer, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer. The engagement was made known at a luncheon given at the Armsby home in Ross in honor of Miss Marguerite Raas. Among the guests were Mrs. Sidney Ford, Mrs. Leslie Symmes, Mrs. C. H. Thomas, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mrs. Stanley Arnold, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Kent, Miss Alice Palmer, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Alice Keeler, Miss Sara Bornemann, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Janice Tohrner, Miss Margot Baker, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Catherine Pittman, and Miss Elsa Korbel.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, to Mr. Marshall Madison. Their marriage will take place during the winter. Mr. Madison is the son of Mr. Frank Madison.

The marriage of Miss Aileen Treat and Mr. Frederick St. Goar was solemnized Saturday evening at St. Luke's Church, Bishop William Moreland of Sacramento officiating. Miss Helen St. Goar was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Roberta Belcher, Miss Agnes Shreve, Miss Harriet Fletcher, and Miss Norma Thayer. Mr. Charles St. Goar was his brother's best man and the ushers included Major William Everts, Mr. William Jackson, Mr. John Parker, and Mr. Paul Leon. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Walter Treat. Mr. St. Goar is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar.

Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a luncheon Thursday at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner-dance Tuesday evening in Menlo Park. The affair was in honor of Miss Amanda McNear.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett were the guests of honor at a dinner given Monday evening at the St. Francis by Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels. Their guests included General and Mrs. John Morrison, General and Mrs. Carol Duval, Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Major and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. A. Stern of New York, Colonel Garesche Ord, Mr. Thornwell Mullaly, Mr. Raphael Weiss, and Dr. Morris Herzstein.

The Misses Rosamonde and Margaret Lee gave a luncheon and theatre party Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Athearn Folger entertained at luncheon Monday in Woodside, having among her guests Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Mrs. Russell Wilson, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon Wednesday. Her guests were Miss Helen St. Goar, Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Nancy Lane, Miss Amy Requa, and Miss Cecily Casserly.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a luncheon Thursday in Burlingame for Miss Elena Eyre. The guests were Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Helen Crocker, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth

Adams, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Barbara Donohoe, and Miss Margaret Madison.

Mrs. Arthur Sayre of Madera gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having among her guests Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Hayes Smith, Mrs. Joseph Nielson, and Miss Anne Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Lagunitas Country Club, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey, and Mr. and Mrs. Porter Asbe.

Mrs. Millen Griffith gave a children's party Saturday afternoon at her home in Ross.

General and Mrs. Frederick Strong gave a dinner Friday evening at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a luncheon Saturday at the St. Francis.

Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., of London, gave a dinner Sunday evening at Del Monte Lodge in honor of his sisters, the Misses Edith and Olga Eyre. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Drury, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mrs. Gilbert Hawkins, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Eric Pedley, Mr. Edgar Eyre, and Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

Mr. John Miller of Pasadena gave a luncheon a few days ago at the St. Francis, having among his guests Mrs. Donald O'Melveny of Los Angeles, Mrs. Chauncey Penoyer, Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. George Garritt, and Mr. William Crocker.

A banquet was given last Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel in compliment to General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett.

Mrs. Berge Beckett gave a tea Thursday afternoon at the Octavia Street residence of her sisters, the Misses Dorothy and Sara Collier. Among the guests were Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. Shafter Howard, Mrs. Danforth Graupner, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Adolph Graupner, Mrs. Milton Latham, Mrs. Alfred Rulofson, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Marion Leigh Mailliard, Miss Grace Buckley, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening in honor of Miss Aileen McIntosh. The affair took place at their country place at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibble gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Lagunitas Country Club.

Mrs. George Kelbam gave a luncheon Thursday at the Marin Golf and Country Club, having among her guests Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Porter Asbe, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Frank Sanderson, Miss Louise Boyd, Mrs. Starr Keeler, and Miss Alice Oge.

Miss Alice Carr gave a dinner-dance Friday evening in San Rafael, her guests including Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. and Mrs. Berrie Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. T. S. Brooke, Miss Louisiana Foster, Mr. John Caswell, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Wallace Carr, Mr. D. W. Cross, Mr. Allan Kittle, and Mr. Arthur Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne gave a dinner Saturday evening at Woodside, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Latbam McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, and Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday in Woodside, her guests having included Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Athearn Folger, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

The United States maintains one of the largest printing plants in the country. It issued 1192 reports during the last fiscal year at a cost of \$316,000. They contained 54,407 pages.

CURRENT VERSE.

We Are the Little Men.

We are the little men who made
An earth, a heaven, and a god;
Devils, and martyrs unafraid
Who bled, and blossom in the sod;
Altars, and smoke and sacrifice
To veil our hot, desirous eyes.
With kisses from our praying lips
We burnt our lusts upon your nights,
Touching your breasts with finger-tips
Too avid of their quick delights.
And for your wounds a Christ who bleeds,
And long cold bours to tell your beads.

Order and law and sheltered ease,
And little painted jails of stone;
Soft smiles, and supple knightly knees,
All this was given you to own;
And with our little bands of clay
We soiled the flowers about your way.

Children you gave us for our pride,
Young flesh of pleasure, blood of pain;
So were you, Mother—sanctified;
We knelt us to our gods again,
The Mart, the Furnace, and the Guns
Who drink the blood of all your sons.

We are the little men who bind
The dreams we may not understand
With words, that you must stumble, blind,
Along the paths our fathers planned;
By little laws found meet and good
Trip the young feet of motherhood.

We are your masters, priests, and kings;
One law alone, the law we give;
There is no song a woman sings,
No vision, and no dreams that live.
O dust of all the Woman-dead,
Hide thou our shame when we are sped!

—Stephen Southwold, in the English Review.

On Growing Old.

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
flying,

Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart: a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I can not sail your seas, I can not wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor your
valleys,

Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squadron
rallies;

Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.
Beauty, have pity; for the young have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its fruit-time and its flower,
Springtime of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

—John Masfield, in the Atlantic Monthly.

The Listeners.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head,
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveler;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwell in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men;
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark
stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still
house

From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And bow the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.
—From "The Jungle Book," by Walter de la Mare.
Published by the Century Company.

How Bishops Are Made.

Commenting on the fact that Mr. Lloyd George will shortly have to make selections for no fewer than four vacant sees, the Times says that "there is no adequate reason to believe that the Church of England would secure better bishops if nominations by the crown, through the prime minister were no longer made." Possibly so, yet Wilfrid Blunt's recently published diaries threw a curious light on the way such nominations were made in Lord Salisbury's time. On November 20,

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1898, Mr. Blunt notes: "To luncheon at Malwood. Sir William Harcourt in excellent form, principally about the bishops. He narrated a conversation he had had with the Duke of Devonshire as to the nominations to a bishopric. Devonshire's account of it was this: He had written two letters to Salisbury recommending a fellow (he couldn't remember the fellow's name), and Salisbury hadn't even answered. He had written because Courtney and another fellow (he couldn't remember his name either) had wanted it. On inquiry it had turned out that the proposed nominee was Page Rogers, and Sir William Harcourt had taken the opportunity of asking Lord Salisbury why he hadn't made Page Rogers a bishop. 'The fact is,' said Salisbury, 'I thought they were talking about Page Hopps, and we gave it to some one else.' 'That,' said Sir William, 'is the way they make bishops.'" —Manchester Guardian.

The famous French airman, Georges Dombrival, has utilized the well-known instinct which scientists have long observed is possessed by snails. For some unknown reason a snail, when placed on an inclined plane, crawls towards the highest part. When M. Dombrival was informed of this, he placed on the upper plane of his Maurice-Farman machine eighty-eight pounds of snails, two-thirds of which were the large, slow snails of Bourgogne, beloved by epicures, the remainder a smaller and more agile variety. After rising to about 1500 feet he was able to take his hands off the controls for the rest of his two hours' flight. The snails moved in a mass towards the upper part and reestablished the equilibrium whenever the machine dipped, either laterally or longitudinally, thus keeping the aeroplane in perfect line of flight.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

General and Mrs. Frederick Strong have left for Orchard Lake, Michigan, where they will reside for several months.

Mrs. Charles Fee and the Misses Marcia and Elizabeth Fee have gone to Chicago to join Mr. Fee. They will visit New York before returning to California.

Mrs. John Gill has arrived from Redlands and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock.

Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., and his children have returned from Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and Miss Frederika Otis, who left several weeks ago for Central America, are at present in Nicaragua.

Mrs. Jane Hayne returned Wednesday to San Mateo from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool will leave Monday for Virginia to spend the fall and winter.

Mr. William Tevis returned Monday from the East.

Mrs. Joseph Redding left Friday for New York for a visit of several weeks. She will probably leave for Paris in the winter.

Miss Elizabeth Adams has returned from visiting the Misses Ruth and Hannah Hobart at Tahoe.

Miss Helen Crocker has returned to Burlingame from Tahoe.

Mrs. A. L. Sayre arrived last week from Madera and is at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. de Courcy Faust of Washington, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, have gone to Del Monte for several days.

Miss Alice Keeler has gone to Lake Independence for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Long, who are traveling in the Orient, have arrived in Tokyo for a sojourn of some weeks.

Mrs. Louis Montague and Mr. Kenneth Montague are visiting at Wawona.

Bishop and Mrs. William Nichols left Monday for the East.

Mr. Edward Malthy has returned from Virginia and will make his home in San Francisco. Before receiving his discharge from the navy, Mr. Malthy was stationed at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson, who have been summering at El Mirasol, have taken the Lorenzo Johnson place in Santa Barbara for the autumn months.

Mrs. George Richardson is visiting Mrs. Hobart Moore at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pool returned last week to Menlo Park from Tahoe.

Mrs. Hayes Smith and Miss Anne Peters have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. C. S. Wheeler returned to town Tuesday from summering on the McCloud River.

Captain V. A. Cavalet of the British army and Mr. William Heppenheimer returned Thursday from Santa Barbara. Mr. Heppenheimer's sister, Mrs. Robinson Duff of New York, is visiting Mrs. George Cameron in Burlingame.

Mrs. Arthur Meeker of Chicago is visiting in San Francisco. She is staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler and Miss Josephine Ross left Friday for Santa Barbara, after a week's visit in San Francisco. They spent several days at Del Monte en route here from the south.

Miss Marion Winston of Los Angeles is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. N. Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham, who arrived here last week from New York, have sailed for their home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas returned last week from the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. R. A. Curran has returned to Burlingame, after an illness of several weeks in a local sanatorium.

Mr. Noel Sullivan has arrived from France and is staying with Miss Mary Phelan.

Miss Pauline Wheeler has returned to the United States from France and is visiting friends in Washington.

General and Mrs. John Morrison will leave today for their new post at Camp Lewis. The army officer returned last Wednesday from Alaska.

Mrs. William Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. Charles Crocker are spending several days at the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington have returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs of New York has gone to Santa Barbara for a brief visit. He will return next week to his apartments at the Fairmont.

Commander Albert Rees, U. S. N., has arrived from Annapolis to join Mrs. Rees.

Miss Mary Frances Filer of Sharon, Pennsylv-

vania, who has been visiting General and Mrs. John McDonald, left Thursday for the East.

Mrs. William Porter, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Jennie Blair, who have been in Santa Barbara, have gone to Los Angeles for a sojourn of several days.

Colonel Charles Stone, U. S. A., who arrived last week from France, will leave within a few days for his new station at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Commander Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., arrived last week from France and has joined Mrs. Crittenden in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie returned Thursday from Tahoe.

Mrs. Willard Drown has gone to Santa Barbara to be the guest of Mrs. Joseph Coleman.

Judge and Mrs. William Morrow have returned to the St. Francis from a summer spent at the Feather River Inn.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin is visiting the Misses Ruth and Hannah Hobart at Tahoe. Miss Carolyn Lester is also a guest at the Hobart home.

Miss Marion Zeile is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker in Santa Barbara.

General and Mrs. Charles Treat are visiting in the Yosemite Valley.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Bulky, Shanghai, China; Mr. L. B. Howe, Mr. Philip Forve and family, Los Angeles; Mr. Claude E. Vrooman, St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. C. C. Cox, Bakersfield; Mr. Van H. Manning, Washington, D. C.; Mr. William Pigott, Seattle; Mr. J. M. Henderson, Sacramento; Dr. and Mrs. Otto Falkenberg, Christiana, Norway; Governor and Mrs. Emmett D. Boyle, Carson City, Nevada; Dr. R. R. Brownfield, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. J. G. Thatcher, Portland, Oregon; Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McBride, Pasadena.

Among arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. A. G. Good, Mr. W. D. Creator, Coalinga, California; Mr. A. R. Dankworth, Rochester, New York; Mr. Alfred Barker, Los Angeles; Mr. Edward P. Sanderson, River Falls, Wisconsin; Dr. C. L. Browning, Chico; Mr. G. J. Woodward, Los Angeles; Dr. J. J. Cooper, Dallas, Texas; Mr. D. S. Boyd, Montgomery, Alabama; Mr. Ray Becker, Chicago; Mr. J. K. Dotten, Pasadena; Mr. M. E. Curtain, Los Angeles; Mr. J. B. Wallace, Reno, Nevada.

JUSTICE UNDER SOVIETS.

A Russian soldier's account of the acquittal by a Bolshevik tribunal of a man who murdered his wife, as given by Manuel Komroff, a former official of Kerensky's government, now in the United States, reveals to what an extent crimes are condoned in Soviet Russia. Komroff gives the story as the soldier witness reported it:

"There was a gunner in our regiment who was one of our crack shots. After the first year he had charge of a machine gun. A fine fellow, but his wife was flirting with other men, and he was of a jealous nature and could not bear it. I would often hear him mumble, 'Yes, I love her, but she will die—she will die.' She did. He killed her. It was when he had two weeks' leave, and he was returning with a St. George Cross for bravery. When he came home he forgave her at first. I accidentally met them in a restaurant, eating supper, and they were the gayest couple you ever saw, but a black cloud must have crossed their horizon, for in the middle of the night he shot her through the heart.

"It all came out in the trial. I was one of the witnesses, and so was his wife's mother. She defended him. The revolutionary court did not know the laws, and the man who defended him was a friend and not a lawyer. His friend was very clever. In summing up he said: 'Here is a comrade before you charged with murder. If ever a man was guilty, he is. The objection I have is that you charge him with only one murder, his last. He has been murdering for over two years, and, what is more, he has been killing people in cold blood. Those he killed in cold blood were individually innocent, although collectively, I admit, they are a pest. But my friend is not accused of these crimes at all. He is accused of killing the woman who betrayed his love, sold his home, and starved his baby, killing her, not in cold blood, but in the heat of passion.

"For killing hundreds of people he did not know he was awarded a cross of honor, but for killing a snake that was once a woman and his wife he is brought here in the clutches of justice. My friend is guilty, and we will not attempt to squirm out of the charges confronting him, but I must ask the court, I must insist, that the charge be corrected to read, 'Charged with murder of 2000 men and one prostitute.'

"Then the judge got up and spoke. 'Comrades and friends,' he said, 'this is a strange case and it pleases me greatly to see that professional lawyers are not participating. A good lawyer would divert the issue to the psychology of momentary mania or to the unwritten law. To me the law is simple. Human life has become of little value; it is a pity. We have enlisted this man, now a prisoner, to defend his country against invaders, and we must realize that he is forced to kill to do his duty. We have instructed him in the art which he has practiced these last two years, and now we ought not to object if he happens to kill some one in a rage. This talk about crime against society or nation differing from crime against a person is beyond me. I must confess I see little differ-

ence, excepting that in one case the prisoner has had our permission and sanction, while in the other no one asked him to do wrong. Both cases are bad, but to say that one is worse than the other appears ridiculous.

"In the conference we just held it was suggested that this act and similar ones should not be encouraged, and to insure against this a minor penalty should be inflicted; but in view of the love the prisoner had for his wife her loss is nature's punishment, with which we ought not to interfere. The prisoner is, therefore, freed and ordered to return to his regiment.'—Century Magazine.

CALIFORNIA HOUSE MEMORIAL.

Miss Julie Heynemann reports the following subscriptions for the California House Memorial Ward to be established in the Edith Cavell-Marie Depage Hospital and School for Nursing at Brussels, Belgium:

A Friend, San Francisco.....\$5000.00

The California House Committee, London, England.....2000.00

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Bounding East Galicia.

There are many significances to the fact that East Galicia is to be, in every likelihood, a part of the Polish state or at least under Polish sovereignty of some sort. An obvious consideration is, of course, the enormously rich oil fields of that country; that aspect of the matter demands no amplification. But there is another benefit which will accrue to Poland of value to her almost as great as that of the oil fields. Possession or control of East Galicia means a juncture with Roumania, and that in turn portends not only the linking up of an armed front against any Bolshevik advance into Western Europe, but also it means that Polish textiles, the very backbone of all Polish industry, will continue to have, as they did before the war, a clear and friendly route to the Black Sea.

Nor has the proper record ever been made of General Iwaszkiewicz's mad night ride upon an armored train when, with a hundred men of his own following, he made the run from Przemyśl between Ukrainian artillery fire from both sides of the track and simply dared his way into Lwow, then completely beleaguered for thirteen days. And not half enough has ever been told (says the New York Herald) of the girl battalion of Lwow that for a time actually held the trenches outside the city, nor of the boys of thirteen and fourteen that not once, but many times, were in the direct attacks made against Ukrainian machine-gun positions, nor of the boy army that made the retreat of mid-June, fighting its way back by stubborn inches throughout one solid week, scarcely without food, utterly without sleep. Eight months have seen a vast amount of heroism in East Galicia, but with Poles the great thought now is that at length an end has come, that another hard-won boundary has been set, that another all-important step has been taken in the rounding out and solidifying of the Polish state, in the realization of the age-old Polish vision.

The town of Bokhara, in Turkestan, is today exactly as it was in the days of Timour. The streets, the shops, the habits breathe medievalism. Samarkand abounds in Oriental interest. Particularly imposing is the scene of the Rhesgistan and its three monumental Medresses (colleges). Their façades, covered with beautiful multi-colored tiles of blue, green, and yellow; discreetly relieved by a little black, set a fitting background to the small shops under white or striped tents, where the merchants are displaying their wares. The fruit-seller's yellow melons, individually harnessed and hanging from horizontal poles (in which state this wonderfully fragrant fruit is supposed to keep for a whole year) remind one of Japanese lanterns. The whole place teems with stately sarts, Jadjuks, Oezbees, or Daighis in their striped khalates of vivid colors and embroidered topis (bonnets).

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What are Hoover's theological predilections?" "He's a ration-alist, of course."—*Commercial Traveler*.

"I hear he got his wife out of a department store." "He must have proposed on remnant day."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"There is no kind of light reading which can induce serious reflection." "Haven't you any gas hills?"—*Baltimore American*.

Miss Antique—Don't you think this age is corrupt? *He*—Doubtless. How does it compare, in your opinion, with previous ages?—*Life*.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" "No; I don't take to these newfangled schools. Give me a good old allopath every time."—*Baltimore American*.

"Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine," declared the old maid. "Got it securely secreted, have you?" responded the old soak.—*Judge*.

Mistress—Can you exercise discretion? *New Servant*—Can I? Say, I've exercised everything from lap dogs to society climbers.—*New York Globe*.

"You don't seem to care for my speech on economics," said Senator Sorghum. "Not exactly," replied the statistician. "What's the

trouble with it?" "Overproduction of phraseology and shortage of ideas."—*Washington Star*.

Teacher (to class)—What is the largest river in Africa? *Small Boy*—The Nile, sir. *Teacher*—And what are its tributaries called? *Boy*—Juveniles, sir.—*Boston Globe*.

"The store is twenty-one years old today, dad. We're out of short pants." "Order some immediately, son. That's no way to run a store."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

John—Did you hear about Rastus' bad luck the other night? *Jim*—No. Tell me about it. *John*—The door blew off his chicken coop and all the chickens went home.—*Boys' Life*.

Wife—Well, dear, since you complain of the high charges at the seaside, I'll go to the mountains this summer. *Hub*—No, no! Even the air you breathe would be higher there.—*Toledo Blade*.

Rabid Anti—Don't you know that tobacco is deadly? Why, a drop of nicotine on a dog's tongue will kill him. *Incorrigible One*—Wal, a quart of it on a dog's tongue couldn't hurt me none.—*Judge*.

"What is your opinion of the league of nations?" "I regard it," replied Senator Sorghum, "as one of the most interesting pieces of unfinished business that ever came to my attention."—*Washington Star*.

"They are very particular at the new bake-shop. The girls who wait on customers have to wear white gloves." "Yes, and I'm told they don't even allow the ladyfingers to touch the other cookies."—*Dallas News*.

"You must admit you have made mistakes in your political career." "My friend," replied Senator Sorghum, "if I have made mistakes, admitting the fact would be one of the greatest of them."—*Washington Star*.

"I asked the boss for an increase in salary. Told him I couldn't live on the sum I was getting." "What did he say?" "Told me it was a business, not a life-saving institution, he was running."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Were you a slave, Uncle Tarr?" "Nus-sab, cuhnel; but 'bleeged to yo', for de 'terry-gation des de same, sah. I isn't old enough. I've been mar'd fo' times; dat's what makes me look all disintegrated dis-uh-way, sah."—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

Phyllis—I don't care; I think Jack is really mean. *Annette*—Why, Phyllis. *Phyllis*—He wrote me from Africa saying he had shot an alligator seven feet long, and when he shot

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another he would have a pair of slippers made for me.—*Saturday Journal*.

"Now that your brother is back, what are you going to do with your service flag?" "We'll put it in the window again when he gets married."—*Commercial Traveler*.

Hostess—Run up stairs, my dear, and you will find your hat and coat banging in my closet. *Child Visitor*—I daren't. I'm afraid. *Hostess*—What are you afraid of? *Child Visitor*—Pa said you had a skeleton in your closet.—*Baltimore American*.

"At last Mrs. Gripple has found an apartment to suit her." "Fine! When is she going to move in?" "Never. It's leased on a

long term of years and there isn't the slightest chance for her to get it. I suspect that's why it suits her."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What do you think will be the effect of prohibition?" "For one thing, it will save a lot of women the trouble of marrying men to reform them."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Have some aigs dis mornin', jedge?" asked the ebony waiter. "Not this morning, Sam," replied the man of the bench, adjusting his spectacles preparatory to distinguishing the name of some dish on the menu from the fly-specks. "Ever try enny of our fresh boiled aigs, jedge?" "Yes, indeed, Sam; and found 'em guilty."—*Yonkers Statesman*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2214.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 30, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kcarny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Third Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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The High Cost of Living.

We commend to the attention of thoughtful persons—of all capable of reading and understanding plain talk—an address on the "High Cost of Living" by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, given in full elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut*. In clear terms he analyzes the causes of the present inflated prices and shows in terms equally clear the only road to their correction. Prices may not be brought down by demagogic agitation nor by denouncement of individuals. The present situation is exhibited as a consequence of the working of economic forces which will continue to sustain prices until sound remedies as distinct from quack remedies shall be adopted or shall enforce themselves.

Nobody can read Dr. Butler's exposition without contrasting its array of facts and reflections with the puerile declamation and equally puerile projects embodied in current proceedings in Congress and in the President's suggestion that relief may come through punishment of a few profiteers and the hasty acceptance of the international commitments proposed in the peace treaty. Dr. Butler deals with the condition in the mood of sound statesmanship and under the inspirations of knowledge and logic. Congress and the President have their eyes, not upon the facts and upon the public welfare, hut upon political potentialities. Their anxiety is for votes in the coming presidential years. Whatever jugglery or humbuggery may be made to coincide with

popular prejudice serves their purpose. But—causes which lie in economic forces of universal application will not be nullified by passionate and showy talk nor by spectacular prosecutions.

Again we commend Dr. Butler's address to public attention. It is at once the plainest presentment in relation to a matter of vital importance given to the public here or elsewhere.

The Railroad Strike.

There is an old and homely saying to the effect that if you give a calf all the rope it wants it will hang itself. And in respect to the moral of this familiar saw, it is perhaps just as well that the railroad brotherhoods are being given time and opportunity to discredit their cause by courses that arouse universal resentment. In accompanying the demand for control of the roads with the threat that if the properties shall be turned back to their owners they will be "so tied up that they will never run again" the brotherhoods have written themselves down as pirates as related to private property and as rebels against established social order.

The attempt to frighten and stampede the country, to repeat in a larger way the tactics that culminated in the Adamson law a few years ago, has failed. It is found not so easy to scare the American people as it was to terrorize a timid Administration. The attempt to enforce a piratical readjustment of the railroad interests has, by overshooting the mark, defeated its purpose. The country will not stand and deliver the railroads. They will be returned to their owners, and the threat that the wheels will be so tied up that they will never turn again is already demonstrated to be as vain in effect as it was criminal in intent.

The events in Southern California tend further to alienate public sympathy. This strike is based upon certain demands on the part of employees of the Pacific Electric system in the Los Angeles region. This system is in possession of and under operation at the hands of its owners; and it has no relationship to the Federal Railroad Administration, which holds possession and conducts the operation of the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fé, and the Salt Lake lines. The strike on the part of the employees of the Federally-operated lines as a means of enforcing demands on the Pacific Electric system is gratuitous and void of logic. The government has been asked, or rather ordered, to find means to force the managers of the Los Angeles electric lines to yield to the demands of its employees; and upon its refusal to do it, employees of the Federally-operated lines have struck. They allege no grievance; their action is wholly under the motive of bulldozing the government and so bringing its powers to support of the striking electric-road operatives.

The ultimatum of the Federally-operated or steam lines workers is embodied in a declaration that the men will not return to work unless:

1. The demands of the Pacific Electric employees had been settled satisfactorily to the Pacific Electric employees, and then not until all strikebreakers had been removed from the service of the Pacific Electric and all Pacific Electric employees had been restored as demanded by their committees.

2. The demands of the Los Angeles Railway Company's employees had been met and strikebreakers removed from the service.

3. The officers of the three companies who threw switches and made up trains or took the places of those on strike at the several passenger terminals on the Southern Pacific, Santa Fé, and Salt Lake lines had been removed from service.

4. In the event of settlement, all employees out of service in connection with this trouble had been restored to service on the Southern Pacific, Santa Fé, and Salt Lake lines without discrimination.

Thus there is drawn a straight issue between the Federal Administration and its employees upon a matter with which neither holds any direct relation. The Administration is required, under penalty of stopping its

trains and mails, to force arbitrarily the owners of certain electric lines to surrender to demands put upon them by their workmen. It hardly needs to be said that to yield to this threat would be an act of supine and shameless abandonment of duty. Its practical effect would be to put the authority of a little group of railroad workers above that of the government of the United States. The railroads of California—of the whole country, for that matter—would better come to a dead halt, let the consequences be what they may, rather than that the Federal government should become a mere servant and pander of autocratic labor. To yield obedience to the demands of the striking Federal employees would be to concede that supreme authority in the United States rests, not with the government, but with a group of outlaw agitators.

Interesting illustration of the uselessness of our daily newspapers, regarded as vehicles of public opinion, is found in the fact that up to this writing no one of them has had courage to speak in its editorial columns of the outrageous situation brought about by the movements above noted. They are as dumb as oysters, not because they do not understand the significance of events, but because they are fearful of offending organized labor and so losing circulation and advertising patronage. Shame on the cowardice that thus shirks a plain moral obligation to uphold the integrity of right and government!

Editorial Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 25th.—I find a curious state of mind among Democrats here with respect to what may happen to the Democratic party next year. The individualistic spirit, once a marked characteristic of the Democratic statesman, appears to have been lost; and in its place there is a disposition to wait upon and defer to authority. Mr. Wilson appears to have imposed upon his party the same autocratic domination that he has exercised in the administration of the government. "He has got 'em all buffaloed!" remarked an old political observer to me yesterday. And it is true that Mr. Wilson has reduced his party, as it is represented in Congress, to a cringing subordination. It is not that he is liked or admired or trusted; for in confidential talk Democrats are critical and resentful of Mr. Wilson's methods. It is through its fears that he has brought his party to heel. To all immediate intents and purposes, Mr. Wilson has become the embodiment of the Democratic party, even while discarding its traditions and so altering its policies as to make it something very different from what it was.

It would not be easy for anybody to define the principles or the aims of present-day Democracy. Certainly the party is not what it was, and Mr. Wilson has not yet declared what it is to be. That he may write the next national platform as he pleases goes without saying; and there is not a man in Washington—not even those nearest him—who has the first idea as to what he will put into it. There are many who believe that he has it in mind to cut clean loose from the old conservative moorings and to commit the party to the radicalisms of the day—in effect to create a new party. It is universally expected—indeed it is almost a certainty—that he will undertake to make the Democratic party the party of organized labor, actually if not nominally.

Here in Washington one may hear many private and confidential murmurs of discontent, but nobody has as yet even suggested a movement in revolt. Men in office, including senators and members of the House of Representatives, are cowed under the combined terrors of loyalty and timidity. But from Democratic strongholds remote from Washington there come many suggestions that while Mr. Wilson

throw over old party standards, re-write the party aims, and even dictate the party nominees—that while he may do all this—he can not command the allegiance and support of men who through times of ill and good report have sustained the principles and carried the banner of conservative Democracy. By what I hear from many sources I am led to believe that Mr. Wilson, if he shall attempt to radicalize the party, will drive into opposition men and forces whose long faithfulness to Democratic traditions has maintained the "Solid South." As to whether a radical policy will gain enough in the North and West to counterbalance the loss of support in the South is of course a matter of speculation. Mr. Wilson is probably weighing the chances, and in the end, no doubt, will shape his policies in accordance with his calculations. For all his "idealism," he is an acute politician; and if he shall determine to cut loose from Southern conservatism and appeal to Northern and Western radicalism, it will be, not in desperation, but in hope of success.

Will Mr. Wilson be a candidate for a third term? This question is constantly asked here and elsewhere. That he himself is asking it is probable. In my own mind there is no doubt that he will try for a third term, if next year the situation under his appraisal shall be favorable for success. Mr. Wilson is no leader of forlorn hopes. He will not give his name to a cause which he conceives to be desperate. If Mr. Wilson's party is to lose next year, he will give over to somebody else the unpleasing function of holding the bag.

It is significant of Mr. Wilson's relations to his party that nobody thinks of the likelihood of any nomination other than through his favor or consent. It might be supposed that Champ Clark would be again counting the chances. Then there is Mr. Underwood, now a senator, who was once regarded as presidential timber and who is still available in the old-time sense. Aforetime old man Bryan was to be reckoned with; and he may still be a force in the convention. But his days of candidacy are over at last. Now nobody is named excepting in connection with his relations to Mr. Wilson. To all intents and purposes Mr. Wilson has become, not merely the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Democratic organization, but its autocratic master.

It is in respect to this situation that discussion as to presidential candidates mainly relates to members of Mr. Wilson's cabinet. Mr. McAdoo is widely regarded as a possibility, and it is not an uncommon opinion that his withdrawal from executive office was to evade responsibility for the failure of the Administration's railroad policy. There are those who declare that McAdoo is too politically shrewd to take the leading place in a losing campaign; and it is to be borne in mind that the motives under which Mr. Wilson may himself decline to be a candidate apply with force to his son-in-law. It is true that defeat of McAdoo would be less humiliating to Wilson than a personal defeat; none the less it would be all in the family.

But Mr. McAdoo is not the only man of cabinet record more or less discussed in connection with next year's nomination. Mr. Baker, the Secretary of War, regards himself as presidential timber, and there are many here who believe that Mr. Wilson has him in mind. Baker's own theory is that his administration of the War Department has been such as to command for him approval and enthusiasm on the part of the three million and more men who in one way or another participated in the war. It is a case where comment would be superfluous.

I would not believe if I had not seen over his own hand the evidence of the fact that Mr. Josephus Daniels regards himself as presidential timber. If possible Daniels is a more ridiculous figure as a candidate than Baker. He is the very embodiment of the commonplace. Amiability he has, but it is of the vulgar sort. He is another Bryan without Bryan's poor merits of rhetoric and courtesy. One could not go forth with dog and a gun and scare up a less fit man for President than Josephus. Yet he is permitted to take himself seriously and to employ the resources of the Navy Department to work up a personal boom, if it may be so styled. Mr. Daniels' shabby policy in connection with certain purchases for the navy, notably of fuel oil on the Pacific Coast, is part of his project for commending himself to the country. His presence

in California in connection with the new Pacific Fleet is another incident in exploitation of his candidacy.

It will, I imagine, be a surprise to many, as it was to me, to learn that there is more or less quiet talk among Democrats of Mr. Hoover as a party candidate. Hoover has been very generally supposed to be a Republican, and his name has not infrequently been under discussion in connection with the Republican nomination. But he has been absent from the country much or most of the time the past fifteen years and nobody seems able to fix upon him a definite party affiliation. It is remembered that in the campaign of 1916 he gave public support to Mr. Wilson, and it is upon the presumptions of this record that he is now held by many Democrats to be available as a party champion. That Mr. Hoover would, under any circumstances, fall in with this suggestion I very much doubt. If there be in the man the vice of political ambition, no evidence of it has yet appeared. He is one of the few men who appear to be entirely indifferent at the point of self-exploitation. He is likewise one of the few men in the world with nothing to gain through political favor. Already his fame is world wide. It would be marred by an unsuccessful candidacy, and it would stand to be diminished rather than augmented by official service. Mr. Hoover is undoubtedly a man of large ability, but there is no evidence that his powers lie in the line of politico-official activity, nor is there any assurance that he would be willing to accept nomination at the hands of a party with which he holds no affiliation.

Common judgment among Democrats as well as Republicans is that the coming presidential election will be in the nature of a political revolution. The elections of last November showed the way the wind is blowing. Since then nothing has occurred to inspire Democratic hopes, while there is much in the situation to stimulate Republican expectations. Disclosures of administrative incapacity and extravagance during the war period tend to Republican advantage, and there is something like assurance in the definite coming together of the Republican factions. Mr. Wilson's career in Europe and his stubbornness in the attempt to impose upon the country unnecessary and hazardous obligations has had its effect upon the public mind. In short, there seems every reason to believe that the G. O. P. will regain the government unless between now and next year it shall lose the confidence of the country through some stupendous blunder on the part of those who are guiding its fortunes. Of this there is real danger, for it is common observation that the party lacks leadership in Congress and that it is not making the most of opportunities which time and events are putting in its way. There is imperative need of a kind of strength in leadership which has not yet developed under its control of both houses of Congress.

It is noticeable, painfully so, that the system, under which nominations are made for membership both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives is not bringing into Congress the measure of brain and character to which the country has been accustomed. Faulty as was the old method of selection, it gave to both branches of Congress a considerable number of really strong men. When it is left to men to nominate themselves the result is precisely what wisdom foresaw, namely, a Congress full of self-seeking politicians. "Service in Congress is not what it was when I came here a dozen years ago," an old and one of the few really distinguished members of Congress remarked to me the other day. "I miss the old-time association with men of mind and character. I resent the coming in of self-nominated and all but self-elected nobodies, of men who, under the old convention system, would never have been thought of for congressional service."

And this reminds me that among thoughtful men the country over there is general appreciation of the truth that it would be far better to discard the popular primary system and return to the old practice of selection of candidates by party conventions. The system had its defects, but it worked far better at the point of results than the system which practically excludes men of representative character while giving opportunity to cheap ambition and to self-exploitation. If I do not mistake the judgment and temper of the country, a time is soon coming when there will arise an irresistible demand for return either to the old plan

of nomination or to some other means through which nomination may be made upon public considerations rather than by self-selection. A. H.

The New British Ambassador.

The British government has been slow in naming a successor to Lord Reading at Washington. Delay has been due to the wish to send a man of such distinction at home as to make his appointment a compliment to the United States. Lord Grey meets the requirement in full measure. His conventional rank is of less significance than his personal standing and his notable public service. No Englishman of the time commands a larger measure of public and private respect. In times past he has served in various cabinet posts, holding in the period immediately preceding the war the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, which in the British system corresponded to our Secretaryship of State before Mr. Wilson reduced it to a clerkship.

Lord Grey will bring to the ambassadorship more than the prestige of high rank and distinguished service. He is a profound student and sound thinker, a man of many accomplishments and of personal grace. In many aspects of his character he resembles Mr. Balfour, his successor in the Foreign Office. Like Mr. Balfour, he is representative of what is traditionally highest and best in British life. Lord Grey's acceptance of office at this time, especially of a post away from home, is under a high sense of duty, since it calls for relinquishment of his purpose to retire from active life. He has in recent years been a sufferer from an affection of the eyes. Something less than a year ago he told an American visitor that his physicians could assure him only about two years more of vision. At that time he was practically debarred from reading. It is truly a compliment that Lord Grey is willing to devote what remains to him of the blessing of sight to the service of sustaining the good relationship between his country and our own.

It is an interesting circumstance that at Washington Lord Grey will find himself in diplomatic relations with an old diplomatic friend, none other than Prince Lichnowsky, who was the German ambassador at London just prior to the war and when Grey was at the head of the Foreign Office. It will be remembered that in his memoirs Lichnowsky has confessed that in his pre-war conferences with Lord Grey he gained the erroneous impression that England would not support French resistance to a German assault, and that it was under this impression that the war was begun by Germany. The German chancellor, with characteristic obtuseness, interpreted Lord Grey's natural solicitude for peace as a pledge of neutrality. No blame attached to Grey, yet there is interest in the reflection that if he had been a man of less delicacy, something more plain spoken, war might have been averted. Verily there are times when shirt-sleeves directness is the best diplomacy.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Searles' gift of securities, variously appraised at from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 in value, to the University of California is truly generous, but it is not quite "right out of the air" as one of the daily newspapers has declared it to be. There are historic reasons for it. Some thirty or more years ago Mr. Searles married the widow of the late Mark Hopkins, an associate of Messrs. Huntington, Stanford, and Crocker in the construction of the Central Pacific Railway. Upon Mrs. Searles' death a few years later he came by inheritance into the bulk of the vast Hopkins properties. In their distribution he has been very generous to California, his gifts including the Hopkins residence at California and Mason Streets with a considerable sum for its upkeep as an art school. Now comes the transfer of the securities above mentioned to the State University, in similar generous spirit. Thanks are due to Mr. Searles; but it is to be remembered that what he has given, while definitely and legally his own, was the accumulation of the late Mr. Hopkins and that it came indirectly from and through California. The securities in question represent properties in California. What may properly be done with money relates largely to how one comes by it; and it is a mark of Mr. Searles' understanding of and obedience to this sound moral principle that he is giving to public use that which in a sense belongs to California.

We read in a report of proceedings of one of our

organized group of educators a recommendation to the effect that the large sum given by Mr. Searles to the university be expended for a "school of education." What is a school of education as differentiated from the university? If that institution be not a school of education, in the name of all the saints what is it? If in order to promote education we have got to supplement our State University with some new-fangled and special sort of school, then let us frankly confess the university a failure, nail up its doors, and proceed along the newer idea. The *Argonaut* ventures to suggest that instead of adding to the university a new attachment in the way of a "school of education" the fund given by Mr. Searles be put at interest and the returns used to augment salaries at Berkeley. We need not so much a new school as to make the one we already have effective; and we know of no better way to do this than to so adjust the salary scale as to attract and hold qualified teachers.

It is a notorious fact that Berkeley and many other of our colleges tend as much by the poverty of those who teach in them as anything else to promote socialistic and revolutionary ideas. Under the circumstances this is natural enough. Men ill-paid and all but half-starved—and we do not overstate the case—are natural and inevitable rebels against the social order under which they live. They help to promote social discontent and contribute directly to the tendencies which make for Bolshevism. Berkeley is not free from these influences, and we know of no better way to exorcise them than to so readjust the salary scale as to create an atmosphere of satisfaction and contentment. The university would far better limit the range and scope of its teaching and pay its teachers decently than to extend its activities upon a basis of low pay and cheap men. Mr. Searles' gift will be of far more help to the university and to California if it shall be used to augment efficiency and content in the teaching force than if applied to some new project.

Orders have been given for the withdrawal of the punitive force sent into Mexico as a result of the capture of certain American aviators and their holding for ransom by Mexican brigands. There is no reason to suppose that any of the real criminals have been punished or that the attitude of the Mexican government is other than that of a contemptuous indifference. And so the third act of a humiliating drama comes to an end. Three times we have invaded Mexico. Three times we have retired thwarted and baffled.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Looking Backward.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Referring to your plaint, "Oh, for a Roosevelt," etc., may I not remind you that the fatal surrender to labor was made by Theodore Roosevelt in 1902. It was that surrender that practically placed the seal of approval of the United States government upon the violations of its own laws by labor leaders. Dynamiting has been continuous since that time and received no proper check until the Los Angeles affair. Present conditions are the direct and inevitable result of that surrender. I predicted this condition at that time, and at no time have I ever seen reason for changing that prophecy. Since that time the encroachments of labor leaders upon the liberties of the people have been certain and inevitable, and nothing that could have been done by the present executive could stay its progress. It had too much momentum. Yours cordially, I. H. MORSE.

Of all the cities of Central Asia, Marakanda, as the Greeks called Samarkand, in Turkestan, has been the most important at practically all times. Upon this city and Bokhara for ages the covetous eyes of the various khans, khakans, or amirs, have been focused, and as the waves of invasion came from east or west, north or south, these two cities suffered partial or total destruction. Under Timour, Samarkand became the capital of his vast empire, and was the centre of Asia and the Mohammedan world. This ruler was responsible for most of its monuments, which have survived to the present day, and which may be justly acclaimed as the masterpieces of Islam. To Samarkand he sent architects, scientists, and artisans from conquered cities, and his army, when not engaged in war, he used for building. Conditions in Bokhara and Samarkand, once the greatest slave markets of Asia, where at times a slave could be bought for about 25 cents, the same price as that of a measure of grain, so improved under Russian control that these cities are as safe to visit and inhabit as were Moscow or Petrograd before the war.

It has been estimated by a European scientist that the commercial value of electricity in a flash of lightning lasting one-thousandth of a second is 29 cents.

The suicide rate of Germany was before the war the highest in the world—twenty-one in 100,000 yearly.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

An Analysis of Its Causes by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York.

Following is the full text of an address delivered on Friday last (22d instant) by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York before the Commercial Club of San Francisco. Greeted as a familiar friend by Mr. Max J. Kuhl, president of the club, and with enthusiasm by the some six hundred or more representatives of the commercial life of California, Dr. Butler responded as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: Fifty-four weeks and one day ago your chairman granted me leave of absence for one year. If I have overstayed my time by fifteen days, it is only because I have yielded to the temptation of delight in other parts of California. Not long ago a friend of mine in Los Angeles sent me a book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written my name, followed by the initials "B. C." and the name of the donor, followed by the initials "C. C." And when I inquired as to the meaning of these mystic letters I was told that "B. C." meant "Budding Californian" and "C. C." meant "Confirmed Californian."

It is plain to me that if I am now in the bud, it will not be long before I shall join the class of those who are "Confirmed Californians."

Mr. Chaney Depew tells a story on himself which has a somewhat similar implication. When he was in the habit of going each year to London he was received with great heartiness and welcome, and invariably given a public banquet at which he was expected to speak. On one of these occasions the presiding officer was a peer of the realm, whose remote ancestor, perhaps, may have been a sturdy and accomplished Scotch gardener, because he introduced Mr. Depew as a perennial. When Mr. Depew rose to his feet he said he was not a perennial, but rather a hardy American annual. So I begin to think that I am a hardy Eastern annual in your climate and in your gardens.

A year ago, gentlemen, we spoke together of the situation which then confronted us, of the movements of thought and of action which were bringing the war to its close, but our doubts were not wholly resolved. We could not then see with definiteness the time of the outcome, and although we were convinced that the cause of righteousness for which we were making every sacrifice was certain to prevail, and while we felt, in addition, that with the aid of our splendid American armies those who were singing the battle cry of freedom had really gone over the top of the hill of difficulty, we were not prepared to say that the war would end within any measurable number of weeks or months.

Suddenly the effects of the great corroding forces that were at work in the German and Austrian empires, bringing about economic and social and political collapse, destruction of military morale and military power, taken in connection with the irresistible force of the great armies of France and Britain and Italy and America, under the single presiding genius of Marshal Foch, brought the war to a sudden end by the armistice of the 11th of November last. It was as if a great curtain had fallen upon the most magnificent and appalling of dramas which history could anywhere present to human contemplation. In the twinkling of an eye the contest, in the military sense, was over. The killing of men, the marching of armies, the raiding by submarines, the convulsions of every sort that grew out of this great military conflict, ceased, and the world found itself, without an instant's warning, without chance for preparation, without any opportunity to study or rehearse the steps that were to be taken, face to face with the problem of creating out of the chaotic elements which were the result and the accompaniment of war a new world that should continue all that was best and finest and most splendid in the old, and that should add to it everything which could be said to be a direct and definite and convincing lesson of the war itself.

Do you wonder, gentlemen, that the imagination of mankind was staggered by a task like that? Can you wonder that human capacity everywhere was appalled, almost to paralysis, not alone by the far-reaching character of the task, but by its novelty and by its pressing importance? For the old world of armed forces and international rivalries and national exploitations and varied forms of compromise, running all through the industrial, social, and the political structure—that world had gone, and something must be created to take its place.

That topic is so large; it presents so many aspects; it opens up so many avenues of contemplation and discussion that it would require days for an intelligent body of Americans even to pass together over the high spots of its importance. Therefore, this morning I am going to confine myself to expressing some opinions and asking some questions in reference to one aspect of our present-day problems, the one which I conceive to be of most immediate importance, and to have in it the seeds of the greatest danger, if not handled with courage, with knowledge, with firmness, and with statesmanlike capacity and vision.

Following the war men have attempted to return to their accustomed occupations, to reorganize the business of the world, and they find themselves everywhere confronted by an imperative struggle for existence in more stringent form than they have been accustomed to for generations past. In the language of everyday speech, they are confronted by the high cost of living. They are confronted, not alone as communities and states and nations, not alone as corporations, or as individual employers, or as workers for wage, or for salary; they are confronted by the problem in their capacity as individual citizens, because so heavily does the high cost of living press upon every individual that, in order to seek relief from it, in order to find the solution for it, he is all too ready to accept formulas for facts, doctrinaire leadership for statesmanlike analysis and direction, and a false and destructive solution for one that is true and constructive in its applications and in its results.

I have listened, as you have done, to the eloquent and convincing words of the chairman, as he has etched in a few skillful, powerful sentences the exact form of this issue in its larger reference. Believe me, he has not exaggerated. When men in large masses, and in large numbers, can not live, there is no security for even the oldest, the best established, and the most highly honored of political and social institutions. Men must be able to live; the world's business must be able to go on; commerce, trade, industry, finance are all the essential underlying foundations of what we call the richer and the riper civilization. Without these there is no art, there is no literature, there is no education, there is no poetry, there is no opportunity for the flowering and the enjoyment of the intellectual and the spiritual life.

First of all, men must live. There are those who, when they find themselves face to face with a problem of that kind, begin to dash about like a lion in a cage, showing great excitement, making violent expressions, calling for the blood of some individual or group, but making no contribution whatever to an understanding of the problem.

I should like, if I may, in the few minutes that are at my

disposal, to suggest to you what I believe to be the essential elements of this problem, and the only way in which we, as Americans, men of thought, of consideration, of loyal patriotism, and of generous impulse for service to our fellow-men—the only way in which we can hope to solve this problem, and to avert from civilization the dangers which the failure to solve it will certainly entail.

Let me point out to you, first, that the problem of the high cost of living is by no means entirely a result of the war. The war has multiplied the elements that entered into it; it has increased their significance; it has spread over wider areas their effect; it has, of course, added some new and highly important elements of its own, but the problem of the high cost of living was upon us before the war, and while less acute, it would in due time have come to vex our statesmanship and our economic, our industrial, and our political capacity.

Moreover, this problem is in no sense one for the people of the United States alone. It is a world-wide problem. It has had world-wide manifestations for a number of years, and these manifestations have been substantially alike in all of the great industrial nations of the earth. Inasmuch as the whole world has been involved in the war, directly and indirectly, the problem has been increased and accentuated for the whole world. The causes that were operating here were operating elsewhere. The additional impetus that has been given to those causes by the war here has been given to the operations of those causes elsewhere.

If I were asked to venture an opinion as to what were the factors in bringing about the world-wide problem of the high cost of living, I should suggest these five:

First—The extraordinary expansion of credit, accompanied by currency inflation, due, primarily, to public and private waste, extravagance, and borrowing for non-productive purposes. That had been going on everywhere before the war. The war immensely increased both borrowing and waste and extravagance. It increased some of it naturally and normally, because we had to win the war, no matter what it cost. But, in addition, under the pressure of the war emergency, under the pressure of the war spirit, nations and individuals alike, finding new opportunities for credit expansion, entered upon a scale of expenditure the like of which is not recorded anywhere in economic history.

And you can not borrow from the future, gentlemen, without having to pay. You are now paying in part for waste, extravagance, and credit expansion before the war, and, in part, the cost of the war itself. You can not have a great world war and not pay for it. It can not go on for nearly five years and consume a large part of the industrial competence of the world and leave costs and prices where they were before. We are not the only people from whose history evidence of the correctness of these statements can be drawn. In France there had been a steady expansion of credit and a steady inflation of the currency for years.

In 1906 the circulating medium of France was seven and one-half billion francs; in 1914 it was twelve billion francs; in 1919 it is forty billion francs, and the population of France has not altered in the interval, save, perhaps, it has been somewhat diminished by the losses due to the war.

Down to 1881 our per capita circulation in the United States had never gone above twenty dollars. Twenty years later it was still below thirty dollars. When the war broke out it was about forty dollars. At the present time it is fifty dollars and 75 or 80 cents. If that credit expansion and currency alone had been operative the cost of everything would have risen, because money itself, the circulating medium, would have been so much cheaper.

What is the remedy? The remedy is public economy and private thrift. Save and invest in productive industry. Every individual and every government can contribute to a reduction of the high cost of living by economy, frugality, and thrift, and by investment in productive industry alone, in place of expenditure for extravagant or wasteful purposes.

Very homely counsel, you say. It sounds so like a leaf from old Benjamin Franklin that is too old-fashioned, perhaps, to be of any use today. No, gentlemen, that counsel is the beginning of a reduction of the high cost of living.

You have eighteen states in the American Union that are, every year, spending more than they are raising by taxation. To borrow is excellent policy, when the money borrowed is invested in productive industry, and pays a return larger than the cost of borrowing, but to borrow for ordinary governmental expenses, or for household living, means, first, increased cost, and next, bankruptcy. And there I find, in my analysis of the facts, the first of the world-wide causes operating to increase the cost of living. Do you realize that the public debts of the world have gone up from forty billions to 220 billions; that the world now owes almost the entire value of the United States—its land, its industries, its capital, its possessions of every sort? The world has borrowed from its future pretty nearly the whole value of the United States of America, and on that it is paying interest, and that interest is a charge upon industry, upon livelihood, and that interest is at this moment increasing the cost of living. When governments economize and bring their expenditures within their income; when individuals economize and bring their expenditures within their incomes, and when the two begin to reduce their indebtedness, then we shall have taken the first great and long step towards restoring economic equilibrium and towards getting back to a real business basis in the conduct of the affairs of the world.

A second cause is to be found in the marked diminution of production. That diminution of production has been greatly accelerated by the war, because the war took in round numbers twenty-five million men from productive industry and turned them into consumers, and into an occupation which, from the standpoint of economics, was expenditure of a wasteful kind. You can not take twenty-five million men from production and turn them into consumers without increasing the cost of living for everybody. That is a legitimate war cost, and that has to be paid for, and that is paid for in part by the increased prices of everything that we eat and wear and use.

There is another cause which has diminished production, which was operative before the war, and which is still operating, and will continue to operate until checked in a manner which I should like briefly to indicate. That is the diminished hours of labor throughout the world have not yet been compensated for by more effective industrial production. During the past generation probably fifty million men and women in the industrial nations of the world have had their stated hours of labor reduced from twelve, eleven, and ten to eight. I conceive that to have been a great social advantage and in the interest of public stability, public satisfaction, and public health. That reduction in the hours of labor is a thoroughly justifiable public and economic policy, but it is bound to decrease production unless, by new methods, by improved machinery, by better distribution, by more effective shop organization, there can be produced in eight hours as much or more goods and services as were formerly produced in longer hours.

Our problem is here to speed up production under the conditions of a shortened day, under the healthful surroundings which are now becoming, fortunately, common in modern industry of every kind. It is to speed up production, and to speed it up by the use of brains, by the use of skill, by the

use of organizing and executive ability, and by better organization of production and distribution.

We have been specially lacking in this country in organizing our means of distribution of the food supply. We have done wonderfully well in providing for the distribution of individuals desiring to move about the country for one form of business or another. We have done very well in arranging for the distribution of large bulk of goods, but we are still in a very primitive stage in regard to the distribution of what may be called the food supply drawn from the neighborhood. An examination and an analysis of the food supply of the city of New York, for example—possibly of the city of San Francisco, although there I can not speak with knowledge—or of the city of Philadelphia, or the city of Boston, would show that there are a great many waste motions; there is a great deal of duplication and unnecessary cost, because we have not yet put our brains upon the question of effective and economical distribution of the food supply for a great mass of population.

Therefore, as a second remedy for the high cost of living, I say that we must speed up production by the use of brains, by the use of skill, and by the use of organizing ability.

A third cause for the high cost of living is the natural rise in the cost of raw material of the food supply of the world, due to the operation of causes operative everywhere, including the drift of the rural population to the cities, the using up of the better and more accessible land in every county, and the failure in some parts of the world to make use of the newest and most improved methods of intensive and productive agriculture.

In addition to that, we have withdrawn from the food supply of the world the immense areas in Russia, Rumania, and Hungary—the great grain-producing area of southern and eastern Europe. That has been practically taken away from the world's production, owing to the war. Even if the land has been cultivated, and we know that it has only been cultivated in part, and under very difficult conditions—even if it has been cultivated, it has been cut off from the rest of the world by the blockade, by the line of military operation across Western Europe, and by the inability to procure transportation, either by land or by sea. In part those causes were working before the war; in part they are the result of the war. Relief is to be found, first, in speedily restoring to productive agriculture for the world's consumption the areas in Russia, Rumania, and Hungary that have been cut off; and, second, in doing everything we can to develop more productive and intensive agriculture in America, in Great Britain, in France, in Holland, in Spain, and in Italy, and in quickening and cheapening distribution.

A fourth cause operating to increase the cost of living is one which seems largely to have escaped attention, but which is highly operative in England and in this country. The systems of taxation adopted in Great Britain and in the United States to finance the war, including the form of the income and the excess profit taxes, have operated to increase directly and everywhere the cost of living. The reason is this: If you take a producer, a trader, or a distributor, who is doing a business of a certain volume, and he desires to increase his profit or his business by one dollar per unit, he has got to increase the price to the public five dollars per unit in order to pay four dollars per unit to the government, and have one dollar per unit left. If the enterprise is one in which there are a large number of contributing parts, if the enterprise is a chain of six or seven links, and if each link of the chain finds it necessary to get one dollar more profit in order to do business, each of the six or seven links must increase its charge by five dollars, in order to get one dollar, and seven times five is thirty-five, of which seven is profit, and twenty-eight is tax.

Now what that means is this: Not that we should take steps to relieve wealth of its just burden of taxation, but that we should so readjust and restudy those taxes that, instead of necessarily increasing the cost of living, they should stimulate enterprise, quicken initiative, increase production, reduce unemployment, and decrease the cost of living. It is all a question between thinking out the form of that tax, and where its incidence is going to lie, before you impose it, or not thinking about it at all, and letting it fall where it will.

If there is to be no revision of the form of those taxes, then you must be confronted with the fact that there will be a restriction of initiative, a constant decrease in production, and a steady increase in the cost of living. In the attempt to tax wealth heavily, a form has been chosen which has done that, but, in addition, has increased the cost of living. We shall not escape from this until we revise that form. Continue to tax wealth, but do so in a way that will not so heavily and so directly increase the cost of living.

The other day a very large industrial enterprise made a comparison of its costs and of its payments out in 1918 and in 1913, and it found that the excess of payments in 1918 over 1913 was to be accounted for in this way: Labor, 57 per cent.; taxes, 40 per cent.; capital, 3 per cent.—and that case is probably typical. In other words, the labor cost, which can only be brought down by better methods of production, and the cost in taxation, which can only be brought down by economy in government and more scientific levying of taxes, had consumed 97 per cent. of the excess in those five years. That shows you exactly where the high cost of living comes from, and the road along which you must travel in order to reduce it. It does not involve any jugglery, any magic, any metaphysical handling of our economic and political and social systems. It requires hard, plain business sense to look the facts in the face, to see precisely what they are, and to organize industrial and social and political policy in view of those facts.

Last of all comes profiteering. That there has been profiteering everybody knows. Under such a condition as has existed in the world for the last five years it has been possible for profiteering to go on in many directions. There are those who would like to shoot profiteers. There are those who wish to imprison profiteers. All profiteers, where they are really taking advantage of an opportunity to oppress the public, should be punished. That goes without saying. But, gentlemen, if we had punished all the profiteers you would not reduce the cost of living appreciably for anybody, because the other and far more important causes of expenditure are operating all over the world. If you had them all shot, or all locked up, and everything which they have hoarded distributed to us, you would still have expansion of credit and currency inflation, you would still have diminution of production; you would still have increase in the cost of agricultural products; you would still have the incidence of an unscientifically levied system of taxation.

So that, while we wish to get rid of profiteering, we wish to punish profiteering, let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that when that is done the cost of living is going automatically to drop to the point where it was in 1880, or 1890, or 1900, or 1910, or 1914. It is not. It is not going to approach what it was at any one of those dates until the operation of economic law brings about the conditions which prevailed at some one or other of those dates.

The resource of many of those in authority in a situation like this is to try to satisfy public demand by immediate and drastic action of some sort. This looks very well; it fills the newspapers; it tickles the ears of the groundlings; it makes an impression of great activity; but, gentlemen, these in-

exorable economic laws which are not subject to amendment and repeal by congresses and parliaments and legislatures, these inexorable economic laws are going their way behind the scenes while the demagogues howl and rage and rant all over these various countries with their formulas and their maxims and their methods of immediate solution.

Our task, as intelligent, self-respecting, patriotic Americans, is to ask for the facts. If these which I have suggested are not the causes, or proximate causes, of the high cost of living, what are they? What has been operating in these countries to bring about this condition? If these methods of action, public and private, which I have pointed out will not lead to relief, what are the methods which will do so? This is no time for bravado; this is no time for cynicism; this is no time for violence or revolution. This is a time for clear, sane, courageous thinking on the facts of business, industrial, and political life.

When you examine the operation of these laws and forces you find something like this: Taking 1913, the year before the war, as normal, or par, you will find that the cost of living five years before that, in 1908, was represented in the United States by 84, Great Britain 84, France 85. In other words, in the five years from 1908 to 1913 the cost of living in those three countries had risen substantially a like amount, owing, of course, to the operation of similar causes. But if you take those figures today, 1913 remaining par, or 100, they are, for the United States, 197; for Great Britain, 217, and for France, 312. That represents what has happened during the war.

Inasmuch as the United States has to pay its share of the cost of the war, but felt little of the destruction of the war, our figure is the lowest, 197. Inasmuch as Great Britain had to pay its cost of the war, but felt directly some of the loss of the war, its figure is 217. Since France had not only to pay its share of the cost of the war, but felt in immense degree the destruction of the war, its figure is 312.

Just so, gentlemen, when you turn to production, what is the use of looking for a profiteer in the English coal industry, the key or basic industry of Great Britain, on which everything else depends, including all its foreign trade; what is the use of looking for a profiteer when in 1918, the production was 240,000,000 tons, while in 1913 for a like period it was 287,000,000 tons? If you reduce production of a staple fifty million tons in a like number of weeks, you do not need to look for profiteers to explain the increase in the cost of coal in Great Britain, or the increase in the cost of living, or the increase in the cost of every industry.

Gentlemen, I commend to you, as citizens of the United States, as men dealing directly with our commerce, with our industry, with our finance, as men taking a wide and sympathetic view of public problems and public movements, I submit to you that every American owes it to his country to make every possible effort to understand the causes that are at work in bringing about this present situation, and by every act and counsel of his own, contribute all that lies in his power toward relief from these conditions. Those upon whom they rest with the greatest heaviness, those whose emotions make it impossible for them to think calmly and clearly concerning them, like the lion in his cage, of which I spoke a moment ago, feel revolution in their hearts. They say "let us tear down; nothing could be worse than this. Let us see what destruction has to give, if construction be not quickly forthcoming."

That, gentlemen, is the meaning of these ominous words to which the chairman has referred. That, gentlemen, is the meaning of the ominous and significant happenings in the great political and industrial capitals of the world, from Southeastern Europe clear over to these United States. It means, gentlemen, that human feeling and human emotion must find some kind of expression in the hope of gaining relief, if human intelligence and human reason are not at our disposal as a people, to guide us to a solution that is constructive, that is wise, that is just to every individual, every group, and every interest in this land, and that will make this new America that we are building, finer, and more just and more splendid and more prosperous than ever before.

What, gentlemen, would we not give, in an hour like this, for the sturdy Americanism, the public virtue, and the private courage of Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt?

The U. S. and Mexico—In 1846 and 1919.

The familiar saying that history repeats itself finds curious confirmation in the historic record of our relations with Mexico. Something more than seventy years ago—in the year 1846, to be exact—the relations of the two countries were so nearly what they are today as to supply an interesting historical parallel. The following document, which the *Argonaut* is permitted to reproduce from the manuscript collection of Mr. Templeton Crocker, is amazingly significant. This "confidential circular" from the Department of State, signed by James K. Buchanan, the then Secretary of State, might serve as an accurate report of conditions today.

It will be noted as of especial interest in California that this communication is addressed to one "John Parrott, Esq., U. S. Consul at Mazatlan"—none other than the late John Parrott, subsequently identified with San Francisco and whose descendants form a numerous and prominent group in California.

(CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR.)

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 14th, 1846.

SIR: I transmit to you, herewith, a proclamation of the President, of yesterday's date, declaring that war exists between the United States and Mexico. Congress adopted the measure with unprecedented unanimity. On the passage of the "Act providing for the prosecution of the existing war between the United States and Mexico," there were but fourteen dissenting votes in the House, and two in the Senate. The truth is that we had endured so many insults and grievous wrongs from Mexico with such unexampled patience, that at the last she must have mistaken our forbearance for pusillanimity. Encouraged, probably, by this misapprehension, her army has at length passed the Del Norte,—has invaded the territory of our country,—and had shed American blood upon the American soil.

The vote in Congress will serve to convince the world, that, in this country, at a crisis, when it becomes necessary to assert the national rights, and vindicate the national honor, all party distinctions vanish. You will observe from the President's message, a copy of which is enclosed, the extreme reluctance with which the United States have engaged in this war. It is our interest, as it has ever been our inclination, that Mexico should be an independent and powerful Republic, and that our relations with her should be of the most friendly character. The successive revolutions by which she has been afflicted, and the avaricious and unprincipled men who have placed themselves at the head of the government, have brought her to the brink of ruin. We feel deeply interested that she should establish a stable Government sufficiently powerful and pacific to prevent and punish aggressions upon her neighbors.

For some years, in our intercourse with her, we have incurred much of the expense, and suffered many of the inconveniences of war, whilst nominally at peace. This state of things had at last become intolerable.

We go to war with Mexico solely for the purpose of conquering an honorable and permanent peace. Whilst we intend to prosecute the war with vigor, both by land and sea, we shall bear the olive branch in one hand, and the sword in the other; and whenever she will accept the former, we shall sheath the latter.

A strict blockade of the ports of Mexico, both on the Atlantic and Pacific, will be immediately established.

In conversing on the objects and purposes of the war, you will be guided by the sentiments expressed in the President's message and this despatch. I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

JOHN PARROTT, ESQ.,
U. S. Consul, Mazatlan.

Accompanying this communication is a formal declaration of war with Mexico by President Polk. This document, like the other, is from Mr. Crocker's collection of manuscripts:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Congress of the United States, by virtue of the constitutional authority vested in them, have declared by their act, bearing date this day, that, "by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that Government and the United States." Now, therefore, I, James K. Polk, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the same to all whom it may concern; and I do specially enjoin on all persons holding offices, civil or military, under the authority of the United States, that they be vigilant and zealous in discharging the duties respectively incident thereto; and I do moreover exhort all the good people of the United States, as they love their country, as they feel the wrongs which have forced them on the last resort of injured nations, and as they consult the best means, under the blessings of Divine Providence, of abridging its calamities, that they exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, in maintaining the authority and efficacy of the laws, and in supporting and invigorating all the measures which may be adopted by the constituted authorities for obtaining a speedy, a just, and an honorable peace.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents. Done at the City of Washington the thirteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the independence of the United States the seventieth.

(Signed) JAMES K. POLK.

By the President.

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary of State.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Charles S. Thomas, Democrat, of Colorado, who was governor from 1899 to 1901, is regarded as the "independent" among his colleagues, the member more carefully watched by the Democratic National Committee than any other, because of his propensity to vote as he thinks, and not according to the unwritten rule—"We, like sheep."

R. K. Pierson, the twenty-eight-year-old designer of the Vickers-Vimy machine, in which Alcock flew the Atlantic, is the son of a clergyman. He early recognized the possibilities of the flying machine, and concentrated on designing models, with the result that he is now recognized, in spite of his youth, as one of the greatest experts. "Flying will soon be an everyday occurrence with most people," he says, and he tells with a chuckle the story of a Lancashire man who was thus addressed by his wife after a flight: "Well, nah! I hope tha'll be satisfied, for tha's bin as near heaven as ever tha'll get."

Born July 8, 1839, in Richford, Tioga County, New York, John Davidson Rockefeller's childhood days were spent in the Empire State. He was a grave, studious lad, eager to learn, and his common school education was supplemented by much outside reading. At fourteen young Rockefeller moved to Cleveland, Ohio, with his parents and entered high school, and although he never neglected his studies the boy found time to devote to the transaction of "business" among his playmates and thus earned the first money which he systematically saved. At sixteen John D. had completed his high school course, and after a summer in a commercial school was ready for the struggle with business problems. A firm of commission merchants, Hewitt & Tuttle, engaged him as office-boy and assistant bookkeeper on September 26, 1855. No wages were stipulated, and at the end of fourteen weeks he was receiving \$25 a month. The second year he received \$500, the third year \$550.

Hon. N. W. Rowell, Canadian president of council and minister of information, is one of the men whom the spotlight instinctively avoids, according to a recent biographer. The same biographer adds that the man who invented the slogan "Abolish the Bar" is a man to be taken seriously. Mr. Rowell has been more abused by political foes and scornful pen-pushers than any other man in the cabinet. He long ago learned to endure such abuse with Christian fortitude. He is in fact the most unalterably serious man in the cabinet except Mr. Balfour. He is more serious than the officially late Mr. Crerar. Even Mr. Doherty, being Irish, laughs in office sometimes. And the premier enjoys a joke. But Mr. Rowell refuses to capitalize levity. If all men in Canadian parliaments were as serious as Mr. Rowell, they would first of all accomplish a great deal more work in a given time and for a given sum of money; and in the second place they would be so frightfully diligent that a session of the House would be about as gloomy as a day at school under the old-fashioned dominie who walloped a lad for having mud on his boots.

VESTIGIA.

Colonel Repington Tells Some of the Warlike Incidents of a Long and Active Career.

Colonel Repington tells us on the first page of his autobiography that the reader may miss the early family details of which he gives us a summary. But they are commendably brief. We learn that the Repingtons are of Norman descent, and that there was an Adam Repington who was Custos Rotulorum of the hundreds of Kescoven and Holland in the County of Lincoln and that he was standard-bearer to Richard II. Some doughty deeds were done by these early Repingtons. They were a fighting family then, and they have been a fighting family ever since, but, as the author wisely surmises, we are somewhat more interested in current events than in the exploits that fill the turned pages of a history that seems suddenly to have become so ancient.

We heard much of Colonel Repington during the war. He was the military expert of the London *Times*, and we seem to remember that his writings were sometimes displeasing by their frankness to those in authority, an offense that the public was willing, not only to forgive, but to applaud.

But Colonel Repington does not devote the whole of his volume to the great war. He saw plenty of heavy fighting during the Soudan campaign for the taking of Khartoum and he gives us a vivid picture of the last great battle against the Mahdi, and a passage of this is well worth quotation. He says:

At 6:30 a. m. the enemy's masses being then 2700 yards off, and still marching slightly E. of N. across our main front from our left to our right, and showing more men every minute, the Thirty-Second Field Battery opened on them, and in a few moments the whole of our available guns were in action. The artillery fired right well, every shell telling and leaving a great gap in the dense masses in our front. In a moment the central dervish mass under Osman Azrak changed direction to the right as though by word of command, and bore straight down upon the British Division, attracted, and perhaps diverted from their original plan, by Long's guns on my knoll, which were doing great execution. Watching the enemy closely I saw mounted men riding on the front and flanks of each mass and directing their movements; one could not withhold one's admiration from the rapid and orderly way in which these dense masses of men were manoeuvred under such a severe fire. At 2500 yards' range the dervish riflemen opened a tremendous fire—a feat which only caused us to laugh. Almost at the same moment fresh enemies appeared from the right wing of the hostile army and began swarming over the eastern spurs of Gebel Surgham, bearing straight down towards the centre of the Second British Brigade. This wing, I believe, was led by the Khalifa Sherif, though his red flag I personally did not notice. It consisted mainly of footmen, but in the centre a large body of horsemen appeared like gallant crusaders, their Emirs bearing large white banners, some forty in number, the whole presenting a truly magnificent spectacle. At this point it looked as if our brigade were going to have all the fun of the fair. When the whole strength of this wing had come over the hill and was making for us at their best pace, the three batteries on our left turned their attention to them, the first shell bursting in the centre of the white banners. Still they came on until our Maxims, followed by long-range volleys of the Guards and the Fifth Fusiliers, and shells from the gunboats, began to tear them down. Banner after banner went down, and the ground was strewn with dead, until at last the remnant, neither running, nor breaking, nor wavering, bore away to their left to join the centre attack under Osman Azrak, being fearfully hammered as they passed solemnly across our front.

Colonel Repington gives us much curious information about Kitchener. He never took the slightest trouble to ingratiate himself with his troops. During the Atbara battle he was "extraordinarily calm," and we are told that "he had very slight knowledge of tactics, which he left to Hunter and Gatacre." When the author asked him how he proposed to attack he replied that he had brought them 1500 miles into Africa and had fed them and that he expected them to fight the battle for him. He gave only three orders during the fight:

K. rewarded Gatacre for his share in the attack in a curious way. A horse belonging to some officer, and led by a syce, came past us laden with spoils from the *dem*—swords, spears, chain-mail, and every sort of other weapon and curio. K. stopped the man and calmly proceeded to select the best of the spoil. When it came to selecting curios, there were few people in it with K. When he had done so, he turned to me and said, "Ride to General Gatacre, give him these trophies with my compliments, and congratulate him from me on the very gallant manner in which he led his attack." This I duly did, and Gatacre's eyes shone with pleasure. What the officer said, whose trophies were taken, can be left to the imagination. The Sirdar also gave me Osman Digna's standard, and I have it still.

Colonel Repington participated in The Hague Convention, but not with any great enthusiasm. He describes the agreements as to poison gases, balloons, and expanding bullets as twaddle, as indeed they proved to be. Compulsory arbitration is, he thinks, the road to international peace, but he doubts if the nations are ready for it. He asked Colonel Gross von Schwarzhoff, the German representative, what he thought of the whole business, and received the reply, "*Mon cher, c'est une blague*":

Admiral Mahan was the United States naval representative at the conference, and I was very pleased to make his acquaintance. He was extremely good at the discussions, and I had many long talks with him on naval matters, generally alone, but sometimes with Admiral Fisher, whose cheery manners were a great asset to the gathering. Mahan was then writing the "Life of Nelson." I saw him one day in church kneeling very devoutly on his knees on a stone floor, and thought to myself, Poor Lady Hamilton! So it turned out, for he gave her no mercy, and was incapable of understanding that side of Nelson. We had all the pacifist preachers over to

The Hague in turn, from the Bishop of Hereford downwards, but the greatest success of all was Brooke Lambert, vicar of Greenwich, to whom my father had presented the living of Tamworth in former days. Brooke Lambert startled the congregation by taking as his text, "And there was war in Heaven," and he went on to tell us that life was a continual struggle of good against evil, and that the idea that war and human passions could be banished from the world was Utopian. He was the only true prophet, but the pacifists naturally banned him with bell, book, and candle, and called him Balaam for his pains.

The author took part in the South African war, and as this may be said to have been the beginning of embittered relations with Germany he deals with the politics of the situation at some length. We have at least one important contribution to the problem in the shape of a letter written by the German Emperor to Sir Edward Sullivan, the author's uncle. The emperor seems to have been surprised by the intensity of the feeling that his telegram to President Kruger had aroused in England, a feeling that he was apparently anxious to allay. The letter to Sir Edward Sullivan is dated from Berlin, February 3, 1896:

I am and was the whole time perfectly certain that like you all clearheaded Englishmen do not fall upon me and think and speak as the greater part of your press has spoken. The explosion of hostility also in higher circles has taken everybody by surprise here; the scurrilous way in which my person was attacked deeply wounded the German feeling *et la riposte a été forte*. I of course mused much about this unexpected turn affairs had taken and fancy I found one of the reasons. Your society people and others do not know that for the last two years Transvaal and the German interests there have been the cause of very intense political correspondence between Downing Street and Berlin. Over and over again it has been shown that the large amount of German capital in Transvaal (over 300 millions) and nearly 20,000 German inhabitants had to be respected and were to be looked after from here. This Downing Street has never quite acknowledged. Your people not knowing these precedents took my dispatch for a nasty slap from 'somebody who seemed their friend till now. Whereas it was the thankful outcry that our men and money had been saved from loss and ruin! the more so as your government and mine are and were quite *d'accord* about what to think of Jameson and his marauders. After all the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" is also written for Britons as well as for other people? Never did I fancy that Englishmen and lots of officers were among the people who refused to obey H. M. commands to return! I thought it was a pack of goldiggers, who generally are known as the scum of all nations! This is as a little *aperçu* for you!

There was another letter written also by the emperor, that had a very definite bearing on the relations between Germany and England. During the last week of February it became known to the author that the emperor had addressed a letter to Lord Tweedmouth on the subject of the naval policies of the two countries. It appeared to be an insidious attempt to influence in German interests a British statesman and at a critical moment when Parliament was about to come to a decision of naval construction. Colonel Repington was in some doubt as to the use that he should make of his information, but after consultation with the editor of the *Times* it was agreed that he should communicate his knowledge to that newspaper in the form of a letter, with a demand that the matters be laid before Parliament. The salient passage in the emperor's letter may be quoted here, although it is, of course, now a matter of history. The emperor says:

During my last pleasant visit to your hospitable shores I tried to make your authorities understand what the drift of the German naval policy is. But I am afraid that my explanations have been either misunderstood or not believed, because I see the "German Danger" and the "German Challenge to British Naval Supremacy" constantly quoted in the different articles. This phrase if not repudiated or corrected soon broadcast over the country and daily dinned into British ears might in the end create most deplorable results. I therefore deem it advisable as admiral of the fleet to lay some facts before you, to enable you to see clearly:

It is absolutely nonsensical and untrue that the German naval bill is to provide a navy meant as a "challenge to British naval supremacy." The German fleet is built against nobody at all. It is solely built for Germany's needs in relation to that country's rapidly growing trade. The G. naval bill was sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament and published ten years ago, and may be had at any large bookseller's. There is nothing surprising, secret, or underhand in it, and every reader may study the whole course mapped out for the development of the German navy with the greatest ease. The law is being adhered to and provides for about 30-40 ships of the line in 1920. The number of ships fixed by the bill included the fleet then actually in commission, notwithstanding its material being already old and far surpassed by the contemporary types in other foreign navies. The extraordinary rapidity with which improvements were introduced in types of battleships, armaments, and armor made the fleet in commission obsolete before the building programme providing the additions to it was half finished. The obsolete fleet had to be struck off the list, thus leaving a gap lowering the number of ships below the standard prescribed by the bill. This gap was stopped by using the finished ships to replace the obsolete ones instead of being added to them as originally intended. Therefore instead of steadily increasing the "standing" fleet by regular additions it came to a wholesale rebuilding of the entire German navy. Our actual programme in course of execution is practically only an exchange of old material for new, but not an addition to the number of units originally laid down by the bill ten years ago, which is being adhered to.

The emperor then goes on to protest against the practice of selecting Germany to be held up as the sole danger to Great Britain, seeing that there were other countries building even larger navies than Germany. He also deprecates all competition in shipbuilding. Let every nation, he says, build the ships that it needs and without regard to the programme of other countries. The emperor's letter proceeds:

In the letter Lord Escher caused to be published a short time ago he wrote "that every German from the emperor down to the last man wished for the downfall of Sir John Fisher." Now, I am at a loss to tell whether the supervision of the foundations and drains of the Royal Palaces is apt to qualify somebody for the judgment of naval affairs in general. As

far as regards German affairs naval the phrase is a piece of unmitigated balderdash, and has created an immense merriment in the circles of those "who know" here. But I venture to think that such things ought not to be written by people who are highly placed, as they are liable to hurt public feelings over here. Of course I need not assure you that nobody here dreams of wishing to influence Britain in the choice of those to whom she means to give the direction of her navy, or to disturb them in the fulfillment of their noble task. It is expected that the choice will always fall on the best and ablest and their deeds will be followed with interest and admiration by their brother officers in the German navy. It is therefore preposterous to infer that German authorities work for or against persons in official positions in foreign countries, it is as ridiculous as it is untrue and I hereby repudiate such a calumny. Besides to my humble notion this perpetual quoting of the "German Danger" is utterly unworthy of the great British nation with its world-wide empire and its mighty navy; there is something nearly ludicrous about it. The foreigners in other countries might easily conclude that the Germans must be an exceptionally strong lot as they seem to be able to strike terror into the hearts of the British, who are five times their superiors!

The author deals at some length with the portents of war so clearly perceived by himself and some others, and yet so invisible to the masses of his fellow-countrymen and to the world at large. He looks back over his old articles and reminds himself of his protest against a system of defense that must prove wholly inadequate to the storm that he knew must soon burst with such shattering force. He does not think that the military party could have done much more than it did in view of the attitude of the political parties and the state of public opinion. All the preparations were made that were at all possible. Lord Roberts and the National Service League combined to hold up before the people the doctrine that the first duty of the citizen was the defense of his country and the hard work that was done was not without success, for it accustomed the people to the idea of service and made them more responsive to the call when it came:

In the sphere of foreign politics my reading of history was that we were the natural enemy of any foreign power which aimed at hegemony on the continent of Europe and contemplated wars of aggression to attain its ends. Spain, France, and Russia had, in turn, occupied this position, and we had fought them all in turn till they succumbed. Insular though we were at home, my study of Napoleon's continental blockade against England had shown me that it had nearly ruined us, and that we could not remain indifferent to its recurrence. When, at the time of the war in South Africa, the jealousy of Germany towards us became manifest; when she began deliberately to build a navy—for all that the Kaiser might say—against us, and showed a plain desire to pick a quarrel with France while Russia was weakened by the war against Japan and by internal troubles, the chances of war between us and Germany became too manifest to be disregarded. I hated the idea of participating in a continental war as much as the soundest British Radical, but the moment came in 1906 when, if we did not boldly align ourselves with France, this power was liable to be crushed, and in this event our position would become so serious that we were bound to prevent it by every means in our power.

I kept my eyes constantly on Germany, and year by year described in the *Times* the tendencies of her policy, her military progress, and the effect of all her military laws. I had the greatest admiration for the discipline of her people and for the methodical German organization, but I had much less admiration for her troops, which I did not think as good as our Regulars or the French. I always paid the debt that was due to the discipline and the organization, and even covered them with praises, but when I last attended the German manoeuvres in 1911 I exposed the weakness of the three arms, not only because these weaknesses existed, but because opinion was everything in war, and it had become a danger to us and to the French to allow the notion to prevail that the Germans were invincible.

Colonel Repington does not deal with the war itself, but he promises us a second volume. All internal troubles, he tells us, ceased as soon as the great ordeal had come and the government found at its disposal an enthusiastic and wholly united people. Colonel Repington may rest assured that his second volume will not lack an appreciative audience.

VESTIGIA: REMINISCENCES OF WAR AND PEACE. By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, C. M. G. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A curious custom, the Hocktide festival of Kissing Day, is observed in Hungerford, England. With the exception of three years of war, it has been observed every year since the days of John of Gaunt, and was revived this year. With a trumpet 300 years old the trumpeter opens the day, blowing it on the balcony of the courthouse. The town crier, in red-faced suit, rings his bell and calls all commoners to court. The tuttimen, two villagers, start on their round carrying poles to which are affixed large bouquets. They enter each shop and house to collect a onepence fine, and failing in this exact a kiss from the wife and daughters of each commoner. Signs of struggle are frequent, but each time a kiss is obtained.

In the fifteen Southern States there were last year 9026 girls' clubs organized by the home demonstration agents. These clubs had a total membership of 286,278. Of these members 77,264 cultivated one-tenth-acre plots; others had one-twentieth acre, and still others were in bread and poultry clubs. Many of the club girls had to fill the place of men of the family called to the army, and they faithfully attended to the work of planting, cultivating, and harvesting crops, besides trying to keep up their own garden plot and to can the crop raised there.

In Lahrador, sealskin shoes are made for the dogs, who, attached to sledges, travel at great speed over the rough ice and need some protection for the feet.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 23, 1919, were \$146,792,198.01; for the corresponding week of last year, \$113,921,427.83; an increase for the year of \$28,707,701.18.

A drop in the gold reserve of \$6,809,000 was the chief feature in the report of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco for the week ending August 22d. Total gold reserves were \$140,825,000, against \$147,634,000 for the week previous and \$134,738,000 on the same date last year. There has not been a corresponding increase in the number of bills on hand, which were \$153,095,000, as compared with \$152,988,000 for the week before and with \$95,921,000 for the week of a year ago. Bills secured by government obligations were \$50,893,000, against \$49,936,000 and \$28,232,000. Total earning assets of the bank are given as \$162,468,000, against \$162,291,000 and \$100,382,000. Total resources were \$346,815,000, as compared with \$344,240,000 and \$268,841,000.

Total gross deposits were \$128,969,000, against \$126,785,000 the week before and \$113,089,000 a year previous. Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation were \$198,

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488,000, against \$198,341,000 and \$148,211,000. Discount rates remain unchanged.

Despite labor unsettlement there is a very strong undertone in the market for iron and steel products, and, indeed, in most things taken out of the ground or manufactured. The one thing needed to bring about a reduction in living costs is an increase of production, and the sooner the labor element is aroused on this point the sooner the country will be on the way to that sort of big prosperity whose opportunity has been brought about by the uniquely strong position of this nation following the war. If labor should upset the steel trade kettle it would scald itself as well as the people generally, and it is to be hoped that common sense will rule its counsels.

In the copper metal trade the situation is similar, as in practically all our mining industries. The underlying demand is vastly greater than the current production, and, given a settlement of the conditions that are disquieting at the moment, we would probably see a very sharp advance in copper metal prices, possibly even to 30 cents a pound.

Silver metal has been exceedingly strong of late, despite the seeming efforts of the British government to hold the market down. The trend of affairs financial, in my opinion, is still toward a world-wide bimetallic standard, and

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I think silver metal is one of the commodities that has by no means seen the limit of its advance.

The campaign to lower costs of living has been upsetting some speculative pyramids in the commodity markets, and it may be some time before bullish interests begin to take hold of cotton with old-time enthusiasm, even though current weather conditions are against the crop. The uncovering of vast supplies of hoarded food and the marketing of such would seem to be quite bearish for the time being, so far as the foodstuffs market is concerned.

Mr. G. C. Stephens of the firm of Stephens & Co., investment bankers, recently returned from a very successful business trip to Los Angeles and San Diego. Stephens & Co., whose local offices are in suite 200, Merchants National Bank Building, have also offices in Los Angeles and San Diego.

Labor troubles, the same bugaboo which kept the public out of the stock market in the early part of this year and enabled the "insiders" to accumulate stocks which they sold later during June and July at a good profit to themselves, are again being used for the purpose of accumulation. Regardless of the advice given by well-known financial writers, traders persist in selling stocks on "strike news," an activity which has invariably proven disastrous in the past. The rule of the "street," "Buy stocks when nobody wants them and sell when everybody wants them," has made many traders rich. The reason that the rails and steel stocks are on the bargain counter now is due to threatened strikes, all of which are more or less in the nature of rumors. The terrible calamities threatened, that, judging from all past records, will never happen, are again giving the "insiders" the opportunity to accumulate stocks which are now selling for 50 per cent. of their true value. Neither capital nor labor can afford to be unreasonable regarding these questions and it will only be a matter of a week or two until some satisfactory settlement is arrived at. The strike situation in the United States Steel Corporation is being watched with intense interest by students of economics. The fact that large numbers of the employees are stockholders has without doubt some psychological value in preventing the attempted disruption of the plant.

The management of the United States Steel Corporation has for eighteen years demonstrated its ability to run its business in a manner quite remunerative to all concerned, both stockholders and employees as well. In any event the present price of Steel Common, selling at par with a book value of \$235 or more, has surely discounted the situation. Considering the fact that Steel Common earned at the rate of \$9 per share in the first half of this year and is now earning at the rate of \$17 per share, there is certainly nothing to be alarmed about. Traders should remember the words of J. P. Morgan, Sr., "The man who is a bear on the United States will surely go broke." If he were alive today he would be mighty proud of his prediction also of the United States Steel Corporation and of his illustrious son, who apparently knows not the meaning of the word "fear."

Regarding General Motors: This corporation did not increase its capital to one billion dollars recently without reason. Rest assured of that. The rumor regarding the purchase of the Ford plant was denied by all parties concerned so as to enable Henry Ford to buy the interest of his partners, the Dodge Brothers, which he recently purchased for seventy-five millions. Later he will sell his plant to the General Motors Company for about two hundred millions and you will then witness the passing of Henry Ford from the automobile game to blossom forth later as the tractor king of the world; a most "peaceful pursuit." The beginning of the end of Ford's automobile career came when the Dodge Brothers refused to allow him to buy the United Alloy Steel Company with his surplus money and forced him instead to disgorge and distribute the cash surplus of the Ford Company. This was a bad move, as any of our financiers know, under present trade conditions. Even the Standard Oil companies are in the market for ready money. At present Ford has a tremendous plant with an abnormal capacity for production, a big demand for his cars, but with a depleted working capital and a seventy-five-million-dollar short-time note issue hanging over his head. The General Motors Company, however, with the financial backing of the DuPonts and Morgans are well supplied with cash and the world will have its Ford automobile produced by the hundreds of thousands, and perhaps at a cheaper price later on, as the owners of General Motors also own and control steel plants as well.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

Mr. John A. Ferguson, who had been acting for some time as chairman of the San Francisco Bond and Stock Exchange, was recently elected a member of that institution, and is now representing the interests of William Cavalier & Co., investment bankers, of Oak-

land. Mr. Ferguson, although a very young man, having graduated from the University of California in 1915, is experienced in the investment business, having entered the employ of McDonnell & Co. after leaving the university, later entering the military service. After leaving the service, in which he spent a year, he returned to the employ of McDonnell & Co., later accepting his present position, opening offices in the Kohl Building.

Local manufacturers and motion-picture fans will be interested in noting another phase in the progress of San Francisco into the front ranks as a film-producing, motion-picture centre. Following the several items that have appeared recently in the local press concerning the establishment of large motion-picture studios in the Bay region comes the announcement of the expansion and re-equipment of the plant and studio of Miles Brothers at 1149 Mission Street.

Ever since the first faint beginnings of the motion-picture business the name of Miles Brothers has been synonymous with this most interesting and profitable industry.

Earle C. Miles, in charge of the business, has spent thousands of dollars in the purchase of the most modern equipment for the making of motion pictures. He states that he will specialize in the production of industrial and advertising pictures because of the greatly increased demand for this form of publicity. Although the firm will make a specialty of this kind of pictures, departments have been created for the making and marketing of educational and scientific films for distribution among schools, clubs, churches, and other public institutions.

Affiliated with Mr. Miles is Philip W. Alexander, formerly in the advertising business and later with the California Film Exchange. Mr. Alexander will have charge of the sales department. The Eastern office of the firm is at 220 West Forty-Second Street, New York City.

The firm has recently completed several large contracts for industrial and educational films and reports excellent prospects for this class of work in the immediate future. It is confidently predicted that Miles Brothers will do a large business and achieve an enviable success in the new lines undertaken by them.

The United States will this year take second rank among the nations as a producer of beet sugar. While this new and greatly advanced rank that we hold is in part a result of the political rearrangement of the beet-sugar producing areas of Europe, coupled with a marked fall-off in production of beet sugar in that continent, it at least is interesting and at the same time illustrative of the wonderful growth of beet-sugar production in the United States.

At the beginning of the war, according to a statement by the National City Bank of New York, the United States held only fifth rank among the beet-sugar producing countries of the world and in fact produced but about 8 per cent. of the beet sugar of the world. The marked fall-off in the European product, coupled with the slight increase in our own, brought our share of the world's beet-sugar production to about 16 per cent. last year, with a prospect that the crop of the current year will be larger than that of last year and form a slightly larger percentage of the world's total output.

Our beet-sugar production in the current year seems likely to be about 1,750,000,000 pounds, against 1,385,000,000 in the year before the war, 1,025,000,000 in 1910, 484,000,000 in 1905, 163,000,000 in 1900, 45,000,000 in 1895, and 5,000,000 in 1890. The cane-sugar crop, which is unusually low, seems likely to form less than one-fifth of the total output of the country.

Sugar beets, according to the bank's statement, now produce only about 25 per cent. of the sugar of the world, as against 50 per cent. in 1911, and 65 per cent. in 1900 and 1897. Normally, beets supply about one-half of the sugar of the world, their large percentage in 1900 and the years immediately preceding being due to the very small production of cane sugar in Cuba during and immediately following her war with Spain. With the return to normal production of cane sugar in Cuba, the share which beets were producing of the world's supply dropped from 65 per cent. to 50 per cent. in 1911 and 1913, 47 per cent. in 1914, 44 per cent. in 1915, 35 per cent. in 1916, 33 per cent. in 1917, 28 per cent. in 1918, and is estimated at about 25 per cent. in 1919, this ebb being due in part to the fall-off of beet-sugar production in Europe and in part to the increased production of cane sugar in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, and Java.

The world's production of sugar in the current crop year will probably be about 37,000,000,000 pounds, against 42,000,000,000 in 1914, and the share produced from beets about 47 per cent. in 1914.

The extraordinary circumstances now existing between labor and capital are caused by diminished production in almost every line growing out of war conditions, and mani-

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festly labor finds itself the principal element to correct this situation. It can not be corrected by decreasing hours of labor and increasing wages. It is a matter that is far beyond the scope of labor unionism and involves fundamental economic principles.

In the railway world we have seen an extraordinary reflection of labor unionism run rampant in the expressions of opinion of some labor leaders regarding the so-called Plumb plan, which heads directly toward Sovietism; and the entire upheaval of conditions which have been responsible for the great prosperity of this country in the past.

It remains to be seen whether private genius and enterprise are to be engulfed in some great labor revolution in this country. He would be a pessimist indeed who would believe any such thing, though it is conceivable that it may require the proverbial soup kitchen to bring the laboring element to its senses or that part of the laboring element that may temporarily have control of labor activities. It is worthy of note that the most serious labor troubles that we are encountering now

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have been fomented among people of foreign origin who have come to our shores to seek liberty and opportunity. In the steel trade it is possible the big test will come, and, of course, the sooner it comes the better.

Stock-market-wise the bears have had the best of this situation and it is evident that there is a good deal of real apprehension felt in some rather high quarters. At the same time, barring riot and revolution and the accompanying destruction of wealth, the intrinsic value of properties represented by the vast majority of listed stocks will in the end avail to bring about the resumption of the bull movement in the market. In fact the market has been strengthening up recently, especially in rails and steel.

There has been a great deal of short selling lately, not only by professional bears, but by those who have dumped long stocks and sold short besides, so that after serious bear raids we may look for pronounced recoveries from time to time and here and there possible individual expressions of strength where a stock

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is in the hands of some strong pool organization and may be looking forward to some increased dividend or extra distribution of some sort.

Professor Elwood Mead of the University of California will be the principal speaker at the luncheon at the Palace Hotel, Thursday, September 4th, given by the Home Industry League in honor of the advisory committee of the California Industries and Land Show.

This luncheon is the first after the two months' vacation of the league and will mark the beginning of a season of unusual activity for the Home Industry League.

The programme will be devoted to California, its land and industries, and the subjects will be expounded by Professor Elwood Mead and Edward H. Brown, general manager of the California Industries and Land Show, which is to take place October 4th to 19th, at

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the Exposition Auditorium, and is one of the visualized expressions of the Home Industry League and its efforts for upholding the State of California, both in land and in industries.

Baldwin Vale, president of the Home Industry League, will preside.

The market is convalescing from its recent bear spells a little too slowly to suit the more ambitious bulls, but until some more definite light may be seen, at least in money and labor matters, it may be well to go slowly.

However, even in circumstances where the bears think their position especially well grounded, we find the intrinsic values of some stocks being reflected in what might be termed "major-movement" advances. American Car and Foundry, for instance, has recently been

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making absolutely high record prices due to the conviction that the management is about to adopt a more generous dividend policy. Certainly it can afford to do this in view of the extraordinarily strong financial position of the company built up during long and often remarkably prosperous years and an exceedingly conservative dividend policy. American Car and Foundry may be regarded as in the potential "200 class," and there are so many industrial stocks similarly placed that the feeling among some rather important houses of late that the "big bull market of 1919" is over seems not justified, though, to be sure, some crisis in labor or money or international politics might change the aspect.

Recently the United States Rubber Company made announcement regarding its dividend policy, indicating that the long patience of shareholders will be very amply rewarded. The progress of the industry and the progress of this particular company have been quite sensational and Rubber Common is due in the long run to sell at a great deal better than 200 or its equivalent.

The Baldwin Locomotive management has big things in view which it would seem will not be very long postponed, and this pet stock of the bear raiders will some day cost them a lot of money. Crucible Steel, even after its recent violent rise, is not acting at all as if insiders had been distributing it, and may furnish the bears another costly surprise before long. Central Leather and Wilson Company have recently suffered exceptionally on account of the government toward packing and allied interests.

United Retail Stores seems to be a product not only of Mr. Whelan's idea that retailing is still in its infancy, but also possibly of an astute plan whereby holders of United Cigar Stores may eat their cake and keep it also without much attention to income-tax provisions. A share of Cigar Stores bought originally for perhaps less than Retail Stores is now bringing in the market with opportunity to convert under the recent arrangement into two shares of Retail Stores stock certainly offers a chance to the Cigar Stores shareholders for the recovery of their money and the retention of the same number of shares in this new Whelan company which the government could not possibly assess for income purposes until disposed of.

The railway situation is not very pleasing to contemplate, but as a general proposition the rails seem to me very cheap. Pools seem preparing to exploit several of the cheaper ones.

Whether world politics is going to be a dominant factor in the market very soon again is a question. Certainly recent developments in Siberia and the Balkans and elsewhere are not agreeable.

The old gravity test for gasoline really tells nothing of its efficiency because gasolines of the same gravity may differ greatly in boiling points, and boiling points are the only true measure of gasoline value. By mixing two gasolines of high gravity and low gravity a combination can be obtained which will meet whatever gravity test is desired, but such fuel would not work efficiently in an automobile engine.

When, however, the boiling test is used, the refiner can be sure of maintaining the quality of his product and the motorist can be sure of a uniform gasoline. Every gasoline, for good service, must possess a gradually rising series of boiling points. Low boiling points are absolutely essential for starting, but are useless for high power. High boiling points give power, but no motor would start if only the high boiling points were used. The full chain of boiling points must be presented.

Only straight-distilled gasoline has the necessary boiling points. Red Crown is a well-known gasoline which possesses the full and continuous chain necessary for easy starting and full power.

Curious to those who knew the British House of Commons a generation ago is the almost total disappearance from it now of the silk hat. Mr. Chamberlain, it was noticed, wore one during the hudget discussion, sending one memory at least back to the occasion of his coming down with a carload of "toppers" in order to secure places for his friends. The majority of members nowadays leave their headgear outside and enter the Chamber bareheaded, but old stagers like Sir Frederick Banbury and "Tay Pay" make a fine display of their silk hats as they walk up the floor, invariably holding them so as to strike a silken right angle with the tails of their coats. Commander Kenworthy, the new member for Central Hull, affects the silk hat in striking distinction to the wear of Mr Hodge near by, who prefers the rough "storm hat" that Mr. Churchill favored a few years ago.

A pontoon bridge 1450 feet long was thrown across the Rhine in forty-one minutes recently at Honningen by the First American Engineers. This is better than four times as fast as the Germans ever did it.

LINCOLN, NOT ABRAHAM.

The man who tried to trap the British fleet, Ignatius Tribich Lincoln, Darlington's disloyal Liberal ex-M. P., has recently been deported to Hungary, his native land. Great Britain is now free of one of the most amazing and notorious rogues that came to light during the great war.

His career is almost unique. Nobody of recent years has had a history like his—luckily. He was born on the banks of the Danube of parents who were Hungarian Jews. After an exciting and checkered early life he became a convert to Christianity, and went to Germany and Canada to study theology.

Two years afterward he was appointed Presbyterian minister in Montreal. The next year he was made a deacon of the Anglican Church by the Archbishop of Montreal. He resigned his curacy, giving the explanation of "overwork" for his action.

In 1904 he went to England, after a stay of some months in Germany, and became curate at Appledore, a small village in Kent.

After a time he resigned his orders and became private secretary to B. S. Rowntree, on whose behalf he traveled extensively on the Continent.

He then took up politics, and selected Darlington for his constituency. After a strenuous campaign, in which his wonderful gift of oratory stood him in good stead, he succeeded in defeating Pike Pease by twenty-nine votes. For nearly a year he was Darlington's M. P., and then resigned on the ground of expense.

The next heard of him was that he had compounded with his creditors for \$1 in \$5, his liabilities being \$85,000.

Lincoln then took to traveling in Roumania and Galicia, and in August, 1914, he was back again in London with an appointment at the general postoffice as Hungarian censor.

After that he went to Germany (having failed in his attempt to become attached to the British secret service) and, getting in touch with the German secret service, was sent back to England on a spying expedition.

Upon arrival there he again made an effort to join the British secret service. The authorities, however, were far too wide awake for Mr. Lincoln, who quickly came to the conclusion that Great Britain was not a healthy place for him and bolted to America.

In this country (says the New York Tribune) he seems to have given himself up to publicly declaring his hatred for England and everything English. He became obsessed with the desire to do the British Empire a bad turn, and did everything that was in his power to aid German propaganda.

Toward the end of August, 1915, he was arrested in Brooklyn for forging a guarantee purporting to be signed by B. S. Rowntree, and with obtaining \$3750 and \$750 by false pretenses.

Chief Inspector A. Ward, one of the best detectives Scotland Yard ever possessed (and who later was killed in an air raid in London), came to New York to take Lincoln back to stand trial.

Lincoln, however, did not wish to go to England, and used every delaying artifice possible. He even went so far as to escape from prison. But in the end he was brought back to London, tried and sentenced to three years at hard labor for forgery.

This sentence has now been served and the home secretary, after canceling his naturalization papers, has ordered his deportation to Hungary.

During his stay in New York Lincoln wrote his famous book, "Revelations of an International Spy," in which he told the story of how he tried to trap a portion of the British fleet, and place it in such a position that it could be pounded out of existence.

Famous Lion at Belfort.

On guard at the French frontier stands the Lion of Belfort. Now cut out of enduring stone, he was once modeled from snow.

In the Franco-Prussian war the siege of Belfort lasted from November, 1870, to February, 1871. Among the garrison were thousands of reserve troops, among whom there were not a few artists and other professional men. From time to time during the winter the men, to amuse themselves, made statues in the snow. Then the sun would shine and there would be no more statues.

Among the garrison was the man who gave to America her heroic figure of liberty, Bartholdi, the sculptor. One day he modeled a lion from snow, and the half-dozen soldiers, as they looked with pride and delight on what the sculptor had wrought, with renewed courage cried: "Now the Germans can never enter France from this direction, for here stands the Lion of Belfort!" And the Germans never did.

When an armistice was declared by order of the French government the garrison capitulated with all honors of war. Under the terms of peace France retained Belfort.

Once again Bartholdi modeled the lion. On the rock in front of the citadel, rearing himself on his forelegs, stands this noble figure. He is thirty-six feet high and seventy-two long. In Paris there is a replica of han-

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mered copper, also by Bartholdi. And the square or place on which the replica looks down is called the Place Denfert-Rochereau, in honor of the lieutenant-colonel of that name who commanded the garrison of Belfort in 1870.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Madman.

Kahlil Gibran is a Syrian poet whose compositions have arrested the attention of a small American audience somewhat inclined to the opinion that Orientalism is synonymous with wisdom. Auguste Rodin is said to have called Gibran "the William Blake of the twentieth century," but the judicious will dispute that verdict. Blake had something like a definite and constructive philosophy. He conveyed an overpowering sense of vision and other-worldness. We fail to find these in Kahlil Gibran. He arrests with striking imagery and sometimes he seems to be near the heights of symbolism, but his poetry and his drawings would never compensate us for the loss of Blake.

THE MADMAN. By Kahlil Gibran. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The Vested Interests.

This volume is made up of a series of articles that appeared in the *Dial* during 1918 and 1919, and while Professor Veblen does not label himself as belonging to any of the modern schools of reform it is easy to see that he is deeply dissatisfied with our present economic system and believes that it is about to be swept away.

He finds the same evils in government as in the industrial arts. The welfare of the citizen is no longer considered. The object of the manufacturer is to secure the largest possible profit for himself, but he is not content to do this by the production of a good and a cheap thing. He prefers to limit the supply and to invest heavily in teaching the dubious arts of salesmanship. There was a time when business meant the service of the public and incidentally a reasonable reward for the producer. Professor Veblen seems to think that we have reversed the process. The public is now a milch cow, or a sheep to be

shorn. The capitalist stays at home and clips his coupons. The shareholders demand only dividends and care very little how they are earned. But it is always the consumer that suffers. And the capitalist naturally extends his influence to world politics, so that his unhampered operations may be on the widest scale.

Professor Veblen writes brilliantly, but none the less his is an easy task. Nothing is so easy of attack as an economic system, and it is done by the simple process of selecting the vulnerable. At least we may ask for an alternative, but we shall ask in vain. To turn the whole business over to the proletariat seems hardly likely to bring us relief, although the proposal is naturally welcomed by the said proletariat.

THE VESTED INTERESTS AND THE STATE OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. By Thorsten Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Society of Free States

This little volume consists of a reprint of articles contributed by the author to the *New York Evening Post* during February and March. He spent most of 1918 in Europe, and he gave much reflection to the problem of international peace and the possibility of its attainment. It is well that we should now have these articles in permanent form.

The author is in no way a partisan. He knows too much of the history of the peace movements of the past—and they have been very numerous—to hail any new attempt as an evangel. None the less he regards failures as an incentive to new efforts, but the new efforts must be cautious and reasoned.

His book may be divided into two parts. He sketches for us the proposals that have been made from time to time and the cause of their rejection or failure. In the second part of his book he deals with the present league clause by clause, showing its weak points and sketching the amendments that should be made. Mr. Morrow deals in no heroic nor hysterical, neither does he impute motives. His book is in every way a useful one, and a real contribution to a vital discussion.

THE SOCIETY OF FREE STATES. By Dwight W. Morrow. New York: Harper & Brothers.

America's Tomorrow.

The author begins his book bravely. He says: "Assurance of the complete subjection of all nations and peoples to the ideals and civilization of the United States within the near future is contained in a law of history and nature which has for its ultimate and certain goal the unity of the race under popular government." But for a certain winsome and obvious sincerity on the part of the author we should be inclined to describe this as bunkum. The ideals and civilization of the United States and of all other countries are continually changing. And all nations will be governed by their distinctive genius in the future as in the past. The "peculiar people" theory is rather silly.

Into the author's arguments we need not

enter. They are a little discursive and mystic. Nor can we assent to the rather labored interpretation of the biblical prophecies which the author believes to refer to the present day. It has been a common delusion of every Christian era and it has always been born of vanity. But since there have been several hundred of these interpretations, and all of them different, there is no reason why we should not have one or two more. But the author shows a marked historical erudition, and it justifies his book, but now and then he seems to slip. He says, for example, that "wars have helped to add another 420,000,000 to the folds of Buddhism and Hinduism." But is it true that a single drop of blood has ever been shed for the advancement of Buddhism?

AMERICA'S TOMORROW. By Snell Smith. New York: Britton Publishing Company.

Reconstruction in Ireland.

The problem of Ireland is usually approached from the standpoint of passion and partisanship, and it is therefore peculiarly gratifying to find so authoritative a record of cooperative organization as that now furnished by Mr. Lionel Smith-Gordon, M. A., and Mr. Laurence C. Staples, A. M., with a commendatory preface by Mr. George W. Russell. The problem of Ireland is actually an economic problem, however much the issue may be confused by politicians and religionists. An economically contented Ireland will be an Ireland at peace, and now we learn almost for the first time what has been done and what it is intended to do along these lines.

The volume is practically a history of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, which was founded in 1894, and with the object of creating, in the words of its slogan, "better farming, better business, better living." It has had enormous difficulties to contend against, and perhaps conservatism and stupidity have been the greatest of them. But it has made headway and at the present time its influence is being felt all over Ireland. One hundred thousand farmers have given their adherence to the movement and the authors are easily able to persuade us that it contains the happiest auguries for the future well-being of the country.

RURAL RECONSTRUCTION IN IRELAND. By Lionel Smith-Gordon, M. A., and Laurence C. Staples, A. M. New York: Yale University Press.

Helping France.

This volume is by one of the Smith College Red Cross Unit, and it gives a bird's-eye view, unencumbered by statistical details, of the work done by the Red Cross in the devastated regions of France. It is well and brightly written, but perhaps its chief distinction is in the series of sketches by French artists which are here admirably reproduced. But perhaps it has an even greater distinction in that it mentions no names of Red Cross workers and indulges in no slaverings on wealth or social position.

HELPING FRANCE. By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Announcement is just made by the publishers of a new book by Professor James Henry Breasted, chairman of the department of Oriental languages and literatures at the University of Chicago. The book will be issued under the title, "Survey of the Ancient World." In four hundred pages it compasses briefly the history of man from the early Stone Age to the decline of the Roman Empire.

Will N. Harben, the well-known author of novels of life in the South, died at his home in New York City on August 7th. His work was first brought to the notice of Harper & Brothers, his publishers, by Mr. William Dean Howells, to whom Mr. Harben's truthful pictures of American life had made a strong appeal.

William J. Long, the well-known naturalist and animal lover, has just completed an out-of-the-way book called "How Animals Talk," in which he shows us the real selves of the animals. He believes in the common spiritual inheritance between them and ourselves and says that much of the one-time affinity between animal and man has been lost owing to the ruthless pursuit of animals and birds.

Mr. Maugham, who, though entirely English, spent a great deal of his youth in Paris, has based "The Moon and Sixpence" (Doran) on the life-story of a well-known French painter. Taken, of course, from a very different angle of vision, he deals with much the same world as did Du Maurier in "Trilby." The fact that part of the story is laid in the Pacific Islands gives a clue to the French painter the English novelist had in mind when planning out this curious and original book. In his review of "The Moon and Sixpence" Burton Rascoe gives some interesting details of the life of the French painter, Paul Gauguin, with whose life Mr. Maugham has elected to deal, and, although the novel is by no means to be construed as a veritable biog-

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raphy of Gauguin, it adds to the growing literature on the extraordinary life of that extraordinary genius.

Discovery was made recently in the Holman iron mine, near Taconite, Itasca County, Mississippi, not far from the source of the Mississippi River, of the trunk and branches of a prehistoric pine tree in an excellent state of preservation and with pine cones about it. The tree is not petrified. The wood is as sound in the main as though it had been felled only a few years ago and the pine cones are still pliable. The wood with exposure to air has not softened or crumbled, and the find, the first of its kind on record, so far as geologists of the great iron ranges can learn, is expected to attract widespread attention among scientists. The tree was exposed by a steam shovel on the property of the United States Steel Corporation. The tree was found under seventy-five feet of glacial debris while stripping was being done in an open-pit mine. This tree grew millions of years ago, prior to the glacial era of the world's history.

The marine and seamen's division of the War Risk Bureau has been suspended, with a profit of more than \$17,000,000 to the government.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Bolshevism.

After the breaking of the Russian front near Tarnopol on July 19, 1917, says Kerensky in his story of Bolshevism, it was decided to replace Generals Gutor and Brussilov, and the choice fell on General Kornilov. The new commander seemed to have some commendable characteristics from the revolutionist point of view, although it does not seem that any marked military capacity was among them. He approved of the army elective organizations and of the commissaries. He blamed officers as well as men for the military collapse. He was a man after Kerensky's own heart, or seemed to be.

It was, of course, Kerensky himself who was responsible for the disgrace of the Russian army. Distance, so far as Kerensky is concerned, does not lend enchantment to the view. He had a chance almost unsurpassed in Russian history. The ball was veritably at his feet. Today we know that Kerensky was no more than a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. He was intoxicated with a verbosity that he supposed to be statesmanship. He knew only one way to meet an emergency and that was to make a speech. Actually it was Kerensky who corrupted the army. He poisoned it with his orations and then tried to supply a corrective by more orations.

He discovered that Kornilov was not the man he supposed him to be. He was unsound from the point of view of the new democracy. As commander of the army he supposed that one of his functions was to command, whereas he should first have taken a ballot and submitted the results for the approval of the civilian government. There were reasons to suppose that Kornilov was contemplating a military dictatorship. He tried to impose discipline upon the army. The anti-revolutionists had tried to seduce Kerensky himself—at least so we are told. Having failed with Kerensky they turned their attention toward Kornilov. Everything was in readiness for the *coup d'état*, but the people failed to rally to the support of the Cossack chief. But none the less the confidence of the nation had received a severe shock. It appeared to the people that they were facing a serious counter-revolutionary movement, and it was by the realization of their peril that they were driven to excesses. Massacres of officers began. Revolutionary organizations of an irresponsible kind sprang up all over the country. The Bolshevik tide began to flow strongly and Russia had fully entered upon the last stage of her upheaval.

Such is the story now told by Kerensky. It is in the nature of a defense, but it will not avail. Kerensky sowed the wind and he was too weak to face the whirlwind.

THE PRELUDE TO BOLSHEVISM. By A. F. Kerensky. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The German Empire.

For an adequate understanding of the recent war, an acquaintance with the history of Germany during the nineteenth century is no less than essential. Since the war did not arise by spontaneous combustion, the sources of the world-wide conflagration are to be traced through the slow development of years: in the Prussia of Frederick the Great were already planted the seeds of the Prussia of today; and the details of the political and social evolution of Germany form the incidents in the prologue to the catastrophe of 1914-1918.

If one would look with comprehension upon that prologue, and consequently upon the culminating drama, he could not do better than to read William Harbutt Dawson's history of the German Empire. While mainly concerned with Germany between 1867 and 1914, this work covers in detail the history of over a century; in two excellently written volumes, composed in a clear, straightforward style, and abounding in clever comment and interesting detail, Mr. Dawson gives us, in effect, the recent history, not only of Germany, but of all Europe, for the relations of Germany with her neighbors have been such that it would be impossible to study the political affairs of one without probing deeply into those of all.

As the author states, his object is not so much to address "the limited circle of scholars and students" as those "general readers" . . . who wish to form their opinion on foreign politics independently, intelligently, and therefore on adequate information. And he has accomplished his purpose, by making his work of interest and value, not only to the student of history, but to the independent reader who desires to be well informed on world affairs. While written with scholarly thoroughness and a critical insight into the underlying significance of history, the work is gifted with the qualities of a popular narrative, and may be read for pleasure as well as for profit.

Beginning with the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806, Mr. Dawson traces the growth of the political institutions of Germany; he demonstrates how in the early nineteenth century every effort was made to crush the democratic spirit; and he shows clearly by what crafts and stratagems autocracy succeeded in maintaining its ascend-

ancy. From a perusal of Mr. Dawson's two volumes one is impressed strikingly by the fact, often pointed out, but perhaps even now none too clearly understood, that it was because Germany was such a strong military nation that she suffered military defeat; that for years she had been preparing her own doom by preparing to defend herself from doom. One can trace in Mr. Dawson's narrative the development of Germany's military preparations; and, what is more significant, the growth of the military spirit; it is easy to perceive how, as Germany's army and navy increased, the resistance to her military preparations diminished, until finally it became scattered and ineffective. "To the emperor," says Mr. Dawson, "the desire to possess the strongest navy as well as the strongest army in the world had become an absorbing ambition"; accordingly Germany refused to consider the proposal of other nations for a general restriction in the growth of navies; the result was "that Great Britain immediately made an unprecedented increase in her naval estimates"—and it is needless to argue that such conduct on the part of Germany was like setting the fuse to dynamite.

A particularly interesting phase of Mr. Dawson's work is his treatment of the character and conduct of Bismarck. The picture which Mr. Dawson gives us of Bismarck is that of a man of prodigious capabilities and gigantic achievements, yet a man whose moral code might be summed up in the phrase "Might is right"—an astute statesman, a shrewd and powerful political leader, yet a staunch proponent of the iron fist doctrine. However, declares Mr. Dawson, "it is just to remember that even the faults were those of a passionate and unselfish patriotism, of which the worst that can be said is that it was insufficiently discriminating in its choice of means." With particular significance the author states that, "For the greater part of his career as a minister he may be said to have typified Germany and the German idea in a way that no statesman had done since the time of Stein." Yet Mr. Dawson believes that the Germanism of Bismarck was "never narrow or intolerant"; that "he wished to make Germany strong and great, but only in order that she might be able to realize herself, live her own life freely and do her own work in the world without menace, and not that she might assert an arbitrary superiority over other nations, still less impose her will upon them."

THE GERMAN EMPIRE, 1867-1914. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

THE HOUSING OF THE UNSKILLED WAGE-EARNER. By Edith Elmer Wood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A thorough account of the housing problem.

THE CHURCH AND ITS AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY. By Various Writers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Edited by Charles Lewis Slattery.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST GAS REGIMENT. By James Thayer Addison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A war chapter.

DUST OF STARS. By Danford Barney. New York: John Lane Company.

A volume of verse.

BOLSHIEVIE AIMS AND IDEALS AND RUSSIA'S REVOLT AGAINST BOLSHIEVISM. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Reprinted from the Round Table.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Edited by Stephen Pierce Duggan. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press.

A symposium.

MR. STANDFAST. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A war novel.

MUMMERY. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.



UNDER THE OLD DUKE.

Away back in the days of Charles II of England, after the Restoration, it was necessary to restrain the cupidity that has survived the centuries to be with us today.

We have progressed in many things, but not in generosity to one another, and it is not surprising to note that in a compilation of the laws of the Duke of York, enacted in the year 1676, provisions for just such a situation economically as confronts us of this "enlightened" age had been found necessary.

In the archaic language of Charles' day (says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune) the "Duke of Yorke" directed thus when providing an oath to be administered to "packers of beefe, porke, and other things for the towne of —, you do hereby Swear by the name of the Everliving God that you will well and truly Pack all Beefe, Porke, and other things when you shall be thereunto required; you shall Pack no kinde of Goods but such as are good and Sounde, nor any Goods in any Caske that is not of a Just and full Gage; you shall also sett your partner's particular marke upon all Caske Packed by you; and in all things proper to place of a packer you shall faithfully discharge the same from time to time according to your best Judgment and Conscience. So help you God."

Would it not be well to hark ourselves back to the times of the princely scion of the house of Stuart, and there gather a suggestion for the enlightenment of our progressive administrations, who represent the compounding of three centuries of economic wisdom?

Again the old English law of "The Duke of Yorke" provides that "the payment of the Rate of publique Charges shall be made in Corne beefe or porke, at the price herein mentioned (that is to say), wheat not exceeding 5s. the Bushell, Rye and pease 4d., Indian Corne 3s., and oats 2s. 6d., beefe att 3d. and porke att 4d. per pound and no other payment shall be allowed of."

But "The Duke of Yorke," three centuries ago, knew all that, for his government was compelled to meet the same emergencies that ours must, and they grappled with it, too, in the "Corn Laws." And when the mercenary bakers of bread in those ancient days profiteered on the size of the loaf of bread or the quality thereof, this law was made to block them:

"Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that henceforth every baker shall have a distinct mark for his bread, and keep the true assizes, as hereafter expressed. . . .

"And so proportionately, under penalty of forfeiting all such bread, as shall not be of the Several Assizes aforementioned, to the use of the poor of the town where the offense is

committed, and otherwise as is hereafter expressed. And there shall be in every Market towne two able persons annually Chosen Who are hereby Authorized to enter into all houses, either with a Constable or without, where they shall suspect or be informed of any bread baked for sale, and also to weigh the said bread as oft as they see cause, and seaze all such as they shall find Defective; As also to weigh all Butter made up for sale, and brought into, or being in the town or market, to be sold by Weight, Which if found Light, after notice once given, shall be forfeited in like manner."

Elephants as Swimmers.

Elephants do their best work in floating streams, working the timber with the current, releasing logs from jams and rolling the stranded logs back into the water. The elephant drivers have a special "elephant" language which the animals understand—a special elephant vocabulary with such terms as "Push sideways," "Roll," "Pull out," "Stop," "Lift your chains." It is very interesting and exciting to watch the elephants at work in high water (according to a writer in Asia). They are magnificent swimmers. When they swim from bank to bank, herding the logs that require their special attention, you see nothing of them except the tips of their trunks, through which they breathe, and the mahouts, or drivers, who are generally in water up to their waists. If a big stack or jam breaks suddenly where elephants are working, they know the danger of being overtaken. They trumpet and clear off to either bank or swim downstream as fast as they can go. I once saw an elephant working at the head of a jam slip off a rock into deep water and get swept under the stack. We all believed that he was a goner, but every now and then we were surprised to see his trunk come up through the logs, suck in a long breath, and disappear. The trunk would reappear each time further downstream. He finally emerged at the foot of the jam, very much blown, but otherwise none the worse for his accident. But he would not go near a pile of timber in high water for a year afterwards. This particular work is called "hounding."

As a rule, birds do not fly at a greater height than 1000 feet. Eagles have been known to fly to a height of 6000 feet. A lark will rise to the same height, and so will crows.

Rev. William Burgess of Chicago says the modern play would shame the devil, and declares that the stage will bring the downfall of the nation unless checked.

The fine balance between heaviness and mildness explains in part its very choice aroma.

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"BROKEN BLOSSOMS."

"Broken Blossoms," the latest film play of magnitude produced by D. W. Griffith, has been so skillfully and persistently advertised that the curiosity of the public has been strongly excited. As a result there was, without any need of employing a press agent's exaggerations to emphasize the fact, a capacity house. Quite a number of magnates in the movie world were present and, I doubt not, many members of the acting profession who were not on duty the first night. Mr. Griffith has demonstrated the possession of many gifts as a picture play producer. In "Intolerance" he showed a grandiose imagination, and a tremendous ability in working out the details of his marvelously crowded picture schemes, while in the play that ran parallel to the major theme much skill was displayed in working upon the sympathies of spectators.

"Broken Blossoms" is a play appealing partly to our fundamental love for strong, melodramatic action, partly to the sense of injustice of displaying the scorn of a primitive people for those of an alien race, and partly to the sympathy felt for those tender and shrinking spirits which are beaten down to the dust in the great life-race.

However, since audiences enjoy spectacle, spectacle they should have. And that is where the advertising came in. Public curiosity was stimulated to the highest degree, for it was promised that there should be a mingling of effects out of the ordinary, due to the introduction of interpretive dancing, novelties in lighting, and a spoken prologue.

Thus, in accord with all these advertising flourishes, the inner lobby of the Curran is all decorated with a trellis of artificial pink blossoms, and a gilded Buddha god—made in America, one divines, for there is none of that baffling, sphinx-like mystery of the East in his cheerful countenance—squats upon his pedestal, while before his shrine are placed votive offerings of flowers and fruit.

There is a sort of spoken overture to the play, preceding the musical one. The Master of the Show looks through a gilded screen placed at one side, and, in grandiose language, interprets for his hearers the various meanings of the dances, the tableaux, and the pictures, preliminary to the play proper; beautiful specimens of the photographic art in which the lights and shadows are most artistically intermingled, so that every object is presented in softened and idealized guise.

However, all these are but preliminaries;

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the play's the thing. The dancing was not particularly interesting, and if other people's thoughts wandered away from the sounding words of the Master of the Show as did mine the general attention could not have been very strongly centred upon them.

In fact, the pink-blossomed trellis, the Buddha, the Master of the Show, and the tableaux he expounded were all merely fulfillments of the promises made in the advertisements by Mr. Griffith's very excellent publicity man, whoever he may be.

And one could find other things to cavil at. I'll wager, for instance, when they presented the piece in the East that the stage was set with a more filmy and ethereal background to the interpretive dances. And the pictures of Love and of the Purple Grapes of Agony were decidedly crude placed in comparison to the beautiful photographs and the carefully posed and lighted tableaux. Also when the Master of the Show—in other words, Fate—flourished his lash as symbolic of the attitude of life toward the broken little blossom that is the heroine of the play, why was it tinsel? Only, I fear, to make us Western yokels stare, there being no underlying symbolism as far as I could see to the tinsel.

But when they finally got down to business they had us with them; had us more than I had dared to hope; all these magniloquent preliminaries tending to deprive an unduly suspicious observer of some of his hopes for a moving and exciting play.

Pathos is the keynote of the story; the pathos that in this hard and hustling world attaches to the gentle souls unable to cope with its cruelties. The play is adapted from a short story by Thomas Burke called "The Chink and the Child." It is a story located in London's Chinatown, the rôle opposite to that of Lucy, dazed by the unremitting cruelties of her brutal father, and shrinking through the noisome streets like a scared rabbit, being that of a gentle young Chinese disciple of Buddha, who has been sent away from his native surroundings to earn his bread in an unsympathetic and alien land.

These two lonely souls fate draws near together, the young Chinese gently ministering to the bruised and fainting little refugee with a tenderness she had never before known. Their all too brief idyl—the idyl between a pure-hearted and poetic boy and a wistful, unawakened girl—begins. But in that crowded quarter the trembling refugee is soon discovered.

Battling Burrows is a horrible creation, worse even than Bill Sykes in his gratuitous cruelty. The pause in the piercing pathos of the story is over. Lucy's crown of sorrow is pressed down upon her bleeding brows. Here the acting of Miss Lillian Gish rises to remarkable heights of intensity, viewed from photo-play standards. The young actress gives a really wonderful presentation in pantomime of the girl of fifteen delivered over to overmastering terror, her writhing features expressing an instinctive perception that the ravaging brute in pursuit will be appeased by nothing short of murder. An immense, devouring pity seizes us as we see the drooping little flower scorched and withered in this lurid glare of horror.

The rôle of Battling Burrows, the pugilist, is entrusted to Donald Crisp, who, in the graphic representation he gives of brutishness and elemental cruelty, sways the spectator to almost violent sensations of revolt.

The rôle opposite the girl, that of the pensive Chinese youth who sought in the cruel slums of London to practice the gentler teachings of Confucius, is played by Richard Barthelmess, a youth whose refined features show immaturity of years, but whose understanding of the art of pantomime seems to be a ruling instinct. The young actor played his part with delicate restraint and with an Oriental deliberation, and on his musing countenance he painted the lights and shadows of passing dreams.

Among the hard-faced men with whom Cheng Huan was forced to daily barterings the poetic idealism which he cherished in his secret soul could not but show. This was the triumph of the young player. He was always the gentle and tender poet astray in a wilderness of thorns which tore and bruised his spirit, while still his soul clung steadfastly to the memory of the wise and healing sayings of Confucius.

The climax of the play is terrible. But the end is peace. Only thus could those tender and shrinking souls find immunity from "man's inhumanity to man." It should be added that the music is a fine feature of the performance. In the thematic overture that follows the spoken prologue each character is expressed by a musical motive strongly in sympathy with each character conception. The music includes original compositions by Louis F. Gottschalk and D. W. Griffith, and all the selections are markedly instrumental in molding the mood into harmonious accord with the action.

Photographers will be thrilled by the impressionistic touch to the pictures, and by the strange and startling color effects produced in the piece, which it is difficult to describe, but which in many cases bathe the pictures in a

soft, luminous glow of suggested color without actually coloring the objects represented.

THE ACTORS' STRIKE.

It was bound to come. Middle class workers, clerks, accountants, those belonging to the professions, have never heretofore organized in earnest. Detachments of some of the European armies struck during the war, but they struck without previous organization. The middle class, we will call them—that is the educated workers—have always been the class crushed between the upper and nether millstone. They were the ones that got it in the neck when capital and labor came to grips.

And the employers of typists, stenographers, and small clerks and assistants, although fully aware that labor was paid for every extra hour of work, continued hoping piously that the evil day would long be averted when their employees would demand a similar privilege. It hasn't come yet, but it will. This strike of the actors is one of the signs that the cessation of the great world war has not resulted in the extermination of the fighting bug that for five long years has been agitating humanity. There will be other organizations, other strikes. The teaching forces in several cities have organized, and have either discussed affiliating with the labor unions or have done so.

The Actors' Equity Association has applied for a charter in the American Federation of Labor, and if it is granted the public will become very much aware of an organization to which heretofore it has paid little heed.

This association of actors was formed in 1913, its aim the amelioration of certain unjust working conditions; or so the actors considered them, and doubtless the working public, in large part, will agree with them. At present Francis Wilson, known to fame as an actor, but who also in his day—he has retired from the stage—officiated as manager, is its president. Bruce McRae is the vice-president, Grant Stewart the secretary, and Frank Gillmore the executive secretary. On the list of its council are to be found such names as E. H. Sothern, George Arliss, Barney Bernard, Helen Ware, Frank Curran, Grant Mitchell, Thomas A. Wise, John Cope, and Florence Reed.

The managers, in their turn, formed a United Managers' Protective Association, headed by Mr. Sam H. Harris, which includes every important manager in the country; and shortly after that the storm burst.

The actors of the Equity made the demand that they be reimbursed for a longer proportion of the rehearsing period preceding the public production of a play. Also they wanted payment for all public performances exceeding the regular number of eight; which is one for each night in the week and a matinee. By this arrangement it will be observed that actors are paid neither for mid-week nor for holiday matinees.

The precipitation of active war was caused by the refusal of the managers to deal with actors with a grievance through their association.

As the Actors' Equity Association now numbers some 4000 members, and as the public rumormongers is attracting a still greater number, the association feels encouraged to hold firmly to its ground, and the public is at last becoming very much aware of the strike. The threat of applying the principle of the closed shop to the theatre has been met by the managers with the counter threat of utilizing new talent from the stock companies and the traveling organizations.

In the meantime events are moving rapidly. By August 13th twelve New York theatres had closed their doors. One cast after another in various theatres walked out, and the Equity announced that they had pledged support from delegates representing the Milkmen's Union, the Barbers' Union, and the United Mine Workers. It seems like a wild dream, doesn't it? Dramatic artists being supported by representatives of the milk and shaving business. It would seem, indeed, to be all part of the great wave of democracy that is sweeping over the world.

The Equity men have employed good military tactics in their strike, the "walk-outs" taking place when audiences were assembled, and the performances just ready to begin. And the audiences got up, groaned, accepted their money, and performed their own walk-out, finding actor pickets in the streets. The managers also groaned, and acknowledged that it looked like war in earnest.

In the meantime the chorus people met, several hundred were enrolled, and the Chorus Equity Association, recognized as a subsidiary of the bigger Equity, was formed.

By August 24th twenty-three of New York's playhouses were closed, the cause of the Equity being strengthened by the sympathetic walkout of stage hands and musicians.

A further strategic move by the Equity is the notification to managers of moving-picture theatres to bar all picture plays manufactured by companies affiliated with the Producing Managers' Association.

These are the facts as gleaned from the

daily press. The conclusion to be derived from them would seem to be that managers, in common with employers of workers of any kind, are facing a diminution of profits. They can, of course, cut down actors' salaries, which, judging from rumor, frequently soar to very fancy figures. But this is only rumor, it being part of the method of investing with a romantic halo the popular favorites who figure in the drama by crediting them with the receipt of huge salaries.

What strikes a dispassionate surveyor of the whole contention is that the principle established in the trades unions—extra pay for extra work—is bound to spread. At present the world is in a state of transition, and the fighting bug prevails. Laborers are in receipt of such huge wages that it is bound to affect other workers. It was noticeable during the shipbuilding rush, when the pay of riveters soared to dizzy heights, that a number of professional men, including in some cases actors, sailed in and earned their share by doing manual work. And after the educated worker has enjoyed the agreeable sensation of personally experiencing drawing the fancy rates paid to labor it is not probable that he is going to settle down contentedly to his more modest stipend or to a less liberal policy of dealing with him.

The striking actors, by the way, are now earning money on their own account. The Equity is giving its own show at the Lexington Opera House in New York. They have the sympathy of the public—the plain public.



XXI.

A Fair Water Rate

What is a fair water rate?

It is a rate which does not overtax the consumer, and which enables the company to earn a proper return.

If the great mass of consumers find water charges oppressive, the rate is too high.

If the company does not earn enough to attract the capital it needs to render good service, the rate is too low.

The rate must not be so high that the price of water is prohibitive.

It must not be so low as to handicap the company in meeting its obligations to the community and to the shareholders.

A rate that is too high or too low ultimately works injustice to both of us.

Your interests and ours are bound together. There must be no injustice between us.

It's a case of "live and let live."

A fair water rate is one about which neither the consumer nor the company can reasonably complain.

It is one which is deemed fair by a just judiciary.

**SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY**

by the way—for every scrap of standing room has been sold repeatedly. To be sure, they have a star cast, Ethel Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Conway Tearle, Doris Rankin, Joseph Santley, Brandon Tynan, and Hassard Short playing diverse parts.

In the meantime, to make things still more interesting, the Independent Actors' Association, in opposition to the Equity, has been formed, headed by George M. Cohan, and many prominent players have joined. At present, however, the Equity is playing the rôle of winged victory, for all but three of the legitimate theatres in New York are dark.

The presumption is that this opposition association has been formed because there are, in many cases, extremely cordial relations between managers and actors, or that the actors are sometimes managers themselves. For it is the most difficult thing in the world for stubborn human nature to separate its convictions from what affects its personal profit. There are big names, also, in this Independent Actors' Association; among them Minnie Maddern Fiske, David Warfield, Holbrook Blinn, Louis Mann, William Collier, and George Barnum.

The Equity, however, can also boast numbering among its members very prominent Thespians. Francis Wilson, its president, to strengthen the cause, has returned to the stage, after an absence of eight years, and will act at the Lexington Opera House, while if Otis Skinner is not a member of the Independent Association he probably will be, so emphatic is his opposition to the actors' strike, which he regards as "intemperate violence" and as being "intensely repugnant" to his sentiments. Mr. Skinner was, in fact, a member of the Equity, but has sent in his resignation to that body.

The latest news from the seat of war is the formation by the striking actors of a "National Coöperative Theatre," organized to produce vaudeville and legitimate shows for road tours. Also the International Alliance of Stage Hands and Motion Picture Operators voted to stand by the Actors' Equity Association to the finish.

All the legitimate theatres in Chicago are also dark, and the striking actors are also planning to have productions there with an all-star cast, with one-night stands in various cities to follow.

In the meantime the opposition organization, headed by George M. Cohan, is trying to effect a settlement of the strike, and intervention by the American Federation of Labor, hinging on the pending arrival of Samuel Gompers from Europe, is eagerly expected.

So the fight is on. Unless there is a speedy and spectacular wind-up, due to the intervention of the Federation of Labor, all the big cities will play their share in the battles that must ensue. No doubt the picture-play industry will be involved, judging from the

effects of one shell fired by the Equity, and the general amusement-loving public will be forced to take a personal interest in the fight.

As for the fight itself, it was inevitable, in view of the increasing victories of labor; and, it seems to us on the outside, that its demands are so much more just and reasonable than those being made at present by labor that it has a considerable number of chances for victory.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

The genius of film art, David Wark Griffith, has startled San Francisco into appreciation of the artistic with the newest film masterpiece, "Broken Blossoms," one of the simplest and certainly the most æsthetic work of photography and story-telling the city has known. The Curran Theatre has been taxed to capacity since the opening last Sunday night, which marked the Pacific Coast premiere of "Broken Blossoms."

Griffith once more sets the artistic standard; he again compels comparisons which will lift competitive screens to a higher level. There has been a severe decline in the art in recent months, largely due to the hunger for the sensational. It was Griffith who held the attention during the war period with his "Hearts of the World," and it is Griffith again in these days of reconstruction who leads to turning to the broader international viewpoint with his "Broken Blossoms." The lover of the beautiful, disgusted with the viciousness which runs wild on the screens these days, must turn once more to Griffith for satisfaction.

Griffith adapted "Broken Blossoms" from the story of "The Chink and the Child," by Thomas Burke, but he has far exceeded the power of the written word with his film. It would be impossible for the greatest master of language to picture the emotions, good and evil, as Griffith has perpetuated them.

The Alcazar.

The only strictly dramatic entertainment in San Francisco during Pacific Fleet week, commencing next Sunday afternoon, with a special matinee on Labor Day (Monday), will be George M. Cohan's famous comedy, "The Miracle Man"—the original spoken play, not a picture. "The Miracle Man" not only snaps and sparkles with Chohanesque humor and radiates wholesome romance, but it conveys a great message of abiding faith, gladness, good cheer, and clean living. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson personate the leaders of a band of New York confidence crooks who invade a simple Maine village and are made to walk straight through the influence of a patriarchal old faith healer whom they seek to use as a dupe for wicked pur-

poses. The long cast also includes Thomas Chatterton as "Pale Face Harry," Henry Shumer as the fake invalid "The Flopper," Vaughan Morgan as the crippled boy who is made whole, Rafael Brunetto as "The Patriarch," Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Edna Shaw, Al Cunningham, Nate Anderson, Graham Earl, and others in vivid characterizations.

To follow, Monday, September 7th, with special matinee on Admission Day, comes the first San Francisco presentation of "Young America," a delightful humanity comedy about a bad boy of a neighborhood and his dog and the newly-weds whose suburban home is thrown into an uproar when the plucky little bride rescue him from a juvenile court.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present next week a special bill in honor of the arrival of the fleet, which will be headed by the soldier stars and original chorus in the New York musical comedy, "Putting It Over." Almost every division of the American army had a soldier show. These were encouraged by the War Department, in fact the Morale Corps was created, whose principal business was providing diversion for the troops. Two of the most successful soldier shows were "You Know Me Al" and "Let's Beat It," produced by the Twenty-Seventh Division. "You Know Me Al" was rehearsed at Camp Wadsworth and produced in New York and "Let's Beat It" was rehearsed in Flanders and produced at Oudezule. The opening performance of "Let's Beat It," given in Flanders just back of Mt. Kimmel, was attended by King George of England, Field Marshal Haig, General Plummer in command of the Second British Army, General Pershing, and numerous other distinguished officers. When the division returned to America and was discharged seventeen soldiers who had taken part in either one or the other shows formed a little company of their own, selected choice bits from both shows, and produced "Putting It Over." It was such a hit that the men were persuaded to remain actors for a season. This they did, with the result that "Putting It Over," played by soldier stars and chorus, is now a vaudeville headliner. However, every one of the seventeen ex-soldiers in the cast of "Putting It Over" saw service overseas. Five were wounded in action and five were cited for bravery. "Putting It Over" is a musical revue with pretty girls who are not girls but soldiers, prima donnas, and in fact every kind of principal known to a musical production.

Lloyd and Christy, "the Two Southern Gentlemen," will present a clever, witty, and amusing dialogue which has proved a great hit in the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit in which it has already been presented.

Estell De Shon, a contralto of fine voice and culture, and Eula Howard Nunan, a gifted pianist, who was soloist with Mme. Schuman-Heink, will present a delightful programme. "Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin will introduce a novelty singing and dancing act entitled "Sweaters."

The Clinton Sisters are two exceptionally clever girl dancers who present a series of costume dances, appearing in turn as Chinese, Gipsies, Egyptians, and fisherfolk.

La Bernicia, assisted by Yvonne Verlaire and company of classic dancers; Marion Harris in new ragtime ditties, and the famous prima donna, Mme. Marguerita Sylva, in new songs will be the remaining numbers in a bill that promises rare entertainment.

Symphony Orchestra.

The season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will open with a symphony concert in the Curran Theatre on Friday afternoon, October 10th. The members' season ticket sale has been highly gratifying. The sale is being conducted in the offices of the association in the Phelan Building. The season ticket sale for the public will open on September 22d. Season tickets are being sold for the three series of concerts announced for the season—Friday symphonies, Sunday symphonies (repetitions), and Sunday "popular" concerts.

The fact that under the revised provisions of the United States revenue act no tax is required on tickets of admission to symphony concerts should make for added stimulation of the seat sale. The performances of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be the only local musical events the tickets to which will not be taxed by the government.

Following are the concert dates for the season: Friday symphonies, October 10th and 24th, November 7th and 21st, December 5th and 19th, January 2d, 16th and 30th, February 13th and 27th, March 12th; Sunday symphonies, October 12th and 26th, November 9th and 23d, December 7th and 21st, January 4th and 18th, February 1st, 15th and 29th, March 14th; Sunday "Pops," October 19th, November 2d, 16th and 30th, December 14th, January 11th and 25th, February 8th and 22d, March 7th.

A London preacher declares that a theatre exclusively for the Christian church is essential to the public welfare.



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Memorial to Roosevelt.

As a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, a forest biological station, devoted mainly to the study of wild-animal life, has been established at the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse University. This station is believed (says the August *Popular Mechanics Magazine*) to be the first of its kind to be established in the world. It is considered to be of great importance to foresters and zoölogists, though it is a project in which many simply interested in the conservation of wild life feel concerned. A better knowledge of all kinds of wild animals, birds, and fish is necessary, according to authorities, to enable lawmakers to pass suitable legislation for the protection and conservation of game. The idea of the biological station received the indorsement of the ex-President before his death.

First Delegate—How do we know whether the league will really work or not? Second Delegate—We don't. I can hardly wait for the next war to begin to find out.—Life.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irishman once went to a fair to sell two pigs, and as it happened they were minus the tails. After he had them sold he said to the jobber: "You must sell them wholesale." "Why?" said the jobber. "Because you can't retail them," replied Pat.

"The Germans," said Senator Lodge, "display a naive selfishness in their peace demands which reminds me of a story. A father patted his son's shoulder in sentimental fashion one day and said: 'My son, when I die I propose to leave you every dollar I possess.' 'I'll allow you a 5 per cent discount for spot cash, father,' said the son."

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present, "I always mane to do me duty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." "Thanks, yer honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."

A college professor who was always ready for a joke was asked by a student one day if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits. "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?" "Well," said the student, "you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip." "That may be," said the professor, with a twinkle in his eye, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

One morning an old man was busy in the backyard with a saw and hatchet, when the next-door neighbor came to inquire after the health of his wife. The wife, it seems, had taken a severe cold. "Good-mornin', Mr. Smith," said the neighbor: "how is Mrs. Smith this mornin'?" "Just about the same," answered old Mr. Smith. "She didn't sleep very well last night." "Poor dear," said the neighbor, sympathetically. "I s'pose that's her coughin', aint it?" "No, it aint her coffin," said Smith, keeping his eyes on his work. "It's a new hen house."

He was looking for a good canine companion, and had answered an advertisement in the newspaper. The following conversation ensued: "You advertise a sensible dog for

sale?" "Yep." "What do you mean by a sensible dog?" "This pup has never had a ribbon around his neck and has never ridden in a limousine since the day he was born. He's a happy-hearted, bone-burying, cat-chasing, 100 per cent dog."

A young man was accepted and he said joyously: "Then, darling, we'll get married at once. Of course, at first, we shan't be able to keep a servant." "Oh, Jack, hadn't we better wait then?" she protested. "What would the neighbors say if they saw me doing my own work?" Jack looked puzzled. "Why, sweetheart," he said, "whose work do you want to do?"

Thompson, an enthusiastic golfer, was complaining bitterly to his friend Brown about the bad manners of some of the club members. "Look at Jones, for instance!" he said. "The ass actually crossed my tee just as I was going to drive. What would you have done if you had been in my place?" "Well," said Brown, "seeing that he crossed your tee, I would have dotted his eye."

Mr. and Mrs. Oldwed had so many children they didn't know what to do so they took the whole pack off to a picnic on the river, and let them run riot. Suddenly a small boy ran up to Mr. Oldwed and cried out: "Papa, papa! Archibald has fallen into the water!" "Archibald, Archibald!" repeated the father. Then he turned to his wife. "Alice," he inquired, anxiously, "have we an Archibald?"

Mr. MacTavish attended a party where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell. "But, Sandy, man," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet, with the evenin' just started?" "Nay," said MacTavish, "I'm no goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good-night while I still know ye all."

At one of the famous Lambs' Gambols a few years back a young and aspiring actor appeared on the programme in an imitation of Nat Goodwin. Goodwin himself was present at the performance. After the gambol was over the young actor, much to his delight, succeeded in getting introduced to Nat. "Were you present at the performance tonight, Mr. Goodwin?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. "I was here." "And did you see my imitation of you, Mr. Goodwin?" continued the

young man. "Yes, I saw it," came the reply. "And," persisted the aspiring youth, "may I not ask you to give me your verdict on the excellence and fidelity of my art as disclosed in the impersonation of yourself?" "Well," said Goodwin, "one of us is rotten."

A professor was in Egypt supervising the erection of a telescope. He learned that a gun was fired every noon and was anxious to know how the system worked. He accordingly sought an interview with the gunner and asked how he knew just when to give the signal. "Oh, I look at my watch," replied the gunner. "And how do you correct your watch?" asked the professor. "I take it to the watchmaker in Cairo," explained the soldier, "and he tells me the error." Forthwith the professor interviewed the watchmaker and asked him to explain how he checked the error of the gunner's watch. "I always get the correct time from the gun," was the reply.

If there were one person with whom Mr. Coolidge wished to stand on good terms it was Charles Davidson, Esq., with whom he was trying to arrange some business matters of importance. So when he returned to his suburban home from the city and found his wife out and his ten-year-old son, William, entertaining Mr. Davidson he was a trifle anxious. He had discussed his hopes in regard to the business matter referred to before the boy with a freedom which he now regretted. "William," said Mr. Coolidge, after the visitor had departed, "what did you say to Mr. Davidson before I came in?" "Oh, lots of things," replied William. "Talked business with him mostly." "Talked business? What business?" "That business he and you are going to go into. I told him you had lots of better chances and I couldn't see why you wanted to go in with him?" "What better chances?" asked the surprised father. "That's just what he asked, but I wouldn't tell him for fear he would get ahead of you." "But what chance do you refer to?" again asked the father. "Why, wasn't you reading the other night in the paper about a man's getting rich by having a corner in wheat?" "Yes," said the puzzled father. "Well," continued William, "don't you own the corner lot next to our house, and couldn't you plant wheat there if you wanted to and get rich just like the other man?" "True," said the relieved father, "I had not thought of that." "And I told him, too," said William, "that you were awful rich." "Did you, indeed?" "Yes. You told mamma yesterday she was worth her weight in gold, and ma's pretty heavy, you know."

THE MERRY MUSE.

About Fishing.

(Inspired by a girl on a street-car who praised the impossibly good qualities of her fiancé.)

Myrt, the likeness seems to strike,
Maids and men are much alike.

Both go fishing now and then,
Men for fish and maids for men.

Hours do they fish and wait
Trying every sort of bait.

Now and then one gets away—
(Type won't print the things you say.)

Some are "short" (in size or tin),
With regrets you cast them in.

Then you catch one—luck again!
Land him with a gaffhook, then.

Throw him on the bank and flout him,
Then, O, how you lie about him!

—John D. Wells, in Buffalo News.

The Ballad of the Thoughtless Waiter.

I saw him lying cold and dead
Who yesterday was whole.
"Why," I inquired, "hath he expired?"
And why hath fled his soul?"

"But yesterday," his comrade said,
"All health was his, and strength;
And this is why he came to die—
If I may speak at length."

"But yesternight at dinnertime
At a not unknown cafe,
He had a frugal meal as you
Might purchase any day."

"The check for his so simple fare
Was only eighty cents
And a dollar bill with a right good will
Came from his opulence."

"The waiter brought him twenty cents.
'Twas only yesternight
That he softly said who now is dead
'Oh, keep it. 'At's a' right!'"

"And the waiter plainly uttered 'Thanks,'
With no hint of scorn or pride;
And my comrade's heart gave a sudden start
And my comrade up and died."

Now waiters overhurl this land,
In tearooms and in dives,
Mute be your lips whatever the tips,
And save your customers' lives.
—Detroit Saturday Night.

"Mother, I'm so lonesome. I've no one to play with," complained Albert. "Well, go and play with Dickey." "Oh, I played with him this morning and I don't believe he's well enough to come out yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Where Streams Burn.

The breakage of an old pipe line in Missouri has caused thousands of fish to die, cattle to go without water, cornfields to be ruined, and general consternation in the south central portions of this state along the Missouri River.

The pipe line carries oil from the Oklahoma and Kansas fields to the refineries in Indiana. It seems to have a way of breaking at spots. The result is that the oil seeks the low places, gets into the creeks, smothers the fish, and keeps the stock from drinking. When the pipe bursts in a corn field there is havoc.

Farmers try to burn the oil off the streams that stock may drink. This burning often cooks the fish, for the fire from oil is fierce. Clay bluffs have been baked up to a height of twenty-five feet. In the end burning does little good, for the sides of the creek are saturated with oil and the next rise taints the water.

The notice, "Ladies are requested to remove their combs," appears now on theatre programmes in London, because of the vogue of the huge Spanish combs among smart women. Some of the combs are of enormous size. The tortoise-shell vogue is an expensive one. A light tortoise-shell dressing set costs \$1000 or more.

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The publishers of SUNSET have notified THE ARGONAUT that our agreement with them will shortly be revised, but THE ARGONAUT, for a limited period, will continue in effect the special price of \$4.00 for SUNSET and this paper in combination, for one year.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Sunday at the Burlingame Club by Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. Mountford Wilson, and Commander William Van Antwerp.

Miss Maude Fay entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having among her guests Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove and Commander and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden.

Mrs. Howard Park entertained at a luncheon a few days ago in Burlingame, having among her guests Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Nancy Lane, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Miss Helen Pierce.

Mrs. Marshall Williams gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Archibald Tinning. Among the guests were Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Janet Coleman, Mrs. Gordon Bromfield, Miss Louise Bullock, and Miss Margaret Williams.

Mrs. Hayes Smith gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having as her guests Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. R. A. Curran, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mrs. Arthur Lord entertained at luncheon last Tuesday at the St. Francis, having among her guests Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. James Kenney, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a luncheon Wednesday at Woodside, having as her guests Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. William Tevis, and Mrs. Russell Wilson.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon a few days ago in Menlo Park, her guests including Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Nancy Lane, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Cecily Casserly, and Mrs. Howard Park.

Mrs. Athearn Folger gave a luncheon Monday in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Nancy Lane was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Tuesday by Miss Helen St. Goar. Among the guests were Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Katherine Bixby.

Mrs. Jonathan Crooks gave a dinner a few evenings ago in San Rafael, having among her guests Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Dudley Bates, and Mrs. Frank Anderson.

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. W. H. Taylor in Piedmont.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a luncheon Thursday in Burlingame, Miss Elena Eyre having been the guest of honor. Among the guests were Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Cecily Casserly, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn gave a tea Sunday in San Mateo in honor of General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett.

Captain and Mrs. J. J. Cheatham gave a dinner dance Saturday at Mare Island for their daughter. Miss Katherine Cheatham, who will leave next week for an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McCurdie are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

In various parts of Turkey the watch and the clock are extremely rare, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions they observe the shadow cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between. Another system followed in Turkey and some other countries of the Orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At 9 and 3 o'clock they are oval and at noon they consist of a narrow slit.

A factory in Norway is said to obtain aluminum from Labrador stone, heretofore regarded as valueless.

CURRENT VERSE.

August 4, 1918.

I.

By my seal set on your faces,
By the nameless dread,
By the shattering of strong places
And the life blood shed;
By these four years have ye known me
And the might in my hands.
I am Legion, and who shall dethrone me?
For my kingdom stands.

By the seal set on our faces,
By the nameless dread,
By the shattering of strong places
And the life blood shed;
By these four years we have known thee
And the might in thine hands;
Not yet may we break and dethrone thee,
For thy kingdom stands.

II.

Ye have heard my thunder by day,
By night they have shaken you;
To what gods, to what gods will ye pray
When my bolts waken you?
What bending of knees at what altar,
What passionate prayer
Shall avail you, what missal or psalter
Against the Slayer?

We have heard thy thunders by day,
By night they have shaken us;
To the gods of our worship we pray
When thy bolts waken us.
With bending of knees at their altar,
With passion of prayer,
We beseech that our faith do not falter
Before the Slayer.

III.

From lands beyond sound, beyond sight,
Your young men came,
In their eyes a terrible light,
In their hearts a flame;
They yearned unto death, they sought her
With eager breath;
In the barren places of slaughter
They are one with death.

On the plains of the earth and the sea,
In the waters under them,
Though the nations be joined against me
I will shatter and sunder them.
Through travail and torment and tears
My lordship is sure.
Though four times four were the years
Yet shall I endure.

From lands beyond sound, beyond sight,
Our young men came,
In their eyes a terrible light,
In their hearts a flame;
They feared not death, but sought her
With equal breath,
In thy barren fields of slaughter
They are one with death.

On the plains of earth and of sea,
In the waters under them,
The nations are joined against thee,
Thou shalt nowise sunder them.

—Westminster Gazette.

Callhan in the Coal Mines.

God, we don't like to complain—
We know that the mine is no lark—
But—there's the pools from the rain;
But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is—
You, in Your well-lighted sky,
Watching the meteors whizz;
Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon,
Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above,
And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, if You wish for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

—Louis Untermeyer, in "Challenge." Published by the Century Company.

To a German War Helmet.

Ironie censor of the ways of men,
Beneath thy frigid steel once frowned and smiled
A living, feeling man—a man no more!
Silent he sleeps upon the Flanders fields,
While thou alone art left, so eloquent
In gaping emptiness! Who was this man?
One of the millions herded on to slay
And then be slain, did he go down to death
Like stolid oxen prodded on to slaughter?
Or was he swept by waves of huge regret—
The picture of a waiting mother's face,
The memory of the rose he once received
From her he loved? Or did some great ambition
Go crashing to its ruin when he fell—
The prayers and toil of years, the fierce desire
To recreate the world in beauty's image,
To take dominion of the strength of nature,
Or fashion matchless words of lyric truth
To sing their way through time? Who was this man?

Answer, immobile mask of stoic steel!
Relate the story hinted by thy silence!
Proclaim, in language all the world may read,
Thy dumb indictment of the ways of men!

—Stanton A. Coblenz, in New York Times.

The following composition on "The Angelus" was written by a New York school-boy: "This picture was painted by Malay. It contains a man and a woman, a pitchfork, wheelbarrow, and a church steeple. The man and the woman are very poor and they have been digging potatoes because they need them to live on. The potatoes look quite small. Just at sunset they hear a bell ring, it is the Angelus, it means they must pray. So they bow their heads and pray for bigger potatoes."

CALIFORNIA HOUSE MEMORIAL.

Miss Julie Helen Heyneman reports the following additional donations for the California House Memorial Ward to be established in the Edith Cavell-Marie Depage Hospital and School for Nursing in Brussels, Belgium:

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Subscriptions may be sent either to Mr. Bruce Porter, 944 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, secretary for California, or direct to the Central Trust Company of New York, Forty-second Street, New York City.

THE WORD "SOCIALISM"

At this hour, when the term "socialism" is on every American's lips, when socialistic elements are increasing in France and triumphant in Germany, and when Russia is a menacing example of socialism gone mad, it is of interest to note the origin and development of the word. It is not an old word—born in 1803—but probably it is the only noun now heard in every language of the civilized world.

"Socialism" and "socialist" were first used by a Catholic priest of Vicenza named Giacomo Giuliani in his book, "L'Anti-Socialismo Confutato." Giuliani had no conception of what the word was to mean in later times. He used it (says Carl Halliday in the New York Evening Post) to define simply that mutual or community effort which is the opposite of hermit-like individualism, and naturally he bestowed considerable praise upon the term that, with its present radical meaning, is abhorred by his church.

Apparently the word was almost ignored during the next twenty-four years, and then, in 1827, in the *Coöperative Magazine* and *Monthly Herald*, published by disciples of Robert Owen, the famous English communist, "socialism" was used as identical with "communism." For the next five years it was seen but two or three times in English print; but that it had revived in France is shown by the fact that in April, 1830, Charles Pellarin designated the Saint-Simonists as "socialists."

As the term then stood, doubtless the Saint-Simonists were not in the least offended. One of their number, however, Pierre Leroux, an editor of the cult's official periodical, *Le Globe*, evidently thought the brothers of his order were far from being socialists; for when he published his "Philosophic Sociale" in June, 1830, he used the term "Socialism" in its strictly modern sense, condemned its theory, and then withdrew from the Saint-Simonists to establish a genuine Christian socialism. There were either not enough Christians or not enough Socialists; for the movement, after assuming considerable importance, passed away.

Apparently a Protestant pastor, Alexander Vinet of Geneva, without ever having heard of the writings just mentioned, recoined the noun on November 12, 1831, in an article entitled "Catholicism and Socialism" in a weekly periodical, *Le Semeur*. From this time forward the word seemed to "stick" in the memories of readers, and Vinet aided the process by publishing in Geneva in 1846 a weighty tome entitled "A Study of the Principles of Socialism."

Strangely enough, Vinet's volume has not one iota or trace of the theories, principles, and ideals of modern socialism. In fact, socialism meant to him exactly the same theory as Catholicism. He repeatedly asserted that the theories of both were identical. And, indeed, the word in its youth had little more significance than that mild form of common endeavor and helpfulness seen in a monastery or nunnery. That many Roman churchmen of the day thus defined the term is illustrated by the fact that within a few weeks after the appearance of Vinet's book, the Saint-Simonist, H. Jencieries, published in *Le Globe* an article on Victor Hugo in which socialism is inferred to be simply the natural tendency of human beings to organize into groups and to pass out of individualism.

Thus the word went from the continent to England and back again, to be spread far and wide over Europe. Even the enemies of the movement helped to make it famous. The most bitter foe, perhaps, that socialism has ever had was its historian, Reybaud, who made the term so well known that he has repeatedly been credited with creating it.

But it was in Germany that the word re-

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ceived its largest meaning and significance. In 1840 A. L. Chusoa, writing under the name of Rocban, made "socialism" familiar to every German reader. Then came, in 1842, that famous work, "Socialism and Communism," by Corenz Stein, a Vienna professor, who with typical Teutonic thoroughness dissected the subject, analyzed it, explored its ramifications; in short, entered into such extreme minutiae that the German intellectuals were delighted. The word and its meaning have traveled a long way in a hundred years. Probably no other term in the world's vocabulary has made such a rapid and far-reaching journey. But if socialism could make the round trip and view itself as it was defined in 1803, it undoubtedly would not recognize itself—nor want to.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richardson Clover and Miss Eudora Clover have arrived from Washington and have joined Admiral Clover at the St. Francis. The latter has been passing a few weeks at his ranch in Napa, having come to California in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Hansom Gruhn and Mr. Hall McAllister are spending a fortnight in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. James Hall has gone to Shasta to remain until the middle of September.

Miss Cornelia Clappett is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Willard Drown returned Thursday from a visit in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels left Saturday for New York.

Miss Amy Requa is visiting in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Russell. The marriage of Miss Requa and Mr. Russell, Jr., will take place in the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Butler and Miss Sara Butler left Saturday for their home in New York, after having spent the summer in California.

Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles spent the week-end in Menlo Park with the Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin have returned to San Mateo from the Feather River.

Mrs. Warren Matthews has gone to New York,

where she will be joined in the near future by Mr. Matthews. They will reside in the East indefinitely.

Major Bertram Cadwalader has returned from France and is staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin have purchased a house at Broderick and Green Streets.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns has returned to San Francisco from a long sojourn on the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. A. L. Sayre of Fresno has gone to Santa Barbara for a fortnight.

Major Charles Bull has arrived in New York from France and will return to California next week.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson has returned to Burlingame from Tahoe, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. Edgar De Pue returned Saturday from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Michel Weill left last week for New York to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick will return tomorrow to Menlo Park from Del Monte.

Mr. Ralph Robinson of Baltimore is visiting his sister, Mrs. William Fullam, in Coronado.

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Winn are visiting Mrs. George Boardman at her summer place in Ross.

Major and Mrs. Philip Wales, who have been summering in Menlo Park, are passing a few days in town at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leimert arrived last week from New York and are at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chisholm, who arrived last week from Cleveland, Ohio, and have been at the St. Francis, will leave today for the Orient to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson have taken a house on Mason Street near California.

Miss Helen Dean has gone to Shasta Springs to recuperate from her recent illness.

Major B. L. Cadwalader, U. S. A., has returned from France and is staying at the St. Francis. He spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader.

Mr. Francis McComas has arrived from Monterey and is at the St. Francis for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned from their ranch in Sonoma County. They spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Miss Lillian McCarthy of Los Angeles is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, in Burlingame.

Mrs. William Leih has returned to San Francisco from Tahoe.

Miss Nancy Lane has returned to Piedmont, after a week's visit in town with Miss Helen St. Goar.

Mr. Reginald Fernald of Santa Barbara is spending a few days at the Palace.

Mrs. Gilbert Hawkins has taken a house in San Mateo for the autumn and winter months.

Mr. John Carrigan has arrived from the Philippines and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey left Saturday for Banff to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Storey of Chicago arrived the first of the week and are guests at the Fairmont. They will spend the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott are spending a few days in town. They have been summering at Carmel.

Miss Josephine Parrott has gone to Chico for a visit of several days at the Parrott ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes have gone to Glacier Park for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois have returned from Tahoe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. Frank Preston has arrived from Medford, Oregon, for a sojourn of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler are visiting in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer.

Mrs. Lillie Sprckels Holbrook arrived last week from San Diego and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold de Ropp have returned to Santa Barbara from their wedding trip.

Mrs. Henry Field of Chicago, who arrived in San Francisco recently from the Orient, left last Wednesday for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and Master Bruce Kelham have reopened their home in Sea Cliff, after summering in Ross.

Miss Lily O'Connor has returned to San Francisco from visiting Mrs. Warner Leeds in Santa Barbara.

Among arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. Kakachi Uchida, Japan; Mr. A. M. Bais, Batavia, Java; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kendall, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. George H. Thomas, Los Angeles; Mr. H. H. Jones, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sartori, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Metzger, Honolulu; Dr. E. B. Perrin, Williams, Arizona; Mr. Harold Weir, Seattle; Mr. E. E. Llewellyn, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Horace Reed, Buffalo, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Eli Sanger, Dallas, Texas; Mr. C. C. Magenheimer, Mr. Ora E. Monette, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Holbert, St. Paul; Mr. E. J. Jarvis, Boston; Mr. J. S. Dolan, Shanghai, China; Colonel A. S. Howard, U. S. A., Spokane.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mrs. D. D. Autry, Marietta, Oklahoma; Mr. James G. Pace, San Benito, Texas; Dr. J. M. Daly, Memphis, Tennessee; Mr. S. G. Gates, El Paso, Texas; Mr. D. A. McCullough, Rochester, New York; Mr. J. I. Lulin, Sacramento; Mr. E. J. Steinke, Los Angeles; Mr. S. E. Ross, Reno, Nevada; Mr. W. H. Kirschner, Seattle; Mr. W. J. Palethorpe, Los Angeles; Mr. C. B. Wallis, Fuld, British Columbia; Mr. J. A. McElwee, Muskogee, Oklahoma; Mr. W. J. Howes, St. John, New Brunswick; Mr. H. V. Pond, Greenview, Illinois; Mr. C. A. Milton, Dodge City, Kansas; Mr. George Thompson, Seattle; Mr. Walter McManus, Pasadena; Mr. J. D. Turner, Modesto.

Romantic Miss—Oh, captain, there's a bottle! Perhaps there's something in it! *Captain*—Taint likely, miss. Nobody's throwin' 'em away with anything left in 'em nowadays.—*Judge*.

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Sea Fight Not New.

Most persons have forgotten that an attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean in an airship was made by the balloon *Atlantic*, Professor Washington H. Donaldson in charge, October 6, 1873.

Professor Donaldson had as companions Alfred Ford and George Ashton Lunt of the New York *Daily Graphic* staff, and the expense of the enterprise was borne by the New York paper, incidentally as an advertisement, but really as an earnest effort to accomplish what had hitherto been regarded as beyond the range of probability, if not of possibility.

History compels the statement, however, that the venture came to grief (says the *Boston Globe*). For the great bag which ascended from the Capitoline grounds in Brooklyn at 9:19 in the morning landed in New Canaan, Connecticut, about 100 miles distant, at 1:15, after having been in the air a small fraction under four hours.

The balloon was said to contain 300,000 feet of gas before it was sufficiently inflated for its proposed transatlantic trip. Its diameter was 100 feet and its height was 110 feet. When inflated and ready to start the distance from the keel of the lifeboat to the extreme height of the apparatus was 160 feet.

Attached to the airship was a regular ocean lifeboat, which contained besides its human occupants, a large and varied amount of supplies, which it was thought might be needed for the hazardous undertaking, and the greater part of which was thrown overboard to relieve the ship as the craft sped through space over the State of Connecticut.

Aboard the ship was a coop of carrier pigeons, and these were utilized in sending dispatches.

"Hiram, we want a contribution for the village band. They need horns." "You bet they do, the pesky devils," declared old Pop Wombat.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Contributor—I have here an original joke which I— Editor—My dear man, you don't look that old.—*Life*.

"Say, pa?" "What is it?" "If we take kitty on the boat, will we have to have nine life-preservers?"—*Judge*.

"John, I'm going to give music lessons." "Guess you'll have to. I'm afraid no one will pay you for them."—*Dallas News*.

"Have you any relatives living in the country?" "No; whenever we take a vacation we have to pay our own board."—*Boston Transcript*.

Visitor—Oh, I stepped on that man's foot! Studio Manager—Never mind. That wasn't the star; it was only the president of the company.—*Film Fun*.

"Were you ever disappointed in love?" "Two and a half times, dear lady." "Two and a half times?" "Yes; twice married and once rejected."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Contentment," remarked Shinbone, "am a mighty fine thing; de only trouble 'bout it is it's kin' o' hahd to 'stinguish from jes' plain laziness."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Do tuberose remind you of funerals?" "Some," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop; "though I must admit my wife's flower garden never

brings around such subdued and melancholy moods as my own little old mint patch."—*Washington Star*.

Restauraut Proprietor—Yes, I wuz all through it. Had two years of it an' never a scratch! Mess cook. Soldier (*toasting soup*)—Surprisin' you wasn't killed.—*Judge*.

The Pastor—So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly? Dolly (*brightly*)—Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from. I heard daddy say so.—*Argon*.

"Sir, I came to tell you I want to marry your daughter." "That doesn't surprise me, my hoy. I wanted to marry her mother when I was your age."—*Baltimore American*.

"He talks beautifully," "Huh?" "Says that after marriage I shall be a ministering angel to him." "Ugh. That sounds as if you'll have to carry in his breakfast."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He—Your cousin refused to recognize me at the Jazz last night; thinks I'm not his equal, I suppose. She—Ridiculous! Of course you are; why, he's nothing but a conceited idiot.—*London Blighty*.

"He is what they call 'a parlor socialist,' isn't he?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Not a regular 'red'?" "No. He's what I should call a pale pink, and liable to fade at that."—*Washington Star*.

Sis—What are you fishing in this stream for, Billy? Billy—Why, I want to get a fish like father caught here last year. It grows a couple of inches every time he talks about it.—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

Author—Would you advise me to get out a small edition? Publisher—Yes, the smaller the better. You see, the more scarce a book is at the end of a century or two the more money you realize from it."—*Boston Transcript*.

"We ought to investigate the expenditures of this board." "How much did it spend?" "Twenty thousand dollars." "What will an investigating committee cost?" "Thirty thousand dollars." "Good business. Go ahead."—*Judge*.

"Our friend Dustin Stax seems embarrassed sometimes, in spite of his fortune." "Yes," observed Miss Cayenne; "he is like a friend of mine who thinks that because she inherited a fine grand piano she is under obligations to try to play on it."—*Washington Star*.

"What's your push-button code?" "One ring—my stenographer breaks off conversa-

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tion with the handsome bookkeeper?" "Yes?" "Two rings—she pats her hair into place." "Go on." "Three rings—she finds her notebook. When I get thoroughly mad, she arrives."—*Judge*.

"Reggie," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those lovely cigars I gave you last Christmas." "No, my dear, I haven't," replied the wife's husband. "As a matter of fact, I intend to keep them until our little Willie grows up and wants to learn to smoke."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"William," cried the astonished lady, "what on earth are you doing standing before the mirror making those dreadful faces?" "Well, my dear," replied her husband, "I am to re-

ceive a presentation at our club meeting to-night, and as I am not supposed to know anything about it, I'm practicing a look of intense surprise."—*Tit-Bits*.

Willie—Gee! I wish I had a million dollars! I'd go to the picture show every day. Tommy—You'd take me with you, wouldn't you, Willie? Willie—Naw! If you're too lazy to wish a little for yourself, you can stay at home.—*Film Fun*.

Fond Mother—Tommie, where did you get that black eye? Didn't I tell you good little boys never fight? Tommie—Yes, and I believed you, ma. I thought he was a good little boy until I hit him, then found he wasn't.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

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VOL. LXXXV. No. 2215. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1919. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-third Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Politics in Army Administration.

Some three or four years ago experts of the War College, after a careful study of the defensive needs of the country, prepared the outline of "A Proper Military Policy," including a scheme for placement of the military forces of the country. The work was done under instructions from the then Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, who gave it his approval. The plan provided for placing the mobile troops of the army within the "principal strategic areas" of the country. The principal strategic areas were defined as the North Atlantic, California, and Puget Sound—that is, two on the Pacific and one on the Atlantic side of the continent.

Roughly speaking, the plan was to place approximately one-quarter of the total mobile army on duty in continental United States in permanent garrisons in each of these three strategic areas, with the remaining force distributed between the Mexican border and a concentration establishment in the Middle West. No consideration of politics entered into this plan. It was the result of a purely scientific military study. It was the fruit of the best military brains we have. But when Mr. Garrison left the War Department and when Mr. Baker came into it the project was thrown into the discard.

Last week Mr. Baker gave out a statement outlining

his plan for distributing the military forces of the country. It does not appear that the War College has had any part in devising it. Mr. Baker would distribute our military forces in seven divisions. Under his project three-quarters of our mobile army in continental United States is placed in the Southeast, a region of less strategic importance than any of the three defined in the War College report. It is a region from which, provided he ever made a landing, the enemy could be most easily chased out. Mr. Baker allots one division to the Middle West and one to the North Atlantic, but the bulk of his force is to be quartered in the Southeastern States. He makes no provision for the Pacific Coast. In justification he pleads climatic conditions in the Southeast and their effect upon continued training.

Military authorities dispute the soundness of this theory when opposed to the theory of training men where they would have to fight and where they would be most needed. Moreover, most of the population of the United States lives in the region which he abandons—or all but abandons—and lives there in better health conditions than those which obtain in the Southeast.

From a military point of view there is no justification of Mr. Baker's project. Apparently it is based wholly on considerations of politics. There is growing up in the South a sentiment tending to the break-up of its solid support of the Democratic party. The Administration obviously is seeking ways to counteract this movement. Quartering the army in the Southern States will help.

The Benicia Arsenal.

A congressional committee of which Hon. James A. Frear is chairman is here on a tour of inquiry with the view of determining whether the needs of the Pacific Coast demand a manufacturing arsenal, and if so, where it should be located. Already our northern states have been visited, and within the week the Benicia site has been inspected.

No one on the Pacific Coast and, we venture to add, no member of the congressional committee questions the necessity of establishing such a manufacturing arsenal. The fixed policy of the nation of maintaining an adequate sea force in our Western waters makes imperative the duty of the War Department of giving adequate corresponding support by land forces. Transcontinental transportation of war necessities to the Pacific in time of urgency is too perilous to be trusted. A tunnel dynamited or a trestle burned and the coast would be isolated in time of direst need, while the delay and risks attending sea transportation would but add to the peril.

Indubitably, then, if the Pacific Coast can maintain such a manufacturing arsenal it should at once be constructed. That it can do so is beyond cavil. Fuel we have in oil. Labor is abundant and the efficiency of our Coast labor is authoritatively declared to be 25 per cent, higher than that of any other part of the country. Such material as the Coast itself is not able to supply can readily be bought in quantities during periods of quietude.

There is then left for determination only one further question—that of the arsenal site. And here again we believe we hazard nothing in prophesying that the unanimous verdict of the committee will favor Benicia. The reasons justifying this conviction are many. Since 1851 the United States has maintained a storage arsenal at Benicia, where it owns some 350 acres of land. The location is unrivaled. There ocean navigation and that of our two navigable rivers meet. Within immediate communication are three of our four transcontinental railways. Our oil refineries and powder factories are within the touch of a hand. So also are all the great manufactories about the Bay of San Francisco. Mare Island Navy Yard, which of course must be protected,

is but a few miles distant. The arsenal lands have a deep-water frontage and any vessel which can enter the Golden Gate can tie up at a government wharf at Benicia. Nor should it be a negligible consideration that in these days when economy is the watchword the government would be saved the expense of purchasing lands. At Benicia every dollar of the government's money would go to improve what it already owns.

In 1890 an army board appointed by the President urged the necessity of constructing just such a manufacturing arsenal at Benicia. The development of modern warfare has but accentuated the necessity, notwithstanding the dictum of the War College that no arsenals should be constructed east of the Alleghenies or west of the Sierras or within two hundred miles of our borders. Practically all of the arsenals of the nation are on the Atlantic seaboard in locations rendering them far more liable to destruction than would be Benicia. Benicia would be in no more peril of bombardment than would the Mare Island Navy Yard, the powder mills, the oil refineries, and in far less peril than San Francisco itself. If the time ever comes when the Benicia arsenal is imperiled it would be after San Francisco and its bay are in the hands of an enemy. In such a catastrophe, whether the arsenal be a manufacturing one, as it should be, or a mere storage dump, as it now is, nothing would be left but hurried removal and destruction. Incidentally it may be added that England's great arsenals, all within a very few miles of ocean waters, did not suffer in the late war, and finally it is not amiss to call attention to the fact that the Pacific delegation to Congress unanimously declared that the Benicia arsenal should be upbuilt and maintained as a great manufacturing arsenal and the only one west of the Mississippi River.

Shantung and the Senate.

The senatorial situation with regard to the Shantung settlement is embarrassing enough, but it is not at all perplexing. The Senate is acting in accordance with its constitutional duties, which require its participation and acquiescence in the making of treaties. If it should allow itself to be directed or controlled or coerced in such a matter as this it would be an act of abdication, a surrender of its constitutional position.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has recommended the rejection of the Shantung settlement. This, of course, is not final, seeing that the Senate may disregard the vote of the committee. But it is by no means likely to do so. On the contrary it is nearly certain to sustain that vote. The treaty must then go back to the peace conference for amendment, and an ugly and dangerous situation with Japan will be created. The policies of America and Japan will be in sharp and isolated contrast, and the two powers will become the protagonists of conflicting and irreconcilable ideas. On the other hand it is to be remembered that our acquiescence in the Shantung settlement will grievously offend China, and we are by no means among those who regard China as a negligible quantity. It will be an ill day for the world when China shall decide that she has "had enough of it." Only a fatuous equanimity will regard the resentment of China with complacency. There are some very real standards of measurement that show China to be a much greater power than Japan. She is not quite the "helpless giant" and the "impotent colossus" that some of us have been pleased to believe. But we may hope that it is not a matter of measuring the material strength of the parties to this particular international suit. It ought to be, and it is, a matter of justice. It is also a matter wherein honesty is decidedly and conspicuously the best policy. If a mortal affront is to be given either to Japan or to China, then it is for us to consider the dictates of rectitude and of nothing else.

It is to consummate the cession of Shantung to Japan

that the President is about to tour the country. Japan will not join the league of nations unless she is allowed to have her way. Her adhesion to the new scheme for the government of the world by moral ideals must be purchased by a permission to commit a flagrantly immoral act. Our Puritan forefathers would have said that the blessing of God could never rest upon a scheme thus born of pillage and disgrace, and they would have had the rights of it. But what a spectacle! For a year or more we have been listening to the unctuous platitudes of a self-conscious rectitude and to denunciations of every one—particularly senators—who was supposed to stand in its way. The day of international justice had arrived; weak nations should no longer be the victims of the strong; the new moral law should defy alike the ancient diplomacies and the power of armaments. And now we see the actual alignment as it exists. It is the recalcitrant senators who are demanding the good, the beautiful, and the true, and it is the Administration that is resolved on the partition of an undefended and protesting China. We may derive much edification from the prospective spectacle of mutilated and outraged China appealing for justice to a league of nations built upon her ruins and cemented with her blood. And we may also foresee the result of such an appeal to a league council wherein the balance of power lie with England and France, who secretly guaranteed the aforesaid mutilation of an ally, and America, who stood by consenting to—indeed demanding—the letter of the bond and the pound of flesh. It is an unedifying spectacle.

Reformatory Enthusiasm and Common Sense.

Many times in connection with movements which conceive themselves to be founded in high moral purpose we are led to reflect upon the combination of stupidity and of viciousness embodied in the activities of the professional social reformer. Take, for example, our colleges: It is not too much to say that at least half of the young persons who fall under their influence enter their working life filled with notions at direct odds with the principles which lie at the foundation of our system and which have to be unlearned in the interest of patriotic spirit and of established social order. Many of our incipient bolsheviks and all of our parlor socialists are the product of a kind of teaching which overemphasizes Utopian "ideals" and makes no account at all of practical conditions. There is a type of mind—and its numbers are legion—that confounds idealistic theory with practical truth. It is—at least until it has rubbed up against the corrective force of practical life—unable to conceive that there are limitations to the application of what we may style laboratory analyses to working conditions.

Then there is the red-hot social reformer whose projects of social betterment tend to penalization of the worthy and the capable to the end of aiding—and incidentally pauperizing—the less worthy and the less capable. In blind efforts to promote social welfare they destroy the conditions in which alone individual independence and strength of character are forged. They go the full length of limiting the liberties for which the worthiest of the race have fought and died during many centuries because there are those who may not wisely use these liberties. It is upon the false logic of this type of reformer that we have recently set up prohibitory laws—a logic which declares that because A may abuse liberty B may not enjoy his legitimate advantages.

Current times afford many interesting illustrations: A year or two ago in our neighboring city of Los Angeles there was a close contest between social and political forces in a local election. The professional moralists, fired by a holy enthusiasm for social and political virtue, conceived the brilliant idea of employing students in the local schools to aid in the good work. At a wage of five dollars each they brought into electioneering service on the day of election some hundreds of schoolboys and schoolgirls. The work of these young persons, under careful instruction and drill, was to stand around the polling places and to harangue and otherwise annoy persons coming to cast their votes. The immediate effect was an impertinent annoyance of citizens who were minding their own business. The moral effect was the initiation of some hundreds of boys and girls into one of the worst vices of hoodlum politics. It would be difficult to conceive a more demoralizing lesson than that given to a multitude of young

persons by a day's participation in the very worst practices of machine politics.

In a dispatch from Chicago within the week we find another illustration of reformatory enthusiasm tending directly to widespread demoralization of young children. Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver is under sentence of imprisonment and fine for refusing as the law requires to give testimony in a court procedure. His plea, which we may easily respect, is that he would rather serve a sentence in jail and pay a fine than to testify to facts given him in confidence. Up to this point it is not difficult to sympathize with Judge Lindsey's point of view and to commend him for a species of martyrdom. But unhappily the matter does not end here; for now it is proposed to raise by penny subscription on the part of fifty thousand boys the amount of Judge Lindsey's fine. This project is commended as a "noble movement" by the long-hairs and the short-hairs who make up the morally-inspired entourage of Judge Lindsey's "Republic." It appears not to have entered the minds of the inspired ones that each of the fifty thousand boys who shall contribute a penny to this fund will receive in connection with his gift a lesson in anarchy. The whole motive and effect of the "noble movement" is lawless. It tends to contempt of Law in a country where Law is sovereign. It would not be easy to define a project more shrewdly calculated as a lesson in practical anarchy; and this lesson, in the sacred name of moral reform, is to be imposed upon fifty thousand youths in the most impressionable period of their lives.

Of moral enthusiasm, of moral progress, it is not possible to think or speak in terms too high. Upon it the welfare of the world depends. But movements in the cause of social morality minus judgment and minus restraint more frequently than otherwise tend to emphasize and multiply the mischiefs they are designed to correct. In no phase of human activity is there greater need of sound caution and true wisdom than in movements to change the established order of society. Alas and alack, too often reformatory enthusiasm lacks the ballast of common sense.

The Railroad Situation.

Mr. A. B. Garretson, formerly the chief of the Order of Railway Conductors, made a sensational statement in the course of his evidence before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Mr. Garretson explained that his mouth was closed so long as he occupied an official position. He is now free, and he hastens to defend the railroad organizations from a charge unjustly directed against them.

The four railroad brotherhoods, says Mr. Garretson, would never have made a demand on Congress for the Adamson law except at the request of President Wilson, who was then a candidate for reelection. They were forced into Congress unwillingly, and it was "only the influence and power and request of the President of the United States ever got us there. We went there in spite of our own desire to settle a question by our own methods. No living representative or senator ever heard a demand from a representative of one of the brotherhoods as to what he should do. No coercion was used on any member of Congress. I challenge any to question the correctness of this statement."

Now here is a matter on which we ought to be further informed. Mr. Garretson complains that the brotherhoods and himself were pilloried from the Atlantic to the Pacific for compelling the President and Congress to do certain things, whereas it was the President who compelled them to do certain things, and things that they did not wish to do. It was not upon their initiative that the Adamson law was passed. It was on the initiative of the President, who compelled them to make a demand that actually was not theirs at all and that they advanced with reluctance.

If Mr. Garretson can justify his statement—and he is certainly in a position to know the facts—then the brotherhoods are freed from the imputation that they took the government by the throat during a crisis and that they bent a national emergency to their own ends. But why should the President have incited them to make an appeal to Congress, and an appeal that bore such a striking resemblance to a threat. Did he believe it better that Congress should handle a matter that would otherwise have been settled by "our own methods"? Or did he wish to sustain his appeal to the country by a sensational bid for the votes of railroad

men on the ground that he had persuaded Congress to satisfy their demands? In other words, did he create a great crisis with its incalculable dangers in order that he might be the benefactor and the pacificator? It is hard to believe.

However that may be, the present demands of the railroad men are the direct and logical result of the Adamson law. Congress showed itself to be malleable, and it was inevitable that a pressure once successfully applied should be repeated. It has been repeated, and we need not doubt that it will be repeated again and again. There is no finality in such matters as this, but it is obvious that there must be a finality to the policy of surrender. Either we must admit that the nation exists for the benefit of the railroad men and that the chief object of the citizen's life is to earn money for railroad wages or some middle course must be found that shall be equitable to all. It is not only railroad men who are suffering from the high cost of living. We are all suffering from it, and the solicitude of the government is due to all alike. We learn now that large numbers of railroad men are unwilling to accept the modified advance offered by the President while waiting to see if prices are to move upward or downward. If they should decide to refuse the offer, then a dangerous situation will be created. The authorities have expressed their determination to keep the trains moving at all costs and to maintain the efficiency of the roads. But will they do it? Will they use the powers that they have? Will they live up to their declaration that they will consider any concerted act to interfere with the roads as a criminal conspiracy? They are brave words, but then we have had brave words so often.

Editorial Notes.

Just by way of reminder that we have troubles of our own in the shape of subject peoples we may observe the statement of Mr. Kenneth Roberts in the *Saturday Evening Post* with regard to the Filipinos. Mr. Roberts purports to quote a letter from Aguinaldo as to the unreadiness of his people for self-government, and he then goes on to state the opinions of certain persons to the effect that "Aguinaldo is against independence for the Filipinos at the present time." Aguinaldo promptly replies that he has written no such letter and that he has intimated to no one that he is opposed to independence. So while we are roaming about Europe championing the cause of any one and every one under the sacred principle of self-determination we may wisely recognize that there are some problems of the kind that are nearer home.

Another attack upon American aviators. These little incidents are growing monotonous. So are the reports from Washington to the effect that the authorities are investigating the matter with yardsticks in order to determine whether the aviators were north or south of the line. But does it matter? Is it lawful to fire on an aviator who happens to be carried out of his course by a gust of wind?

The art of glass decorating is not a modern Bohemian accomplishment. The Roman Cathedral of Prague contained, in 1276, two windows which were decorated with Old and New Testament scenes. Decorative windows soon become a favorite form of church ornamentation. Asnaes Sylvius, who subsequently became Pope Pius the Second and incidentally was a very close student of contemporary affairs of Bohemia, records that the churches of the Czechs possessed many "high and wide windows which were brightly and artistically decorated, and such style of decoration was not confined to the churches in the large cities and towns, but even the distant hamlets prided themselves on churches containing windows ornamented in a similar fashion." The curriculum of the division of technical arts of the University of Prague included courses in painting, wood-carving, and glass ornamentation. No degree was ever conferred on a student unless he could exhibit sufficient aptitude as a "glass man" or qualify in "glasserey," a practical demonstration of the high esteem in which this branch of the arts was held.

In honor of the members of the class of 1920 at Harvard who gave their lives in the war a memorial gate is to be erected at the university. It will serve as "the individual expression of the class's appreciation of services rendered by members of 1920 in the great war." Fourteen 1920 men died for the cause, while 435 were in active service, and thirteen others in auxiliary work. The gate, for which plans are now being drawn, will probably be located at the left of President Lovell's house, thus balancing the Dudley gate on the opposite side.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dr. Butler's Speech.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1919.

To THE EDITOR—Sir: It was with more than usual gratification that I read in this week's issue the verbatim report of President Nicholas Murray Butler's masterful address before the Commercial Club. Would it be possible for you to strike off a large number of copies of this address, so some could be placed in the hands of the business community of the country, thus spreading a sane, truthful, and logical propaganda of the high cost of living?

Very truly yours,

LOUIS A. SCHWABACHER.

Prohibition.

HAVERTFORD, PENN., August 28, 1919.

To THE EDITOR—Sir: I do not think that the great number of good citizens of the country who are opposed to prohibition, so unrighteously thrown upon us, need be disheartened by Mr. Palmer's recent opinion to the effect that the war-time prohibition act will be effective until a general peace is signed, rather than when the last troops are demobilized.

Opinions of Attorney-Generals, decisions of boards of appraisers and of internal revenue collectors, and, also, most police regulations are not law. They are only dictums and must be approved by a court of final appeal before they are binding upon the community. The status of the war-time prohibition act will be legally interpreted in some one of the test cases concerning it now pending.

Very respectfully,

EDMUND G. HAMERSLEY.

Mount Tamalpais.

CHICAGO, August 24, 1919.

To THE EDITOR—Sir: On my visits to San Francisco and California generally I have noticed that the name of the beautiful mountain near the Golden Gate is invariably mispronounced by newspaper men, lawyers, doctors, railroad men, street-car men, merchants, newsboys, and citizens generally, who call it "Tam-al-pie-as."

This is specially noticeable because of the fact that Californians, as a rule, take pains correctly to pronounce Spanish proper names, such as San Jose, Vallejo, San Pedro, La Junta, San Joaquin, Saltillo, Sierra Nevada, etc.

The correct way to pronounce Tamalpais is "Tam-al-pah-es," and in no Spanish word is the letter a given the sound of long i, as would be the case were "Tam-al-pie-as" correct.

Hoping the Argonaut will call the attention of its readers to this matter, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

ROSWELL T. SPENCER.

The Peace Treaty.

ROCKLIN, CAL., August 26, 1919.

To THE EDITOR—Sir: The treaty of peace with Germany provides in Paragraph 440 that: "A first *proces-verbal* of the deposit of ratifications will be drawn up as soon as the treaty has been ratified by Germany on the one hand and by three of the principal allied and associated powers on the other hand.

"From the date of this first *proces-verbal* the treaty will come into force between the high contracting parties who have ratified it. For the determination of all periods of time provided for in the present treaty this date will be the date of the coming into force of the treaty.

"In all other respects the treaty will enter into force for each power from the date of the deposit of its ratification."

This all seems clear enough and that the President was right in his contention that until we sign we must of necessity be without diplomatic and consular representatives in Germany.

As this "period of time" provision will bring into force almost the entire treaty, a controversy as to the meaning of this article arose when the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs met at the White House on August 19th.

The President held that Germany, if three powers ratified, agreed with these powers to do the things she promised to do in the treaty, but that such action on Germany's part "does not establish peace between her and other countries."

Senator Knox took the antagonistic ground that "as the requirements of the treaty are specific and that she (Germany) is to go out of the war business altogether, there is a conclusive inference in my mind that she is at peace with the world when those three ratifications are made."

It has direct bearing on Senator Knox's point that Article 428 of the treaty provides: "As a guarantee for the execution of the present treaty by Germany the German territory situated to the west of the Rhine, together with the bridge-heads, will be occupied by Allied and Associated troops for a period of fifteen years from the coming into force of the present treaty"; for this covenant is brought directly into force by the "period of time" provision.

Our interest is direct as well, for this means us. Ours are the "Associated troops" referred to, and Coblenz on the Rhine will be their postoffice address for at least the next ten and probably fifteen years after the treaty comes into force.

But there seems to be still another point. Just what is the limitation to or is meant by "determination of periods of time"?

The first clause of all in the treaty, preceding even the sacrosanct covenant of the league of nations itself, and neatly sandwiched between it and the roster of the "high contracting parties," states emphatically, without any equivocation, limitation, or qualification, that:

"From the coming into force of the present treaty the state of war will terminate. From that moment, and subject to the provisions of this treaty, official relations with Germany, and with any of the German states, will be resumed by the Allied and Associated powers."

The treaty, without dispute, comes into force when any three of the principal Allied and Associated powers sign. It is apparently limited to the parties signing, it is true, but the treaty is declared in force.

In the first paragraph it is stated without qualification or limitation with the coming into force of the treaty the war terminates.

More than this, by the "determination of all periods of time" covenant practically the entire treaty is made operative and the process by which Germany will be well-nigh completely disarmed is set in motion.

This would seem to at least hold a doubt "with regard to the meaning and implications" of these articles of the treaty, indeed it almost smacks of those ambiguities that Napoleon always insisted that Talleyrand should insert in his treaties.

Despite this murkiness, however, as a treaty must be construed as a whole, it would seem that Senator Knox's contention must be correct that when Germany and three of the principal Allied and Associated powers have ratified the treaty "the state of war will terminate."

Otherwise it reaches the point that the Romans phrased as "reductio ad absurdum," for we would be at war with an unarmed Germany that was at peace with us.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE HAND ON THE PLOW.

There is an old adage, and one with a certain authoritative sanction behind it, to the effect that he who puts his hand to the plow should not turn back. But there is no adage, authoritative or otherwise, commanding any man to put his hand to a plow that does not run in his own furrow. This fact is now painfully and increasingly apparently to the average American, who is beginning to hate the name of the Balkans and to wonder what business we have *dans cette galère*. That America should participate in the proceedings of the peace conference was proper and inevitable. She had been one of the chief combatants. Her vital interests had been assailed and defended in the field. They had to be guaranteed at the peace table. She had been attacked by Germany, and she had to see to it that the outrage was punished and that it should not be repeated. There were interests still further afield and they must be safeguarded. A German highway through Russia, for example, must eventually terminate on the Pacific Coast. Great and vital problems might arise from the contiguity of Germany and Japan in Siberia. America was compelled to take her seat at Versailles, and to watch heedfully over a course of events in which she was so imminently involved.

But the American representatives were not content to represent America. They went to Paris in the spirit of the revivalist, of the evangelist, of Billy Sunday. If the nations of the world were not willing to come to the wedding feast, then our emissaries were prepared to go out into the highways and the byways and compel them to come in. They were to accept the gospel whether they liked it or not. It would have been easy for the American delegates to address themselves with energy and speed to the problems relevant to American interests, such as peace with Germany and the guardianship of Siberia, and then to withdraw from active participation except in so far as good feeling might suggest good advice and good offices. But that was not their rôle. They had a patent medicine guaranteed to cure all diseases, a knife for all Gordian knots. They had ascended Mount Sinai and brought down with them a new Ten Commandments that were to be applied indiscriminately to all peoples and tongues. They were to be universalists or nothing. And so they plunged into a hundred quarrels with which they were in no way whatsoever concerned. They accepted arbitration tasks for which they were wholly unqualified. They made themselves parties to a score of international suits in which they had no proper interest. And then they proceeded further to avow that America should become automatically a party to all future suits, and that no quarrel anywhere on earth should be allowed to proceed without American intervention. To say now that we have no interest in the Balkans is futile. We have an interest in the Balkans, and in Burma, and in Armenia, and in Sinai, and in a hundred other places of which we have hardly heard. We have an interest because our delegates so declared. We are not only consultants, but we have insisted that the patient shall follow our prescription and no other. Europe would have settled her own distinctively European problems in her own distinctively European way. Probably it would have been a brutal settlement, but at least it would have been a settlement. When Foch was asked for armistice terms he produced them at once from his pocket. He had them ready. He would have produced a peace treaty with equal dispatch. It would not have been based upon angelic principles. It would have made no idealistic pretensions. There would have been no solemn invocations of democracy. But it would have imposed an instant and a substantially just peace upon the world, and some seven or eight million men would have been on the spot to enforce it. It is inconceivable that no such treaty had been prepared during the four years of war, that the demands of Roumania, for example, had not been foreseen, that the disposition of Poland had not been considered, or the fate of Turkey decided upon. But all these determinations had now to be measured over again with the Wilsonian yardstick. It was in many ways like the Procrustean bed. Every one must lie on it. Those who were too short must be racked out. Those who were too long must be amputated. Clemenceau, defending himself against the charges of dilatoriness, replied: "What would you? Consider the two men with whom I had to work. One of them thought he was the Messiah and the other thought he was Napoleon." But Napoleon would have re-drawn the map of Europe without raising his pencil from the paper. He would have done the work of the Versailles conference in one day, and he would have done it better and more justly. I do not know what the Messiah would have done, but I am sure it would have been different—entirely different.

At the present moment we are trying to coerce Roumania, and it seems that an American force is on its way to Silesia. What right have we to coerce Roumania? What right has any one to coerce Roumania merely because she is unwilling to accept a boundary line that it pleased us to draw for her. Roumania is an independent and a sovereign state and she was our ally and the victim of unprecedented treachery from Germany and from Russia. The Hungarians de-

scended upon Roumania like wolves. They massacred, tortured, and despoiled. They carried away everything except the scenery, and they stained that red. Millions of Roumanians had been lying under the Austro-Hungarian yoke for years, and this gave added point to the rage of Roumania. Why should Roumania accept the dictates of a peace conference in which she had practically no participation? It is possible that Europe would have been justified in issuing orders to Roumania, since Roumania is a European country. But why should we constitute ourselves a judge between Roumania and Hungary. So far from deploring Roumania's action in invading Hungary and disregarding the peace conference, we ought rather to applaud it. It is what we ourselves would have done. Why should Roumania be willing to accept a compromise? No one accepts compromises except Anglo-Saxons, and they only rarely. If a man steals ten dollars from me I am not satisfied with a compromise that awards me five.

Tragedy and comedy have kept close at one another's heels during the whole conference, and particularly in this matter of Hungary and Roumania. That three or four rather inferior statesmen—it is not their fault—should issue their orders to the human race was tragedy. That they should wait to do this until they had disbanded their armies was comedy. Mrs. Partington was sweeping back the waters of the ocean, not with a broom, but with a feather duster. When Roumania received the orders of the conference she promptly invaded Hungary. The conference replied with a threat of force, and then suddenly realized that it had no force and that Roumania could do as she pleased. Hungary was somewhat differently placed. She had no army, but there were other ways of defiance than by armies. Hungary at once became Bolshevik, which did just as well. The peace conference began to coo like a dove. The American delegates, still fully persuaded that a soft answer turneth away wrath, had begun to argue sweetly with the Russian Bolsheviks, and had even appointed the nauseating Herron to represent America at Prinkipo. The Bolsheviks declined to meet Herron, and small blame to them. They had to draw the line somewhere. But the conference was thoroughly frightened. Nearly half Europe was now Bolshevik or likely at once to become so. There was nothing to be done but to let Roumania have her way. Moreover, the Czecho-Slovaks and the Serbians were also fighting Hungary. They cared as much for the peace conference as for the man in the moon. The peace conference might easily have settled every existing problem within a week and while it had several million soldiers behind it. But our delegates intervened. They had their patent medicines and their universal yardstick. They were fully persuaded that the nations of eastern Europe were just the same as the states of the American union. All one needed to do was to summon an election, shake the ballot-box, and of course every one would abide by the results.

The attempt to control Roumania and the Czechs and the Serbians will have sinister results. It would have been far better not to try than to try and to fail. All these eastern peoples are now fully aware that the conference has no power, that it would be a moral impossibility to raise an army for service in the east. The day of grace has gone by, never to return. The conference could have done what it wished last year, but not now. None so poor as to do it reverence. Suppose Turkey should begin to massacre the Armenians, as she unquestionably intends to do? What is the remedy? Can we conceive of an American army being sent into Asia Minor? Can we conceive of a French or a British army? Suppose Turkey refuses to leave Europe? Suppose Serbia and Greece refuse to accept the terms offered to Bulgaria, as they ought to refuse? Suppose Italy demands Dalmatia? What shall we do about it? To talk of a commercial boycott is merely nonsense. What does Turkey care about a commercial boycott? For the matter of that, what does Italy care, with a new German alliance awaiting her? What power have we over Japan and China? And yet we are under very positive obligations to protect the Armenians and to draw all sorts of new frontiers in new and strange places. There was no reason why we should be under such obligations, but we are. We assumed them. We said that we knew how, and that we were the only ones who did know how. We said that we could bring a smile to the face of the tiger, and we demanded that all other expedients be set on one side while we elaborated the new gospel. It might have been all right if we had maintained our armies and resolved to watch as well as to pray, and to sustain the arm of the spirit with the arm of flesh. But unfortunately these eastern peoples were not amenable. They care nothing whatever for ballot-boxes, nor for democracy. They are not grateful to America—quite the contrary. They know now that they can do what they please. And the power of remedy has passed from our hands.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 3, 1919.

Hawking is a favorite pastime in Persia. Every great personage has his falconer and falconry—every "Squireen" his partridge-hawks and hounds.

CAN NOT ESCAPE RESPONSIBILITY.

(From the Los Angeles Times.)

"As a man soweth" was written by an inspired hand a thousand years before the old world knew that another world existed beyond the seas. Men had not yet learned that the earth moved, that the stars were aught else than candles placed in the heavens to illuminate the darkness; but the truth that man is responsible for the consequences of his voluntary acts had already been born. It is a universal truth, recognized in every age and among every people; and its application is as immutable in the present railway strike as in the building of the Pyramids.

What have these striking members of the railroad brotherhoods done?

It is not the purpose of the *Times* to excoriate them, to vilify them, to indulge in vituperative language in denouncing their unwarranted conduct. For, by the deeds of their own hands, they stand condemned in the hearts of all just men; and the remorse swelling in their own bosoms as they contemplate the havoc their hasty action has wrought will be the harshest penalty many of them can be made to endure. Some of them are young, and punishment visited upon those will be severer than upon the others, because it will be endured longer.

Those striking brotherhood men have violated their agreement with the Federal government and their contracts with the railroads; they have forgotten the vows made to their own union organizations; they have violated penal statutes; they have broken their obligations to the chiefs of the railway brotherhoods; they have raised the cost of living in every workman's home in Southern California; they have destroyed a hundred thousand tons of perishable foodstuffs, at a time when hungry mouths in every land are calling for food; they have robbed the fruit-growers of California of the products of their toil; they have made the pinch of the high cost of living more severe; they have caused an immediate food loss of at least \$5,000,000 in California alone; they have forfeited the respect and esteem which other railway men through a generation of loyal and efficient service have won. Women and children are crying in hunger for the food which they have destroyed. If one among them had sent a passenger train into a ditch through a misunderstanding of orders he would be filled with remorse; but by deserting their posts of duty they have done with German ruthlessness a damage to life and property greater than the wreckage of a score of trains. And for those acts they can not evade the responsibility.

Already they have brought reproach upon their own organizations and incurred the wrath of their own chiefs. They have caused losses to working people that will total millions, with the cruelty of the Huns. They have been forgetful of all but their own mad plans to seize the railroads of the country for their individual profit. If they do not return to their posts by Saturday they will be outlawed by their own organizations.

And what were the objects they sought in this wild dream of conquest? They were as repugnant to free government and liberty under the law as the cabals of the Hohenzollerns. Some of them struck because they suspected passengers of intending to take positions on local suburban street railways after their arrival in Los Angeles. As agents of the Railroad Administration they compelled the Federal government to break contracts which it made in selling tickets to those passengers. And the passengers had the right to purchase tickets and come bere for any lawful purpose whatever. They were denied equality before the law. The trainmen set up a censorship and a quarantine outside the law. If they should succeed in establishing the principle for which they struck the Constitution of the republic would be torn in shreds and free American institutions would cease to function. For a government by law they would establish a dictatorship by intimidation.

Some of the brotherhood men left their posts because they objected to the contents of cars which it was their duty to haul. Their objection was even farther fetched than that; for it was not the contents of the cars *per se* to which they objected; but they had been told that some of the cars were loaded or switched by men who did not belong to the brotherhoods. If the government were to grant to the railway employees the right to sit in judgment on the source of the freight which they haul over government-controlled lines, at that moment government by law would cease. Congress has passed laws regulating the transportation of freight, and whoever complies with those laws is entitled to the unrestricted service of the railroads. To deny that right is to deny the existence of all legal obligation, to defy the law and the Constitution.

The public itself has hardly aroused from the stupor caused by the rashness of those misguided dupes of profiteering agitators, made to believe that they had but to assert the right to dictate concerning the freight and passengers they would handle to gain such a right. A little reflection would have shown them the folly of it all, and the public in general is stunned by the knowledge that the trainmen to whom they had so often confided their lives should act without reflection. The railway employees have always been considered as the highest type of workers, and the wonder has not yet

ceased that they should prove such dupes. The *Times* pities them for their lack of discernment and understanding; but neither the *Times* nor any other human power can absolve them from the consequences of their acts.

Many of them are staring aghast at the havoc they have wrought. The agitators had led them to believe that the Federal government would take over the Pacific Electric lines and operate them within twenty-four hours after the railroad brotherhoods went out. They expected the strike to be of short duration and the loss and inconvenience slight. But the consequences have been as grave as those attendant on an open switch on a main line. Mr. Hines has informed them that the government is without authority to take over the Pacific Electric lines, if it desired. They have not helped the strikers who left the Pacific Electric Company. They have not kept out of Los Angeles enough trained street-car men to prevent the local companies from manning their cars. But they have brought property losses, privation, and suffering upon more than one million people who are in no way connected with the Pacific Electric Company. They have fouled their own nests

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Inverforth, who has charge of the British Army Clothing Department, made a huge fortune out of ships and oil, and is said to be much more at home in the world of business than in the political arena. He was once heard to remark that he found it easier to make a fortune than to speak in the House of Lords.

Sir Rosslyn Wemyss is one of the comparatively few British public men who does not mind telling a story against himself. This is one that was heard from him recently. The embryo admiral, having picked up a red-hot cinder during his watch, appeared on deck wearing a green shade in addition to his customary eye-glass. Upon which a bold A. B. was heard to remark: "Lumme, Bill! There's a guy with a dashed conservatory over one eye, and a dashed veranda over the other."

Albert Baird Cummins, senator from Iowa, the railway specialist of Congress, a Republican lawyer, guided the fortunes of Iowa as governor from 1902 until he was elected to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Allison in 1908. Senator Cummins, like many of the other members, was a member of the Republican National Committee from his state for some time. Today he is on many important committees and chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee. He wears the senatorial toga with great seriousness. But Senator Cummins sits in the circle surrounding Senator Lodge, who Senator Tillman once said "comes from the home of the sacred cod and walks with the Almighty."

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who has asked to be relieved of his knighthood as a protest against the severity of the Indian government in dealing with recent disturbances in Punjab, is a great believer in the back-to-the-land movement in regard to his own countrymen. A little while back, in addressing a meeting of students in Bombay, he said: "Will every member of the audience who was raised on a farm please hold up his right hand?" Most of the students raised their hands. "How many of you still live on your parents' farms during the vacations?" was the next question. About half the members did. "And how many of you intend going back to your farms for good when you have completed your college course?" This time not a hand went up. "The farms are in great luck!" rasped Sir Rabindranath, and walked from the platform in high dudgeon.

Henry C. Frick at sixteen found a place as clerk in a store. Next he worked as bookkeeper in his grandfather's distillery, and at the end of two years joined a firm of coke dealers. At twenty-one he went to Pittsburgh as this firm's representative, and at twenty-two formed Frick & Co. and acquired 300 acres of soft coal lands and fifty-one coke ovens in the Connellsville coke region. He joined another organization to build the Mt. Pleasant and Broda Ford Railway, a short line to penetrate this rich territory. Both companies were successful. At twenty-three Mr. Frick added one hundred and fifty coke ovens to his company's equipment. At twenty-four—the year of the 1873 panic—his partners, fearful for the future, wanted to quit, but the future coke giant refused to give up. He set out to raise money to buy out his partners and finally succeeded in raising the necessary cash. Coke was down to 90 cents a ton. Other men in the business thought they were lucky to sell their ovens to Frick for a song, and he kept on buying everything in sight. At twenty-seven Mr. Frick was a millionaire. The panic had subsided; the price of coke rose to \$4 and \$5 a ton, and his immense holdings were worth a fortune.

According to T. P. O'Connor, A. Bonar Law, the British statesman, lacks that iron in his temperament which lies at the core of most great leaders of men. Parnell had it. Gladstone had it. Lloyd George has it. Bonar Law, intensely emotional, extremely modest, lacks self-confidence and shrinks from responsibility. His emotionalism is augmented by bitter personal sorrows. He lost the wife he adored several years ago. He has been heard to say in private that genuine in-

terest in life had never been inspired since, and on top of this came the death of two boys in war. The latter loss can not be mentioned by or to him without risking an outburst. In a speech celebrating the victory of the Allies he happened to mention the immense sacrifices victory cost and then had to pause several minutes before he could continue his speech.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sailor Boy.

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-har.
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope.
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
"O hoy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie."

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answered, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home."

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame!'
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame."

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger in the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than death to me."—Lord Tennyson.

Gunnar's Death Song.

So perished the Gap of the Gaping, and the cold sea swayed
and sang,
And the wind came down on the waters, and the beaten rock-
walls rang;
Then the Sun from the south came shining, and the Starry
Host stood round,
And the wandering Moon of the Heavens his habitation
found;
And they knew not why they were gathered, nor the deeds of
their shaping they knew;
But lo, Mid-Earth the Nohle 'neath their might and their
glory grew,
And the grass spread over its face, and the Night and the
Day were born,
And it cried on the Death in the even, and it cried on the
Life in the morn,
Yet it waxed and waxed, and knew not, and it lived and had
not learned;
And where were the Framers that framed, and the Soul and
the Might that had yearned?

On the Thrones are the Powers that fashioned, and they
name the Night and the Day,
And the tide of the Moon's increasing, and the tide of his
waning away:
And they name the years for the story; and the Lands they
change and change,
The great and the mean and the little, that this unto that may
he strange:
They met, and they fashioned dwellings, and the House of
Glory they built;
They met, and they fashioned the Dwarf-kind, and the Gold
and the Gifts and the Guilt.

They were twain, and they went upon earth, and were
speechless unmighty and wan;
They were hopeless, deathless, lifeless, and the Mighty named
them Man:
Then they gave them speech and power, and they gave them
colour and breath;
And deeds and the hope they gave them, and they gave them
Life and Death;
Yea, hope, as the hope of the Framers; yea, might, as the
Fashioners had,
Till they wrought, and rejoiced in their bodies, and saw their
sons and were glad:
And they changed their lives and departed, and came back as
the leaves of the trees
Come back and increase in the summer—and I, I, I am of
these;
And I know Them that have fashioned, and the deeds that
have blossomed and grow;
But nought of the Gods' repentance, or the Gods' undoing I
know.

O hearken, Kindreds and Nations, and all Kings of the plen-
teous earth,
Heed, ye that shall come hereafter, and are far and far from
the birth!
I have dwelt in the world aforetime, and I called it the
garden of God;
I have stayed my heart with its sweetness, and fair on its
freshness I trod;
I have seen its tempest and wondered, I have cowered adown
from its rain,
And desired the brightening sunshine, and seen it and been
fain;
I have waked, time was, in its dawning; its noon and its even
I wore;
I have slept unafraid of its darkness, and the days have been
many and more:

I have dwelt with the deeds of the mighty; I have woven the
web of the sword;
I have borne up the guilt nor repented; I have sorrowed nor
spoken the word;
And I fought and was glad in the morning, and I sing in the
night and the end;
So let him stand forth, the Accuser, and do on the death-
shoon to wend;
For not here on the earth shall I hearken, nor on earth for
the dooming shall stay,
Nor stretch out mine hand for the pleading; for I see the
spring of the day
Round the doors of the golden Valhall, and I see the mighty
arise,
And I hearken the voice of Odin, and his mouth on Gunnar
cries,
And he nameth the Son of Giuki, and cries on deeds long done
And the fathers of my fathers, and the sons of yore ago
—William Morris.

RUSSIA IN 1919.

Mr. Arthur Ransome Tells Us What He Saw and Heard in Petrograd and Moscow.

The Bolshevik control of Russia has been an orgy of murders. The Bolsheviks in Russia have committed no murders. Bolshevism is the domination by a small and organized caste of the unorganized and terrorized proletariat. Bolshevism is the passionate cry for freedom of Russia's unnumbered millions raising their blinded eyes toward the light. Bolshevism is making its last stand in its last ditch. Bolshevism is stronger than it ever was before. Bolshevism is the contemptuous foe of womanhood and religion. Bolshevism is a new and a better chivalry, and the creator and protector of a spiritualized church. The student of Russian affairs may thus make his own selection from the evidence offered to him. If he finds nothing to suit him, the fault will be his own, because there seems to be no shade of opinion unsustained by testimony. And the testimony appears to be good until it is denied by other testimony that is equally good. So far as Russia is concerned it seems to be the best plan first to select our convictions in accord with our predilections and then to sort out the appropriate facts in support of them. And perhaps that is what we actually do, most of us.

Probably the most dangerous of witnesses is he who proclaims that he will state only the things that he actually saw and heard. He may have been out of the way of either seeing or hearing anything of moment. He may have come on the scene either too late or too early, but none the less he conveys to the unvigilant reader the impression that what he did not happen to see or to hear could not have occurred. With a candor that may be genuine, he none the less conveys a deceptive impression. He announces his limitations as though they were virtues, and he subtly if unwittingly conveys the suggestion that the narrow area of his personal observation is typical of the wider era of a national epoch.

Thus we find the assurance of Mr. Arthur Ransome, who writes of "Russia in 1919," that he has given us "a bald record of conversation and things seen," and he then goes on to tell us that this is better than "second-hand reports of wholly irrelevant atrocities." At once we know where we are. Mr. Ransome, of course, is "not a Communist," but he is struck by the open-mindedness of the Bolsheviks and their hospitality to representatives of bourgeois peoples. No one could possibly believe that they were "the mere paid agents" of Germany. Their revolution was "creative." It was "the living, vivifying expression of something hitherto hidden in the consciousness of humanity." And so on. Mr. Ransome tells us that his book is not propaganda. Perhaps not. So much depends on the meaning of the word. None the less it is something very much more than a "bald record." Indeed it is suspiciously like a plea.

Mr. Ransome tells us of his arrival in Petrograd. He was allotted a room in the Astoria Hotel. There had been a fight in the Astoria Hotel, but it was due to the "idiocy" of a number of officers who had fired on "a perfectly friendly crowd of soldiers and sailors":

I inquired for a meal, and found that no food was to be had in the hotel, but they could supply hot water. Then, to get an appetite for sleep, I went out for a short walk, though I did not much like doing so with nothing but an English passport, and with no papers to show that I had any right to be there. I had, like the other foreigners, been promised such papers, but had not yet received them. I went round to the Regina, which used to be one of the best hotels in the town, but those of us who had rooms there were complaining so bitterly that I did not stay with them, but went off along the Moika to the Nevsky and so back to my own hotel. The streets, like the hotel, were only half lit, and hardly any of the houses had a lighted window. In the old sheepskin coat I had worn on the front and in my high fur hat, I felt like some ghost of the old régime visiting a town long dead. The silence and emptiness of the streets contributed to this effect. Still, the few people I met or passed were talking cheerfully together and the rare sledges and motors had comparatively good roads, the streets being certainly better swept and cleaned than they have been since the last winter of the Russian Empire.

Armed men, says Mr. Ransome, had completely disappeared from Petrograd. The town was in a perfectly peaceful conditions, there being no longer need of revolutionary patrols. Even soldiers carried no rifles:

The second noticeable thing, especially in the Nevsky, which was once crowded with people too fashionably dressed, is the general lack of new clothes. I did not see anybody wearing clothes that looked less than two years old, with the exception of some officers and soldiers who are as well equipped nowadays as at the beginning of the war. Petrograd ladies were particularly fond of hoots, and of hoots there is an extreme shortage. I saw one young woman in a well-preserved, obviously costly fur coat, and beneath it straw shoes with linen wrappings.

The journey from Petrograd to Moscow was an uncomfortable one by comparison with earlier days. The author found accommodation in an old third-class wagon:

The wagon was divided by a door in the middle. There were open coupés and side seats which became plank beds when necessary. We slept in three tiers on the bare boards. I had a very decent place on the second tier, and, by a bit of good luck, the topmost hench over my head was occupied only by luggage, which gave me room to climb up there and sit more or less upright under the roof with my legs dangling above the general tumult of mothers, babies, and Bolsheviks below. At each station at which the train stopped there was a general procession backwards and forwards through the

wagon. Everybody who had a kettle or a coffee-pot or a tin can, or even an empty meat tin, crowded through the carriage and out to get boiling water. I had nothing but a couple of thermos flasks, but with these I joined the others. From every carriage on the train people poured out and hurried to the taps. No one controlled the taps but, with the instinct for coöperation for which Russians are remarkable, people formed themselves automatically into queues, and by the time the train started everybody was back in his place and ready for a general tea-drinking. This performance was repeated again and again throughout the night. People dozed off to sleep, woke up, drank more tea, and joined in the various conversations that went on in different parts of the carriage. Up aloft, I listened first to one and then to another. Some were grumbling at the price of food. Others were puzzling why other nations insisted on being at war with them.

There was a man in the carriage who was not a Communist and who took no pains to disguise his hostility to Communist practices, but no one molested him. Elsewhere there was a heated argument on the true nature of selfishness, each disputant drawing his illustrations from the conduct of the other.

Mr. Ransome seems to suggest that Bolshevik Russia is a sort of Garden of Eden, and that justice and magnanimity are the rules of its life. War prisoners go about as they please and without restriction, and he tells us of two such prisoners, English and American, who were taken to the Allied lines for purposes of discussion and who refused to join their friends, preferring to return with the Bolsheviks:

In the afternoon I went downstairs to the main kitchens of the hotel, where there is a permanent supply of hot water. One enormous kitchen is set apart for the use of people living in the hotel. Here I found a crowd of people, all using different parts of the huge stove. There was an old gray-haired Cossack, with a scarlet tunic under his black, wide-skirted, narrow-waisted coat, decorated in the Cossack fashion with ornamental cartridges. He was warming his soup, side by side with a little Jewess making potato-cakes. A spectacled elderly member of the executive committee was busy doing something with a little bit of meat. Two little girls were boiling potatoes in old tin cans. In another room set apart for washing a sturdy little long-haired revolutionary was cleaning a shirt. A woman with her hair done up in a blue handkerchief was very carefully ironing a blouse. Another was busy stewing sheets, or something of that kind, in a big cauldron. And all the time people from all parts of the hotel were coming with their pitchers and pans, from fine copper kettles to disreputable empty meat tins, to fetch hot water for tea. At the other side of the corridor was a sort of counter in front of a long window opening into yet another kitchen. Here there was a row of people waiting with their own saucepans and plates, getting their dinner allowances of soup and meat in exchange for tickets. I was told that people thought they got slightly more if they took their food in this way straight from the kitchen to their own rooms instead of being served in the restaurant. But I watched closely, and decided it was only superstition. Besides, I had not got a saucepan.

The author had an interview with Pavlovitch, president of the committee of state constructions. He was an old Siberian exile who had been living in Paris before the revolution and was an ardent—and talkative—Bolshevik. Pavlovitch hoped that English mechanics would come to Russia. It would be better that they should be Socialists, but of course that did not really matter:

"You know, hampered as we are by lack of everything, we could not put up the fight we are putting up against the reactionaries if it were not for the real revolutionary spirit of the people as a whole. The reactionaries have money, munitions, supplies of all kinds, instructors, from outside. We have nothing, and yet we heat them. Do you know that the English have given them tanks? Have you heard that in one place they used gases or something of the kind, and blinded eight hundred men? And yet we win. Why? Because from every town we capture we get new strength. And any town they take is a source of weakness to them, one more town to garrison and hold against the wishes of the population."

"And if you do get peace, what then?"

"We want from abroad all that we can not make ourselves. We want a hundred thousand versts of rails. Now we have to take up the rails in one place to lay them in another. We want new railways built. We want dredgers for our canals and river works. We want excavators."

"And how do you expect people to sell you these things when your foreign trade credit is not worth a farthing?"

"We shall pay in concessions, giving foreigners the right to take raw materials. Timber, actual timber, is as good as credit. We have huge areas of forest in the north, and every country in Europe needs timber. Let that be our currency for foreign purchases. We are prepared to say, 'You build this, or give us that, and we will give you the right to take so much timber for yourselves.' And so on. And concessions of other kinds also. As a matter of fact negotiations are now proceeding with a foreign firm for the building of a railway from the Obi to Kotlas."

"But part of that district is not in your hands."

"If we get peace we shall be able to arrange that without difficulty."

Mr. Ransome had an interview with Lenin. That goes without saying. It also goes without saying that Lenin excited his warmest admiration. Everything Bolshevik seems to excite his warmest admiration:

Whatever else they may think of him, not even his enemies deny that Vladimir Ilyitch Oulianov (Lenin) is one of the greatest personalities of his time. I therefore make no apology for writing down such scraps of his conversation as seem to me to illustrate his manner of mind.

He was talking of the lack of thinkers in the English labor movement, and said he remembered hearing Shaw speak at some meeting. Shaw, he said, was "a good man fallen among Fabians" and a great deal further left than his company. He had not heard of "The Perfect Wagnerite," but was interested when I told him the general idea of the book, and turned fiercely on an interrupter who said that Shaw was a clown. "He may be a clown for the bourgeoisie in a bourgeois state, but they would not think him a clown in a revolution."

He asked whether Sidney Wehh was consciously working in the interests of the capitalists, and when I said I was quite sure that he was not, he said, "Then he has more industry than brains. He certainly has great knowledge."

He was entirely convinced that England was on the eve of revolution, and pooh-poohed my objections. "Three months ago I thought it would end in all the world having to fight

the centre of reaction in England. But I do not think so now. Things have gone further there than in France, if the news as to the extent of strikes is true."

Lenin talked of the way Colonel Robins had been "kept silent" in America. Who would have thought that Colonel Robins had thus been muzzled? Was Robins really friendly to the Soviets? Yes, said Ransome, "if only as a sportsman admiring its pluck and courage in difficulties." And then Lenin said, "I always liked that man":

More than ever, Lenin struck me as a happy man. Walking home from the Kremlin, I tried to think of any other man of his calibre who had a similar joyous temperament. I could think of none. This little, bald-headed, wrinkled man, who tilts his chair this way and that, laughing over one thing or another, ready any minute to give serious advice to any who interrupt him to ask for it, advice so well reasoned that it is to his followers more compelling than any command, every one of his wrinkles is a wrinkle of laughter, not of worry. I think the reason must be that he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality. He is quite without personal ambition. More than that, he believes, as a Marxist, in the movement of the masses which, with or without him, would still move. His whole faith is in the elemental forces that move people, his faith in himself is merely his belief that he justly estimates the direction of those forces. He does not believe that any man could make or stop the revolution which he thinks inevitable. If the Russian revolution fails, according to him, it fails only temporarily, and because of forces beyond any man's control. He is consequently free with a freedom no other great man has ever had. It is not so much what he says that inspires confidence in him. It is this sensible freedom, this obvious detachment. With his philosophy he can not for a moment believe that one man's mistake might ruin all. He is, for himself at any rate, the exponent, not the cause, of the events that will be forever linked with his name.

The author went to see Lenin after the review in the Red Square. Lenin said they would go on making trouble for the other nations so long as war continued. But they wanted peace. He believed England and America would come to terms with them but for France. And why not? Russia could not be governed like India, and to send troops to Russia "is the same thing as sending them to a Communist University. Mr. Ransome said something about the general hostility to Bolshevism in foreign countries:

Lenin. "Tell them to build a Chinese wall round each of their countries. They have their customs officers, their frontiers, their coast guards. They can expel any Bolsheviks they wish. Revolution does not depend on propaganda. If the conditions of revolution are not there no sort of propaganda will either hasten or impede it. The war has brought about those conditions in all countries, and I am convinced that if Russia today were to be swallowed up by the sea, were to cease to exist altogether, the revolution in the rest of Europe would go on. Put Russia under water for twenty years, and you would not affect by a shilling or an hour a week the demands of the shop stewards in England."

I told him, what I have told most of them many times, that I did not believe there would be a revolution in England.

Lenin. "We have a saying that a man may have typhoid while still on his legs. Twenty, maybe thirty years ago I had abortive typhoid, and was going about with it, had had it some days before it knocked me over. Well, England and France and Italy have caught the disease already. England may seem to you to be untouched, but the microbe is already there."

I said that just as his typhoid was abortive typhoid, so the disturbances in England to which he alluded might well be abortive revolution, and come to nothing. I told him the vague, disconnected character of the strikes and the generally liberal as opposed to socialist character of the movement, so far as it was political at all, reminded me of what I had heard of 1905 in Russia and not at all of 1917, and that I was sure it would settle down.

Lenin. "Yes, that is possible. It is, perhaps, an educative period, in which the English workmen will come to realize their political needs, and turn from liberalism to socialism. Socialism is certainly weak in England. Your socialist movements, your socialist parties . . . when I was in England I zealously attended everything I could, and for a country with so large an industrial population they were pitiable, pitiable . . . a handful at a street corner . . . a meeting in a drawing-room . . . a school class . . . pitiable. But you must remember one great difference between Russia of 1905 and England of today. Our first Soviet in Russia was made during the revolution. Your shop stewards committees have been in existence long before. They are without programme, without direction, but the opposition they will meet will force a programme upon them."

Here we may leave Mr. Ransome at the end of his interesting book. For it is undeniably interesting. But it is to be wished that he would not adopt the rôle of impartiality. Probably he believes in it himself, but the intelligent reader will not believe in it. He will look on "Russia in 1919" as a plea for Bolshevism, an example of the extent to which facts may be unconsciously selected to sustain a conviction.

RUSSIA IN 1919. By Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

For hundreds of years Mexican Indians had a horror of what they called the pest spot of Lake Chapala, near the shore at Tizapan. They would not bathe in it or sail around it, declaring that the water was oily. Then, after a time, they cautiously began to paint their wooden boats with this oil, which proved so effective in keeping out the water that it became the general custom to use it. They did not know that this was petroleum gushing up through the water—a magnificent flow, about two miles out in the lake, which to this day gushes apparently without varying. When the water is low petroleum floats in solid masses, each large globule weighing about twenty-five pounds.

Last year the exports passing out of New York harbor had a greater valuation than the combined exports of Asia, Africa, and Australia.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the month of August were \$629,365,886.01, as compared with the week ending August, 1918. For the week ending August 30th bank exchanges amounted to \$127,085,646.80, against \$97,193,660.95 for the corresponding week of last year.

Total gold reserves in the vaults of the local Federal Reserve Bank showed a gain on Friday of \$15,402,000. The amount of gold on hand was \$156,027,000, against \$140,825,000 for the preceding week and \$133,060,000 for the corresponding date last year. Bills discounted seconded by government obligations dropped from \$50,693,000 a week previous to \$47,765,000, and the total of bills on hand dropped from \$153,095,000 to \$144,946,000. Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation gained from \$198,488,000 to \$203,521,000.

For several weeks the bond market, generally speaking, has shown a downward tendency. There have been no precipitate declines or demoralization such as occurred lately in the stock market, but prices of most issues have moved gradually to lower levels

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ever since the early part of June. Recently the average price of forty high-grade bonds fell to about 75, the lowest figure reached in the past two years, and comparing with this year's high point of approximately 79. The weakness has been most conspicuous in railroad bonds, although public utility, industrial, and some government securities, both domestic and foreign, have suffered substantial recessions. Various developments have served to unsettle the market. Perhaps the most potent factor in the recent decline in railroad bonds was the agitation caused by the demand of the railway brotherhoods for nationalization of the railroads. This, together with uncertainty as to just how the "railroad problem," so called, is to be solved—in other words, what the future status of the carriers will be, and what legislation will be enacted before the railroads are returned to private ownership—induced heavy and widespread liquidation of investment holdings. At the same time there was, no doubt, considerable hasty selling of railroad and other bonds by people who found it necessary to protect their speculative holdings in stocks during the recent violent declines in the latter. Strikes and labor unrest throughout the country have also had their effect upon the investment market, while another disturbing factor, which is becoming more and more serious in its bearing upon international

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trade and finance, has been the acute demoralization in foreign exchange, particularly sterling, and the absence of a definite and comprehensive plan to finance the huge requirements of European countries. Connected with this latter development are reports of quite steady sales of American bonds for account of European holders, the discount in exchange being so large as to offer an apparent advantage in this sort of selling. The agitation for reductions in prices of commodities, in connection with the high-cost-of-living controversy, adversely affected sentiment, though to a less extent than in the stock market. Naturally, all these unsettling influences have caused uneasiness and confusion in investment circles, and have not only induced liquidation, but curtailed the buying power which was in evidence some time ago. The average price of representative bonds is still close to the lowest of the year, and yields of standard railroad, industrial, and other issues at current prices look very attractive, but no substantial and sustained upturn in the bond market as a whole is expected to take place until the financial and economic outlook becomes clearer.

Mr. George H. Van Smith of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank recently returned from a trip which covered the principal points of the entire Northwestern States. Mr. Van Smith reports general conditions throughout the territory covered good, although in the cattle states he says the ranges were badly burned up.

An analysis of the Crucible Steel Company's statement was published in the *Argonaut* March 22, 1919, showing a book value of \$280 per share, surplus \$100 per share, and a gain in assets during the year of \$170 per share. The stock was selling then at \$68 per share. Since that time the stock has been put on a 6 per cent. dividend basis and sold up to \$164½ per share on August 30, 1919. For the benefit of the readers of this column I will now publish an analysis of another stock which should ultimately follow in the footsteps of Crucible Steel. If you have made money in Crucible or if you missed the opportunity do not be discouraged. Try Republic Iron and Steel Common, now selling at \$86½ per share, paying 6 per cent. on par. This stock has a book value since December 31, 1918, of \$290 per share, a working capital of \$107 per share, and a surplus of \$130 per share, and has \$14,294,457 in Liberty Bonds and United States Certificates of Indebtedness in its treasury, equal to \$50 per share on the common stock. The company gained \$45,504,232 in assets during the war, equal to \$170 per share on the common stock. An analysis of the company's balance sheet of December 31, 1918, is very interesting:

Total assets	\$128,734,231
Less current liabilities.....	10,665,629
	\$118,068,602
Less bonds and notes.....	14,275,000
	\$103,793,602
Less preferred stock.....	25,000,000
Leaving balance for common stock.....	\$78,793,602

Equal to \$290 per share.

Republic Steel Common is certainly on the bargain counter and ready for a big move some day. Sold up to \$103½ in July, 1919. Buy this stock and hold it. You can not afford to let this one get away from you if you missed Crucible Steel Common.—W. C. Gregg.

Since we have been informed by several authorities, notably by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, that the present high level of prices is largely due to an increased volume of currency and easier credit, the idea of reducing the volume of money circulation by legislative fiat, notes the *Wall Street Journal*, is taken by some thoughtful people as the easiest and simplest tranquilizing remedy in the world. The foundation of this idea is the mistaken assumption that the proportionate increase of the cost of living to the volume of money in employment means that "every hundreds cents added to circulation has added one hundred cents to the cost of food and clothing. To quote the *Journal's* figures and deductions:

"Circulation increased 63 per cent. between July 1, 1914, and July 1, 1919. As a matter of fact the increase in the cost of staple commodities is placed by the government departments at a much higher percentage. Prices have risen much more rapidly than the quantity of money in all forms and position.

"Since December 1, 1918, there has been a further advance in prices, but circulation has fallen from 56.22 per capita December 1, 1918, to 54.28 July 1, 1919—a decrease of nearly 4 per cent. in a period in which it has been estimated the cost of food enhanced 14 per cent. It will not call for an exhaustive energy-paralyzing investigation to discover that Federal Reserve note circulation, nonexistent in July, 1914, exceeded the gross gain in circulation at July 1, 1919.

"In December and January this circulation was upward of \$2,600,000,000. At one time approximately six-sevenths of it was covered

by government bonds or other government obligations. At July 1st the proportion of Reserve note circulation so covered had fallen to two-thirds (or \$1,632,000,000) of total current Reserved notes, while that total had itself decreased nearly \$150,000,000.

"While intended to operate in a radically different way from the old national banking system, the cold truth stands out that at the end of the German war the country finds itself employing a heavy addition to the circulation medium in the form of bond-secured currency. It is easier to speak of abolishing it, or by legislation accelerating its retirement, than to achieve such feat without acute suffering. The curtailment of circulation since the first of the year has probably been as rapid as was practicable or justifiable.

"Financiers, both in and out of the Reserve system, desire the substitution of trade paper for government bonds, as every one should know. The absence of a broad and satisfactorily working bill market should be known even to the Administration and to Congress. Issued under a law which marks them as rediscount collateral, Congress should not, if it were foolish enough to contemplate such step, deprive the holder of government securities of the right to borrow on them.

"Rediscounting of such loans will continue in diminishing volume, but it will continue. After nearly sixty years the bulk of the exonerated issue of greenbacks remains outstanding, and national bank bond-secured currency constitutes over 10 per cent. of our circulating medium. The mass of the latest new addition is not likely to experience a different fate, though with a plastic, selective system of banking commercial paper would in an orderly way be likely to supersede the government bond or obligation as rediscount collateral."

The stock of the Transcontinental Oil Company was recently listed on the New York Stock Exchange and met with instant favor amongst investors.

The company owns and controls by lease upwards of one million acres of the best oil lands in the world; also owns companies which have developed business in handling and marketing of gasoline, motor oils, and similar products with wholesale and retail marketing stations in several states.

The capitalization of this company consists of 2,000,000 shares of common stock, without par value, of which approximately one-half is owned by the company's officers, department heads, foremen, fieldmen, and employees; no preferred stock or bonds or other indebtedness. The company is now earning at the rate of \$8,000,000 a year and starts its treasury with a working capital of \$9,000,000. A most excellent financial position.

There are 174,500 acres of land in various oil fields of Texas. In this territory there is a practically solid block of 3479 acres, almost six square miles, in the northern part of Comanche County, in the ranger field known as the Duke-Knoles pool. This is one of the most prolific pools of high-grade oil ever discovered. An offer of \$18,000,000 cash for this property alone when but one well had been drilled is evidence of its value. Six wells are now producing on this tract, one of them with an initial production of more than 10,000 barrels per day. Eleven additional wells are drilling and rigs were ordered June 26th for thirty more, several of which will come in shortly. Two hundred wells should be in operation here before the end of 1919 and from 500 to 700 before full development is attained.

The approximate amount of oil in the Duke-Knoles tract becomes interesting. The Cushing pool produced 40,000 barrels to the acre. The company expects a total production of 140,000,000 barrels of oil, at least, from this tract alone. At current prices of \$2.25 per barrel this would equal in value more than the entire capitalization of the company.

The company's officers and directors are men who are well known and occupy the highest positions in America's financial circles. I know of no company where the speculative opportunity is so great and I strongly advise the purchase of this stock at present and before further development takes place. Dividends and higher prices are confidently predicted before January 1, 1920.

The oil industry is now expanding by leaps and bounds at a greater rate and more rapid pace than at any time since the automobile and kindred vehicles made gasoline the backbone of the industry. Fuel oil is supplanting coal in many lines on land and sea. The labor element is small and therefore nonconsequential in the oil business, and thus free from disturbances so frequent in other lines of endeavor. The expansion of these properties will be rushed without interference.

This stock is now selling at \$49 per share. Texas Oil is \$249 per share and Mexican Petroleum \$180 per share. The future of Transcontinental is absolutely assured.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

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up to inquire into and correct the tendency of advancing prices if possible. The American Congress has embarked on the task at the request of President Wilson, following a demand for higher wages or lower prices made by the railway brotherhoods. The British board of trade and a parliamentary committee are prosecuting an inquiry in England, and in all likelihood similar committees and boards are at work in every country in Europe. At least a dozen different states in the Union, and very many cities, are looking into the question of trade combinations and "profiteering" which bears on the general subject of high prices. The quest has assumed many of the aspects of a mania, and not without reason, for it affects all classes in the community, high and low alike, and touches every one's pocket-book.

While it is likely that certain abuses will be uncovered, instances of oppressive combinations disclosed, and cases of excessive profits revealed, it may be regarded as doubtful if the inquiries themselves will be any

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more effective in reducing prices than the Pope's bull against the comet. The meteor continued on its course despite that it was ordered to take itself off, and prices are likely to remain at their present level or go even higher, as long as the world-wide inflation of circulating notes and credit instruments continues, and until normal industrial, political, and social conditions are reestablished in Europe. There can be no doubt whatever that these two factors—namely, inflation which has depreciated the purchasing power of money everywhere, and the demoralization abroad, which has curtailed production and thrown an unusual demand upon this country, are more largely responsible than anything else for high prices.

Prevailing conditions of living might be alleviated somewhat, at least temporarily, if Congress should withdraw the guarantee of an average price of \$2.26 per bushel for wheat, letting that commodity and all other cereals seek their natural level in the market, and reimbursing the farmer for the difference he

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tween \$2.26 per bushel and whatever price it sold at if below the guaranteed amount. This would cost the government no more, in all likelihood, than under the present arrangement, and it would rid the country of an un-economic and mischievous measure, one which many persons believe has contributed largely to the high cost of all food products. And the same is true to an extent of the attitude of the Allied and associated powers toward Germany in prohibiting the sale of drugs, chemicals, and dyestuffs.

Perhaps the problem will not be put up to Congress, but if it should arise it will be interesting to see if, at the time the legislators are inquiring into the cause of high prices with a view of their reduction, they will enact a measure to exclude or render the importation of German dyes, drugs, and chemicals difficult, because they may be better or cheaper than the American substitutes. To do so would, of course, be highly inconsistent, for it would amount to legislation in favor of the maintenance of high prices. The shortage of all materials, including the very things Germany has for sale, is, as already noted, one of the contributing factors to the world-wide advance in prices. But the chief influence, after all, is inflation, and that is going to be very much more difficult to deal with than anything which may come before Congress.

All the various indices of trade, bank clearings, the foreign-trade statements, the demand for money, and the statistics regarding the employment of labor and the like attest to the passing of an enormous volume of business in the country, and so far as any one can determine to the contrary this bids fair to continue. It is regarded as remarkable by the leading trade authorities that at prices which would ordinarily put an abrupt check upon expansion many commodities are wanted in unexampled volume because the requirements are such as to foreshadow even higher prices, and in many instances where supplies are needed and are available the matter of cost is treated as secondary to the question of delivery, bonuses being paid in some instances to secure immediate shipment.

Yet signs are not lacking at this writing of a decided tendency toward caution in certain quarters and there can be little doubt that this arises out of the well-nigh universal protest against advancing costs, and the uncertainty of dealers regarding the possible effect of the agitators of the subject on the ultimate consumer. Thus far the buying power of the community has appeared to be limitless, and there is no clear evidence that it has spent its force, but there is a strange psychology about the markets, and some authorities argue that the buying mania may cease suddenly upon the realization by the community that price and value have parted company. This is often the case in the security market, where men for no known reason on occasions reach a conclusion that prices are high.

Under such conditions the speculator may merely refrain from buying or he may decide to take his profits, and if a sufficient number of men feel the same way about it their operations may change the entire price tendency, and for no other clearly assignable cause than that a selling movement is as equally epidemic as a buying movement. Of Wall Street it may be said that the note of abounding confidence which was the chief sustaining element in the most remarkable movement that this generation has ever witnessed has given way of late to an indecision which has sprung in part from the campaign against higher prices, but which is associated more directly with the attitude of labor, demoralized conditions in

Europe, and the unfavorable tendency of the money market, as is evidenced by higher term and call loan rates and a severe depreciation in exchange.

Aside from these matters the financial district has counted confidently upon the stimulating force of European buying of materials. In consequence the delay in arranging the credits which will enable the foreigners to obtain their raw material and supplies, which is more essential now even than it was two months ago, in consequence of the further depreciation of the European exchanges, has had a somewhat depressing effect. There is no longer any doubt of the distressful conditions abroad, for they have been painted recently by Secretary of State Lansing in even darker colors than by Mr. Vanderlip or Mr. Davison, and there can be no question of the desirability of our extending aid, but the bankers are loath to tie up their resources in long-term credits, and the same is true of the merchants, and so the starvation, stagnation, and distress continue.

Unless relieved, and that speedily, it is difficult to see how a condition like that which obtains abroad can fail to react harmfully upon this country, for it is clear that with the exchanges running anywhere from 10 to 75 per cent. against them Europe can not continue to buy from us on the recent heavy scale. When the credits extended by the government as a war measure are exhausted the purchases will be curtailed and the disturbed condition abroad will be accentuated. Crop conditions, and notably those bearing upon winter and spring wheat, oats, and cotton, are not as favorable as they were, and the early estimates of abounding yields have undergone some revisions, but the outcome of the cereals bids fair in any event to be above the average. —Harper's Magazine.

In order to get the best results from any tractor the correct grade of lubricating oil must be used, and the crank case must be drained at regular intervals. How often the lubricating oil should be changed can not be absolutely determined, either from the standpoint of mileage or number of hours of running.

The Board of Lubrication Engineers, which is maintained by the Standard Oil Company to determine and recommend the correct grade of Zerolene for each type of engine, has given excellent advice on the subject of changing the oil in the crank case.

This board has shown that the frequency with which the lubricating oil should be changed depends very largely upon the condition under which the tractor is operated. In other words, if there is little or practically no condensation of the fuel, the oil will consequently last a great deal longer. And if the oil is fed to the engine in such a way that a minimum amount is thrown upon the inside of the piston there will be a minimum carbon deposit formed here, which means that the oil will run for a longer time without its lubricating value being impaired.

The operator of every tractor should frequently examine the condition of the lubricating oil in the crank case, and when there is evidence of fuel or foreign matter in the lubricating oil it should be drained out of the crank case. The crank case should be washed out very carefully with kerosene, and especial care taken that no kerosene is left in the crank case when the fresh supply of oil is put in. This should be done whether the tractor has operated ten, thirty, or a hundred hours. Generally speaking, where a tractor has operated under favorable conditions, the oil should be changed every thirty or forty hours. Where kerosene is used as a fuel the lubricating oil should be changed daily, as there is considerable more condensation in the cylinders with kerosene than with distillate or gasoline.

It is a well-known fact among engineers and manufacturers of tractors that the operator who is particular in the care of the lubricating system and the oil very largely increases the economical operation of his tractor, and there is nothing in the operation of a tractor which will contribute so largely in net results as lubricating care.

Application by public utilities of the service charge as an improvement on the minimum charge is becoming more general, and is getting to be better understood. In approving the service charge for gas in the city of Sedalia, Missouri, the Missouri public service commission had this to say:

"In fixing the form of rate schedule we have approved the company's suggestion of a service charge in lieu of the more common minimum charge. We believe that it is the more equitable in that it more nearly assigns to each consumer the costs actually incurred by that consumer. If a consumer is living in a house adjacent to a street containing a gas main he costs the company nothing until he becomes a consumer. As soon, however, as he elects to use the gas the company is put to an additional expense, regardless of whether the consumer uses any gas. A meter is installed. It is read every month, the bills are made out, collections are made, the meter

and service pipe are kept in repair, in addition to the interest and depreciation on these items. There are also some gratuitous services and inspections for which no charges are made.

"The minimum charge is more general and perhaps better understood at the present time. It is more discriminatory, since each customer may use gas to the value of 50 cents, and be charged only that amount in the monthly bill, whereas he has not only used 50 cents' worth of gas, but he has incurred customer costs, which we might call personal costs, to the amount of another 50 cents. This is unfair to other consumers, who must make up the other costs.

"Objections to the service charge are usually based on a misunderstanding as to the purpose thereof. Consumers will argue that no other line of business attempts to maintain such a charge. In other lines of business this charge is not practical, and is not applied for that reason. The fundamental fact is that in other lines a merchant can refuse to deal with an unprofitable customer or make up the loss from other sales. Public utilities, however, must treat all alike. They must furnish service to all persons who will comply with reasonable rules, and in order that some consumers may not be burdened with the costs incurred by the more unprofitable, these unprofitable customers should at least pay the expenses actually incurred in serving them. The service charge approaches this much more nearly than the minimum charge."

OLD CUSTOMS IN ANDES.

Huancayo is one of the most interesting cities of Peru. It lies near the south end of a wide portion of the Manbora Valley, and hence is an important agricultural region devoted largely to the raising of barley. Its elevation is too high for fruits of similar crops. In the winter it enjoys perpetual sunshine, which, in the high dry air, possesses an agreeable warmth. As the centre of the trade of the surrounding country it is famous for its market, which in magnitude and interest ranks second only to the famous Indian market of La Paz in Bolivia (according to Professor Edward Berry and Professor Joseph T. Singlewold, Jr., of the Williams Memorial Expedition to South America, in a letter to the Baltimore News). As in all South America, the great market day is Sunday morning, which we were to miss seeing on account of leaving on Saturday. This was another reason that made us regret the "Yanqui" promptness of our animals. However, market day on a smaller scale is every morning, so that we did not completely miss seeing the Huancayo market.

The native market of Andean towns epitomizes very successfully the native life—the smallness of scale and simplicity to which the needs or necessities of man can be reduced even in a comparatively rigorous climate, if he is satisfied to or knows no better than merely to exist. The market people are chiefly women. They squat in the street with their wares spread in front of them. In many instances their entire stock consists of one llama load, that is, 100 pounds; yet each has tramped at least one day, and possibly two or three days, to reach the market. The meagre profits of a business of that magnitude are ample to justify the journey. Their wares usually consist of a small pile of potatoes, a pile of aji (the universally used condiment of the country), possibly a few vegetables, and, if unusually pretentious, as many as a half-dozen dirty-shelled eggs. To this may be added a chicken or two walking around at the end of a short string. Another woman sells firewood. She has a few piles of twisted, gnarly sticks of wood which she has carefully counted out and estimated with her eyes. Fuel is one of the scarcest products of the country, and both buyer and vender scrutinize the stock most carefully—the vender to see that she does not give more than is absolutely necessary to make a sale, the buyer to see that she gets as much as possible for her money. Another has a pile of bread in front of her in small, round pieces, hard as rock, and made without salt. Still another who came from a greater distance has a small pile of fruit—shriveled green apples and perhaps a few oranges.

While on the subject of business in the native Andean towns, a few words concerning the stores may be added. The front room of nearly every house is a store, which undoubtedly, in part, accounts for the scarcity of customers. The stock is almost invariably the same, as is also its arrangement. Close to the door is a small counter, back of which are three or four dingy shelves. At least two of the shelves are filled with dark green bottles that contain aguardiente, the "fire-water" of the Andean Indians, and "chicha," a milder beverage. The other shelves are generally empty, but sometimes they display a small stock of bread, local cheese, and several cans of sardines.

The Andean towns display little variety in style and architecture. The walls of the houses are made of thick mud bricks, are

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without windows, and ingress and egress is by a single solid wooden door, whether the house consists of one or more rooms. The fire for cooking is built on the dirt floor and the smoke finds its way out through the door, so that the upper part of the doorway is blackened with soot. The human occupants, dogs, hogs, guinea pigs, and chickens, share the floor on a democratic basis.

The streets are paved with rounded stream cobbles, and both sides slope toward the central gutter that serves as the town sewer. Since the streets are narrow, the smells of the houses and the stench of the gutters mingle with little dilution, giving these towns an "aroma all their own." As one of us remarked, if he were blind and set down in one of these towns he could recognize it by its smell.

Government figures show that New York has over 1,000,000 persons who do not speak English.

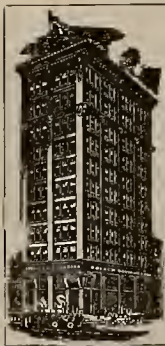
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Dr. Carroll writes with skill, insight, and sincerity. He surveys the field of suffering and searches for the compensation. Probably his book does not contain a single sentence with which the averagely intelligent man will disagree, but this must be regarded as a weakness rather than as a strength. The thought, in other words, is of the conventional kind and is designed "to bring a step closer the practical benefits of the accuracies of medical science and the highest aspirations of our religion."

THE SOUL IN SUFFERING. By Robert S. Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Valentine's Manual.

Something more than a passing attention has been earned by "Valentine's Manual of Old New York," of which the third volume of the new series has just made its appearance. It is a veritable treasure house of historical lore, perhaps the most fascinating work on New York that has ever appeared. As a history it deserves the highest praise, but nothing short of enthusiasm is called forth by its illustrations. Illustrations are usually perfunctory, but here we have no less than sixty cuts of old New York, many of them otherwise unobtainable, and all of them of value to the antiquarian and to the student of American history. Particularly interesting are the fine colored cuts of the ships that used to ply between New York and San Francisco and of the Atlantic liners in the days before

steam. The publishers are to be congratulated on a successful task and one that must have involved no ordinary measure of research.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. New York: Valentine's Manual, Inc.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

This may be described as the third volume of the life and adventures of Henry Calverly. We saw him as a boy in "Temperamental Henry," and we thought he was rather a prig. In "Henry Is Twenty" we saw him at grips with the world, still overprone to fall in love, but with the stirrings of the literary and clairvoyant genius that was to make a name for him. He had written a volume of short stories exposing the corruptions of his home town, he had married a beautiful girl with expectations and he seemed to have his feet firmly on the ladder. Moreover, we had begun to like Henry. He was showing his real metal and his powers appealed to our sense of mystery.

Now here he is again. He is down and out. His wife is dead and he himself has been in prison as a result of his effort to protect her from scandal in a notorious suit. He has changed his name and he is seeking a job as reporter on a daily newspaper.

For a time we are afraid that Mr. Merwin will overdo the "temperament" of Henry. It has been intensified by tragedy, and indeed Henry seems to be within measurable distance of insanity. Of course he is a failure as a reporter. He refuses to keep his eye on the advertising columns and to do homage to the gang at the City Hall. And this gives Mr. Merwin his chance to do a little exposure work of the kind that used to be called muckraking. Henry is invited by the invalid daughter of a deceased magnate to write her father's biography. It seems that the magnate wished that the work should be done honestly, and the daughter supplies Henry with the real material. But an honest biography means the ruin of the City Hall rascals, who are all involved. So Henry has to stand in the centre of the maelstrom and so we are allowed to see what city government really means, in this case a stinking mass of corruption. We much fear that Henry would have been down in real life, but a certain divine irresponsibility carries him through, and his unreasoning intuition is stronger than the craft of his enemies. Moreover, he has the support of the magnate's daughter, and of course propinquity does its usual miracles. Mr. Merwin has created a real character in Henry Calverly, and as he is still a young man there is no reason why we should not hear of him again. And we hope to do so.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mr. Standfast.

Mr. John Buchan's novels may be divided into two classes. Some of them are about the war and some of them are not. Naturally we prefer the former.

Mr. Buchan wrote "Greenmantle," and

thereafter his name on the title-page of a war book should be sufficient recommendation. We remember General Dick Hannay, who so much preferred to fight, but who was led irresistibly by fate into the ranks of the secret service, that exacts all and gives nothing. We remember also Mr. Blenkinson, that astute American who fought Germans and dyspepsia with equal energy. Mr. Blenkinson, we are pleased to note, has recovered from his dyspepsia, but he still plays Patience while death looks over his shoulder. And there was also Peter Pienaar of South Africa. All of them appear in "Mr. Standfast," and there is also a young girl who heats them all when it comes to outwitting Germans.

Now any one can write secret service stories. Anything "goes," because nothing will be contradicted. But to write a secret service story that is also poetry, and romance, and mysticism, that contains half a dozen or more vivid characterizations, that makes us more interested in the people than in the things that they do—that is a very different matter, and so Mr. Buchan may feel assured that no competitor has yet come in sight. Mr. Buchan was a novelist, and a strong one, before the war. He became a war correspondent, and so acquired a practical experience and a stock of new material. But his own genius for telling a story is the main thing, and here we see that genius at its best.

MR. STANDFAST. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Russian Diary of an Englishman," announced for immediate publication by Robert M. McBride & Co., is the work of a man of whom it has been said that "he has done more for the English cause in Russia than all the paid agents together."

"I forget who it was that recommended men for their soul's good to do each day two things they disliked: it was a wise man, and it is a precept that I have followed scrupulously; for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed. But there is in my nature a strain of asceticism, and I have subjected my flesh each week to a more severe mortification. I have never failed to read the literary supplement of the Times."—From "The Moon and Sixpence" (Doran), by W. Somerset Maugham.

Hudson lovers, whose tribe increases rapidly in the United States, will be glad to hear that E. P. Dutton & Co. promise for early publication another of his delightful studies of nature, to be called "Birds in Town and Village." It contains a series of sketches, some dealing with bird life near London and others with the feathered denizens of a Cornish village.

New Books Received.

INDUSTRIAL NURSING. By Florence Swift Wright, R. N. New York: The Macmillan Company.

For industrial, public health, and pupil nurses, and for employers of labor.

EMPLOYMENT PSYCHOLOGY. By Henry C. Link, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The application of scientific methods to the selection, training, and grading of employees.

VESTIGIA. By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Records of an active life.

MIRABELLE OF PAMPULUNA. By Colette Yver. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A war story. Translated from the French by Lucy Humphrey Smith.

DENA. By Ella Waterbury Gardner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A novel.

THE SOBER WORLD. By Randolph Wellford Smith. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

A consideration of the liquor question.

LADY TEDDY COMES TO TOWN. By Mary Dickerson Donahay. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

For the young.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN. By Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A novel.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE. By Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A novel.

MARE NOSTRUM. By V. Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A novel.

MURRAY MARKS AND HIS FRIENDS. By G. C. Williamson. New York: John Lane Company.

A tribute of regard.

MARY OLIVIER. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A novel.

TEMPORARY CRUSADERS. By Cecil Sommers. New York: John Lane Company.

On Active Service Series.

UNCONDUCTED WANDERERS. By Rosita Forbes. New York: John Lane Company.

A journey by two girls through the Far East.

FIELD AMBULANCE SKETCHES. By "A Corporal." New York: John Lane Company.

On Active Service Series.

DOVER DURING THE DARK DAYS. By Lieutenant-Commander Stanley W. Coxon, R. N. V. R., and

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other commanders. New York: John Lane Company.

A chapter of war.

A LONDON LOT. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

RAINBOW VALLEY. By L. M. Montgomery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A novel.

THE POSITION OF PEGGY HARPER. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Issued in the Limited Edition of Leonard Merrick's Works.

A new fruit containing a large percentage of oil has been discovered in the region of Torreon, Mexico, and is known by the name of chichopoxtle. Experiments show that 25 per cent. of its contents consist of oil of great value in industrial pursuits requiring a lubricant of high quality. It is proposed to introduce the cultivation of this fruit upon a large scale.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work of the British Army Clothing Department may be gathered from these figures: It has supplied the army, among other things, with 40,500,000 jackets, 37,250,000 trousers, 12,250,000 greatcoats, 29,000,000 caps, and 64,000,000 shirts.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Woman's Woman.

This novel describes how Densie Plummer transformed herself from an old-fashioned housewife into a woman of affairs, and how she then returned to her original estate plus some salutary experience. It was not entirely Densie's fault that she had to travel from the old age into the new. She would have wished to remain in what may be called the full possession of domesticity, where the housekeeping precepts of a deceased aunt had all the authority of holy writ and where the doing of toilsome and unnecessary work was a virtue. But her husband and children rebel. Her eldest daughter goes to New York to indulge in social science work and horrifies her mother by writing a paper on the immorality of the Italians. Her younger daughter becomes a social butterfly and refuses to wash the dishes, while her husband tries to get rich quick by disastrous speculations. So Densie takes the bull by the horns, so to speak, and tries to keep pace with her rapid family, and proves that she can be more rapid than any of them. She opens a shop and makes it pay, and soon we find her presiding over women's clubs and the confidante of senators and reformers.

Then comes the reaction. The eldest daughter has a nervous collapse in New York and pines for the home that she once despised and that now no longer exists. The younger daughter wastes her youth in the pursuit of an elderly roué, and she, too, turns her back upon the husks, while the father yearns once more for the simple life and for the homely wife of his youth, of whom he had grown ashamed.

The story is eminently readable, but we are not convinced. Densie is a little absurd all the way through, and her oscillations seem exaggerated. But the intent is a wholesome one. The disappearance of the American home is a sinister sign, no matter how distressing its time-wasting futilities. There can be no moral stability in a people reared in apartment houses and hotels, and perhaps it is not yet too late to urge a return to the old domesticities, at least so far as their essentials are concerned.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN. By Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Our House.

A good many young Americans may recognize themselves in this new novel by Henry Seidel Canby. There was a time when America was literally the land of boundless opportunity and when the ways and means of earning a livelihood were matters of choice and discussion, but not of anxiety. But those times have passed and they are not likely to return, but there are still many among us who have been slow to realize the change.

The hero of Mr. Canby's novel is a young Pennsylvanian of Quaker family, Robert Roberts. He does not know what he wants to be and he is not sure that he wants to be anything except the son of a father to whom the goods of this world have seemed to gravitate. To get a living and to work hard for a living, and perhaps an ungracious living, are not parts of this young man's philosophy. Not that he is in any way lazy nor a ne'er-do-well. He has a fair amount of industry and more than the average intelligence and capacity, but he can not correlate them in such a way as to earn a living. He has to learn by experience and disappointment that to avoid privation is not an easy task and that the things that one wants to do are not necessarily the things that stern destiny will compel us to do.

Mr. Canby's novel is a picture of a class, a caste, an age, rather than of an individual. It is a thoroughly competent and conscientious piece of work and one that will be read in days to come as a sociological study.

OUR HOUSE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Japan and World Peace.

So much has been said about Japanese questions from an anti-Japanese point of view that it is both illuminating and refreshing to hear something on the subject from a native of Nippon. In "Japan and World Peace" K. K. Kawakami outlines the problems of Japan, her relation to her Oriental neighbors, and to the countries of the Occident, the part she has played in the recent war, and her position with respect to democracy, the league of nations, and a permanent world peace.

Writing with clearness, simplicity, and that evident sincerity which often accompanies a simple style, Mr. Kawakami makes it apparent that the attitude of the Western world toward Japan has not always been entirely impartial. He feels it to be unjust for the United States to insist upon a Monroe Doctrine in America, while denying a similar doctrine to Japan in Asia. He condemns in no uncertain terms the refusal of the organizers of the league of nations to accept "the obviously just principle that no race in the league should be discriminated against by any of the countries bound by its covenant." And

he hints that the Occidental nations are sowing the seeds of future trouble by not dealing with Japan in a perfect spirit of fair play; that they are seriously irritating the public opinion of that country; that they are playing the cards of the Japanese militarists; that they are throwing a bomb in the path of the league of nations.

The problem of Japan, as stated by Mr. Kawakami, may be summed up in one word—overpopulation. The population of the already overcrowded Japanese Islands is increasing at the rate of 400,000 a year; consequently it is imperative that she find some place to which to send her people, and that she develop an extensive foreign commerce. Upon this necessity Mr. Kawakami seeks to justify many of the policies of Japan. But while it must be admitted that the practices of nations have often been based on necessity or expediency rather than on moral right, still one is inclined to feel that necessity should not be the only justification for the acquisitive tendencies of any country.

Regarding the Chinese situation, Mr. Kawakami has many interesting things to say. His excuse for the Japanese entry into China is that China is in a state of civil war and political disintegration, and is utterly incapable of self-government. One is surprised to hear of Chinese incapacity in this respect, in so much as China has governed herself longer than any other nation in existence, and has never been convicted of intellectual inability. The author seems to overlook the fact that a state of anarchy is only natural in a country which has recently undergone an overthrow of government. In his justification of Japanese intervention it looks as if Mr. Kawakami is again confusing expediency with right.

JAPAN AND WORLD PEACE. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The English Bible.

In this volume the author gives us the history of the English Bible and of its translation, with analyses of its books and of their characteristics. There is also a bibliography which seems to include everything of value to the student of biblical history.

In these days of scanty religious knowledge there should be a welcome for so scholarly a work, and one that is wholly free from theological bias. It leaves the impression that the Bible has not yet been adequately translated, that it still contains deviations from a strict accuracy in the supposed interest of religious dogma.

A BOOK ABOUT THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By Josiah H. Penniman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The peanut has accomplished wonders for agricultural development and has increased production by acres and doubled the value of land in many sections. It similarly helped Alabama through the crisis when the appearance of the weevil played havoc in the cotton fields of that state. It has done well throughout the South, and Virginia, which formerly stood first in its production, has sunk to fifth place. The peanut oil industry has added to the value of the crop, and this year the total harvest and value were the greatest ever recorded, in spite of a reduction in acreage. The once despised peanut has proved itself a valuable agricultural asset to the South and the country, and the end is not yet.

The humming of telegraph wires is a phenomenon which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. It is not caused by wind, for it is heard during perfect calms. It has been suggested that changes of temperature, which lighten or loosen the wires, probably produce the sound.



FIRST MAKER OF INK.

Dr. Henry Stephens, the father of modern ink, was a friend of the poet Keats. The two lived together in Bloomsbury just about a hundred years ago, and Stephens, who himself wrote good poetry, was often asked by Keats for his criticism.

Henry Stephens was a good doctor long before he became a manufacturer of ink. He worked at his profession all through that dreadful cholera epidemic of 1832, and was the first man to discover the antiseptic value of creosote.

Some years later, when Stephens' ink was well on its way to prosperity. Dr. Stephens had a man working for him whose son, a seaman, had gone to New Zealand in a sailing ship. Word came that cholera had broken out in the ship, but the sailor's father took the news very calmly.

"Jack'll be all right," he said; "the doctor gave him a lot of that there tar-water afore he started."

Months later Jack returned quite safely, and told how, while the passengers in the ship had died of the dreadful disease, he and his mates had soaked themselves in creosote, and there had not been one case in the fore-castle.

To go back a bit, Dr. Stephens was one of those men who are born experimenters. Now, in those days a hundred years ago, the common ink which everybody used was a detestable muddy fluid, which required constant stirring and was horrible to write with. About the year 1830 Dr. Stephens applied his knowledge of chemistry in an attempt to evolve something better. He succeeded. The result was a clean blue-black fluid which did not need stirring, which did not clog the pen, and which was as pleasant to write with as the old compound had been disagreeable.

This ink he made purely for his own use. He had at first no idea of turning his discovery to commercial uses. He did not even keep his new ink to himself, but gave away bottles of it to his friends. The more he gave away, the more he was asked for; and presently a merchant friend came to him and said, "Look here, doctor, there is money in this. Start a factory. Make your ink and sell it."

The idea seemed good, so Dr. Stephens took small premises in Stamford Street, and there began to make ink. Its sale spread not only over England, but over the Continent, and soon became known in America, too, (says *Tut-Bits*).

One of the early advertisements of this ink was in *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly*, dated November, 1846. In this the writer speaks of

"these compositions which have so largely extended the use of the steel pen." Another very quaint and dignified advertisement comes from the *Morning Herald* for July 14, 1836. It runs thus: "The inventor of the original composition for writing hogs to call attention to the following facts: Before offering it for public sale he had studied it in every particular, lingering for years over its production, contemplating it in every mode, variety, and proportion, ascertaining every defect, and correcting it in the best possible manner."

Among this bundle of early literature was a letter from George Augustus Sala, written in the year 1863 in a beautifully neat hand. In this he thanks Dr. H. Stephens for making him a special extra black ink. He says, "I cover an immense quantity of paper every week, and owing to my weak eyesight the dark blue ink which I have been accustomed to use is apt to dazzle."

Tricks of Tropic Plants.

That plants eat and drink in their own way through the soil is a well-known fact. But in South America is a species of orchid which takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty simply by letting down a tube into the water. When not in use, the tube is coiled up on the top of the plant.

In Mexico there is a plant that likes to change its attire three times a day just like any fastidious person—it is white in the morning, red at noon, and blue in the evening. At times it gives out a very strong perfume and at other times it is absolutely odorless. There is another odd Mexican plant the odor of which causes people to lose their way and makes their sense of direction nil until the smell ceases.

Central India owns a tree whose leaves are heavily charged with electricity and merely to touch them gives a person a distinct shock. In Brazil similar electric power is put to lighting purposes. Within the immediate vicinity of such a plant a person can see well enough to read the finest print and another is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest nights for a distance of more than a mile.

But the most wonderfully constituted plant of Brazil is the hall-throwing one. It is a small fungus about the size of a pea which projects a hall to a distance of several inches with a distinctly audible report.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries has estimated the four seal herd of the Pribiloff Islands in 1918 to contain 496,600 animals, as compared with 468,692 in 1917.

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"THE MIRACLE MAN."

This is a George M. Cohan play; which means that it is sure to possess some qualities or features which will greatly tickle the public, the author owing much of his success to his shrewd understanding of what the great, gaping, sentimental, child-hearted public wants.

It wants to sentimentalize, of course; to laugh much, and cry a little. It likes to associate with crooks—in plays—and it adores surprises. And the clever and perceptive Mr. Cohan knows by instinct, what is not realized by all the other playwrights, namely, that the public likes an occasional dash of mysticism, and doesn't stick at a little bit of wonder-working.

Thus the popular New York playwright locates his four crooks in a rural community peopled with innocent and simple-minded ruralites, and evolves the patriarch; an elderly gentleman with a fatherly manner, a hale of snow-white hair and beard, and a gift for laying on hands with miraculous results.

Professor Moody, author of "The Great Divide," also has written a play about a faith-cure wonder-worker; a play that, in spite of the reputation gained by its author from "The Great Divide," was never crowned with success in the theatre. But the astute Mr. Cohan, in spite of his miracle man being the real thing, has handled his theme with a tactful perception that the frivolous public can get along with homeopathic doses of the patriarch, whereas the comedy scenes of the play must be provided in liberal measure.

The play is frankly improbable. But, bless your heart, that doesn't bother theatre-goers. They want to be entertained, and entertained they are. The four crooks provide melodrama, comedy, and sentiment. The miracle man appeals to the taste for the marvelous, as well as to a partially submerged but still existent sense of religion, and the play, in spite of some few draggy moments both in the first and the third acts, has sufficient plot, action, and novelty to keep the interest agreeably tense.

The characters that are kept well to the fore at all times are the four crooks, chief of whom is the scheming "Doc" Madison. The "Doc" has his hands full, for one of his confederates is an emotional woman with a sharply awakening conscience, one is a dope fiend, and the third, who is pinned to an invalid's chair as a fake cripple, is possessed of an impatient and capacious spirit.

The patriarch is the inspired mainspring to

the entire scheme, hut—clever, clever Mr. Cohan!—that good old gent is not allowed to remain on the stage for more than a very few moments. His creator is very distinctly aware that he hears too alarming a resemblance to a prosy clergyman, or the basso profundo priest in grand opera, for the audience to stand very much of him. It is his miracle business that provides the backbone of the story, and that keeps the wheels a-rolling; that, added to "Doc" Madison's scheme to profit illicitly by the gratitude of the miracle man's well-to-do patients; a source of revenue from which the patriarch refuses to draw profit.

The perspicacity of George Cohan showed in the way he handled the genuine miracle of the play. The stage was all set for the entrance of the imposter, the fake cripple. We heard his hypocritical voice raised in sanctimonious thanksgiving off stage; we heard also the patriarch's encouraging tones. And the entire audience prepared to shout with glee when their pet comedy character, Coogan "the Flopper," should appear, making grotesque pretense of being miraculously cured.

Instead, however, the audience was treated to an overwhelming surprise. It had forgotten the lame boy who, on crutches, had charged indignantly into the patriarch's house in search of his sister. Outside, the father, the only doubter in the town, stormed denunciations against the patriarch. Behold him then, the lame boy instead of the "Flopper," his crutches rejected, his young face full of joyous exaltation as, advancing with tentative steps, he cried, "Father! I can walk! I can walk!" The scene, from the point of view of good stagecraft, was exceedingly well contrived, and sent a thrill of mystic delight through the audience. It is with such effects as these that Mr. Cohan demonstrates the possession of a marked talent for stagecraft; also a pretty correct instinct tells him just how far to go.

This instinct, however, seemed to be slightly at fault once in the first act, for the "Doc's" exposition of his scheme for "doing" the innocent old patriarch did not reel off with the incisive briskness generally characteristic of Cohan's work. However, this and the somewhat similar deliberation of action in act third were but slight defects in a very entertaining piece. The contrast between the darkly scheming crooks and the innocent and unsuspecting village characters results in a lot of diverting comedy, and those who look for more serious motives may pause to reflect that the real miracle performed was the conversion of the crooks to straightness of living; which, by the way, is one of the rank improbabilities of the play.

The company does very good team work in the piece, no one player being called upon to monopolize the spotlight. Belle Bennett, as always, plays a good insurrectionist, and gave several spirited exhibitions of Helena's revolt against the "Doc's" persistent purpose. Messrs. Richardson and Chatterton—the latter with a very good make-up as "Paleface Harry"—fitted into their rôles satisfactorily, and Henry Shumer's comedy proved highly acceptable to a very receptive audience.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan, although altogether too tall for the rôle of the lame boy, played it so well—as in fact he has done everything he has undertaken—as to make his audience overlook that handicap. Mr. Brunetto discreetly refrained from trying to be over-impressive as the patriarch, while the utility people—those two indispensables, Eda Shaw and Al Cunningham, Graham Earl, Nate Anderson, and, on this occasion, Emily Pintet and Jean Oliver, did their conscientious share of the good team work already referred to.

LOS ANGELES' PICTURE PLAYS.

The picture-play industry has created a new theatre-going public, as well as an immensely augmented number of theatrical performers. As we all know, the Cheapside of every American metropolis now lives and moves and has its recreative being in the movies, and every tiny tenement-house tot aspires for a future as a movie queen. But there are loads of prosperous people who are regular fans, to whom the popular favorites of the screen are objects of curiosity.

When certain outlying sections of Los Angeles began to be the national centre of the picture-play industry every tourist who went to that much-touristed city felt a yearning desire to take in the picture-play studios. At one time, before the industry had risen to such magnitude, the stray public occasionally had its chance to see its favorites posing before the camera. Now, however, it is an entirely different proposition. Conducting a picture-play studio is an extensive, ramifying, detailed, serious, time-devouring, and carefully calculated business. The public isn't wanted, and if stray groups of it get in to see the processes of the work going on it is only by the exercise of some pull.

The studios are all carefully enclosed: in some cases by the walls of their own buildings, in others by high board fences topped with barbed wire. Many of them have hand-

some exteriors, with careful arrangements of emerald lawns and blooming flower-heds to set them off. Each one covers a very considerable amount of space, some of them having literally an acre or so of flooring partitioned off into various spaces by the flimsy walls of different sets; and in the mild, dry climate they are frequently roofed over by some kind of an arrangement of horizontal shades, or, rather, screens, which can be shifted in such a way as to lessen or increase the overhead light.

And, by the way, I discovered to my surprise how much they use artificial light when photographing. They have huge reflectors and light propellers, the illumination shed by the latter so colored as to form and blend an effect of the kind of light desired. When a screen beauty's lovely features are partially concealed in the twilight shed by her fashionably large and drooping hat, they overcome that difficulty by turning the rays full on her when the camera comes into play. And, indeed, they assert that the lighting methods employed are so satisfactory that they could, for interior scenes, altogether dispense with daylight, if so desired.

At the Famous Players' Lasky Studio, of which Cecil B. de Mille is the director-general, the business has branched out to such an extent that in order to obviate the fire peril consequent upon such an extensive arrangement of lights, they are gradually replacing all their wooden structures with buildings of brick or stone. And, as each studio prospers and the fortune of its proprietor soars, similar improvements are sure to follow.

When I visited the studio referred to they were working on "It Pays to Advertise" and "Everywoman"; for it will be noticed of late that the tendency in the picture-play studios is to make over every popular play belonging to the spoken drama, as it draws near the end of its stage popularity and adapt it to the screen.

As we passed through the interminable ins and outs of the Lasky Studio we occasionally encountered some radiant beauty, clad in the ethereal chiffons used in the costumes of the "Everywoman" characters; which, by the way, they say are going to be represented by an all-star cast. They needed no shelter whatever, even in these filmy costumes, from the halmy outdoor air, which gently caressed their white necks and shoulders, and rippled their thin draperies gracefully.

I chanced upon a couple of spectacular effects in the posings of "It Pays to Advertise," which, by the way, was being very expertly directed by Donald Crisp, the "Battling Burrows" in "Broken Blossoms." The workshop for the time being consisted of a theatre set, its audience of play-colleagues filling the seats, while numerous fairies of the films, some of them in dancing costumes, sat around in waiting attitudes upon the stage. The directors were arranging a scene which represented a wild explosion of enthusiasm in the male audience over the stage spectacle, which later we also saw posed and photographed; a faithful though soundless replica, as it turned out, of the sort of thing we see on the regular musical-comedy stage.

But what attracted my attention particularly was the baby boy physiognomy of those young men players. They were all in evening dress, of course, and elaborately made up; heavily powdered complexions, darkened eyebrows, and pigment-enlarged eyes: that is, the players proper, who were ranged in the forward rows, where the enthusiastic action would tell, while the unskilled extras were assigned to the rows behind them.

But the mothers' darlings!—what sooties they looked! pretty boys, many of them; altogether too pretty, with their large, long-lashed eyes, pouting cupid lips, and Hyperion locks. It was a weird sensation, indeed, when I saw one of the dainty cockerels take out a powder puff and powder his too pretty little nose. Not one of them, I venture to believe, but was in the right place. No embryo kings of finance there. Poor children, the picture-play jobs they have secured have probably tempered the wind to the otherwise shorn lamb. The mathematical world of business is not for them. I could not but note the contrast their small-featured, girlishly-contoured, self-conscious faces supplied to the keen-looking young men around them who are in the business in other capacities than as actors. Really many of them, appropriately dressed could have passed for girls.

These other men are of course intensely interested in all the business detail of the industry, and feel a pride in the magnitude of the special concern to which they belong. They related with manifest pride some details of the way the things were done; how, for instance, when preparing for the picturization of "The Admirable Crichton"—which ought to make a highly effective photo-drama—the management leased an island near Santa Cruz and made a tropical islet of it by sending ten thousand palm trees to the suitably disposed over its surface; and how the players went there and lived there for two weeks, wearing the costumes required all the time, as Mme. Bernhardt used to do in advance when she

was going to play such male rôles as l'Aiglon, in order to gain ease and naturalness.

Perhaps they were stuffing when they told me this. But I believed them implicitly; do still, in fact. I think they do the business on that scale. They are, the majority of them, young. Money comes easily. The theatrical details appeal melodramatically to their imagination. They told me with rich satisfaction of the costly nature of the costumes used, and of the staff of fifteen or twenty experts in their own studio that are kept constantly busy fabricating them.

Of course this is the big time in the business. The fancy salaries they pay their stars can not, in the nature of things, last. And, as there are some few signs of satiation on the part of the public, the industry is bound eventually to settle on a genuine value basis.

At present, the big producers are all getting rich. Their enormous studios rise, in some cases, like huge timbered excrescences, hitting you a stunning blow in the eye in some of the outlying suburbs of Los Angeles. For they are increasing so in number that the suburb of Hollywood, although the seat and centre of the industry, no longer holds them all. It is said that the Nat Goodwin Café down on the pier at Santa Monica, or perhaps it is Venice, is to be made over into a studio; not a very auspicious place, one would think, so close to the sea breezes, but perhaps it will be the locale of camera specialization in marine effects.

Some of these studios are so topsy-turvy



XXII.

Finding a Fair Rate

All fair-minded persons are agreed that water rates must be fair. But how do we arrive at a fair rate?

By finding out how much money must be collected annually to operate the plant, maintain it, and command the necessary capital to give proper service to the public; and then by distributing this burden fairly on the different classes of users.

To serve the public properly, the company must meet its various obligations. It must earn annually:

- (1) A fair return upon the fair value of its property; also sufficient money to take care of
- (2) Operating expenses,
- (3) Depreciation,
- (4) Taxes,
- (5) A reasonable reserve for the maintenance of its credit.

The sum of these items is the revenue the water company needs, and represents reasonable compensation for the service rendered.

By fixing the water rates in such a way that the company receives its needed revenue and each class of consumers pays its fair share of these items, and no more, a fair water rate is determined.

The company thus gets its fair return—a return which is sufficient readily to attract the money which it needs for extensions and betterments of its water works plant.

Experience has shown that with earnings thus limited the consumer will be served well, at a price which is less than that at which he could serve himself, and which he can afford to pay.

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looking, with their loftier stage settings turning seamy sides of plaster and scantling toward the street, that they are very disfiguring, and the millionaires of Pasadena have effectually contrived to have them barred out from that exclusive principality.

But the mansions of their owners are in evidence in many choice residential sections. Fifteen plus years ago they used to point out stone and marble palaces as the winter homes of noted Eastern magnates in the business world. Now they say, as they indicate a splendid mansion with extensive grounds, "Charlie Chaplin lives there," or Mary Pickford, or Thomas Ince, or Goldwyn, or Mme. Nazimova; this last-named celebrity having made the plunge recently and purchased a multi-millionaire's costly home.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Concert to E. D. Crandall.

Club and musical circles are greatly interested in the "concert of appreciation" to be given to Edwin Dunbar Crandall at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Tuesday evening, September 16th, by his friends and associates of the Bohemian, Loring, Athenian-Nile, and Orpheus clubs. For a score of years he has directed the Orpheus Club and he has also drilled all of the choruses employed in the plays at Bohemian Grove. Mackenzie Gordon will come out of retirement and raise his wonderful tenor voice in behalf of his old friend, and the famous Neapolitan Trio, composed of Gordon, Charley Dickman, and William Hopkins, will sing to the accompaniment of their stringed instruments. The best instrumentalists of the Bohemian Club will go to make up the orchestra, and Wallace A. Sabin and Crandall himself will direct the choral numbers of the evening. The Bohemian Club band will also be in evidence and many surprises are in store for the immense audience which will undoubtedly fill the theatre. Seats will be ready at the stores of Sherman, Clay & Co. in San Francisco and Oakland next Friday.

Some fifty Minneapolis business men have organized an association to undo the work of Ptolemy, Julia, and Pope Gregory, all of whom have had a finger in the pie of our never monotonous calendar. The American Equal Month Calendar Association desires to do away with all such fascinations as February 29th birthdays and Sunday Fourth of Julys, and substitute for our fickle calendar a beautifully regulated one of thirteen months of exactly four weeks each. The perfect symmetry of such a year seems attractive, and the simple thought that under its rule it will be unnecessary to have a lithographed calendar on any wall makes one fairly enthusiastic. Under this system it is necessary to even up the year by creating two extra "floating" days—one, a New Year Day, placed between the first day of January, and the other, called "Correction Day," inserted in leap years after the New Year Day. But what, we ask, will be the use, after July 1st, of a New Year Day even though followed by a "Correction Day"?—*The Review.*

Real macaroni made from the semolina of hard wheat when cooked has different qualities than those of flour macaroni. It is much preferred because of these qualities by those who know what real macaroni is, although flour macaroni and kindred products have merits and are excellent foods.

A ton of steel will make about 10,000 gross of steel pens.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Alcazar.

"Young America" will have first San Francisco representation by the New Alcazar Company next week, commencing Sunday afternoon, with a special Admission Day matinee on Tuesday. It is by Fred Ballard, suggested by Pearl Franklin's "Mrs. Doray" stories, and was accorded enthusiastic welcome in New York and, presented at the Astor Theatre and transferred after several months to the Gaiety. Art Simpson is the bad boy of a suburban neighborhood with a reputation for viciousness not wholly justified by the nature of his escapades. It is the general opinion of an exasperated community that he ought to be in a reformatory, despite the fact that corrective institutions are so often preparatory schools for the criminal development of juvenile offenders. The boy is hailed before a liberal and humane judge of a juvenile court for theft and, it being his second offense, receives a year's sentence. Mrs. Doray, a tender, sympathetic little bride, with a will of her own that is not weakened by her husband's objections, becomes surety for the offender and takes him into her home with his only friend, his faithful dog Jasper. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson are the harassed newly-weds, Vaughan Morgan the bad boy, Fred Weiss his accomplice and pal, Thomas Chatterton, Rafael Brunetto, Orville Caldwell, and Emily Pinter the agitated neighbors, Al Cunningham the kindly judge, with distinctive character parts for Henry Shumer, Edna Shaw, Gertine Ahrens, Nate Andersen, Billie Glynn, and a brood of clever child players.

To follow, September 14th, is an elaborate production of George Broadhurst's gripping emotional drama, "The Law of the Land."

Curran Theatre.

With the matinee and evening performances of Sunday, September 7th, David Wark Griffith's cinema masterpiece, "Broken Blossoms," will enter upon the third and final week of its successful engagement at the Curran Theatre. Although hundreds are turned away at every performance and the production could obviously hold forth for a long time to come there is no possibility of an extension of the engagement, as Guy Bates Post is scheduled to appear at the Curran on Sunday evening, September 14th, in "The Masquerader."

"Broken Blossoms" has completely overwhelmed theatre-going San Francisco. The lover of the beautiful, disgusted with the viciousness which runs riot on many screens these days, has turned again to Griffith for satisfaction.

"Broken Blossoms" marks a new epoch in the realm of the cinema.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be of exceptional merit. It will be headed by Bessie Clayton, who has reached the highest pinnacle of fame as a danseuse and who does not depend entirely for success on her toes, for she is the possessor of a clever, active, and inventive brain. For her engagement at the Orpheum next week she will present her 1919 Dance Creations, which excel anything in the terpsichorean line ever witnessed in vaudeville. She has secured the best dancers in their respective lines in the whole world, and with these associates she has staged a beautiful production. The Caninos, undoubtedly the greatest of modern Spanish dancers, are important members of her company. James Clemons, musical-comedy's best eccentric

dancer, Arthur Gordon, and Wilbert Dunn are also included.

"The Current of Fun" is the title of an ingenious act which introduces Mme. Burnell, the scientific enigma, who amply demonstrates the new kind of fun which can be evoked from electrical currents and some clever assistants.

Miss Elfrieda Wynne, the possessor of a beautiful and cultivated soprano voice, will be heard in "Songs of the Day." She will be assisted by Professor Raoul Paniague, a celebrated Guatemalan pianist.

Blanche and Jimmie Creighton will introduce a funny skit called "Mudtown Vaudeville," in which Jimmy cleverly impersonates a Down East Yankee farmer and Blanche a rosy-cheeked maiden who asks stupid questions in order that Jimmy may wittily and amusingly reply to them.

Tommy Hayden and Carmen Eccelle style their offering "Artistic Oddities." Hayden, recently of the Royal Flying Corps, is an exceptionally clever English comedian, while Miss Eccelle is a violin virtuoso.

The Vivians—Harry and Ada—are American sharpshooters with an international reputation.

Sutter and Dell are comedy cyclists who perform exceptional trick riding stunts.

The only holdover in this novel bill will be the soldier stars and original chorus in their great musical-comedy hit, "Putting It Over," which has proved a tremendous success.

Guy Bates Post Coming to Curran.

The great American actor, Guy Bates Post, will be seen at the Curran Theatre, beginning Sunday night, September 14th, in "The Masquerader," by John Hunter Booth, and under the management of Richard Walton Tully. From all accounts, "The Masquerader" represents Mr. Post's greatest starring vehicle.

"The Masquerader" originally appeared in book form and was written by Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Symphony Orchestra.

That symphony followers have some musical feasts in store during the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which opens Friday, October 10th, in the Curran Theatre, is demonstrated by the list of works to be performed.

Included in the list of novelties are many works that not only have not been given hitherto by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, but which have not been performed here at all. Among the novelties is scheduled Ernest Bloch's "Poemes Juifs," which is declared to be wider in its appeal than that composer's "Schelemo," through which Hertz served to introduce Bloch to San Francisco music lovers last season. Berlioz' most extraordinary work, his Fantastic Symphony; the Tragic Overture of Brahms, one of that composer's most important accomplishments; and "Samson," recently given with success in New York, are also included. The latter was written by Rubin Goldmark, distinguished American composer.

An interesting novelty will be six variations on a Russian theme, by six famous Russian composers—Liadow, Rimski-Korsakow, Glazounow, Sokoloff, Artcboucheff, and Wihtol. Louis Persinger and Arthur Argievicz will perform Bach's double concerto. A posthumous work by Tschaiakowsky, "The Voyvode," is also to be given.

Orchestra rehearsals will begin on September 22d, on which date the sale of season tickets for the public opens. The sale of season tickets for members of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's maintaining body, is now being conducted at the offices in the Phelan Building.

Vanguards of the Turks.

The origin of the Ottoman Turks is obscured by the mists which overshadow the past. But leaving the realm of tradition and emerging into the clear light of history, we find a small band of nomads under the leadership of one Solyman Shah leaving their home in Khorassan and emigrating into Armenia, then a powerful and prosperous nation. They were hospitably received and kindly cared for by the Armenians, who then and there received the serpent into their bosom which has since stung them to the death (says a writer in *Asia*). Led on by the wanderlust, they left Armenia and started down the Euphrates River toward Syria. On the way Solyman Shah was drowned in the Euphrates River and his followers dispersed. A small remnant under the leadership of Solyman's two sons, Erotoghul and Dundar, went westward to find a dwelling place in Asia Minor. Their intention was to throw themselves upon the hospitality of Ala-eddin, the Sultan of Iconium. As they approached the city of Angora they beheld a battle between a strong force and a much weaker one. Not knowing who the combatants were, nor the justice of the issue, Erotoghul, "the right-hearted man," formed the resolution to espouse the cause of the weaker side, and at the head of his four hundred and forty warriors instantly charged the stronger force and drove it from the field of battle. It so hap-



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pened that the leader of the weaker side was none other than Ala-eddin, to whose domain they were journeying. In gratitude for the effective aid lent him by Erotoghul, Ala-eddin bestowed upon him a rich country at the western edge of his domain which joined the territory of his old-time enemies, the Byzantine emperors. Whether it was gratitude or policy that caused Ala-eddin to place this band of fierce warriors between him and his enemies has never been definitely determined.

Certain days of the week or month have constantly been marked ones in some person's lives. Nearly all the chief events of Thomas à Beckett's career—including his murder and the translation of his body—occurred upon a Tuesday. Henry VIII and his three children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—died on the same day of the week, Thursday.

A greater percentage of farm mortgages in the Northwest have been paid off this year than in any other single year, if financial men dealing largely in these securities are correct in their reckonings.

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VANITY FAIR.

The China Bureau of Public Information has been good enough to send us a Chinese fashion sheet with an article on dress by Miss Yu Soo-ting. It is illustrated with diagrams of trousers and skirt, and these are so simple and so lucid that we believe we could make them ourselves. May we express the hope that the gentle influence of Miss Yu Soo-ting will be felt in this our beloved country, and that our expensive wives may be guided into the paths of a frugal simplicity. Otherwise it will be necessary for us to marry Chinese women. We must do something.

The trousers, says Miss Yu, are quite easy to make. Five feet of cloth are needed for a person of average height. You then "fold the cloth lengthwise, cut two pieces like Fig. 1. When the two pieces are put together they look like Fig. 2. Sew all the dotted lines and put on a waistband." Now what do you think of that? Three lines of print and the trick is done, and our fashion newspapers will consume a column or more telling you how to make a handkerchief. Here you have a whole trousers, and we believe we could turn out the complete machine in fifteen minutes. We should like to reproduce the cuts, but we are not allowed to illustrate the *Argonaut*. Suffice it to say that they are something like the first proposition of Euclid and of an admirable and wholly unsuggestive delicacy. Nothing is said about the cost, which of course would depend largely upon the sort of cloth, but we should suppose that the labor would come to about 9 cents.

The jacket is a little more complicated. It takes nine lines to describe. You first cut the cloth, fold it, stitch it along the dotted lines, add the number you first thought of, and there you are, all except the collar and buttons. You can insert lace around the edges if you want to look pretty.

We hope that our women will voluntarily adopt the Chinese mode of dress. Otherwise it will be made compulsory. As we have already said, something will have to be done. We can not go on as we are. The Bolsheviks are beginning to take notice.

The New York *Sun* prints some of the menus at Mouquin's restaurant in order to show the increase in prices since the year 1898. At that time no one complained about high prices. They complained about other things, but not about high prices. The cost of a small beefsteak in 1898 was 30 cents. Now it is 90 cents. Sirloin steak was 45 cents. It is now \$1.60. Chateaubriand has risen from \$1.20 to \$3.50, and porterhouse from 85 cents to \$3.75. In 1898 you could get a dish of ham and eggs for 25 cents. Today you must pay 60 cents. Fried liver and bacon cost 30 cents in 1898. Now it costs 70 cents. Lobster à la Newburg has risen from 40 cents to \$1.50, lobster salad from 40 cents to 90 cents, potato salad from 15 cents to 25 cents, lettuce salad from 15 cents to 35 cents. Cucumber salad from 15 cents to 35 cents. Fish has more than doubled in price. Cheeses have been doubled and trebled in price.

The restaurant men say that low prices pay them much better than high ones. People

eat more and they eat oftener when the cost is reasonable. They invite their friends and surrender to the claims of hospitality. Moreover, they are on good terms with proprietors and waiters.

The following lamentation, taken from the "agony" column of the London *Times*, throws a light on the close relationship between the English and many American hostilities:

"A perfectly peaceful person, who hates being unnecessarily annoyed, urgently requires the name of a first-class hotel in London where the following annoyances do not occur: (1) Where the gentlemen at the reception bureau, though doubtless of high moral character, do not seem to have a thorough grasp of the English language, never get your name correctly, nor remember who you are five minutes after you have told them; (2) where the same gentlemen do not send letters, addressed to you, to an entirely different person, nor keep telegrams for two days before delivering them to your room; (3) where it is not absolutely essential to pension the head waiter for life before being able to get a table; (4) where breakfast does not take thirty-five minutes to arrive after ordering; (5) where it is not impossible to get hold of any one staying in the hotel on the telephone, or failing, receive an entirely incorrect message, if at all; (6) where nobody knows where you are in the hotel, despite the fact that you have just told them where you will be; (7) where everybody isn't a 'blithering' idiot, except possibly the general manager, who is always too busy to see you; the life of Perfectly Peaceful Person would be made much more perfectly peaceful if such a haven could be found. Any one with any suggestions would greatly oblige, and be helping in this desirable object, by sending them to Box A, 452, the *Times*."

There are plenty of "perfectly peaceful" people in America who have been hunting for a good hotel for many years. They are still hunting. It is strange that efficiency should be at so low an ebb in a country that boasts of its efficiency and that produces about two books a week on the subject of efficiency. And why is efficiency so completely lacking in so many of our big hotels?

But we could dispense with efficiency if only we had courtesy. Whence comes that strange hee that has found lodgment in so many brains and that persuades us that courtesy is a mark of inferiority? And it may be said that the foreigner is much less polite than the American so far as the service of the public is concerned. And here a word of friendly counsel to those good people who are imploring us through the medium of advertisements to patronize the local grocer in preference to the large downtown establishment. We will let these good people into a secret that may help them. A large number of these local grocers are foreigners of some indeterminate breed. This is in no way against them, but their bad manners, their insolent familiarity, are very much against them. The avoidance of the local grocer is not always due to whim or prejudice. Very often it is due to resentment at intolerable brusqueness, at positive rudeness if the desired article is not in stock, and at a familiarity which may be considered a fine example of democracy, but that none the less makes the blood boil. Courtesy is customarily the rule at the large downtown store, and that is why so many people prefer it.

"The use of cosmetics dates from antiquity," says a writer in *Femina*. "Paints were employed by woman in the most ancient epoch of Oriental civilization. In France they were never more favored than during the eighteenth century, and from this period come the series of diminutive jars of rouge, white or black, of which the recently exhibited collection gives us priceless and charming examples."

"But shall we protest against the return of that age, the use of cosmetics to bring out, repair or rectify? The wild rose which nature has given us is a poor thing compared to the haughty rose of the gardeners. A woman without powder is a sad figure beside a dame of fashion. A little powder gives back the look of youth to the cheeks and to the *nez qui brille*—terror of the coquette. A hit of rouge on the lips, and the teeth appear white and brilliant by contrast. A hit of black, or to quote from the delightful eighteenth century, *un peu de fatalité*, beneath the eyes, and behold! the glance is dramatic. If the inventor of rice powder, basis of all cosmetics, might be made known, a statue should be erected in his honor—and few women would refuse to contribute."

The average sized Alaska walrus is as big as an ox and often weighs more than a ton. A walrus was recently killed by some whalers near Point Barrow, whose head weighed eighty pounds, and skin, including flippers, 500 pounds. The animal had a girth of fourteen feet, the skin was from half an inch to three inches in thickness, and the blubber weighed 500 pounds.

MEDICI WERE PAWNBROKERS.

Famous Family Pioneers in Money-Lending.

The famous Medici family, who practically ruled Florence during the thirteenth century, possessed a wonderful business instinct. Besides owning a large number of banks, this family had a monopoly of the loan business of that part of Italy. Their coat of arms was a shield with six balls emblazoned on it, but as the loan business spread to other parts of the world and slipped from the Medici grasp, three balls and the shield were dropped and the remaining three, suspended over a doorway, have always sufficed to indicate that within money can be borrowed.

No other house in mediaeval Europe had such a strange career as that of the Medici. Bankers by profession, possessing no military resources, gifted with no experience in war, aided by no general convulsion, they established a despotism that lasted for three centuries. The Medici owed their earliest distinction to their success in various branches of commerce that brought them enormous wealth, and to the liberal spirit with which they devoted their money to projects of general utility (says a writer in the *New York Herald*). This general utility, however, was Medici utility. When some of the lower classes got so far behind in their taxes that there seemed to be no possibility of their ever paying them, and when the city was pressing them hard, Cosmo de Medici came forward and paid.

So, of course, when Cosmo suggested to these same persons that he might like to take a hand in the government of Florence, they all agreed that they should like to have him do so. And when a rival family, the Albizzi, established a successful opposition to the policy and credit of the Medici rule, they came forward and put the Albizzi to flight, even to Venice; and Cosmo, who had been banished to the same city, came back and became the uncrowned King of Florence, being popularly known as the "Father of His Country."

The most famous member of the family was Lorenzo, surnamed the Magnificent. He was a grandson of Cosmo, and in addition to operating loan shops and banks in France, England, the Low Countries, the Levant, and other countries of minor importance, he became the virtual head of the Florence state, and what he said was law. He caused himself to be surrounded by five or six individuals, who, theoretically, had something to say as to the government of the city, but as a matter of fact they possessed no power, and were content to draw their salaries from Lorenzo.

Before his accession to power, and while his father, Pietro, was intriguing in order that things should get to running smoothly for him, Lorenzo married Clarice Orsini, a member of one of the greatest families of Italy. Lorenzo seems not to have had any great enthusiasm for this marriage, for his notice thereof is curiously cold:

"I, Lorenzo, took for wife Clarice, daughter of the Lord Jacopo, or, rather, she was given to me." He really fancied a certain black-eyed Lucrezia Donati, whom he had seen at a tournament, but Lorenzo's father had other arrangements in mind, since he knew that it would be a fine political stroke for his son to marry an Orsini. The possessions of the Orsini spread from the sea to the Apennines on the north of Rome and then turned southward until they touched the estates of their hereditary enemies, the Colonna, in the mountains east of the capital. The house was famous for its numerous Cardinals and gay gentlemen. The younger sons all made their way either by the sword or the mass book. In Naples also they held high office.

So this soldier family might compensate the Medici for their weakness in the field, would form an additional link to the house of Naples, and give them influence at the Papal Court. The Orsini, moreover, owned a chain of fortresses across the highroad from Florence to the south sufficiently near to aid in suppressing domestic disaffection or foreign enterprise.

In 1478 the conspiracy of the Pazzi family came near to putting an end to the Medici. Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano, was assassinated, and Lorenzo himself was obliged to take refuge in one of the Orsini castles until the excitement had died down. Then at the right moment he returned to Florence and succeeded in obtaining a firmer hold on the state than he had ever had before.

Lorenzo now instituted such a government as Florence had never known. He trod in the footsteps of his grandfather and won the favor of the lower classes, thereby making absolute his own power. And to win the favor of the intellectuals, the struggling authors and artists, he encouraged literature and the arts, employed learned men to collect choice books and antiquities for him from every part of the known world, established printing presses in his dominions, founded academies for the study of the classics, and filled his gardens with a collection of the remains of ancient art. He himself wrote a number of poems and dramatic compositions, and could converse in Greek and Latin as well as he could in Italian. When his munificence and conciliatory manners had gained for him the

affections of the higher and the devotion of the lower classes, Lorenzo lost no time in utilizing his popularity. While the city and Italy were ringing with his praises, he quietly took from Florence all forms of constitutional independence which he and his predecessors had permitted to exist.

Some few Florentines, alarmed by the progress of the voluptuous refinement which was smothering every spark of personal independence, tried to stem the current of corruption by an ascetic severity of morals, which gained for them the name of "piagnoni," or weepers. Foremost among them was the Dominican friar, Girolamo Savonarola, whose eloquent appeal to the people in favor of a popular government and a life of asceticism threatened for a time to overthrow the Medici. But after Lorenzo's death a reaction against the monk's preaching set in and he was burned at the stake.

Lorenzo's name is associated with all forms of loveliness, yet his physical appearance was singularly unlovely. He was above middle height and strongly built, but his face was extremely plain, the nose flat and spreading, the chin sharp, the complexion shallow, and the eyes weak. His movements were exaggerated and ungainly, his voice harsh, and he totally lacked a sense of smell. He suffered in comparison with his brother, Giuliano, who was four years younger, and who was tall, strong, and handsome.

Unlike most of his predecessors, Lorenzo died in bed—of the gout, a most commonplace end for such an unusual person.

The three Pacific Coast States of Washington, Oregon, and California will have contributed 3,721,524 deadweight tons of ships at the close of the 1919 shipbuilding programme, according to the approximate figures given out by the United States Shipping Board. In all, 472 ships will have been added to the American merchant marine since the intensive war-time shipbuilding began to "bridge the Atlantic" in the battle waged against the German submarines.

The late of Czar of Russia had a knack of combining courtesy with authority, and Mr. W. T. Stead once received an example of this during an interview. When he thought he had reached his time limit, Mr. Stead remarked, "I think I have kept your majesty long enough." "Oh, no, Mr. Stead," replied the Czar; "it is my custom to terminate interviews."

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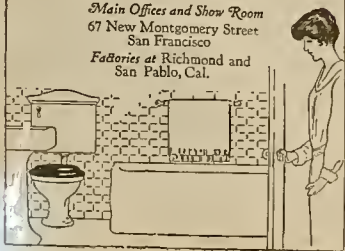
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Swiss president was once asked by the retired Kaiser at national manoeuvres what he would do should Germany send 200,000 men against the entire Swiss force of 100,000. "Distribute two cartridges apiece instead of one," was the smiling answer.

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked him, "George, do you shave yourself?" "Yes," he replied. "I thought so," she said, "your face is the roughest I ever—" Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a lump in his throat.

Everybody in the neighborhood knew that Henry was under his wife's thumb, and grieved for him. But he was so meek, poor chap! One day, after the usual daily lecture, beginning with his faults and ending with his virtues, Mrs. Peck wound up with: "And, what's more, I'd like to meet the man I was afraid of!" "So should I," agreed Henry, thoughtlessly. "I'd buy him a drink."

A sergeant was so much given to using bad language on the parade ground that some of the men complained, and the commanding officer interviewed him, and told him not to let it happen again. The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very ragged squad and after keeping silence for a considerable time he eventually burst out with: "Bless you, my pretty dears; you know what I mean."

The young man, one of the favored few who can still run a car, reached home late for dinner. "I got caught for exceeding the speed limit on the way home," he explained rather sheepishly. "Have to appear tomorrow morning and get a fine or fifteen days." The wife clapped two histered little hands. "What a Providence!" she cried joyfully. "Take the fifteen days, Harry. The cook has just left."

An Irishwoman who lived in the country all her life was invited by a friend to spend a day in a near-by city. As she walked along one of the city streets almost the first thing that met her eyes was the sign, "Washing and Ironing Done Here." She stopped for a moment and stared, and then exclaimed: "Well, an' is that the way they do in the big city? I've got my washing and ironing done, too, and I'm going right home and put my sign out."

A well-dressed and charming young lady hailed a four-wheeler, there being no taxi in sight. Just as he was getting in she noticed the horse seemed inclined to be frisky. He was jumping about and swishing his tail in a way that alarmed her—she was a timid little thing. So she addressed a few words to the aged Jehu. "I hope," she said, smiling bravely, "that you will not run away with me." The cabby sighed mournfully. "No, mum," he replied. "I have a wife and seven kids at home already."

"It was easy from the first to spot the winner in this war. That's why the Allies never lost confidence." The speaker was Representative Carl E. Mapes of Michigan. He went on: "Yes, it was as easy to spot the winner as it was in the terrific African desert go-as-you-please between the leopard and the stout old gentleman. Two natives watched this desert go-as-you-please with interesting smiles. 'Can you spot the winner?' said the first native. 'The winner is spotted,' the second answered."

For five-and-twenty years Popkin had been married, and during that time Mrs. Popkin's tongue had wagged almost incessantly. But one fine day she sat for fully five minutes reading a paper. And Popkin was happy. "My dear," broke in his better half, just when he had begun to enjoy the change and reflect on what he'd missed in the past, "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw, two yards long, has just been found in Cornwall." "What!" Popkin cried, starting up suddenly from his chair. "Ah, now I know the secret of your past. I know all! But you never told me before that your ancestors came from that part of the world!"

Mr. J. A. Strahan, in his hook of legal reminiscences, "The Bench and Bar of England," tells a story of how Lord Russell of Killowen was scored off by a festive young officer of the Guards, who happened to be his partner at whist. The latter had dined well but not wisely, played very badly, and merely laughed when taken to task, so the lord chief justice suddenly flung his hand on the table, and said, angrily: "This is not whist: it is confounded tomfoolery." "Keep your feathers on, old cock," replied the astonished Guardsman, "there's no harm done." Almost speechless with rage, the lord chief justice asked, in a hoarse voice: "Do you know, sir, whom you

are addressing?" "Of course I do," was the reply; "but remember, my boy, you are not in your blasted old police court now."

The former Speaker of the House of Representatives, Thomas B. Reed, once went into an unfamiliar barber shop to be shaved. The negro barber began to try to sell him a hair tonic. "Hair putty thin, suh," he said. "Been that way long, suh?" "I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure." The barber gasped and said no more. After his customer had gone, some one told him that he had shaved the Speaker. "Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speakah!"

"My darling," said a fond mother, who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve mamma so that she will get ill and have to lie in bed in a dark room, and take nasty medicine; and then she may die and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried, and you—" The child had become more solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words, and, throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, and may I sit beside the coachman?"

A colored infantry organization was being mustered out and the company commander sent the home address of every man to the quartermaster, so that each could draw his travel pay to his home. There was some little difficulty about one man and the captain called him in. "Jackson, you gave your home address as Prince Frederick, Maryland, and the quartermaster claims that there is no such place as Prince Frederick, Maryland." "Doan't you believe him, suh; they is," "Well, they can't seem to find it." "Huh, can't find it! They didn't have no trouble finding it when they drafted me."

It was a typical West of Ireland estate, and the Sassenach landlord was just driving his newly-arrived English guest through the lodge gates when a bullet zipped by his ear. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the guest. "What was that?" "Oh, only one of my men having a pot shot at me," replied the landlord. "I rather fancy it was my lodge-keeper." "Great Scott!" again ejaculated the guest. "What will you do with the fellow—have him arrested for attempted murder?" "Do with him!" repeated the landlord. "Nothing, of course." "Not even discharge him?" persisted the guest. "Good gracious, no!" replied the landlord. "Why, I wouldn't lose the fellow for a fortune. He's one of the worst shots I've ever had on the estate."

Once on the State Fair grounds at Indianapolis an elderly Hoosier came up to the manager for Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley and said: "Excuse me, but aint that little hench-leg feller over there the Hoosier poet?" "Yes," said the manager, "but he can't hear much of anything in one ear, and the other is plumb gone. On that side he hasn't heard his own loudest thoughts for years. If you to speak to him, you must let out your voice." So the man with the copperas hair and sofferino whiskers stole up to him and in a loud blast shot a question into Riley's ear: "Is this Mr. Riley?" The poet offered him the other ear, at the same time looking at him with large, blue, wondering, childlike eyes. People stepped back out of range to give the man with the voice a chance, and he repeated the query in a way that shook the blue ribbon of the large iron gray Rosa Bonheur stallion across the plaza. "Is this Mr. Riley?" The poet said softly, as he squirmed up a little closer, "I can't hear what ye say." About 300 people were now round there, waiting to see what would happen. Finally the Hoosier managed to break through Riley's profound solitude and make him hear and admit who he was. Then the surprised and delighted man shot into Riley's stunned and aching ear: "I knew yer father!" "Yes, yes," said Riley; "so did I," and walked away.

Of all the royal personages met on the other side, none is more popular with the doughboys than Princess Marie of Roumania. Once she visited one of the Yankee recreation posts with her mother the queen, and after seeing a game of baseball and some athletic sports declared that she had heard so much about the American dancing that she'd like to see some. Accordingly it was arranged and a regular dance was given after the prevailing army mode. This arranges that when the whistle is blown each man relinquishes his partner and there is a free-for-all on the part of the rest to grab her. When the dancing started a good-looking Yankee, not the least abashed because of her station, asked the princess if she wouldn't like to dance. She would, and did, and it wasn't many minutes before the rest of the huddies knew she was on the floor. When the whistle blew, permitting a break, there was a wild

scramble which nearly howled the young lady off her feet. She was puzzled for a moment, until she grasped the system, and then yielded merrily to the spirit of the game. For an hour she was passed from huddle to huddle in a breathless whirl, and when it was over she cried: "What a wonderful place America must be. Every man is a king." Then she sighed and added. "And I don't believe any European princess was so danced with before."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Aint it the Truth?

My Cousin Anne says, why is it Some professions are so much More self-patronizing than others, and opticians always wear Eyeglasses, and their wives Wear them, and they rig their Children out with them as soon As they get old enough to keep Them on their noses; and successful Dentists always fill their Mouths and their wives' mouths And their family's mouths with Gold and silver; but a barber Will surround himself with hair-Tonic for others, and allow his Own head to become as bald as a Billiard hall, and lawyers very Rarely do any lawing on their Own hook, and who ever heard of A surgeon with a leg off or an Arm off, or an appendix out, and The homeliest woman in her home Town runs a Beauty Parlor?

—Threl Fall, in Los Angeles Times.

On the Wire.

Oh, the sounds that wheeze and hum Tauntingly by my ear; Why can't an answer come From central to me here? Oh! why did I ask for my number? Oh! why did I ever ring? For I'm surely dropping in slumber Holding this speechless thing. But wait—there is a huzzing in my ear— Aha! they've connected my party at last. All agony and torture is past. I shall speak to a human again. Ah! in my ear—sounds that hum and wheeze —! Hello! Hello!—and then —! "Number please!" —Arnold Levine, in New York Globe.

Lor fellow on the Links.

I drove a golf ball into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where, For I, alas, was short of sight And couldn't follow it in its flight. I kicked my caddie into the air, He fell to earth, I know not where, For I deemed it a thing exceedingly vile, That inferior caddie's superior smile. Soon, soon after, I found the ball. It had hardly budged from the tee at all; And the caddie was standing sardonically grim—I had kicked my opponent instead of him. —Boston Transcript.

Behind the Old Drop Curtain.

Oh, for the days of long ago And a good old-fashioned minstrel show! Kelly and Leon at their best, Happy Cal Wagner and the rest, Rare Ben Cotton and Billy Rice, Duprez and Benedict's black paradise.

Oh, for the fun that was immense— Not like the would-be fun now, dense. Harrigan and Hart, oh, boy, oh, boy! "Mulligan's Guards" with its hubbubbing joy. Lone Fisherman of "Evangeline"; Nothing so good these days is seen.

Oh, for the days of the barefoot lass— Maggie Mitchell and others who pass Back of the footlights, each a queen Limmed fore'er on the faded screen, Bright, rare field of the cloth of gold With a jewel woven in every fold.

Oh, for the days of a Juliet Like Adelaide Neilson's—nay, not yet! Never was one so rare as she, Never was one so fair as she! Oh, for the days of the long ago When we lads loved her like Romeo Oh, for the days of Ned Adams, Booth, Barrett, Bangs, and the others forsooth! Good old sword play, fine old talk— Not like today's stuff, water and chalk. Oh, for the days that have long passed by And the stars that shone in the play lover's sky! —Horace Seymour Keller, in New York Sun.

The Gnu.

Few people know what a satisfactory animal is the gnu. Quite a number of hoofed animals, like the ibex and the sacred ox, are mere tiresome combinations of Burhankism, but the gnu has qualities all his own. His head is homely as an unpainted barn—flat nose and very broad mouth and ears misshapen and uncouth. His body is that of an exceedingly powerful pony, with strong neck and rakish tail. His galvanic energy puts to shame the glorious abandon of a cat on a tin roof.

When I arrive before his inclosure he has usually retired to the shed in which he sleeps and stands in the doorway with faraway eyes. Efforts to entice him forth are futile. I turn at last as if to go (says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*), and as I move he hursts forth with the most heathenish cry that ever clattered from an animal throat. If it re-

sembles anything, it is the trench klaxon that warns of an impending gas attack—a series of staccato shrieks which would shake the teeth from a hand saw. I don't see how he can stand the noise he makes. Arm a rabbit with the voice of a gnu and lions will slink from his path.

Reaching the hars of his inclosure in three or four astounding leaps, the gnu halts, with head averted and feet wide apart, ignoring me utterly. When I move to right or left he remains motionless until fifteen feet are between us; then he closes the distance with a bound, shrieks terribly twice or thrice, and once more affects to be utterly oblivious of my presence. When finally I leave him the clatter of his fearful voice pursues me for hundreds of feet, drowning all other sounds.

The most wonderful of ocean flyers are the butterflies which cross the ocean in the spring. Their stamina and endurance are extraordinary, and although some fall exhausted into the sea, the bulk make a successful crossing. The butterfly army of invasion generally includes many beautiful specimens, and as an illustration of their powers of endurance it might be mentioned many butterflies have descended to rest on vessels 200 miles at sea. The farthest authenticated distance at which a moth has been captured at sea was recorded by a well-known scientist eight years ago, who took specimens of a certain large moth 1200 miles from the nearest possible land.

Plans for a church normal school, the first of its kind, have been announced by the General Board of Religious Education of the Episcopal Church. The purpose of the school is to train Sunday-school teachers and to establish a uniformity of methods in teaching.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holton of Ontario, Canada, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Holton, and Mr. Somers Peterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson of Belvedere. Their marriage will take place in October.

Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Denny of Washington have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Esther Denny, to Dr. Glen Smith of New York. Miss Denny formerly resided in San Francisco. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule gave a luncheon Monday at the Palace, their guests having included Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Mr. Brooke Sawyer, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Wakefield Baker, and Mr. John Baldwin.

Mr. Maurice Hall entertained at luncheon Saturday at the St. Francis, his guests having included Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Miss Lorna Williamson, and Mr. Roy Macomber.

Mrs. Joel Raas and Mrs. Howard Allen gave a tea last week at their home in Ross in honor of Miss Mary Arnaby and Miss Marguerite Raas.

Mrs. K. F. McRae gave a luncheon Saturday at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Hunter Liggett. Her guests were Mrs. Liggett, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Basil Rittenhouse, Mrs. Frank Helm, and Mrs. John Wilcox.

Mrs. William Kent gave a reception Saturday afternoon in Ross in compliment to her debutante daughter, Miss Adaline Kent.

Mr. Richard Schwerin gave a dinner Sunday evening at Del Monte Lodge, his guests having included Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Alexandria Gurney, Mr. Allan Parsons, Mr. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. Eric Pedley, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. Edward Eyre, Mr. Harry Hunt, and Mr. Kenneth Montague.

Admiral and Mrs. J. L. Hayne gave a reception Monday afternoon at Yerba Buena in honor of Secretary and Mrs. Josephus Daniels.

Miss Kathleen Byrne gave a luncheon Friday in Ross in honor of Miss Marguerite Raas and Miss Mary Arnaby. Her guests included Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Alice Palmer, and Miss Rhoda Niebling.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Deremer gave a dinner and bridge Friday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Werner Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weldon, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, and Mr. Van Dyke Johns.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith entertained at luncheon last Wednesday at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Hunter Liggett. The guests were Mrs. Liggett, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. Henry Horn, and Mrs. William Sproule.

Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer gave a dinner at

few evening ago in Santa Barbara in compliment to President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Mr. Edward Eyre of London gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the St. Francis, with his guests later attending the theatre. Those in the party included Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Edward Parsons, and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Burlingame for General and Mrs. Liggett. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Charles Henderson of Nevada, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Colonel Garesche Ord, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters entertained a group of friends at tea Wednesday afternoon at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Orville Pratt gave a luncheon Thursday for Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia. Her guests included Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. George Marye, and Mrs. Arthur Lord.

Miss Florence Burleson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Miss Irene Ferguson. The guests included Mrs. Morse Erskine, Mrs. Edwin Shelton, Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Harry Davis, Mrs. Charles Weldon, Miss Marian Leigh Mailliard, Miss Christine Howell, Miss Margaret Barker, and Miss Isabel Jennings.

Admiral and Mrs. J. L. Jayne gave a luncheon Thursday at Yerba Buena in honor of General and Mrs. Liggett.

CALIFORNIA HOUSE MEMORIAL.

Miss Julie Heyneman reports the following additional donations for the California House Memorial Ward to be established in the Edith Cavell-Marie Depage Hospital and School for Nursing in Brussels, Belgium:

Already reported	\$13,739.65
Miss Beryl Bard, Hueneme, Cal.	200.00
A Friend, San Francisco, Cal.	150.00
Mrs. Frederick T. Koster, San Francisco	100.00
Mrs. A. S. Lowenstein, New York	100.00
Mr. Nathan Joseph, San Francisco	100.00
Mrs. Ansel Easton, Diahlo, Cal.	70.00
Mr. F. L. Bosqui New York	50.00
Mrs. Sam Stiefel, New York	50.00
Mr. G. Wormser, San Francisco	50.00
Mrs. Samuel Sussman (2d donation)	40.00
Mr. Hugo Arnstein, San Francisco	25.00
A Friend, San Francisco	20.00
Miss Margaret Herrick, Piedmont	10.00
Mrs. Samuel I. Wormser	10.00

Subscriptions may be sent either to Mr. Bruce Porter, 944 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, secretary for California, or to the Central Trust Company of New York, Forty-Second Street, New York City.

Rear-Admiral Sims recently paid a friendly tribute to the firemen and stokers of the merchant marine who bravely stuck to their arduous and dangerous work while the German submarines were running amuck. He concluded: "Next time you are aboard a liner and see a greasy member of the fire-room force slip up on deck for a breath of fresh air, touch your hat to him."

The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians, who are credited with having made use of percussion instruments to announce the sacred fêtes of Osiris.

CURRENT VERSE.

America to Britain.

Britain, yours is the birthright
Of fog and gale and sea!
Never the flowing tide outruns
The reach of your destiny!

Yet from your ocean mother
Likewise came my stock!
Drake and Raleigh within me
Led me to Plymouth Rock!

What if my planet rises
Here in the West, apart?
Mine is your Celtic vision!
Mine is your Saxon heart!

Came the hour of your peril!
God, how you leapt and defied
Hate that poisoned the roadways,
Death that bid in the tide!

Strained my ships at their moorings!
Rose my admiral's cry:
"Send us to fight by our brothers!
Send—or our souls will die!"

Then were our squadrons wedded!
There in the spume and mist
Crushing the common danger!
Pledging the deathless trust!

This is our law, O Britain—
What we have joined shall be
Blent on the face of the waters
Till God shall dry the sea!

Whither our mandates lead us,
Whither our keels may run,
British and Yankee sailors
A world apart—are one!

—Daniel Henderson, in *New York Sun*.

English History

The Roman threw us a road, a road,
And sighed and strolled away:
The Saxon gave us a raid, a raid,
A raid that came to stay.
The Dane went West, but the Dane confessed
That he went a bit too far:
And we all became, by another name,
The imperial race we are.

Chorus—

The imperial race, the inscrutable race,
The invincible race we are.

Though Sussex hills are bare, are bare,
And Sussex weald is wide,
From Chichester to Chester
Men saw the Norman ride:
He threw his sword in the air and sang
To a sort of light guitar:
It was all the same, for we all became
The identical nobis we are.

Chorus—

The identical nobis, individual nobis,
Unmistakable nobis we are.

The people lived on the land, the land,
They pottered about and prayed,
They built a Cathedral here and there
Or went on a small Crusade:
Till the bones of Becket were bundled out
For the fun of a fat White Czar:
And we all became, in spoil and flame,
The intelligent lot we are.

Chorus—

The intelligent lot, the intuitive lot,
The infallible lot we are.

O, Warwick woods are green, are green,
But Warwick trees can fall:
And Birmingham grew so big, so big,
And Stratford stayed so small:
And the hooter howled to the morning lark
That sang to the morning star:
And we all became, in freedom's name,
The fortunate chaps we are.

Chorus—

The fortunate chaps, felicitous chaps,
The fairylike chaps we are.

The people they left the land, the land,
But they went on working hard,
And the village green that had got mislaid
Turned up in the squire's back yard:
But twenty men of us all got work
On a bit of his motor-car:
And we all became, with the world's acclaim,
The marvelous mugs we are.

Chorus—

The marvelous mugs, miraculous mugs,
The mystical mugs we are.

—G. K. Chesterton, in "Songs of Education."

To a Great Man.

"Take all things easy, even love, my dear,"
You said, and in my young impulsiveness,
I smiled, and did not think that you could guess
The tunes of all these melodies I hear.
Your vision sees too far; these things are near
As one's own bands or feet, I thought. For less
Than God am I, you more. You know the stress
And pull and ache that make of youth a fear,
A torment, and a splendor—you, the one
Man among pigmies? Master, you have need
To clutch another pigmy like our breed?
But once I saw you watch a setting sun,
And once hear music. See—I bow. You knew
I have found you out. You are a pigmy, too.
—Mary Carolyn Davies, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The Oldest Schoolbooks.

Professor Langdon of Oxford, England, has discovered that one group of the famous Nippur tablets stored at the University of Pennsylvania are in reality the oldest schoolbooks known to exist. They show that the children of the ancients learned much that the boys and girls of today have to study. According to these tablets the children of 4200 years ago were taught arithmetic, geography, history, and grammar just like the children of today. The multiplication tables

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are remarkably distinct, and in plain numerals show the incontrovertible fact that three times one are three and five times one are five. On one tablet the schoolboy has been given a lesson in phonetic signs corresponding to the shorthand of modern times. The Sumerians, the authors of these tablets, also invented the use of writing syllables and combining them into words, being the first step toward the alphabet.

Citrus growers in California will spend \$2,800,000 for the purchase of 41,414 acres of land in Lassen County, covered with pine and white fir trees and the erection thereon of a modern lumbering plant and box factory. The trees are to furnish material for making each year 20,000,000 orange and lemon boxes.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., arrived in San Francisco Monday and, together with the officers of his staff, is staying at the St. Francis.

Secretary and Mrs. Josephus Daniels arrived Sunday evening from Honolulu and are at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie Ross and Miss Natalie Ross have returned to San Francisco, after an absence of five months abroad.

Mrs. William La Boyteaux of New York and her daughters have returned to San Francisco from a visit to Del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert McMillan who arrived recently from the East are spending a week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will leave next week for Portland to visit Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibble have gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Thomas Dibble.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce of Florida will arrive in San Francisco this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker and Miss Helen Crocker have gone to Del Monte for a visit of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have returned from a trip to Crater Lake. They are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Upham and their chil-

dren have returned to their home in Mill Valley, where they will pass the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Nathan Hale of Sacramento spent the week-end in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Comyn.

Mr. Charles Dabney, Jr., and Mr. Tallant Tubbs arrived the close of last week from Santa Barbara and are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler returned last week to San Francisco, after a summer on the McCloud River. Mr. and Mrs. William Storey of Chicago have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler at their country place.

Mrs. Charles Henderson of Nevada is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Drum in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, who have been spending the week at the St. Francis, left Thursday for their home in New York. They have been summering in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings and their children, who have been visiting Mrs. Alexander Warner for several weeks, left Saturday for New York to enjoy a brief visit before returning to their home in Peru.

Mrs. J. E. Beale of Santa Barbara arrived Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. G. Billings of Santa Barbara arrived from the south and are staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain have returned to Menlo Park from the Feather River.

Miss Margaret Scheld has left for Sacramento, after a fortnight's visit with Miss Elena Eyre in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Carl Wolff is visiting Mrs. Pierre Moore in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering spent the week-end in Sacramento with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Scheld.

Miss Marion Zeile, who went south last week, is the house guest of Miss Nina Jones. She has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor de Cunha have returned to the Fairmont from a trip through the Sierras.

Miss Betty George has returned from Seattle and is staying with Miss Anne Peters.

Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Dorothy Crawford, and Miss Marie Louise Winslow are visiting Miss Josephine Moore in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. A. B. Gibbs, Seattle; Mr. William May Garland, Los Angeles; Mr. J. W. Gorham, Chicago; Mr. A. E. Hughes, Salt Lake City; Mr. L. N. Stoll, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ayton, Manila; Mr. George T. Myers, Seattle; Mr. R. B. Hall, New York City; Mr. H. E. Tomlinson and family, Philadelphia; Mr. Frederick White, New York; Mr. E. V. Duffy, Sydney, Australia; Mr. J. M. Gracie, Little Rock, Arkansas; Dr. H. Ed. Sauer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Walker, Chicago; Mr. C. O. Yoakum, Portland, Oregon; Mr. R. S. Heaton, Los Angeles; Dr. Louis Bernheim, Butte, Montana.

Hotel Whitecomb arrivals include Mr. Nick De-nunzio, Mr. E. W. Folsom, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Odell, Fort Worth, Texas; Mr. H. Marco and family, Shanghai, China; Mr. Howard W. Huber, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. J.

Jacobs, Sacramento; Mr. Samuel H. Baker, Grant's Pass; Mr. Albert Shakey, Salt Lake City; Mr. A. Kimura and party, Tokyo, Japan; Dr. J. S. New kirk, Norwalk, Connecticut; Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Clarke and son, Santa Barbara; Mr. W. J. Howes, Boston; Judge and Mrs. E. F. Lunsford, Reno, Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Burton, Chicago; Mr. George W. Phelps, Monterey; Captain M. J. Pullian, M. D., St. Louis; Mr. J. P. Smith, Detroit.

Divorces Show Increase.

The latest report of the National Census Bureau once more discloses not only an increase in the ratio of divorce to marriage, but in the ratio of divorce to growth of population—112 divorces to every 100,000 people in 1916, as against 84 in 1906 and 73 in 1900.

There were 112,036 divorces granted in the country in 1916, concerning 108,702 of which these are exact statistics; of these, 39,990, more than a third, were for desertion, with cruelty second, the two combined accounting for very nearly two-thirds (65.1 per cent.) of all the divorces granted in that year, adultery figuring far behind and drunkenness lagging in the rear. While these causes preserve the same order as in the two previous censuses of twenty years apart and are deceptive so far as they may sometimes conceal the real reason for separation, they serve notice on their face that one or the other spouse had wearied of the association—a decision the social morality of which rests on the individual conscience.

Once more, too, it appears that the proportion of divorces granted to the wife in comparison with the husband has not stood still, the 66.6 per cent. determined by the twenty-year investigation from 1887 to 1906 having risen to 68.9 per cent. of the whole. While a portion of this discrepancy between the sexes is explicable on the ground that the wife has a legal cause for divorce more frequently than the husband, and that certain grievances, such as failure to support and cruelty, are more peculiar to the wife, the assumption that married life in this country continues to be purer than elsewhere in the world must face the dual knowledge that more people continue to obtain divorces in the United States than ever before, and that a larger number of the applicants are women.

Studies are being made in France of a plan for a great international railway from Bordeaux to Odessa. There is also a committee studying the project of constructing a tunnel under the English Channel and another through the Vosges Mountains, west of Alsace.

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Some Interesting "Why's."

Why is there a black sheep in every flock? Because sheep, in their early domesticated condition, were brown or dirty black, and because Nature occasionally "harks back" or reverts to early type in nearly all species.

Why are cockroaches particularly common in seaports? Because they first settled there, coming to us from India, by way of the Levant.

Why does a red flag infuriate a bull? Because (according to London *Tit-Bits*), the animal "sees red." The condition which occurs naturally, in certain circumstances (as on the battlefield), in man, rendering him indifferent to danger, is produced artificially in the bull, with like results.

Why does a dog turn round and round before lying down? Because the animal's ancestor, the wild dog, made its bed thus by forming a hollow in the leaves and branches.

Why has the camel got a hump? Because in its natural state it needs an "emergency ration." If deprived of food for several days it falls back on the fat of its own hump, which then gradually disappears before the limbs are perceptibly reduced. That it carries a reserve of water in its stomach is well known.

Why is the underpart of a rabbit's tail white? Because the appendage has on occasion to serve as a danger signal. Violently agitated as it is on the approach of danger, it can be seen by other rabbits even at dusk, whereas it might be wholly invisible if the color of the tail was uniform with that of the body.

Why has a cat got whiskers? Because otherwise—and this applies to the whole of the feline family, including lions and tigers—its eyes would lose sight of prey, such as birds or mice, through fatigue arising from concentration. Experiments prove that cats deprived of their whiskers catch few mice, or none at all.

Admiral Sims' Own Story of the Great War

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He made violent love to you, didn't he?" "Dear me, no! He only asked me to marry him."—*Life*.

"Time for ocean voyages." "Yes, Dorothy is on the qui vive." "When did that sail?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Pop, what are the duties of a campaign manager?" "Principally, my son, to count chickens before they are hatched."—*Judge*.

"I do not know, sir, that I want the love you give me." "All right; I'll be just as well satisfied if you return it."—*Baltimore American*.

"I hear there is a great deal of vacillation in your family, Mrs. Gump." "So there is, but most of it didn't take."—*Baltimore American*.

"Misery loves company, you know." "Yes, but right now I'm not very miserable, although I am not very busy."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Bix—Weren't you nervous when you proposed to your wife? Dix—No, but I would have been if I'd foreseen the present cost of living.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I wonder will Smithers always allude to his wife so lovingly as 'my own'?" "Well, she is his own. Everything else in his home

he is paying for on the installment plan."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"I heard my next-door neighbor calling for help this morning." "Was he in danger?" "No; in an intelligence office."—*Baltimore American*.

"What do you mean by the expression in your story 'as sociable as an echo'?" "Why, an echo, you know, always returns your call."—*Toledo Blade*.

"Did anybody comment on the way you handled your new car?" "One man made a brief remark, 'Fifty dollars and costs.'"—*New York Globe*.

"Bragg boasted to me the other day he had all the gems of English literature in his library." "Then I'll bet they're uncut gems."—*Baltimore American*.

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?" "No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."—*Boston Transcript*.

"You say you are a servant of the people?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "and what's more, I'm one of the few servants who are not ready to jump out at a moment's notice and look for another job."—*Washington Star*.

"Our friend came to an abrupt halt in his eloquent discussion of the Shantung peninsula." "And all because of the simplest of questions," said Miss Cayenne. "I asked him where the Shantung peninsula is."—*Washington Star*.

"Of course," said the serious citizen, "our foreign relations have nothing to do with the high cost of living." "I know better'n that," interrupted Mr. Cumrox. "My oldest daughter married one of them foreign dukes."—*Washington Star*.

"I have called to borrow some money." "I can not lend you money, but I'll give you some good advice." "That won't do. I want to borrow money from you so I can go out and pay a lawyer for some real advice."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"There was a sound of revelry by night," the reciter began, but he was quickly interrupted. "Where did you get that stuff?" asked a slangy doughboy. "If you knew anything about camp life you would know that revelry sounds in the morning, not at night."—*Houston Post*.

"Let's go to the beach for a few weeks," said Brown's wife. "Just think, dear, of the

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soothing murmur of the sea, the constant breaking of the waves and—"And the equally constant breaking of the twenty-dollar hills," put in her more practical husband.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why is a black hen cleverer than a white hen?" asked the small hoy at the breakfast-table. "I don't know, sonny," said his father; "that's a puzzle, I think." "Oh, no," said the hoy, triumphantly; "it's because a black hen can lay a white egg, but a white hen can not lay a black egg."—*London Opinion*.

"Why, Johnny, you've got a lump on your head. Have you been fighting again?" "Fightin'? Not me!" "But somebody struck you?" "Nobody struck me. I wasn't fightin'

at all. It was an accident." "An accident?" "Yes. I was sitting on top of Tommy Scanlan, and I forgot to hold his feet."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Father—I've got some news for you this morning, Bobby. You've got a brand-new baby sister. Bobby—Oh, daddy, may I be the first to tell mamma?—*London Answers*.

"I see some sharp has discovered that the will of Mme. Duharry in a celebrated collection is dated 1798, whereas the lady died in 1793." "Why don't the guys who get up these relics pay some attention to facts? Wouldn't cost 'em a cent more and would look a whole lot better, any way you take it."—*Toledo Blade*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2216.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Brems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Dodging the Issue.

Mr. Wilson's propensity is to over-value what has been spoken or written—more particularly when he has spoken or written it himself—has many times been observed. A thing *said* seems to him a thing *done*. Instances of this misconception punctuate the record of his career, alike in his presidency of Princeton and in his official life at Washington. Explanation lies partly in the self-centred habit of the man, partly in his long exercise of a schoolmasterly authority, more in the academic bias of mind. It is easy to see how a man who has dealt more with words and phrases than with concrete realities, who has lived aloof from practical life, and who as a matter of fact is without knowledge of the things of practical life, should grow into a habit of mind at odds with practical truth. The principle is that so often noted in teachers, preachers, and others whose minds have been exercised in the spheres of theory and sentiment rather than in the field of working experience.

In his tour of the country Mr. Wilson is illustrating afresh his familiar disability to distinguish between theory and fact. All that he says is based upon assumption—assumption that the league of nations as it stands written in the Treaty of Versailles affords a guaranty of universal peace. Will you, he says in effect, have the reign of peace on earth as assured in the covenant, or will you reject the covenant or modify its terms and

go on as the world has been going on since time out of mind? To Mr. Wilson's mind, apparently, the choice is an easy one between peace or war. On one side everything is the color of the rose, on the other the blackness of despair. Again, Mr. Wilson asks for approval of the covenant as it was written at Paris on the ground that its terms are clearly stated. I have, he says, been a student of language, and I declare that there is nothing vague in the document I have brought home from Paris.

Now as a matter of fact there is no criticism of the covenant on the score of vagueness. It is in fact as clear as daylight—and that mainly is what's the matter with it. In terms entirely plain it passes over part of the sovereignty of the United States to an international tribunal to sit in Switzerland, under the executive administration of an Englishman and under the general authority of a governing board in which the United States has but a single vote, while Great Britain has six. It thrusts aside a great national tradition. It rejects the solemn counsels of Washington. It disregards the Constitution. And all this to the end of making the United States a party to every conflict in the world, present or future. It binds us to an agreement to employ our youth in whatever business of war may arise between countries remote, alien in race, interest, tradition, language. It fails to guarantee a principle—that of the Monroe Doctrine—long interwoven in the sentiment and policy of the country and embodying what we conceive to be both a moral obligation and a requirement of our national security. Thus to the minds of many the league of nations project as defined in the treaty of peace calls upon us to concede a multitude of abandonments and commitments amounting in their sum total to a radical and hazardous modification of our system. Among engagements accompanying the covenant, embodied in the general treaty of peace, there is one which binds us in consent to 'an unholy diplomatic bargain, admittedly wrong in principle, under which a considerable territory of a friendly nation is handed over to another nation over the protest of the nation despoiled.

Objection to the covenant and to the treaty, we repeat, is not because of vagueness in its terms, but of its clarity in respect to matters of dangerous import. It is with respect to these matters that thoughtful men in the Senate at Washington and in the country at large are profoundly concerned. Opinion, both intelligent and widespread, appraises the covenant, not as a guarantee of peace, but rather as a threat of future wars. Further, conscience and judgment alike recoil from the agreement at Paris as to Shantung, holding it to be in violation of friendship and good faith and as embodying a serious hazard to our own country. All these objections have been urged specifically and with emphasis. The present contention hinges upon these objections, which have been put forth in careful detail and with powerful logic. The covenant is protested as an engagement which promises to yield, not peace, but war, as fatal to the integrity of our system, as beyond the bounds of constitutional authority. The treaty is further protested, in the matter of Shantung, as a violation of a moral obligation.

It would seem that the President in appealing from the protest of the Senate to the open court of public opinion should meet the arguments of those who propose reservations and limitations. He should face the issue as it has been made. But not so. With the blandness of a cocksure mind he ignores considerations that have been urged, not only in the Senate, but throughout the country. All his discourses are founded in the assumption that the covenant is a certain guarantee of peace. He does not concede the possibility of a doubt. He has said it, and that should be enough, since having said it, it must be so. Upon this basis, ignoring pro-

tests and arguments, he makes appeal—a species of appeal likely to be effective, let it be admitted, with uninformed and emotional minds, prone to mistake rhetoric for reason and artful elocution for the voice of conviction.

We hesitate to attribute to Mr. Wilson a conscious attempt to deceive the public. Possibly he feels in the stubbornness of his spirit that all is fair in a campaign like that in which he is now engaged. Nevertheless there is an element of positive dishonesty in assuming to deal fully and frankly with a great issue, while at the same time ignoring vital considerations connected with it. The prestige of a President of the United States with the people of the country is naturally great, and it may not rightfully be used to conceal or minimize considerations raised in the name of our national integrity. Mr. Wilson sacrifices the dignity of the presidential office and cheapens himself, first in descending to the character of an advocate, and again in the pettifogging device of dodging issues and of clouding counsel.

Intra Parietes.

Verily, these be amazing times. Never before have the people of the United States through their authorized spokesmen in the executive and legislative departments of the government shouted so lustily to the world the virtue of their motives and the purity of their conceptions. Likewise never have the people of the United States exhibited individually such a spirit of ruthless selfishness. In the period of the war profiteering became general. Since the armistice it has speeded up tremendously. No rank or level of society is free from it. If anything, profiteering is more active among the lowly than among the mighty. The tailor, the baker, and the candlestick-maker for once are outdoing the banker, the promoter, and the speculator. We arraign big business—that being our habit—as the chief sinner of the time, but investigation proves that big business is a less keen profiteer than little business and that little business is a piker compared with labor. Big business, being under observation, does not dare go to the selfish and criminal lengths illustrated in the sinister activities of little business. "Everybody's doing it and I'm going to get mine" is the spirit of the time. And while the great majority have cast off moral and ethical restraint and is engaged in this dog-eat-dog scramble we roll our eyes heavenward and inform the world how much better we are than other people.

We went to Versailles shouting aloud that our superior virtue was necessary for guidance of the councils of peace to the end that the world might be made safe for democracy. We came back, beaten at every point to be sure, but smugly declaring that we were a light unto the world. We get up in the Senate and rail at the shame of Shantung, at Britain's enslavement of Ireland, and we acquiesce in the iniquity involved in territorial distribution of Europe and Asia and at other crimes perpetrated by the civilized nations of the world. Our President goes upon the stump pleading the cause of human progress, all the while slighting obvious truths and dodging vital issues. We announce that only by the leadership of our own virtuous America and by our controlling influence may the peoples of the world be brought to dwell together in peace and harmony, even while we are burning negroes in the South, running amuck in Boston, and while we are fighting each other in strikes and lockouts to the accompaniments of arson and murder. Truly a great and noble people we are—for we admit it ourselves—and Pecksniff is our god.

Busy in a country-wide exhibition of our lack of national and individual self-control, we proclaim our inherent right to control all others either by the force of our arms, or by the might of our dollars, or by the

sweetness and light of a virtuous example. One element of our people would have us manage the world through a league of nations, another would have us achieve the same result by maintaining an aloofness permitting the full development of our own exalted brand of national goodness, thus serving by example to inspire and moralize mankind. Through it all runs iteration of our being so much better than others, while all of us in our several spheres are conducting ourselves individually very much after the model of the German imperial government in the day of its power. But we must not say all this aloud.

Some Reflections—More or Less Pertinent.

It is a dull cold day when somebody does not propose a new cure for the high cost of living. But every suggested remedy when closely examined is seen to be a futility. Boosting wages tends to augment rather than to relieve the situation. So with every other device that has been proposed. The world has had many periods of wild inflation with its attendant evils and it has found but one sovereign cure. That cure is the stress which comes inevitably alike to individuals and to nations when spending forges ahead of earning. The world is now approaching such a crisis. The time is approaching in our own country when people can not pay two prices for everything. Inflation, now a full and raging tide, must ultimately run to the inevitable sequel of collapse. And nothing short of collapse will serve to correct mischiefs which are so widespread as to have infected every rank and level. The cure, and the only cure, for the distemper which afflicts the country is a spell of hard times—of times when the swollen prices now prevailing can not be paid because the public will be without the means of paying.

The time is approaching when industry must break down under the burdens placed upon it; and when it comes, there will be the distress which always follows upon the heels of paralysis and stagnation. We have seen the bread line and the soup kitchen in days not so long past as to have been forgotten. There are similar days ahead. And perhaps the sooner the better for our moral welfare. Universal inflation is nothing less than a universal distemper, and it yields a sure product of moral degeneracy. The only corrective is a state of things that will recall men to their senses by enforcing upon them realities as distinct from artificialities. Poverty is drastic medicine. It is pleasant neither to the sight nor to the taste. But it is a sovereign cure for that species of fever which is now running a mad course here and elsewhere.

Reactions do not come without a wrench. And when the pressure of deflation comes, as ultimately it must, it will almost certainly be attended by convulsions that may shake the social structure to its foundations. The disturbances that have attended the upward movement will appear trivial when contrasted with what will happen when the tide shall turn the other way. It is the part of wisdom now to make preparation for protection against the passions certain to be aroused when values of everything, including labor, shall be forced to decline to normal levels. There will be those, and their name will be legion, who in madness will wish to reenact here the tragic record of Russia. The conservative forces of society will be called upon in the interest of social order, even of civilization itself, to meet and overcome destructive programmes. Let them be prepared!

It is now full ten months since the war came to its practical end, and it would seem that a time had come to shut down activities incidental, proper, and necessary in the period of war. But, curiously enough, there is indisposition to let go. A conspicuous illustration is afforded by the war-time organization of the Red Cross Society. It is proposed now to divert its energies to a peace programme, and to this end appeal is made for more funds. And as with the Red Cross so with a multitude of other organizations and movements. The effort all down the line is, not to find a way to quit, but to get means of going on. Instead of seeking to relieve generous givers from the burdens they have carried through a course of years, effort is directed towards still further enlisting their sympathies—and their money.

It is universal experience that machinery created for one purpose may not effectively be diverted to other

purposes. That which is designed for two things is rarely good for either the one or the other. A "bed-lounge," for example, is neither fit to sit on or sleep in. New times and new purposes call inevitably for new devices and commonly for new agents. Under this principle activities designed and shaped for the purposes of war will now do well to shut up shop and leave it to time of peace to find ways and means for the needs of peace. It is, we believe, a serious mistake in policy to attempt to make over the machinery of war-times and apply it to the service of a time when war is passed.

We can but suspect that much of the current effort to continue the various war charities rests upon the personal enthusiasm—we came near saying the vanity—of those who have found congenial employment in these activities. Even Mr. Harry Davison, clear-headed man that he is, seems loath to abandon his place at the head of the Red Cross. It appears even more of a wrench for the women who have been active in one movement or another to let go and retire to their private occupations. One who for a period of years has found pleasure and distinction in conducting a "hostess house" or a "war service" station, or in organizing or administering movements of one kind or another, and who has become accustomed to seeing her name—and her portrait—in the newspapers, does not easily surrender these enjoyments and dignities. But there is a time to quit, just as imperative as was the time to begin. And in the opinion of the *Argonaut* the time has come to quit making appeals in behalf of "war activities" when there is no war—time indeed to ring down the curtain and to put up the shutters.

Editorial Notes.

Those members of the Senate who stand opposed to ratification of the Treaty of Versailles without amendment or reservations are now ready to go to the bat, so to speak. They have named Monday next as a day when they are willing to submit the matters at issue to a vote. If now there shall be further delay the responsibility for it will rest upon those who are championing the President's side of the controversy and who presumably are acting under his orders or with his approval. Mr. Wilson asserts that delay in dealing with the treaty is holding up the restoration of Europe and stimulating inflation of prices in our own country. He now has the opportunity to illustrate his faith in his own theory. It may be added incidentally that the country grows weary of the whole business and that it will welcome the earliest possible action.

General Pershing has fairly earned the reward that the President and Congress have bestowed upon him. He is made a full General for life, action that follows precedent established in the case of Admiral Dewey, who was made a full Admiral for life. The material feature of the case is the fact that this action gives to General Pershing without limit at the age of retirement the full pay and allowances of his rank. Certainly it is not more than should go with a service that has put him in social relations with notable men the world round—men whose occasional comings to America will impose upon him certain duties of hospitality. General Pershing's job in France was a complicated one. Upon his arrival he had to face a problem of organization and training, another problem of construction, and—most difficult of all—a problem of diplomacy in dealing with cooperating forces. All this in addition to the responsibility of high command in a period of actual warfare. On the whole General Pershing has done well. Criticism there has been of certain phases of his operations, but in military affairs success is the final and conclusive test—and under this test General Pershing is fairly entitled to his laurels.

The conditions under which the war was waged were not favorable to the winning of what is styled military glory. From the beginning to the end the fighting was chiefly mechanical in its character. Outside of special incidents there was little of the dash and still less of the romance of traditional warfare. There were no daring and desperate charges—nothing of the "Come on boys, follow me" that stirs the spirit and claims the huzzas of mankind. On the whole it was just dull and dreary work, calling more on the part of commanders for skill in organization and persistence in dogged effort than for brilliant movements.

Only two men have gained anything like the personal distinction yielded by the warfare of other days to men in high command. Both are Frenchmen. General Joffre in the earlier phase of the war and General Foch in its closing months attained to something like military heroism. General Pershing will rank historically with General Haig as an efficient and worthy soldier who quietly, persistently, and successfully did a soldier's duty.

It will always linger in the public mind—at least of the current generation—that General Pershing was given a job which fairly belonged to another. By all the rules and precedents General Wood should have been sent to France in supreme command of the American forces. That he was kept at home was plainly due to fear on the part of the Administration that a successful career as a commander in the field would so exalt Wood in the popular imagination as to make him "presidential timber" and thus give to the political party to which he belongs an advantage over the party in control of the administration, in the presidential year of 1920. These considerations have a certain weight as related to public sentiment respecting General Pershing. There is little logic in the fact, but the public mind is oftentimes less affected by logic than by instinctive feeling.

Premier Paderewski of the shadowy "republic" of Poland makes appeal for forty thousand "Yanks," whose service he believes would save his country from aggression at the hands of envious and grasping neighbors on the east, west, and south. We are not likely to send forty thousand young Americans to Poland in response to this call; and if we were to do so there is no assurance that they would be able to stem the currents that are driving M. Paderewski's makeshift, ill-supplied, and water-logged ship of state on the rocks. Restoration of Poland is a worthy sentiment. It makes instant appeal to the imagination. But we sadly fear that the vision of an independent Poland, still more of a republican Poland, is a dream destined to pass the Iron Gate. The Polish people, long separated and oppressed, have neither the spirit, the training, nor the resources requisite for an independent national career. The country is without natural boundaries and without strong leaders. Wedged in between an aggressive Germany on the west and a revolutionary Russia on the east, and harried by unidentifiable races on the south, it has small chance of a sustained career. The fact that the new Poland can find no stronger leadership than that of an earnest and patriotic but practically denationalized piano player is of itself sufficient illustration of weakness. No, much as we sympathize with the historic woes of Poland, and with her present distress, much as we like M. Paderewski, we will not send forty thousand mothers' boys to die on the plains of Poland.

This is the time of year—Tuesday was Admission Day—when we always make earnest appeal for restoration and preservation of the Spanish Missions in California. Long ago we abandoned hope in this matter, but sentiment is still alive and habit is an impelling motive. So, gentlemen, come up, step up, roll up, get up any way you can to the box-office and put up your money for the good old cause! The need now is as great as ever, practically what it has always been. The old missions are sinking under weight of time. Seriously, no other of the sentimental interests of California is so appealing as that which seeks to preserve what is left of the physical record of early Christian effort in California. Opinions are various as to the worthiness of that effort as related to the welfare of the native race which came under the influence—and to some extent under the lash—of the Early Fathers. But there is no question as to the value of the missions as related to present-day sentiment and interest. The missions give to California a romance which makes no small part of the curious fame of our state the world round. It will be a sad mistake—in truth a practical mistake—to allow the record embodied in the old structures to go by the board. The cause for which appeal is now made for about the fiftieth time without getting anything in the way of practical response is truly a worthy one. If we shall fail to preserve what may now easily be made permanent, our great-grandchildren will rise up to speak of our lack of foresight in terms that some future Burleson may find it necessary in charity and decency to keep out of the mails.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Railroad Strike.

WATSONVILLE, CAL., September 4, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Allow me to express my appreciation and offer my congratulations to you upon the sound, fearless, straightforward manner in which you express yourself in the *Argonaut* of August 30th regarding the recent railroad strike. As an American citizen, I am proud and thankful that we have at least one paper in the State of California that has the courage to openly express its opinion regardless of the issue.

Yours respectfully, K. W. MACDONALD.

Dr. Butler's Speech.

OAKLAND, September 2, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your readers should be grateful for your editorial in last week's issue calling attention to the address on the "High Cost of Living" by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, which was printed in the same issue. At least I am grateful, because I was thus apprised of the many excellences and what seems to me to be the one fault of the address. It is due to the potency for harm in this fault that I dare to take issue with such an able and eminent man as Dr. Butler. I consider his statement with reference to four of the causes of the existing high costs of both the necessities and the luxuries of life to be clear, logical, and convincing. From observations in the everyday transaction of business, I judge Dr. Butler's statement, with the exception I am about to note, to be the true reasons for the present disturbed conditions.

In his enumeration of the five factors in bringing about the world-wide problem of the high cost of living he names as the fourth "the systems of taxation adopted in Great Britain and the United States, including the form of the income and the excess profit taxes." Almost any one who has been enmeshed in the web of complication and uncertainty involved in making up these tax returns will hesitate to undertake a discussion of the technical phases of the question. I do not doubt, however, that even the inexpert among the income-tax experts can easily point out to you wherein Dr. Butler is apt to be in error as to the mathematics in fact four.

As to the logic, first let me quote from the address: "If you take a producer, a trader, or a distributor, who is doing business of a certain volume, and he desires to increase his profit or his business by one dollar per unit, he has got to increase the price to the public five dollars per unit in order to pay four dollars per unit to the government, and have one dollar per unit left." Dr. Butler makes no distinction between increase in profit and in business (or volume), though the tax is levied on profits and none on volume. But more to the point, as the above expression may have been and undoubtedly was a slip, it is absurd to have a hypothetical case on conditions that are never met in actual practice. A business man does not fix his profit by arbitrarily determining that he wants to make a certain sum beyond that which is fixed by competition and trade conditions. Else why could he not have so managed at all periods previous to the present, when no income or excess profit taxes need have been taken into account? (We are not here considering monopolies.)

Profits under the generally existing competitive system are governed by the inexorable laws of trade, without regard to a man's desire or the effects of the income and excess profit taxes. They are determined by costs, expenses of doing business, and efficiency in management, and the taxes are computed after the profit is arrived at. It is impossible to figure the tax beforehand and add it to the price.

Furthermore, I believe that no business subject to competition will, after deducting excess profit taxes, show as much profit as in pre-war years, excepting where an increase is due to volume. In other words, the taxes are not added to the prices to the public, but come out of the profits. The government sees to it that this principle is carried out so far as its dealings with the income taxpayer are concerned, because it declines to permit the tax paid in the current year to be charged as an expense in computing the tax due on the return for the same year.

It is inevitable that any added expenses of a business must be "passed on to the consumer"—these including wage increases, advances in rents, local taxes, freight rates, and other service charges. Otherwise the business could not survive. But the income and excess profit taxes are considered in the nature of a division with the government and result in the business making less profit than it otherwise would and must be so accepted by the business man.

I am making these comments because too much of the responsibility for the existing distress has been placed on business, and particularly on retail business. To have the public coaxed to the idea that all the profiteering and all the passing of burdens may be attributed to one or to any innocent source has the effect of exaggerating the feeling of unrest where that source is concerned.

It also tends to divert the public mind from its own responsibility in the matter, and I agree with Dr. Butler that thrift on the people's part will help materially to remove the gap between supply and demand of the world's commodities.

Some of my fellow business men may argue that thrift will hurt business. If this should be the effect, it will be but temporary. On the other hand if we have to meet a continuing increase of wages and expenses the result in the end will be much more disastrous.

One thing to be learned from the doctor's remarks is that while college men have contributed much to the discussion and settlement of many of our perplexing problems, there is danger and often harm when they enter a field in which they have not had the experience to prove their theories or their conceptions.

Very truly yours, A. S. LAVENSON.

California House.

EASTWARD BOUND, September 2, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: May I venture once more to encroach upon your space in order to thank all those who have helped us, and all those who, I feel confident, will help us to attain our aim: the foundation and maintenance of a model ward of twenty-five beds in the Edith Cavell-Marie Depage Hospital and School for Nurses in Brussels? If the committee of California House accepted the responsibility for this new project—after so many grim years of war service—it was very soberly and after long deliberation. We accepted the task in the first place because the urgent demand that the name "California House" should be perpetuated was a tribute, at once spontaneous and moving, not only to the work itself, but to those at home whose generosity had enabled us to carry it on for four long years. In the second place the committee knew, all too well, the great need we proposed to relieve.

When in 1915 we raised the Bear flag in London—to the wondering curiosity of the passer-by—innocently and involuntarily we involved California. It served as a constant reminder of the fact that our friends were behind us, with their encouragement and support, and also that we represented them, and must prove ourselves worthy of the great trust reposed in us.

My own leave of absence has been all too short to permit

me to complete the onerous task of collecting funds. Promises have been made, however, by so many friends and strangers that if they are all redeemed we shall know a most triumphant success. May I plead with them all, once more, through your columns to give promptly. The exchange is now greatly in our favor. Every dollar given at the present time is almost doubled in value without loss to Belgium, for by the time the money must be used we may hope that the exchange will be normal. Already the upward tendency in the value of the franc has begun.

A less material but no less cogent reason for promptness is the approaching visit of the King and Queen of Belgium. It was her majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who chose the Edith Cavell Hospital and School for Nursing as the institution to carry on the tradition of friendly association between California and Belgium which had been created by California House, and which meant so much to her exiled subjects in London. Is it too much to hope that when she set foot on California soil she may have an added reason for gratitude to the people of California in knowing that they were the first to complete their contribution to the American Memorial Hospital in which eventually the California House ward will be incorporated? With the record behind us of the money voluntarily subscribed which maintained us for four years, was I wrong in counting securely upon the necessary coöperation in our endeavor to dignify the conclusion of an effort by making it of permanent instead of transient value? We are not asking for a large sum. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars could be raised in a week if I could only set before your readers a group of the people whose fate we may ameliorate or wholly alter; the hapless, withered little children, the young tuberculous girls, the broken youths who for years will need constant care and nursing.

So much of our personal effort is for trivial things; I give my California friends the chance to do something forever useful—will they take it? When the conscience of the whole world is hounded by an unheatable load of misery and privation that only endless effort can lessen, money seems the only thing we can offer. California is far away, but imagination spans distance more swiftly than a wireless. How many San Franciscans know or remember that when the devastation of the earthquake came the first offer of help came from little Belgium?

There is an inevitable and quite natural reaction from the distracting anxiety of the war. We have had enough of tragedy. We want—if not to forget it—at least to relegate it to the background of thoughts. We are even, in our secret hearts, a little impatient of those who insist on dwelling upon it.

During my short stay I have done all I could to drive home the fact that if the actual tragedy of war has ended for us—the sword of anguish and bitter loss has pierced so few hearts here—it has only begun for countless thousands. Just a little sacrifice of our daily luxuries would make such an immense difference. Only such determined and continued solicitude will preserve for us the balanced judgment, the fine and wholesome spirit of service and sacrifice the war has engendered, the resolve to understand "to the very limits of our ability, to live our utmost, and do the intensest best we can."

A few weeks ago I looked down from the heights of Pasadena upon a public park where innumerable little children were bathing and playing in the swimming pools. The sun gleam upon their fine, sturdy little bodies, illumined their gay, rosy-cheeked, laughing faces. It was an enchanting sight, and I turned to my companion—Colonel Depage of the hospitals of La Panne and Vincken—with the rather Californian tendency to emphasize the obvious, to my surprise I saw his face was contracted with pain. He said: "At La Panne I have two thousand rickety children, and God knows how many more should be there! You Americans take all you have for granted. There are moments when I lack courage to go back."

It is the force of that contrast between California and the less fortunate lands to which I return that moves me to plead for them. If with all my heart I want the attainment of this object: to create new standards of efficiency in medical and surgical nursing in Belgium—where the man in the street still regards a hospital as a place of horror and dread—I want it a thousand times more for California, in gratitude for our prosperity and abundance, for the ease and gaiety of our normal way of living, for the splendid promise of our childhood and youth, and above all so that we may live up to our great traditions of swift and eager generosity, and so that the reproach of obliviousness of a world of sorrow and suffering may never justly be leveled against us.

JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN,
Chairman Executive Committee of California House.

The Turkish crescent, although now regarded as essentially Mohammedan in significance, is, it appears, of Christian origin. A crescent moon was the emblem of the Byzantine Empire and of the Eastern Church. The Turks adopted it as a badge of triumph after the capture of Constantinople in 1453. With reference to the crescent, the story of the origin of the crescent-shaped Vienna roll is of curious interest. It arose in the sixteenth century, when the Turks were besieging Vienna. Failing to carry the city by assault, they began to mine the walls. At that period the city's bakehouses were in the walls under the fortifications, and when the mines were almost through the sound of the work was heard in the underground bakehouses, and an alarm was given. To celebrate this event the bakers of Vienna adopted the Turkish emblem as the form in which to mold and bake their bread.

St. Helena has belonged to Great Britain since 1861 and belongs to that nation today. In the days of sailing vessels it was a flourishing port of call, and there mariners purchased provisions to continue the voyage to Africa. But with the coming of steam its trade has dropped off, until in 1907 but fifty-seven vessels called there. The population is about 3000, and is English, Portuguese, East Indian, and African, with an English governor. Jamestown is the only town, and it is three and a half miles from Napoleon's home at Longwood.

The Torrens system of registration of titles has proved very successful in the Philippines. The system has been in operation in the island possessions for seventeen years and no loss has been recorded against it. Up to the close of 1918, 73,360 titles and 17,703 mortgages were registered. The insurance fund now amounts to \$153,349.22.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

When the President appeared before the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate he laid the foundations of an historical document of the first importance. He was the only man in America who knew what had happened at the peace conference. His policies were to be submitted to a body of fifteen men who had practically the power of life and death over those policies, and who were keenly determined to know their whole purport and the circumstances that gave them birth. The President on his part was equally resolved that they should know only what it pleased him to tell them. More than once there was a definite request for facts, and the facts were definitely refused. It was all done with an exquisite courtesy, but even the printed page seems to convey the flicker of keen blades with occasional suggestion of the crushing blow of the pugilist. It is unfortunate that we do not read these proceedings in Congress, but our daily newspapers do not permit it. They assume that we are persons of weak minds whose interest does not rise above the level of small jocularities and sensations. We are carefully told of small witticisms on the subject of the lunch hour, but not of the national policies for which our sons may have to die.

Take, for example, the case of Shantung. The senators were very curious about Shantung, and well they might be. They learned something by dint of persistent questions, and what they did learn seems to put quite a different hue on the situation. The public at large has misjudged it. Ask the average man in the street what he knows about the Shantung quarrel and he will tell you that Japan has claimed certain Chinese territory wrested from Germany, but that she has promised eventually to return it to China. Will Japan keep her promise or will she break it? That will be the only question. The average man believes that she will break it and that we are practically giving our consent to the dismemberment of China.

But that is not the only question. The President frankly explained that the promised restitution was not to be a complete one. Chinese sovereignty—whatever that may mean—was to be restored, but Japan was to have a permanent "residential district" at Tsingtao as well as permanent "economic concessions" and a "special body of police." We can imagine the wraith-like nature of the Chinese sovereignty under such conditions as these.

Senator Johnson wanted to know when the restitution of Chinese sovereignty would be made, and the President said that the date was "left undecided," but it would be "as soon as possible." Senator Johnson was not satisfied. Did the Japanese decline to fix a date? Yes, they did. But what did the Chinese themselves think about it? Did they not believe that the economic privileges that were to be permanent would give the Japanese a "fair mastery" over Shantung? Yes, the President believed that such was the Chinese view. Personally he thought it was an exaggerated view, but that was the way the Chinese viewed the matter, and "they have so expressed themselves." And so Senator Johnson momentarily subsides, doubtless feeling that he had made a point, as indeed he had.

But Senator Knox entered the lists to point the moral and adorn the tale. Had not Japan pursued precisely these same methods of economic privileges in Korea, in Mongolia and Manchuria, and we all know what happened there? Yes, said the President, but then there was no league of nations. The report does not say if any one smiled. These bland assumptions that the league of nations would be a bar to iniquities were numerous.

And now Senator McCumber comes on deck. He wants to know in what way Japan has recorded her pledge to restore Shantung to China. What official evidence have we? In what form is it?

And then the President raises the conference veil just a little, and with a cautious hand. For an instant we see the wheels go round. He explains that there was a council of four, and when Japan was present it was a council of five. A *procès-verbal* of the conversation was prepared daily, in other words a stenographic report. This was summarized and each member of the four or five received a copy of the summary. The Japanese pledges were contained in these summaries. Where are those summaries? asked Senator McCumber, intent on the acquisition of wisdom. They were in Paris, said the President. Might they be shown to the committee? They might not, replied the President. There would be "serious objection." The four were in the habit of speaking without restraint, and while he did not remember any "blazing indiscretions" of his own there may have been some. But Senator Moses was not satisfied. He wanted to see those records. Would they be deposited somewhere as a matter of public record? With the secretariat of the league of nations, for example? The President did not know where they would be deposited, but it would not be with the league of nations. One wonders why not. But, says Senator Moses, how can we compel Japan to keep her promise if we are not allowed to have the official record of that promise? And then the President gives the soothing assurance that each of the big four has a copy. He has one himself. The copies will be in the good care of and not be destroyed. "I should deem it my duty," he says, "to leave those papers where

could be made accessible." Obviously there was nothing more to be said about that.

But the question of Shantung came up again later in the morning. Senator Johnson had some other questions that he had forgotten to put. Might he put them now? First of all, did Japan refuse to sign unless she had her way over Shantung? Yes, she did. "Her representatives informed us, senator, that they were instructed not to sign in that event." But the President was unwilling to admit that Shantung was actually and literally the price of the Japanese signature. That was not quite correct. In a general way it was the best they could do. It was not a question to which one could answer either yes or no.

But here comes an interposition from Senator Brandegee, with apologies to Senator Johnson. Mr. Lansing had given evidence that was opposed to that of the President. Mr. Lansing had said that the result of the Shantung decision was the loss of China's adhesion. He had been asked why he had yielded on a matter of principle, and he had said that "we were subject to the direction of the President of the United States" and that "the decision is his." The President now explains that he did not agree with Mr. Lansing, but when Senator Brandegee asks him the direct question, "You could not have got the signature of Japan if you had not given Shantung to Japan?" he replies, "That is my judgment." Yes, he had been notified to that effect. He was clearly informed that the Japanese delegates would not sign unless they had their way with regard to Shantung. None the less it was a consideration of the whole question, secret treaties and all, that had led to the surrender to Japan, and not only the fact of the Japanese refusal to sign.

Did China enter the war on the advice of the United States? The President could not say if that was actually the reason why China had entered the war. But China had asked for the counsel of the United States in the matter, and the counsel had been to declare war upon Germany. China had done so, but whether it was a *propter hoc* or only a *post hoc* he would not say.

And so the naked facts gradually take form and substance before the committee. China had asked for the advice of the United States and had been counseled to enter the war. She did so, having "every reason," says the President, to believe that we would protect her interests "as well as we could." Having fought as our ally, we then assent to her dismemberment by another ally, following an avowal by that other ally of her refusal to join the league of nations unless we do so assent. Having secured Japan's assent to the league of nations by an act of the very piracy that the league of nations is supposed to prevent, we then rely upon the league of nations to enforce compensation for that act of piracy, but the pledge of that compensation is to be found in documents of which only four or five copies are in existence and that have been hidden away in inviolate secrecy. The man in the street may look benevolently upon the President's assurance that it was a consideration of the whole problem, secret treaties and all, that led to the Shantung settlement, and not the single fact of Japan's refusal to sign in the absence of that settlement. Motives are notoriously evasive. We do not know our own motives, however honestly we may seek them. None the less there is the direct question of Senator Brandegee: "You could not have got the signature of Japan if you had not given Shantung to Japan?" And there is the direct reply: "That is my judgment."

I suggested further back that this Shantung settlement means war and that it will then be too late to give our attention to the events that are now passing before our eyes. The forecast is a gloomy one, but it is justified by the portents. Moreover, it is not my forecast. Dr. Hsu, president of the Shantung Assembly, said recently and in the plainest terms that the Shantung decision was a bribe to Japan to join the league of nations, and he said also and in equally plain terms that war would result from it. And just as the league of nations will be the cause of that war, so the league of nations will drag us into that war. When? Just as soon as China shall decide that she has had enough of it, and that day is very near.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 10, 1919.

Probably the most remarkable weapons of war ever used were swarms of bees. There are at least two well-authenticated instances of the use of this novel and stinging war material. The first is related by Apian of the siege of Themisseyra in Pontus, by Lucullus, in his war against Mithridates. Turrets were brought up, mounds were built, and huge mines were made by the Romans. The people of Themisseyra dug open these mines from above, and through the holes cast down upon the workmen bears and other wild animals, together with swarms of bees. The second instance occurred in Enlilant. The Danes and Norwegians were attacking Chester, held by the Saxons and some Gallic auxiliaries. After adopting stoning and boiling water in vain against the besiegers, the Saxons threw down all the beehives in the town upon the attackers, who were soon routed.

Experiments have shown that the average speed of an ordinary snail is at the rate of one mile in fourteen days.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John McCormack, the singer, ascribes his clarity of enunciation to an experience in college when he first sang for pay. He sang a song in English, and when he had finished and was receiving the praise of his fellow-students Maggie, the old college cook, uttered these fruitful words: "Sure, Johnny, darlin', but what did you want to show off your education for by singing in the furrin languages?"

Probably the only man who was present at the signing of the peace treaty which concluded the Franco-German war in 1871, as well as the treaty of 1919, is Lord Dunraven, the famous yachtsman, sportsman, soldier, and politician. In his early days he was correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, and it was in that capacity that he was acting at Versailles when the former treaty was signed.

Mrs. Frances Plummer Maring, who was recently appointed judge of a juvenile court at Seattle, is the first woman west of the Rockies to serve as assistant to a superior judge. Mrs. Maring made, for more than a year, a study of the delinquent girls with whom she came in contact while superintendent of the Juvenile Detention Home in Seattle. Previous to her marriage she taught school in Portland, Oregon. When left a widow with two young daughters to support, she engaged in the real estate and brokerage business in Seattle, continuing successful in that career for ten years.

Poland's first consul-general in the United States, Constantin Buszczyński, is a white-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy-complexioned individual who looks precisely what he is—a country gentleman of the Old World who has spent much of his interesting life in the open air. He was born in 1856 at Niemierze, government of Podolia. His father was Stephen Buszczyński, an historian and social philosopher, author of the work "La Decadence de l'Europe" and many other important studies. The consul-general's distinguished father took an active part in the Polish revolt against Russia in 1863, and with many other Polish patriots was forced to flee to save his skin and to live in exile for many years.

Kijuro Shidehara, the new Japanese ambassador at Washington, succeeding Viscount Ishii, is no stranger in Washington, having been associated with the Japanese embassy there in 1912 as counselor during the period that Viscount Chinda was ambassador. He is forty-seven years of age and, after leaving the Imperial University at Tokyo, was continuously in the diplomatic service until appointed vice-president of foreign affairs in the Japanese cabinet. Before coming to the United States he was Japanese consul in London and in Antwerp, and after leaving the United States he was promoted to the post of minister and served in Switzerland up to the time of his appointment in the Japanese cabinet.

Perhaps no American military man has been more honored by American universities than Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, the modest executor of the draft law which gave the United States an army of sufficient size and character to achieve the glory it won in such a short length of time. Awarded degrees by Brown, Columbia, Princeton, Michigan, and Harvard universities for meritorious service to his country within the last two months, his most recent recognition is that bestowed by the National University of Cuba. The Cuban university has awarded General Crowder the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws largely for the general's work in adjusting the electoral system of the protectorate, which task he has just completed to the satisfaction of the Cuban Congress.

Charles F. Murphy, who is shortly to retire as chief-tain, first assumed the reins of Tammany Hall as part of the famous triumvirate which included Daniel F. McMahon and Louis F. Haffen. The late Chief Devery, when he broke with the organization, referred to them as Sport, Two Spot, and Joke. The last was Devery's characterization of Haffen. McMahon was Two Spot and Murphy Sport. But Murphy broke Devery, as he did all others who questioned his power. This triumvirate, which was named by Croker to succeed himself, was finally absorbed by the present leader of Tammany Hall, and one of his first acts was to break the rule of Boss McLaughlin in Brooklyn and establish the late Senator Patrick F. McCarren, who acknowledged the suzerainty of Murphy.

M. Jules Pams, one of the possible presidential candidates in France in 1920, recently married, *en secondes nocces*, Mme. Marcel Holtzer of the Château of Unieux, in the Department of the Loire, widow of an enormously rich captain of industry, who was head of the great Unieux Works. Through this marriage he has become even richer than he was before. For his first wife brought him great wealth. She was the daughter and heiress of the multi-millionaire old manufacturer Job, owner of the factories producing the papers used for all cigarettes in France, cigarettes being, like every other form of tobacco in that country, a state monopoly. In order to relieve himself of the imputation, at no time pleasant, of being indebted exclusively to marriage for his affluence, Jules Pams invested some money in a tooth wash, which, without much trouble on his

part, has turned out to be a perfect gold mine, thanks to skillful and ingenious advertising by his subordinates. He has converted it into a corporation, in which he holds the majority stock, and which is said to net him, in normal times, a revenue of close upon \$400,000 a year.

Dr. Royar S. Copeland, health commissioner of New York City, is said to be one public official in that city who doesn't give a fig about red tape and never hesitates to say so. If he wants a thing done he makes a bee-line toward his goal and brushes aside every obstacle that gets in the way. During the last two months his office has been a storm centre over the drug question, says a newspaper observer. Any one watching him through this period is forced to the conclusion that Dr. Copeland likes a scrap almost as well as he does a joke—and that is very well indeed. If you can put a new story over on the health commissioner—not a made-over, but a brand new one—he will remember you and go home and tell his wife about it. His enthusiasm for a fight is just as pronounced and he has the knack of hitting hard when the scrap is on, then sitting back and shaking hands with his opponent when it is all over.

OLD FAVORITES.

My Wife.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and hramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "The Triumph of Time."

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none hut she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he had set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace:
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said:
"Live;" and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed.
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space;
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you,
Sleep, and he glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures;
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her heath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and he glad of the gods; hut 1,
How shall I praise them, or how take rest?
There is not room under all the sky
For me that know not of worst or best,
Dream or desire of the days before,
Sweet things or bitterness any more.
Love will not come to me now though I die,
As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe the sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire;
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—
These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard
Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife;
Love that sings and bath wings as a bird,
Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.
Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep
Than overwatching of eyes that weep.
Now time has done with his one sweet word,
The wine and leaven of joyous life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
Fill the days of my daily breath
With fugitive things not good to treasure,
Do as the world doth, say as it saith;
But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
The heart of my heart, heating harder with pleasure
To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given
All that life gives and the years let go,
The wine and honey, the halm and leaven,
The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low?
Come life, come death, not a word he said;
Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?
I never shall tell you on earth; and in heaven,
If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GIRL.

May Sinclair Writes the Story of a Life and It May Be Her Own.

May Sinclair does not call her new book a novel. She calls it a "life," and we are not without justification for the surmise that it may be her own life. Indeed such a surmise gives to it an additional interest and charm.

Ostensibly it is the life of Mary Olivier. It begins with infantile impressions, and while we are usually a little impatient with infantile impressions we are not so here, since they give a picture of the feebly pious and exacting woman who was Mary's mother and of her pompous and rather repulsive father. Mary's rebellion against piety began, it seems, at a very early age:

"Oh, Mary, have you been naughty?"
"No; but I shall be tomorrow. I've been so good that I can't keep on any longer."

Mamma took her in her lap. She lowered her head to you holding it straight and still, ready to pounce if you said the wrong thing.

"Being good when it pleases you isn't being good," she said. "It's not what Jesus means by being good. God wants us to be good all the time, like Jesus."

"But—Jesus and me is different. He wasn't able to be naughty. And I'm not able to be good. Not all the time."
"You're not able to be good of your own will and in your own strength. You're not good till God makes you good."

"Did God make me naughty?"

"No. God couldn't make anybody naughty."

"Not if he tried hard?"

"No. But," said Mamma, speaking very fast, "he'll make you good if you ask him."

"Will he make me good if I don't ask him?"

"No," said Mamma.

The period of childhood, to which Book Two is devoted, is dated 1869-1875. By this time we are well acquainted with the family, including the brothers, as well as various uncles and aunts. Aunt Charlotte is a little insane on the subject of matrimony, and Aunt Lavvy is a Unitarian and therefore an object of protesting consternation to Mary's parents. Mary herself is beginning to question the orthodoxies. They seem unreasonable:

At church they sang "Praise Him in His name Jah and rejoice before Him." Jah was God's pet name, short for Jehovah. It was a silly name—Jah. Somehow you couldn't help thinking of God as a silly person; he was always flying into tempers, and he was jealous. He was like Papa. Dank said Papa was jealous of Mark because Mamma was so fond of him. There was a picture of God in the night nursery. He had a big flowing beard, and a very straight nose, like Papa, and he was lying on a sort of sofa that was a cloud. Little Jesus stood underneath him, between the Virgin Mary and Joseph, and the Holy Ghost was descending on him in the form of a dove. His real name was Jesus Christ, but they called him Emmanuel.

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

That was another frightening thing. It would be like the fountain in Aunt Bella's garden, with blood in it instead of water. The goldfishes would die.

Mark was pleased when she said that Sarah wouldn't be allowed to go to Heaven because she would try to catch the Holy Ghost.

Mary's mother is an enigma. We begin to detest her. Her love for her children is no more than an overwhelming sense of proprietorship. She wants to possess them body and soul. She asphyxiates them. Sometimes when it was not Sunday she would play the Hungarian March to them:

It was wonderful. Mamma was wonderful. She swayed and howed to the beat of the music, as if she shook it out of her body and not out of the piano. She smiled to herself when she saw that you were listening. You said "Oh—Mamma! Play it again," and she played it again. When she had finished she stooped suddenly and kissed you. And you knew.

But she wouldn't say it. You couldn't make her.

"Say it, Mamma. Say it like you used to."

Mamma shook her head.

"I want to hear you say it."

"Well, I'm not going to."

"I love you. I ache with loving you. I love you so much that it hurts me to say it."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Because it hurts me more not to. Just once. 'I love you.' Just a wee once."

"You're going to be like your father, tease, tease, tease, all day long, till I'm worn out."

"I'm not going to be like Papa. I don't tease. It's you that's teasing. How'm I to know you love if you won't say it?"

At eleven years of age Mary began to worry about innate ideas and the conflict between Kant and Locke. She read Locke's "On the Human Understanding" and asked questions of her friends:

"Mr. Ponsonby, do you remember your innate ideas?"

"My how much?" said Mr. Ponsonby.

"The ideas you had before you were born?"

Mr. Ponsonby said, "Before I was born? Well—" He really seemed to be considering it.

Mamma's chair, pushed further along the hearthrug, had driven her back and back, till the box was hidden behind the curtain.

Mr. Ponsonby was Mark's friend. Mark was at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich now. Every Saturday Mr. Ponsonby came home with Mark and stayed till Sunday evening. You knew that sooner or later he would find you out behind Mamma's chair.

"I mean," she said, "the ideas you were born with."

"Seems to me," said Mr. Ponsonby, "I was born with precious few. Anyhow I can't say I remember them."

"I was afraid you'd say that. It's what Mr. Locke says."

"Mr. how much?"

"Mr. Locke. You can look at him if you like."

She thought: "He don't. He won't. They never, never do."

But Mr. Ponsonby did. He looked at Mr. Locke, and he looked at Mary, and he said, "By Gum!" He even read the bits about the baby and the empty cabinet.

"You don't mean to say you like this sort of thing?"

"I like it most awfully. Of course I don't mean as much as brook-jumping, but almost as much."

And Mr. Ponsonby said, "Well—I must say—of all—you are—by Gum!"

He made it sound like the most delicious praise.

The period of adolescence includes the years from 1876 to 1879. Mary was reading Spinoza and had discovered the Encyclopædia Britannica. Why had no one ever told about Pantheism? Why this conspiracy to make her believe in an impossible personal Deity? Even the Encyclopædia was in it:

And yet, as far back as you could remember, there had been a regular conspiracy to keep you from knowing the truth about God. Even the Encyclopædia man was in it. He tried to put you off Pantheism. He got into a temper about it and said it was monstrous and pernicious and profoundly false and that the heart of man rose up in revolt against it. He had begun by talking about "attempts to transgress the fixed boundaries which One Wiser than we has assigned to our intellectual operations." Perhaps he was a clergyman. Clergymen always put you off like that; so that you couldn't help suspecting that they didn't really know and were afraid you would find them out. They were like poor little frightened Mamma when she wouldn't let you look at the interesting bits beyond the place she had marked in your French Reader. And they were always apologizing for their God, as if they felt that there was something wrong with him and that he was not quite real.

Mary's religious break with her mother comes over the Thirty-Nine Articles. Mary refuses to believe that good works are displeasing to God unless they come from faith, and so she thinks she may as well bring matters to a head at once:

"Do you really believe that, Mamma?"

"Of course I believe it. All our righteousness is filthy rags."

—People's goodness. People's kindness. The sweet, beautiful things they did for each other. The brave, noble things, the thing Mark did: filthy rags.

This—this religion of theirs—was filthy; ugly, like the shiny black covers of their Bibles where their fingers left a gray, greasy smear. Filthy and frightful; like funerals. You might as well be buried alive, five coffins deep in a pit of yellow clay.

Mamma couldn't really believe it. You would have to tell her it wasn't true. Not telling her meant that you didn't think she cared about the truth. You insulted her if you supposed she didn't care. Mark would say you insulted her. Even if it hurt her a bit at first, you insulted her if you thought she couldn't bear it. And afterwards she would be happy, because she would be free.

"It's no use, Mamma. I shan't ever want to be confirmed."

"Want—want—want! You ought to want, then. You say you believe the Christian Faith—"

Now—now. A clean quick cut. No jagged ends hanging.

"That's it. I don't believe a single word of it."

Mary's father dies of drink, in spite of his boisterous pieties. His daily visits to the Buck Hotel have been politely ignored, but the stroke that finally lays him low can not be ignored. Mary receives the news while she is at a party and hurries home:

The basin kept on slipping from the bed. She could see its pattern—reddish flowers and green leaves and curlykys—under the splashes of mustard and water. She felt as if it must slip from her fingers and be broken. When she pressed it tighter to the edge of the mattress the rim struck against Papa's breast.

He lay stretched out on the big yellow birchwood bed. The curtains were drawn back, holding the sour smell of sickness in their fluted folds.

Papa's body made an enormous mound under the green eiderdown. It didn't move. A little fluff of down that had picked its way through the cover still lay where it had settled; Papa's head still lay where it had dropped; the forefinger still pointed at the fluff of down.

Papa's head was thrown stiffly back on the high pillows; it sank in, weighted with the blood that flushed his face. Around it on the white linen there was a spatter and splash of mustard and water. His beard clung to his chin, soaked in the yellowish stain. He breathed with a loud, grating and groaning noise.

Her ears were so tired with listening to this noise that sometimes they would go to sleep for a minute or two. Then it would wake them suddenly and she would begin to cry again. You could stop crying if you looked steadily at the little fluff of down. At each groaning breath it quivered and sank and quivered.

Mary has her love affair, a very unsatisfactory one, and she submits to be jilted so that the fault shall not be on her side. The immediate cause of the rupture is that she has cut her hair and she can not see why this should matter. So she asks the opinion of a friend:

"Mr. Sutcliffe—if you'd known a girl when she was only fourteen, and you liked her and you never saw her again till she was seventeen, and then you found that she'd gone and cut her hair all off, would it give you an awful shock?"

"Depends on how much I liked her."

"If you'd liked her awfully—would it make you leave off liking her?"

"I think my friendship could stand the strain."

"If it wasn't just friendship? Supposing it was Mrs. Sutcliffe?"

"I shouldn't like my wife to cut her hair off. It wouldn't be at all becoming to her."

"No. But when she was young?"

"Ah—when she was young—"

"Would it have made any difference?"

"No. No. It wouldn't have made any difference at all."

"You'd have married her just the same?"

"Just the same, Mary. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I thought you'd be like that. I just wanted to make sure."

Mary's brother reproaches her for her attitude to her mother, although it is hard for the reader to see in what way Mary is to blame. To surrender means to be absorbed, swallowed up and obliterated, but Mark fails to see how much heavier is the pressure on his sister than on himself:

"Minky—why are you such a brute to little Mamma?"

"Because I can't help it. . . . It's all very well for you—"

Mark turned in the path and looked at her; his tight, firm face tighter and firmer. She thought: "He doesn't know. He's like Mamma. He won't see what he doesn't want to see. It would be kinder not to tell him. But I can't be kind. He's joined with Mamma against me. They're two to one. Mamma must have said something to make him hate me. . . . Perhaps she hadn't. Perhaps he had only seen her disapproving, reproachful face. . . . If he says another word—if he looks at me like that again, I shall tell him."

"It's different for you," she said. "Ever since I began to grow up I felt there was something about Mamma that would kill me if I let it. I've had to fight for every single thing I've ever wanted. It's awful fighting her, when she's so sweet and gentle. But it's either that or go under."

"Minky—you talk as if she hated you."

"She does hate me."

"You lie." He said it gently, without rancor.

"No. I found that out years ago. She doesn't know she hates me. She never knows that awful sort of thing. And of course she loved me when I was little. She'd love me now if I stayed little, so that she could do what she liked with me; if I'd sit in a corner and think as she thinks, and feel as she feels and do what she does."

"If you did you'd be a much nicer Minky."

"Yes. Except that I should be lying then, the whole time. Hiding my real self and crushing it. It's your real self she hates—the thing she can't see and touch and get at—the thing that makes you different. Even when I was little she hated it and tried to crush it. I remember things—"

"You don't love her. You wouldn't talk like that about her if you loved her."

"It's because I love her. Her self. Her real self. When she's working in the garden, planting flowers with her blessed little hands, doing what she likes, and when she's reading the Bible and thinking about God and Jesus, and when she's with you, Mark, happy. That's her real self. I adore it. Selves are sacred. You ought to adore them. Anybody's self. Catty's. . . . I used to wonder what the sin against the Holy Ghost was. They told you nobody knew what it was. I know. It's that. Not adoring the self in people. Hating it. Trying to crush it."

"I see. Mamma's committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, has she?"

"Yes."

There is another brother, Roddy, who has been sent to Canada against his will because there seemed to be no room for him at home, and now Roddy has come home again with a weak heart:

They had turned. They were walking on the flagged path by the flower-border under the house. Mamma walked slowly, with meditative pauses, and bright, sidelong glances for her flowers.

"If only," she said, "he could work without trampling the flowers down."

The sun was shining on the flagged path. Mamma was stooping over the bed; she had lifted the stalk of the daffodil up out of the sunk print of Roddy's boot. Catty was coming down the house passage to the side door. Her mouth was open. Her eyes started above her high, hollow cheeks. She stood on the doorstep, saying something in a husky voice.

"Miss Mary—will you go upstairs to Master Roddy? I think there's something the matter with him. I think—"

Upstairs, in his narrow iron bed, Roddy lay on his back, his lips parted, his eyes—white slits under half-open lids—turned up to the ceiling. His arms were squared stiffly above his chest as they had pushed back the bedclothes. The hands had been clenched and unclenched; the fingers still curled in towards the palms. His face had a look of innocence and candor.

Catty's thick, wet voice soaked through his mother's crying. "Miss Mary—he went in his first sleep. His hair's as smooth as smooth."

Mary at the age of twenty-eight evolves the suspicion that she may be out of her mind. She has been reading Maudsley and she has been remembering her Aunt Charlotte and wondering if insanity may be inherited from aunts. So she consults her old friend Mr. Sutcliffe:

She thought: "After all, I can tell him."

"No. Not exactly. But it's somebody. One of Papa's sisters—Aunt Charlotte. You see, Mamma seems to think I'm rather like her."

"Does Aunt Charlotte read Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer, to find out whether the Thing-in-itself is mind or matter? Does she read Maudsley and Ribot to find out what's the matter with her mind?"

"I don't think she ever read anything."

"What did she do?"

"Well—she doesn't seem to have done much but fall in love with people."

"She'd have been a very abnormal lady if she'd never fallen in love at all, Mary."

"Yes; but then she used to think people were in love with her when they weren't."

"How old is Aunt Charlotte?"

"She must be ages over fifty now."

"Well, my dear, you're just twenty-eight, and I don't think you've been in love yet."

"That's it. I have."

"No. You only thought you were. Once? Twice, perhaps? You may have been very near it—for ten minutes. But a man might be love in with you for ten years, and you wouldn't be a bit the wiser, if he held his tongue about it. . . . No. People don't go off their heads because their aunts do, or we should all of us be mad. There's hardly a family that hasn't got somebody with a tile loose."

"Then you don't think there's anything in it?"

"I don't think there's anything in it in your case. Anything at all."

"I'm glad I told you."

Perhaps the author does well not to call her hook a novel. And yet it is a novel. All real biographies are novels, and this one is so real in its candor and self-revelation that we almost flinch from it.

MARY OLIVER: A LIFE. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

There is a peculiarity about Little Tancook Island, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, which is not generally known. Nearly all the residents are named Levy. In fact, only a few years ago all the residents bore that name. In the majority of cases the given or Christian name is taken from the Old Testament. The Levys claim to be direct descendants of the men who followed the fisherman's calling on the shores of the lake in the time of Christ.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 6, 1919, were \$131,011,471.46; for the corresponding week of last year, \$104,839,556.40; an increase for the year of \$26,171,917.06.

The gold reserve in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco showed a gain of two and a half millions during the week ended Friday, September 5th. Total gold reserve is given in the weekly report as \$158,644,000, against \$156,027,000 for the preceding week and \$133,762,000 for the corresponding week of last year. Bills discounted also showed gains, the total of bills on hand of \$148,888,000, comparing with \$144,946,000 and \$104,104,000. Bills discounted secured by government obligations were \$51,403,000, against \$47,785,000 and \$39,767,000. Total earning assets of the bank were given as \$161,040,000, against \$154,519,000 and \$106,586,000.

Total gross deposits were \$135,285,000, as compared with \$124,576,000 for the previous week and with \$100,824,000 for the week of 1918. Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation amounted to \$207,387,000, against \$203,521,000 and \$163,547,000.

"The railroad problem is the most important internal question before the country today," comments the *Bache Review* (New

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York). "Upon its correct decision depends the ultimate prosperity of the nation. This will be evident to the most prejudiced antagonist of the railroads themselves, if he will only consider what the preponderant investment of the country's capital in railroads is, as compared with other industries. . . . What must happen to the country's entire financial structure if 40 per cent. of its make-up, being now in trouble, is allowed to drift into disaster?" The present value of the railroads, including both roads and equipment, according to figures carefully compiled, is \$16,148,532,502, as against a total capitalization in all the manufacturing industries of the country of \$22,790,980,000. Of this complete capitalization of nearly \$39,000,000,000 the railroads account for approximately 40 per cent.

A review of the activities of the New York stock market since the first of this year and a forecast for the balance of the year is now in order. Never in the history of the Stock Exchange were there so many important matters pending. Without a doubt, all will be cleared up and out of the way within the next sixty days.

After a sensational hull market which

covered a period of five months from February 18, 1919, to July 18, 1919, came the inevitable midsummer reaction in which the eleventh-hour hulls and all weak margin accounts were eliminated.

The break in the market, which extended from July 18, 1919, to August 22, 1919, was followed by a sharp upturn lasting until September 4th. Chandler Motors rose 80 points, General Motors 57, Crucible Steel 62, and other stocks from 10 to 30 points. Four of the market leaders—General Motors, Baldwin Locomotive, American Car Foundry, and Crucible Steel—made new high prices for the year, selling above the July high level and thus establishing without a doubt the fact that we are now again in a hull market.

The activities witnessed so far this year are almost exactly parallel with those of 1916 (the big war market). A rise in the spring and early summer, a sharp dip in July and August, and then a further sensational advance during September, October, and November, 1916, in which General Motors and Bethlehem Steel leading the market sold respectively to \$850 and \$700 per share, coming from a low price of \$84 and \$46.

The natural reaction of the past few days will surely be followed later with a continuation of hullish activity extending well toward the end of this year. The trader who has the nerve to buy stocks now while strike news fills the air and while the legislation concerning the peace league, railroads, and financing of Europe is pending will be well rewarded later, after these matters are settled. J. P. Morgan's trip to Europe will result in the stabilizing of foreign exchange. He will return to this country, as he did in 1916, with a boatload of orders for American goods. After his return from England in 1916 the stock market hounded upward, stocks making sensational advances on receipt of "war orders." In this instance it will be upon receipt of "peace orders."

In a recent speech President Wilson stated that "one of the difficulties of the labor situation is that there are some employers of labor who refused to meet their employees and talk with them." In regard to this matter it is quite certain that when these employers are satisfied that their employees, and not some "walking delegates," desire the interview it will be cheerfully granted and that no strike will occur. Judge Gary, for instance, is a man of superior intelligence, well versed in matters pertaining to business and a keen student of economics. He has always interested himself particularly in the welfare of his men and is at present affording them better treatment than any employer in the world. The fact that there has never been a strike at the United States Steel Corporation plant in the eighteen years of its existence speaks for itself.

Again I call the attention of traders to the fact that they should not sell stocks on strike news.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., are offering the investing public \$750,000 ten-year first-mortgage bonds of the Pacific Tank and Pipe Company. The amount from the sale of the bonds is to be applied as working capital, the increase in the company's business during the past few years rendering this necessary. The capital and surplus of the company is now about \$1,500,000.

The Pacific Tank and Pipe Company has been in successful operation through its subsidiaries since 1888. They started in business originally in San Francisco to manufacture wooden tanks for the storage of water and for mining purposes and through later expansion absorbed the Mercantile Box Company and incorporated the National Mill and Lumber Company. Their business is composed of four different principal divisions, the manufacture of wooden tanks, the manufacture of machine-handled and continuous stave pipe, millwork specialties and wooden food containers. They particularly have pioneered in the pipe and tank business, and it is interesting to know that redwood pipe is practically indestructible, some of their installations having been down twenty to thirty years and still in service.

The company has a world-wide market for its products, as, for example, they have made installations in New Zealand, Philippine Islands, Korea, China, Mexico, Alaska, South Africa, and the Central and South American republics, and now have selling agencies practically all over the world. They are probably the largest independent buyers of lumber on San Francisco Bay and their plant on the Oakland Estuary is conceded to be the best equipped wood-working establishment on the Coast. To give an idea of the scope of their business, they handled in 1918 a quantity of lumber equal to 7200 carloads of ten tons each, and in addition used 600 carloads of steel in its various forms. They have an organization of about 600 men.

Earnest endeavors to ascertain and remove the causes of industrial unrest, and a fuller realization of the futility of general strikes as a means of obtaining wages and labor conditions that are economically impossible, have

somewhat allayed the anxiety which followed recent disputes. All classes are obviously desirous of cooperating to place industrial and social relations on a better basis than existed before the war, and while in this mood the nation will not regard kindly undue obstruction from any section to measures designed to insure normal industrial peace. The recently issued report of the Royal Commission on Industrial Relations states that, "owing to unsettled conditions we found everywhere a great reluctance on the part of those possessing unemployed capital to risk it in new enterprises or in the expansion of those already established." Since the commission concluded its investigations unemployment in the cities, which was never of a serious character, has decreased, and again to quote from the commission's report, "in practically every province there is a great scarcity of labor on the farms." Producers of all kinds are now finding it very difficult to retain their operatives for any length of time. Factories have orders on hand which will insure full operation for some months, but steel and metal plants are not as busy as they were, largely as a result of the very general labor disturbances.

Under existing circumstances it is not easy for employers in any industry to commit themselves definitely to plans for future operations as is usual in more normal times, but their position is such that they will be able to adapt themselves quickly and advantageously to the conditions which are looked for when the present unrest at home and abroad has settled down and the international financial situation has improved. At the present time most concerns show a much larger excess of quick assets over current liabilities than at the commencement of the war. In the case of ten representative industries this excess today is \$55,000,000 greater than that shown by their statements immediately prior to August, 1914. While this showing may suffer in the process of readjustment now taking place, the margin available for the adaptation of selling and producing organizations to new conditions will be such as to warrant hopefulness as to our industrial future.—August Commercial Letter issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, Canada.

The Anglo and London Paris National Bank is offering through its bond department \$807,000 Tehama County, California, 5 per cent. bonds in denominations of \$1000, dated August 1, 1919, and due serially 1921 to 1934. These bonds are exempt from all local and state taxation in California and from the Federal income tax.

Tehama County is situated in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley, and comprises an area of approximately 2893 square miles. Water is plentiful for irrigation, both by gravity canals and from wells. Its principal sources of income are dairying and the raising of deciduous fruits, grain, cattle, and sheep. It is afforded transportation both by rail and water. The Oregon and California branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad passes through the county, and the West Side Electric Railway, which is now being built, will have its northern terminal at Red Bluff, the county seat. Also the Sacramento River is navigable as far north as Red Bluff.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company were the successful bidders at the sale of \$49,000 Westmoreland School District, Imperial County, 6s. This firm was also the high bidder for \$4000 Porterville School District, Tulare County, 6s, and \$3500 Macks School District, Fresno County, 6s. The above bonds will shortly be offered to the public.

The Morris Plan Company of San Francisco has issued a statement of condition at the close of business August 30th, as follows:

ASSETS.	
Loans	\$372,839.24
Furniture and fixtures	\$6,703.06
Less depreciation	922.15
Miscellaneous items	5,780.91
Cash on hand in bank	4,535.30
	\$392,654.98
LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid in	\$202,870.00
Other liabilities	143,000.00
Investment certificates	1,700.00
Received on installment certificates un-	
hypothecated	495.00
Discounts collected—Unearned	19,824.07
Surplus and reserves	24,765.91
	\$392,654.98

The Morris Plan Company is a semi-philanthropic institution. It encourages thrift through its influence on the industrial classes, just as a commercial bank stimulates prosperity in a community through its influence on the commercial classes.

The operator of a tractor who wishes to get the most work out of his machine and at the same time prolong its life should give particular attention to the matter of correct lubrication. The Standard Oil Company is doing a splendid work in educating tractor operators to the use of the correct grade of Zerolene for each particular engine and also in the best method of taking care of the lubricating system. The company has a hoard

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of lubricating engineers whose business it is to solve lubricating troubles and to give advice regarding correct lubrication. The company's salesmen are always glad to help out and are constantly in touch with the operators of tractors. In addition to this, literature has been prepared giving detail lubricating instructions for every make of tractor. In this way the company is trying to help operators get the greatest efficiency out of their equipment.

Many operators who have taken advantage of this valuable service have found that they can now get far better results from their machines. Any operator, in order to determine just how important a factor is correct lubrication in the operation of his tractor, should drain the lubricating oil from his crank case, clean out the crank case in the correct way, and fill with the grade of Zerolene which is recommended for his particular motor. Many operators have done this, and as a result have found that they can not only pull a heavier load, but can do this with less fuel. This

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means, of course, that upkeep cost from the standpoint of repairs is very materially decreased.

In the course of a general review of the government operation of railways, which appears in the *American Banker* of August 25th, President Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank of New York takes up some financial aspects of the matter to this effect:

"The roads were free from hampering restrictions, and yet the net earnings fell off \$285,000,000, compared with the previous year, the railroads earning only 75 per cent. of the amount which the government had guaranteed them as rental. Notwithstanding the increases in rates, which were far greater than private management had ever dreamed of asking, and which produced greater gross revenue by \$865,000,000, the people of our country, after suffering inferior service, were called upon as taxpayers to advance \$210,000,000, the amount by which the net earnings failed to equal the guaranteed rental. In

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other words, the American people paid \$865,000,000 more in rates for inferior service and were taxed \$210,000,000 in addition, so that the true cost to the people of one year of Federal operation amounted to \$1,075,000,000. With these figures before you, I need not repeat that the popular passion for government ownership and operation has materially cooled during the past year.

"The Railroad Administration, through appreciation of necessities of war conditions or otherwise, increased the wage bill of our railroads within one year \$965,000,000, which advance followed an advance made by the companies themselves in the previous year, so that the total advances in the yearly wage-bill arising since our entry into the war are no less than \$1,260,000,000. The annual wages paid by our railroads today aggregate \$3,000,000,000—an amount equivalent to the gross earnings of all roads during the year 1915. Considering that the war-time increase in prices of railroad materials has added to operating costs between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000 annually, and that the yearly wage-scale has been increased by \$1,260,000,000, while the entire advance in rates has added only about \$1,000,000,000 to annual railroad revenues, it will be clearly seen that the railroad financial situation is far worse than it has ever been before. Much as we may dislike the thought, a further increase in

mileage through the routing of cars via the shortest route, which saving in the Eastern and Northwestern operating regions has been estimated as high as two-tenths of 1 per cent. of the total car mileage. It has, by virtue of operation under the unified system, succeeded in handling 2 per cent. more freight-ton mileage and 9 per cent. more passengers one mile than in the last year of private operation. These savings and advantages are manifestly infinitesimal as compared to what the American people know and can see concretely—deterioration of service and an effect upon railroad finance so alarming that were the roads to be returned to private ownerships under conditions today existent a majority of our companies would be faced with bankruptcy.

"The time has come to solve the problem of the future for the railroads, and the longer the delay the more difficult the solution. The Administration has suggested that governmental operation continue for a further period of five years in order that it may be more thoroughly tested. This suggestion has met with marked opposition, and apparently it has been dropped by its original advocates. While it is in the power of the Administration to turn the railroads back at any time, and immediate return has been threatened, assurances have been recently given that the railroads will not be returned in a way to bring disaster, which surely means that they can not be abruptly returned. To fix a date, even that date provided in the law, namely, twenty-one months after the declaration of the ratifications of the treaty of peace, as the date when the roads shall be returned, would seem to be the height of folly. The railroads should be, and probably will be, returned when a sane and sound plan for their return has been devised."

REFRESHING THE BRITISH.

We are tired over here.

I didn't realize it until that day of the peace procession on the Vauxhall Bridge plinth, where I had climbed with some other ragamuffins. And even then I only realized it when the Americans swung into view at the head of the nations of the world.

I think it was Pershing who did it. Or the Pershing smile.

Pinnaced a couple of hundred feet over the muddy Thames, I had stood there from the early morning. Near me, two "demohed" soldiers. About us the flotsam and jetsam of the London streets that had blown up there.

But it was really Pershing's fault. I wouldn't have noticed it if he had not come along upon that splendid horse, with that splendid smile and that splendid vitality. Behind him, forty yards to the rear, those hickory-limbed hoys from Kentucky and New York and the Middle West. Their faces aglow in the morning sunshine Aglow with hope and glory. Aglow with the America that is to be. Aglow with . . . vision.

As they swung up to us the London crowd, galvanized, broke into cheers that shook the bridge. It was as though vitality were pouring from the manhood of America into London's tired myriads. You could feel it stream from the human electrodes as they marched under Old Glory.

I swung my eyes from those hoys down there back to the plinth. By my side stood the two demohed soldiers of the British middle class. One of them, his hair like unleached cotton, his face the face of an old man, had confided to me that he was only thirty. "I'm afraid," he had whispered. "Afraid of what?" I had asked. "Of everything," came the reply; "afraid to look down on the other side of this plinth into the tides. I'm afraid of my shadow since I came back. I'm tired—tired out."

"He's fanciful," said his friend; "but some fancies are damned hard facts. We learned that out in France. I've had some. I have some. If it comes to that—we're all tired."

I looked from him to the scourgings of the gutter about me. Children with young-old faces. Little old men. I looked down again. And now Young America had halted.

The sun heat on the bronze of America's fighting men. A tall, lathy officer was walking backward holding a green apple to the nose of the charger, which followed him like a dog across the polished sets. He took off his uniform cap and placed it daintily between the ears of the hay beauty, which whinnied. A private was purloining the water—or was it something else?—from the flask of the man in the rank before him. A brown-faced sergeant with a roving eye who had headed the column was, I regret to say, sticking out some inches of red-blooded American tongue at some factory girls in the biscuit factory behind me, who were astonished into silence unusual. A one-armed captain was trying to light a five-minute cigarette with a matchbox vised between two sinewy knees. He was chaffing his non-coms, who smiled back to him like free men. The energy superfluous. Gods at play.

But those others, a little lower than the angels, were also at play behind us on the

ten-foot ring of the plinth. A couple of the little old men were "scrapping," oblivious of that 200-foot drop to a stinking death. And fight they did for the best part of the procession. There's life in the old dog yet!

"Life in the old dog." Why, look at the files of the Fusiliers—war-seared veterans of twenty-five—tired, but holding their heads high, their medaled chests up. But . . . tired. Foch behind, with his splendid air of Old France, looked tired. His smile tired. Haig looked tired. His smile tired. There was vitality about the smile of the Japanese general—but another sort of vitality. The amphibian vitality of the East. But behind him again, streamed tired Europe. Even the almighty Celt, the kilted Scotsman, had lost some of his old swing.

But youth and hope was at the helm, as at the prow, of the great defile. At the last came the "Wrens" and the "Wacs," or, if you prefer, the Women's Auxiliary Corps. Girls in cobwebby robes of a shadowy-gray that clung to the lissome bodies. Good girls. Beautiful girls. Brave girls. Tired. . . . Yes, tired girls, if you will, but with the invincible heart heat of youth through the weariness. Girls to give new life to an old world. Only waiting to mate with youth. If the procession in its gyration about the bridges could only have brought head and tail together! Young, strong America. The fineness of fibre of old Britain. If . . . if . . . But the girls were tired.

Oh, boys, that's the trouble! We are tired over here. Only one thing can save us. Only one thing can huck a continent that is recovering from victory. The infusion of American blood and American youth.—*Shaw Desmond in New York Tribune.*

Bite of Carnegie Philosophy.

It is important that the masses understand what millionaires do. We must justify our existence.

Of all the blessings of life there is none that ranks above that of good-fellowship.

None know better than I the troubles of the night editor.

I don't consider that a salaried man, no matter what his wages, is in business, for he works for somebody else, not for himself.

Concentration is my motto—first honesty, then industry, then concentration.

You Germans should not leave the Motherland out of your calculations. I refer to England. She is the Motherland.

The voice of the people will always make itself heard. They can always be depended on to vote right when their interest is aroused.

I believe that the republic is immortal and that it will come through all its troubles with its foundation unshaken.

A city should own its public utilities whether it operates them or not.

I will intrust my dollars to an institution if I think it is a good one, but not my name. That is sacred.

Speculation is a parasite feeding on values and creating none.

I never made a dollar in the Stock Exchange in my life. I would as soon gamble with cards as speculate in Wall Street.

Warships become obsolete in a few years; the railroad is everlasting and constantly improves.

Wealth can create happiness only in the measure that it permits one to make others happy.

You can safely put all your eggs into one basket when it is your lifework and then watch the basket.

It is impossible for any man long to keep another down.

Money Made of Wood.

The only known currency made of wood is issued by the Hudson Bay Company, and circulates all over the vast territory controlled by that powerful trading concern.

It is a coinage consisting of pieces of wood known as "castors," which are stamped with a die. These are accepted everywhere in that territory as cash, and are exchangeable for all sorts of supplies and commodities at the widely scattered stations of the corporation.

The area governed by the company is vast. In one straight line it extends as far as from London to Mecca; from King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is further than from Paris to Sarmacand. Over all of this region the corporation exercises a complete dominion, employing the native Indians, chiefly Ojibways and Cres, to collect the furs which furnish its revenue.

Hudson Bay is about two-thirds the size of the Gulf of Mexico. It is an almost landlocked sea, with 3000 miles of coast line. More than 300 years ago Hendrik Hudson, trying to find the northwest passage, wintered there. His crew mutinied and set him afloat in an open boat with his son and seven others. He and his companions were never seen again.

The unit of value in that part of the world is a heavier skin. Two martens are equal to one heaver, and twenty muskrats are equivalent to one marten.

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lent to one marten. The trapping is done in winter, and in spring the Indians bring the pelts to the stations, receiving in payment for them wooden money. With the latter they buy what supplies they need at the store maintained by the company at the station.

Al-Mintar, or the watchtower, still exists to the east of the town of Gaza. It is where Samson is said to have carried the gates of the city. On the road from Gaza to Jaffa are ancient olive trees, many of them more than 1000 years old, with gnarled bark and immense trunks. There is an old legend which credits Gaza with the invention of the first mechanical clocks. These were perhaps the sand clocks which are still used in some mosques.

In the Argentine Republic if a man engaged to marry hesitates beyond a reasonable time in leading his fiancée to the altar he is heavily fined.

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Poems.

The author of this attractively decorated volume is the daughter of the late Sir Herbert Beerhohn Tree, and we may therefore ask ourselves if we have here an example of the effects of heredity or of environment. Certainly Miss Tree's verse is not to be merged in the mass of poetic offerings that war has increased rather than diminished. It is obviously the result of intense feeling and of a certain volcanic energy of expression that falls into the most accurate of forms without evident strain or effort.

None the less Miss Tree's poems are by no means faultless. They are too exuberant and too sensational. They remind us somewhat of a moving picture with its insistent search for recurrent flashes, or of a drama with its well-arranged climaxes. Moreover, Miss Tree is too much interested in herself, too fond of describing her own reactions, too prone to the display of her own emotions. These are the characteristics of youth and they will pass away. At least it may be hoped so, for there is little else to cumber the path to a permanent poetic success.

POEMS. By Iris Tree. New York: John Lane Company.

The Position of Peggy Harper.

There are few authors who rise to the status of the uniform and popular edition, but there will be no question that it has been earned by Mr. Merrick, whose novels are now appearing volume by volume and in a convenient and attractive form. Mr. Merrick knows the life of the theatre from the basement up, and—much more important—he knows how to describe it with an economy of words and of emphasis that is at the command only of the highest literary skill.

In "The Position of Peggy Harper," the latest of Mr. Merrick's works to appear, we

have something with a distinctly autobiographical flavor. Its hero is an unsuccessful actor who, after many tribulations, finds his fortune in his pen. We need not doubt that every character in the story is a portrait. There is the pretty girl without an ounce of brains who becomes a popular craze. There are girls with brains and yet who starve. And there is the actor of ability who goes down into the depths because no manager can trust him to keep sober.

It is a dreary picture in its entirety, and one not without its bearing on the present agitation in the world of drama for better living conditions. The fortunes of the average actor are extraordinarily precarious. He never knows what a day will bring forth. He must meet intense competition and the unreasoning frown of the public may be almost his death warrant. Mr. Merrick has done a large public service, not only by writing a number of exceptionally enjoyable novels, but by making known the actual conditions existing in a profession to which the public owes so large a debt.

THE POSITION OF PEGGY HARPER. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Church.

This volume consists of papers read at the Church Congress in 1919. There are three papers on "The Effect of the War on Religion," two papers on "Shall We Retain the Old Testament in the Lictionary and the Sunday-School?" three each on "The Obligation of the Church to Support a League of Nations," "Essentials of Prayer-Book Revision," "The Need of an American Labor Party," "Necessary Readjustments in the Training of the Ministry," and "The Functions of an Episcopate in a Democracy."

These questions are considered from many angles and usually in a spirit of liberality. Perhaps it may be said that an increasingly large number of people are of opinion that the churches would do well to confine themselves to the inculcation of a personal righteousness, and that they have nothing to do with labor parties or leagues of nations.

THE CHURCH AND ITS AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY. By various writers. Edited by Charles Lewis Slattery.

Prussianism and Pacifism.

How far the historian ought to allow his personal rancors to tinge his pages is for some a matter for discussion, but not for Mr. Bigelow. It is almost gratifying to find one who can hate so whole-heartedly and who is so admirably equipped with the verbal armory to do it with.

Mr. Bigelow gives us the history of Prussianism for the last seventy years, and if he does it with a complete detestation he does it also with complete accuracy. The Hohenzollerns are his pet aversion; he finds something sub-human in their baseness and treachery, but there are still vials of wrath to be poured on the heads of Bismarck and the Junker leaders. The Prussian, says Mr. Bigelow, has no idea of fair play. It has never been a part of his education nor of his ideals. He

himself was at school in Prussia and he knows whereof he speaks. Insolence and trickery belong to the Prussian character, and by way of showing that even the highest are not exempt he gives us the following amazing anecdote of Wilhelm II: "He showed so ardent an interest in my priceless miniature of the Queen Luise that I offered to let him see it—reminding him that I valued it highly as a gift from the venerable Queen of Hanover, whose blind husband had been dethroned by Wilhelm I (1866). Never was that miniature handed back to me, although I spoke of it earnestly to the emperor's principal aide-de-camp, the late General von Zitzewitz. Not only did Wilhelm rob me of that precious portrait, but his courtiers looked at one another with stupefaction when I made so strange a claim upon one who was evidently not accustomed to restoring what had once come under his all-coveting hands."

As a piece of history Mr. Bigelow's book is valuable. As a piece of invective it is delicious.

PRUSSIANISM AND PACIFISM. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

War Poetry.

Here we have a second series of the "Treasury of War Poetry," edited with introduction and notes by Professor George Herbert Clarke of the University of Tennessee. The poems are classified under national and general headings, and there are indices of titles, authors, and first lines, and also a few pages of brief biographical notes. It is to be hoped that other volumes of this series will appear from time to time. Without doubt there will be material in abundance, and we may reasonably expect that the best war poetry is still to be written.

A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY. Second series. Edited by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Pictures of Paris.

This charming volume consists of reproductions of pictures of Paris—some of them in colors—by celebrated artists. It is enough to mention such names as B&ot, Hornby, Jouas, Arrington, Trowbridge, Walker, Plowman, Webster, Kemplen, Lepère, Ray-Jones, and Chahine, since it may be assumed that the technical work is everything that it should be. The pages are of large size and artistically bound.

PICTURES OF PARIS. By celebrated artists. New York: John Lane Company.

Briefer Reviews.

Among recent hooks of adventure for small boys is "Billy Vanilla," by Sol N. Sheridan (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company). The characters are well chosen and vigorously portrayed.

Nina Rhoades has already written a small shelf of books for children. Now she gives us another, intended for little girls and entitled "Nora's Twin Sister." It is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

The latest volume of "Children of Other Lands Books," now in course of issue by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, is "When I Was a Girl in Iceland," by Holmfridur Arnadottir, with many illustrations from photographs.

"The Liberty Girl," by Rena I. Halsey, is a story for girls and intended to inculcate patriotism. The war, of course, occupies the background and the incidents are well arranged and brightly told. The publisher is the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

A recent addition to Lippincott's Educational Guides, under the general editorship of W. F. Russell, Ph. D., is "Thrift and Conservation," by Arthur H. Chamberlain and James F. Chamberlain. It is a book intended for the individual and the family rather than the economist, and to that end we have a consideration of waste, food, dress, time, human resources, food, soil, forests, fuel, health, and money.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Edith Wharton has written a new book which the Appletons have just published. It is entitled "French Ways and Their Meaning" and is said to be a brilliant study of the French. Mrs. Wharton, whose work in France during the war has won for her the Cross of the Legion of Honor, is probably better equipped than any other American author to write of French ideals and life.

The Scribners have just put Alan Seeger's "Poems" back to press again, making a total of 34,000 copies since their publication in December, 1916.

Kermit Roosevelt's "The War in the Garden of Eden," a record of his picturesque war experiences under Generals Allenby and Maude, will be published by the Scribners in September.

Miss Marie Corelli's new book, "My Little Bit," just published by the George H. Doran Company, includes the vigorous and outspoken articles she contributed to the press during the war, and two that were first published

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before the war, "The Great Unrest," a drastic indictment of modern social developments, and "Savage Glory," which shrewdly foresaw the catastrophe that came upon us in August, 1914.

The Duttons report much advance interest in the new book, "Light," by Henri Barbusse, author of "Under Fire," which they announce for publication about the middle of September.

Simon Pure, who writes "The Londoner" for the *Bookman*, has an astonishing communication in the September issue about H. G. Wells. He writes: "He is engaged upon a task, to which I mysteriously referred a couple of months ago, of really stupendous magnitude. It is nothing more or less than the composition of a mammoth history of the world which may consist of perhaps three hundred or three hundred and fifty thousand words."

A wonderful tree, known as the shea, is beginning to attract commercial attention in Western Africa. It supplies the natives not only with nuts, which they highly prize, but with a butter that may become an article of commercial importance. It is already exported to Europe, where makers of artificial butter find use for it.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Sober World.

Mr. Randolph Wellford Smith is described as a journalist with many years of international experience. With his ability to confuse an issue he would have made a good attorney for bad causes.

A great many disloyal German-Americans were in the liquor business, says Mr. Smith in his paeon of jubilation over prohibition. This gives him an opportunity to wander around the world and to describe the misdeeds of Germans. Germanism is allied with Bolshevism and Sinn Feinism, and so we have other exordiums on anarchy and rebellion. German brewers, anxious to defend their business, have doubtless resorted to many illicit practices, and so the door is opened to diatribes against corruption. Everything is fish that comes to Mr. Smith's net. Everything is relevant if it can be in any way associated with the drink trade. And of course there are the usual references to desolated homes, the white slave trade, and the horrors of alcohol that no one questions and that every one deplores.

Mr. Smith's methods are similar to those employed in support of the league of nations—the assumption that disapproval of the league is equivalent to an advocacy of war. Similarly Mr. Smith would argue that if we disapprove of prohibition we must correspondingly approve of Germanism, anarchy, and rebellion. There could be no more glaring *non sequitur*. But of course it "goes."

The question is not whether we approve of these evils or of the evils of alcoholism. No one approves of them. The question is whether prohibition will end them, and we may appropriately remind Mr. Smith—since he talks so much about Russia—that Bolshevism was horn and flourished in Russia since the suppression of vodka, and not before. We may quite reasonably believe that prohibition feeds the fires of anarchy and rebellion, as all injustice must do inevitably, and that by its violation of the simplest principles of liberty it weakens human character and thus directly feeds the evils that lie at the base of human deterioration. Mr. Smith's hook is clever and vigorous, but it is irrelevant and immaterial.

THE SOBER WORLD. By Randolph Wellford Smith. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

The Confusion of Bohemia.

"Mummery," by Gilbert Cannan, is a book crammed with bottomless contempt for the Philistine. The reader discovers that there are several brands of Philistinism, and that artists go hungering through the world and seldom get the kind of appreciation they desire, because, generally speaking, we are a world of Philistines. The theatre plays an important part in the novel, a prominent London actor-manager, who discerns the rare qualities of a young actress who has strayed in his ken, betraying the egotistic, unscrupulous domination over the women under him of the average theatrical man of power. There is the conceited, fitful artist, talented but independable; the calm, well-balanced literary artist, never known or appreciated by the Philistine, and the woman artist who is his natural complement, and who turns her back, after one night of success, upon the only sort of theatrical fame she can hope to attain: the fame secured by the admiration of Philistines. "This"—the locale of her chosen destiny—"was the real London, here in Charing Cross Road, shabby, careless, unambitious, unethical. . . . Of all that she had left she did not even think, so worthless was it." The two have a perfect moment as they join their destinies together, leaving the reader to a discouraged perception that the rewards of the world were made for Philistines, and that no real artist had better long too ardently for the fleshpots, for he'll rarely get them; or, if he does, their flavor will be bitter.

MUMMERY. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

An Epigrammatic Novel.

"Our Wonderful Selves" is a first novel, although it has few, if any, literary gaucheries betraying that fact. The author, formerly an actor of the London stage, is also a writer of short stories. His novel has the virtue of steadily gaining in interest as the tale progresses; a point very much in its favor, and which balances a slightly dull and discouraging start.

"Our Wonderful Selves" has for its protagonist a brilliant intellectualist fairly crammed with the arrogance of a man who sees too clearly his mental superiority to the general run of people. Mr. Pertwee has no difficulty whatever in writing up to his very intractable hero, to use an old-fashioned expression. For Wynne Rendall is no hero at all, but a stumbling block to himself, a problem to his relatives, and a thorn in the tender flesh of the only one that loves him.

But he has a piercingly brilliant intellect, a hitherly witty tongue, and a wide knowledge of good literature; and the author is able to carry out his conception with a pen that reveals the driving force of a pretty keen and

well-cultivated mind. His experience of the theatre is probably utilized in giving a theatrical turn to the sort of finale that wins the sapient publishers to an approving verdict. It is rather out of harmony with the rest of the book, but the lighter-minded readers may approve of it. As to the others, they can not but be sorry for Eve, for Wynne has shown, aside from the quality of his intellect, very few glimmerings of grace.

OUR WONDERFUL SELVES. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

New Books Received.

BASS, PIKE, PERCH AND OTHER GAME FISHES OF AMERICA. By James A. Henshall, M. D. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A book for the angler.

NORA'S TWIN SISTER. By Nine Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For children.

THE LIBERTY GIRL. By Rena I. Halsey. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For girls.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN ICELAND. By Holmfridur Arnadottir. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Issued in Children of Other Lands Books.

BILLY VANILLA. By Sol N. Sheridan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For boys.

POEMS, WITH FABLES IN PROSE. By Herbert Trench. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Verse.

AMERICAN FOREIGN TRADE. By Charles M. Pepper. New York: The Century Company.

The United States as a world power in the new era of international commerce.

CAKE UPON THE WATERS. By Zoe Atkins. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

YELLOW MEN SLEEP. By Jeremy Lane. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

THE QUERRILS. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

Along the coast of New England there is a common species of sea snail that is a living bottle of indelible ink, very beautiful and quite as durable, when applied to lingerie, as any that one buys. The mollusk in question is found clinging to rocks just below the level of low tide, and the ink is contained in a whitish vein beneath the skin of its back. The fluid is at first yellow in color, but when a garment marked with it is exposed to the sun it turns green, then blue, then purple, and finally to a brilliant unchangeable crimson. This is one of the two species of whelks from which in ancient time was obtained the famous "Tyrian purple"—a dye considered too splendid for the adornment of any hut kings and nobles. Indeed, it was so costly that none but the very rich could afford it, wool dyed with it being worth \$175 a pound. The liquor was procured by crushing the snails in a mortar. Six pounds of it were required to stain a pound of wool, the ready-woven fabric being soaked in it and afterward exposed to sunlight. Stuffs thus dyed are said to have had a remarkable color effect, presenting changing hues to the eye, like modern "variable" silks.

The evidence collected by the commission on influenza at Apia, Samoan Islands, showed that the population before the epidemic was 38,173, and afterwards 30,630. The deaths included 3265 men, 2704 women, and 1574 children.

On the Rock of Gibraltar and in some parts of England drinking water is obtained by condensation of the abundant dew.



NO HEAT REQUIRED.

Up in the mountains of France, where snow covers the ground more than half the year and zero blasts whistle out of the north, lies the town of Chaudesaigues, and in this town there has not been a heating stove or a furnace for many years. Coal, firewood, and gas are unknown and there are no chimneys in this town of 2000.

Chaudesaigues is in Auvergne, France, and the explanation of its emancipation from soot and furnaces and ashes lies in the fact that it is built in what was the crater of a volcano, and from the ground beneath comes boiling water in great volume. *Lectures Pour Tous*, a Paris magazine, tells how this water is piped through the streets and under houses throughout the town without cost to the resident. Even in the coldest of weather, and it gets very cold in Chaudesaigues—well below zero—the houses are kept at a balmy temperature merely by raising a trap door in the floor and letting out the heat from the flowing waters, the magazine says.

In the streets the hot water conduits are covered with thick stone pavement, but in the houses trap doors of iron or of wood are provided. The Chaudesaigues housewife, wishing to prepare a meal, has only to lift up this trap, put on the kettle, and the family is all taking tea in a few minutes, for the heat always is there.

Laundry work, the hughear of women the world over, is an agreeable pastime in Chaudesaigues. The washerwomen gather at the public washing fountain, turn on the boiling water and scald their clothes, and the work is done.

The hot water is extensively used in the wool-washing industry. The grease is removed from the wool by soaking it in great tubs and then it is dried in ovens heated by the water's warmth. Wool is sent from a wide territory to be washed there. Also, a considerable chicken hatching business has grown up, for it is possible to keep the eggs at a uniform temperature without care. It is a natural incubator that does away with many of the troubles of the artificial article and of hiddy herself.

One of the springs alone has a flow of 125,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, which, a geologist has figured out, is equal in calories to the product of an 1100-acre forest. Several other springs bring the total up to around 500,000 gallons every twenty-four hours.

After the water goes through the conduits it still has a temperature of 122 degrees, and so there is a very considerable waste of energy that Chaudesaigues is unable to get out

of the water. After doing the town's heating and cooking and washing, the water tumbles into the rocky bed of the Remontalou Brook and goes its way to the sea.

Roosevelt's Four Sons.

In a recent summary the following interesting chronology of the Roosevelt boys was offered:

Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt—Attended first Plattshurg camp, 1915-16; commissioned major, Reserve Corps, February 12, 1917; called into active service May 10, 1917; attended first training camp for officers at beginning of the war, was assistant instructor there; ordered to Europe June 14, 1917; arrived at same time as First Division; assigned to First Battalion, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; gassed May 27, 1918; wounded by machine-gun bullet July 20, 1918; returned to duty with troops October 20, 1918; assigned to command of Twenty-Sixth Infantry; promoted to lieutenant-colonel September 16, 1918; commanded regiment last battle of war and on march into and occupation of Germany; First Division was the first into Coblentz and the first across the Rhine bridgehead.

Captain Kermit Roosevelt—Attended first training camp for officers at commencement of war; sailed to Europe July 19, 1917; commissioned as captain in British army; as captain commanded unit of armored motor-cars at Mesopotamia; returned to France; commissioned as captain in American artillery; assigned to command of C Battery, Seventh Field Artillery, First Division; was with First Division during last battle of war and on march into and occupation of Germany.

Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt—First Plattshurg training camp; commissioned in air service at beginning of the war; sailed for Europe early in summer of 1917; killed in action July 14, 1918.

Captain Archibald Bullock Roosevelt—Attended first Plattshurg camp, 1915-16; commissioned second lieutenant in Officers' Reserve Corps; went to France with first troops; assigned to Twenty-Sixth Infantry, First Division; promoted to captain in January, 1918; commanded D Company, Twenty-Sixth Infantry; wounded severely in action March 11, 1918.

A great shortage of dwelling houses is said to exist in Sydney, Australia. There were 10,546 buildings erected in 1914 at a total cost of \$6,775,548, and this number has greatly decreased each year during the war, until in 1918 the number of newly constructed houses was 4998 and the total cost was \$3,726,896.

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THE ORPHEUM.

This week's bill is characterized by variety. Probably "Putting It Over" still remains the outstanding attraction, even if it is a hold-over. It is always more amusing to see amateurs attacking the female impersonation stunt, on account of the light-hearted enjoyment with which they enter into it, as well as the interest with which we scan the transformation. Most of these youngsters had faces alive with mischief, in spite of their having seen war service in the tragic trenches of France. The joy of life seems to have survived in them in full measure, and their young heels limbered as gayly as the baby hoofs of spring lambskins through the various dances laid down in the musical comedy presented by them.

Another ex-soldier, this one from the British army, made good. Tommy Hayden, late of "the Royal Flying Corps," did some characteristically English fooling, and, although at first an American audience rather stands off, as it were, and puts these English performers on their mettle, Tommy finally won the heartiest demonstrations of approval. His partner helped out with her violin, and also won some of the encomiums on her own account.

There was still another nice soldier in the cast, Harry Vivian and Ada, his expert and smiling little partner, presenting most brilliant feats in sharp-shooting. Somehow one felt a new interest in seeing what an American could do in this line, for we have not forgotten that the feats of American sharpshooters dismayed the Germans and helped to win the war. Harry Vivian is a typical young American; a pleasant young man with a genuine twang to his voice, genuine humor to his stories, and, I feel convinced, genuine kindness in his make-up. His pleasant personality added very much to the act.

Mme. Burnell is presented as the scientific enigma. She seems to be a natural conductor and her exhibitor assisted in various demonstrations showing how highly charged she could become with electricity, not the least of which was setting gas torches and scraps of paper to a blaze merely by touching them to her fair flesh.

Bessie Clayton, attired like Mrs. Solomon in all her glory, gave a series of dances, assisted by her excellent company. Miss Clayton has considerable individuality as a dancer, but she does not invoke the dramatic element to her assistance. It is as darning pure and simple that the act is presented, the per-

sonnel of her company being of superior quality, and fresh, handsome, graceful costumes and effective settings being employed to lend éclat to the general effect.

Blanche and Jimmie Creighton offered "Mudtown Vaudeville," Mr. Creighton demonstrating to the satisfaction of the audience his usual ability in the depiction of a thin-voiced old man in a rural community who is a confirmed if aged butterfly.

Elfrida Wynne, costumed as radiantly and as variously as Bessie Clayton, sang serious songs in a well-trained voice; sang them without particular charm or imagination, but with finish. Miss Wynne concluded her act by singing a naughty little song of French coquetry into which she injected considerable provocation and made her first hit.

The performance closed with displays of trick bicycle riding by Sutter and Dell; stereotyped, but excellent.

A BOY PLAY.

"Young America," by Fred Ballard, is suggested by Pearl Franklin's "Mrs. Doray" stories. Mrs. Doray is evidently an incorrigible philanthropist; one of those unreasonable beings that persist in believing in the innate decency of human nature, and are every now and then disconcerting the human-nature pessimist by being proved in the right.

The Dorays are a happy young pair of newly-weds, and we are permitted to intrude upon them at unseasonable hours: breakfast time, dinner-dishes-washing time, and the like. This, of course, audiences take to as kindly as an urchin to an ice-cream cone, and we heard the recognition laugh of young husbands all over the house, when the wife—off stage—replying to husband's queries as to what she is doing, replies, rather pointedly: "I am washing the dishes—and wiping them."

Husband looks strangely oblivious as to his manifest duty, for almost all of the young husbands are broken in to dish-drying during these servantless days. Their laugh of rueful fellowship confessed it the other night. There are even households in which old husbands, retired from business, take a hand. I am told of one in which the wife does all the cooking, and the husband—retired from business—does all the cleaning, and heartily glad of the job; otherwise life would stretch before him a drear and taskless waste. I heard of another contented little household of two conducted on somewhat similar lines. And when the old man died his surviving relative broke up housekeeping, for she, being a wage-earner, felt helpless without the aid of his competent services.

"Young America," however, is a play about boys, although the concords and discords of young couples also play a part. It is written all about a scene in a juvenile court, which, I may parenthesize, we all enjoyed down to our hoots. The first and last acts of the play went with a good deal of farcical frivolity, but the second act—the juvenile court act—gave us a sense of reality. Our hearts were touched, our understanding of boy nature helped on in this scene, and yet the audience, always avid for laughter, had plenty of opportunity, for Henry Shumer gave a good take-off of a comic Hebraic fruit peddler, and Thomas Chatterton came out strong in the comedy rôle of a confirmed growler. He had his audience with him, all right, and was really very good except for a rather too perceptible expression of boyish relish of the situation.

Vaughan Morgan again played the rôle of a boy; a ne'er-do-well against whom every one's hand was raised. This time, however, the rôle being quite prominent, Mr. Morgan's manly proportions, broad shoulders, and a certain maturity of expression, were quite too unsuitable, well as he played his part; except, perhaps, for his air of equality with adults. He was supposed, I take it, to be a boy of twelve or thirteen, but it was impossible to enter sufficiently into the illusion to accept him as such. The other grown actor, Fred Weiss, being of slenderer build and more youthful in appearance, we found we could accept with the necessary illusion, as "Natty," more particularly as he played the rôle with much sympathy and understanding.

The tribe of actual children amounted merely to an aggregation of noise, and I think, except during a brief scrap of dialogue once or twice, we were, generally speaking, resigned when they and their shrill cackinnations were extinguished in the wings.

But that reposeful little ducky in the juvenile court scene; with what absorption we hung upon his mellow accents, although he scarcely said anything but "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," in response to the gentle pressure from the judge, whose kindness and reasonableness were so agreeably conveyed by Al Cunningham. It must be that the dramatic instinct in the negro nature comes instantly to eager life when the feet of members of the colored race trod the boards, for these people are generally at ease, and intelligent in following out instructions. The other "cullud pusson" in the cast, who played the rôle of the mother of the fetching little ducky, was

as serene and sure in her rôle as if she were the utility lady of the company.

Belle Bennett was rather too sensational in appearance, with her brilliant and emphatic make-up, for a philanthropist. We think of the good people of the world as eschewing the brilliant hues of artifice. Perhaps we are wrong, but Belle Bennett, with all her thoroughness and careful study, is wrong, too, in one respect. She hasn't studied make-up under a master of the craft. However, she played very prettily in the little domestic scene between the young couple which opens the play, and put the requisite heartfelt touch in her plea to the judge. Mr. Richardson had also a light and easy rôle, neither of the pair having any particular demand made upon their reserve powers. All the company, however, played with relish, the cheerful, genial, kindly little comedy appealing to them, I fancied, so that they all joined in good team work to make it a success.

VICTORY FOR THE ACTORS.

The actors' strike is over, and, in spite of rival claimants for victory on the other side, the actors have won. It was written from the beginning that they would, for their cause was just. It now remains for the producing managers to heed the signs of the times and show that they can lose gracefully. They committed—or some of them—a great breach of tact when they spoke with a sort of god-fatherly contempt of the players handing together for their rights. "Just children," one of them said, and offered to wager that they did not know what they were striking about.

But the actors had good leaders, and performed a master stroke when they affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. They had come to recognize what the managers appreciated for their own benefit when they formed the Producing Managers' Association, but refused to recognize in respect to actors that organization is a part of modern life. Also, the actors showed good judgment in not confusing their art and their business relations. One was quite distinct from the other, and affiliating with a labor federation did not make them any less artists. As was remarked by an Eastern commentator on the strike, "It is not necessary for an actor to be a bad business man in order to be a good artist."

They showed business instinct when they put on performances at the Lexington to crowded houses, and also when they handed over to the A. E. F. the task of keeping the managers' theatres idle. They tell of many offers of production capital and of the use of theatres. They even speak—or did speak in the heat of the fray—of opening some houses on the cooperative plan.

However, the managers are right in respect to the business ability of actors. Players belong to the artist fraternity, and business and artistic ability does not usually reside in the same brain. Probably the question of cooperative playhouses will now lapse.

The manager-actor war is over, and each side will doubtless stick to its own specialty. There have been deep scars inflicted in the conflict. Lifelong friendships have been broken by the stand the actors made, for collective bargaining. George Cohan said several bitter things, of which he probably now regrets. Otis Skinner resigned from the Equity. Messrs. Cohan and Brady proclaimed, in their wrath, that they would never produce or act again.

Old grievances came to light, numerous instances being related of the injustice of certain managers. A month's rehearsal without pay, for instance, followed by the immediate withdrawal of the play rehearsed because the public turned it down. Or the dismissal of a player after five or six weeks' rehearsal because "his was not the type for the rôle." Or, worse still, bringing an inferior actor daily to see a standard player's rehearsals, and, after the looker-on has picked up enough knowledge to succeed in making a good imitation of his superior, dismissing the other without recompense and placing him in the rôle.

The principle of collective bargaining being now recognized, such abuses will pass away. They were not generally practiced, but that they were practiced at all shows the need of the actors' organization playing a more active and protective rôle than it has heretofore.

A due proportion of the producing managers are men of just and generous ways, and men of that type managed to retain their sense of justice during the strike. They even tell of a friendly producer who encountered upon the street an actor who had broken a contract with him, thus doing away with the big gains hoped for from a new play just launched. This man, rising superior above the personal question, held a friendly confab with the actor which ended in his advancing him a loan to relieve a temporary embarrassment due to the strike.

But there are tragic severances of long-standing friendships, and possibly the friendly relations existing during the entire career of some of the stars between them and certain

producing managers may never be restored. When we think over these almost lifelong relationships, which included as much an admixture of friendship as of business, we begin to realize the moral courage required for many of the actors to break away. Many of them sacrificed \$500-a-week salaries in defense of the principle of collective bargaining.

The whole progress of the strike shows how prone poor human nature is to look only on its own side. Few indeed there are who can rise superior above the personal aspect of a question. William Faversham proposes, in a signed communication to the press, that the actors be given the rights they demand. But he also proposes that the actors' union protect the managers "who take the gamble," etc., not realizing how thoroughly those gentlemen can be depended upon to protect themselves. It is, of course, as a manager that he feels, and possibly the actors have not entered into a full perception of the money risks the managers run.

Players are well paid, but it will be noticed that the question has not been one of salaries. They want pay for every working day and they insist that the principle of collective bargaining be recognized. This is their great gain.

Their victory is sure to bear fruits outside of the profession. Already we hear of university professors and instructors forming a self-protecting association. This will immediately hearten up the public school teachers, who have always felt a distaste for forming



XXIII.

A Fair Return

Courts or other authorities passing upon water rates have always declared that the company is entitled to a "fair return." Nothing less than this will command the money needed to build and extend the works. Experience has demonstrated this the world over.

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The water company can not get this money unless there is a reasonable chance that the business will succeed, that the investor's capital will be safe, and that he will be paid fair wages for his capital.

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unions, lest the schools should be closed by order of some strike master and the children turned on the streets. But the scandalously small size of teachers' salaries in the majority of Eastern cities is being taken up in the press for the first time, and the general public would be surprised to learn how many teachers' unions there are throughout the country. We may therefore expect them to become heartened by the actors' victory and try to right their wrongs.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

The great American actor, Guy Bates Post, will be seen at the Curran Theatre next Sunday night, September 14th, in "The Masquerader."

"The Masquerader" is based on Katherine Cecil Thurston's story of John Chilcote—wealthy and distinguished parliamentary leader, yet such a drug addict that he would renounce anything for the drug—who in a London fog meets John Loder, a young hack writer of political ambitions, with a resemblance so marked that Chilcote, seeing a way to free himself from the world, proposes that they change places.

The feasibility of the plan is enhanced because Chilcote has been estranged from his wife and his moodiness brings no surprise from his servants and friends. Loder, accepting the proposal of Chilcote, assumes the latter's identity, and in an address to Parliament which Chilcote was to have delivered scores sensationally.

Post in the dual rôle gives a truly remarkable performance. The mechanical devices brought to the play by Richard Walton Tully, the producer, are far in advance of anything of a similar nature seen in stagedom during the past decade.

Post's original company, which will be seen here, embraces such players as Alice John, Lionel Belmore, Clarence Handyside, Andrew Anderson, Reginald Carrington, and others.

The Alcazar.

One of the essentials that have brought great popularity to the Alcazar is the variety of dramatic fare that its modern policy provides. "The Law of the Land," which opens at next Sunday's matinee, is a vital melodrama by George Broadhurst. A man of ungovernable temper pays penalty with his life in this very human play, but his offense is the brutal treatment of a sweet and appealing little boy. Its scenes are laid in a fashionable household, not in the sordid underworld, and it proves that the control of the primitive emotions is not merely a matter of environment. Belle Bennett will find her best opportunity for dramatic acting as a tortured wife. Walter P. Richardson personates a straightforward,

typical young American. Thomas Chatterton the furious husband, little Billy Pearce the adorable child, and abundant comedy is provided by Henry Shumer as the big-hearted, understanding police inspector Cockran, Vaughan Morgan as the secretary, Rafael Brunetto as the inimitable butler, with Al Cunningham, Nate Anderson, and Orville Caldwell as the police officers, Graham Earl as the doctor, and Emily Pinter as the lady's man.

"Pollyanna" comes to the Alcazar for the first time, and for the last time in San Francisco the week commencing Sunday matinee, September 21st.

The Orpheum.

There will be seven new acts in next week's Orpheum bill.

Julius Tanne, "The Chatterbox," and one of the best monologists in vaudeville, will introduce a new act which will enable him to display his extraordinary ability as a humorist.

George Kelly, who shares the headline honors, is not only a deservedly popular comedian, but also a successful author of one-act plays. He is the writer of "Finders Keepers" and "Woman Proposes." He will appear in his latest skit, "The Flattering Word," a satire in one act which argues that at some time everybody has been stagestruck. He is supported by an excellent cast.

Lydia Barry is a singing comedienne of variety and charm. Her songs are always of the best.

Billie Burke's "Levititation" is an amusing travesty on scientific possibilities in which Professor J. Edmund Magee hurlesques the powers of the hypnotist.

Will J. Ward and his Five Symphony Girls will provide a delightful act. His feminine quintet are pianists, vocalists, dancers, and comedienne, and he himself is a fellow of infinite jest.

Boyce Combe, an English light comedian, is blessed with a pleasant personality, an ingratiating manner and a seemingly in exhaustible fund of humor. He has a capable assistant in Burton Brown.

The Royal Gascoignes begin where most jugglers leave off. They introduce their dog Bertha.

The only holdover in this remarkable bill will be Bessie Clayton and the Cansinos, assisted by James Clemons and Miss Clayton's company, in the greatest and most alluring dance review this city has ever witnessed.

Geraldine Farrar.

Geraldine Farrar, the best-known woman in America, by virtue of her consummate art on the opera stage, the movie screen, the talking machine records, and whose beauty and striking personality have endeared her to millions of people, will be the first of the great artists that Manager Frank W. Healy will present here this season.

With Miss Farrar, who comes in the prime

of her powers, will be Arthur Hackett, a fine young tenor, and Rosita Renard, a brilliant young pianist. Los Angeles, where Miss Farrar has a concert October 2d, and the Curran Theatre, where on Sunday afternoon, October 5th, Miss Farrar will give her only San Francisco concert, will be the only California cities to hear her this season.

Symphony Orchestra.

Negotiations have been practically completed by the Musical Association of San Francisco for the appearance of two great American artists—Albert Spalding, violinist, and Clarence Whitehill, baritone—during the early part of the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which opens October 10th in the Curran Theatre.

Spalding's appearance will be productive of much interest, for he has been out of the musical field since 1917, serving as an aviator in France. Fifteen years ago Spalding graduated from the Conservatory of Bologna, Italy. He continued his studies in Paris for two years more with Lefort and then made several long and successful concert tours in Italy, France, Russia, and Germany. His debut in his native country was made at Carnegie Hall, New York, October 11, 1911. The following year he returned with many re-engagements and as soloist with some of the leading symphony orchestras, and his appearances since then have been in the nature of triumphs.

Symphony goes will be delighted as well in the appearances of the distinguished baritone, Clarence Whitehill, who for the past eleven seasons has sung principal rôles with both the Metropolitan and Chicago grand opera companies.

Whitehill began his musical studies in Chicago. On the advice of Mme. Melba he went to Paris and there secured the distinction of being the first American male singer to be engaged at the Opéra Comique.

Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham of the Musical Association of San Francisco announces that the season ticket sale for members, now being conducted at the offices in the Phelan Building, has assumed most gratifying proportions.

ANOTHER MISS HABERSHAM.

The story of Charles Dickens' Miss Habersham, who after her lover's death closed her home and lived in it in her yellowing bridal finery while dust grew thick on floors and furniture, spiders spun their webs over mirrors and lamps, and her wedding cake decayed where it stood on the table, still holds its fascination for all who read it; but for nine years in one of the busiest streets in Detroit a locked building has sheltered the mouldering stock of merchandise of a little store that was closed up forever and kept untouched because a son would not let another handle what had been his mother's (according to the Detroit News).

With the death a few days ago of George E. Park, sixty-one years old, the story, which is as strange as Dickens' tale, became known, and the mystery which has puzzled many who wondered at the sealed and poster-covered door and windows of the small brick building in Grand River Avenue was explained.

Mr. Park and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Park, built the store more than thirty years ago, and for more than twenty years conducted a small dry goods business there, living in the three rooms above. Mr. Park is said to have been the son of an English sea captain, who died before the boy was born. He and his mother were never separated. About eleven years ago he built two apartment houses, in one of which he and his mother lived, and from which they walked together to the store each morning. Two years later Mrs. Park was suddenly taken ill, and it soon became evident that she would never be well again. Then the store was closed up.

For six years the son nursed the mother, and then she died. Her death was a shock from which he never recovered. He was ill for a long time. Afterwards he lived alone in the apartment they had occupied together. The curtains were never raised. He refused to allow his tenants to help him with the domestic work. Also he refused angrily to answer questions as to why he did not open and rent or sell the store and the rooms above it.

Business men in the neighborhood say he returned to the store nearly every day, and sometimes several times a day, always closing and locking the door behind him. What he did in the musty building, with its upper floor vacant, the piles of merchandise on shelves and counters covered an inch thick with dust, the plaster falling from the ceiling and the light of day excluded by the curtain of posters over the windows, no one knew, but one who once peered through a tear in the layer of papers said he could be seen sitting behind the rusty stove, motionless in the darkness.

Two months ago he was taken ill and removed to Grace Hospital, where he died.

Holland mines are now producing coal at a rate of about 2,000,000 tons a year.



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Swords of Honor.

The practice of giving swords of honor such as those presented to Beatty and Haig recently in England came into vogue accidentally. In 1797, when Admiral Sir John Jervis won the battle of St. Vincent, the London corporation wished to do him honor, but he had already received three years before the freedom of the city and a gold box. It was therefore resolved to award him a sword valued at 200 guineas, and, writing from the Victory in the Tagus, to accept the gift, he said: "The sword they intend to honor me with I shall prize beyond expression, and be at all times ready to draw in defense of the rights and privileges of my fellow-citizens." And a sword of honor has been a regular token of the city's appreciation of warriors ever since.

The greatest hydro-electric plant in the world, planned for India, is expected to deliver water to the turbines at a pressure of 680 pounds to the square inch.

A street-car passenger in England receives a piece of paper punched to show where he got on. When he leaves the car he pays according to the distance traveled.

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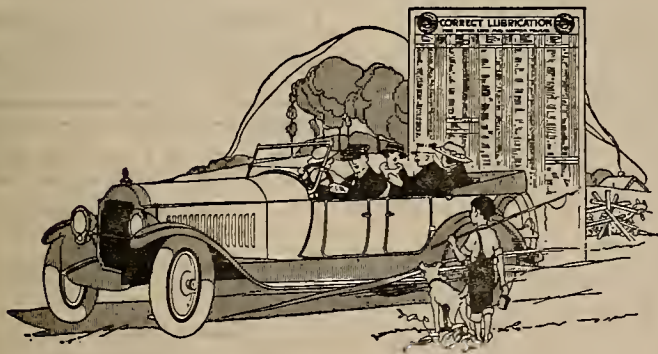
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VANITY FAIR.

Fifty thousand women of New York have banded themselves together to resist the high price of living. At the moment we are in possession of only the bare fact, but we hasten to give it to the public in order to lessen the agonizing suspense. We have no details. Doubtless they will come by a later mail. But we know enough. The crisis is over. We can tranquilly await the reports of the grand parade and the sartorial competitions thereby engendered. In due time we shall learn about the luncheons at \$10 a plate and the costumes of the leaders as they thundered their defiance of the grocer and the millman. We may even get their portraits for our newspapers as evidence that the new day has dawned and that women, the natural housekeepers of the nation, will stand no nonsense.

Even at the moment of jubilantly penning the above immortal words a newspaper of an even later date comes to hand. We knew it, and here it is in print. The women have gone right to the bat, so to speak. They have the profiteer by the throat. They will swat him, or know the reason why. The voice of their protest is loud in the land. Take the case of beauty parlors, for example. A communication addressed to the district attorney of Brooklyn, a sort of modern Declaration of Rights, says that "beauty is a necessity of life and the cost must not be excessive." It is a necessity of life. We heartily agree. And the price is most excessive. Why only last week we met a girl—but there, our feelings shall not carry us beyond the limits of discretion and censorious eyes are upon us. But we are glad this matter has been brought to the attention of the authorities. Beauty parlors, says the complainant, are charging exorbitant prices. They should be investigated, curtailed, abbreviated, supervised. We should pass a law.

It shall be done, says the district attorney of Brooklyn, suspecting that the women may control some votes. Women, says the district attorney of Brooklyn, are justified in making themselves as attractive as possible. Even savages paint their bodies. He had not come across any cases of profiteering in beauty parlors, but he would make inquiries and take the necessary action. Yes, he said just that. A district attorney said it, the district attorney of Brooklyn, and the reports adds that his "sleuths are hot on the trail of the beauty profiteer." Is it any wonder that we are jubilant at this triumphant vindication by women of human rights?

It is natural that a matter of this sort should not be allowed to rest. A metropolitan newspaper gives it somewhere in the neighborhood of two columns, as its importance deserves. You would hardly think that the world was in flames, would you? You would hardly believe that over a score of wars are now being fought and that the dread of red ruin is burning its way into human hearts? Two columns about beauty parlors, and under the head of profiteering. Well, it was "bread and circuses" that they wanted in ancient Rome when the Hun was at the gates, and human nature has not changed much. Congenital idiocy still rules the roost in offices of district attorneys and in the editorial sanctum of metropolitan newspapers.

And so it was necessary to find out what the beauty parlors had to say upon the vital question. Were they or were they not feeding on the vitals of the public and subjecting the masses of their fellow-citizens to a process of conscienceless extortion. No, said the beauty parlor people. Not guilty, said the beauty parlor people. They were the victims, and not the aggressors. Apprentices were not to be had for love or money. They wanted from \$18 to \$25 a week wages, as well as tips, whereas they had been contented with \$12 to \$15. All the essentials of the beauty trade had gone up. What could they do but raise their prices? Their customers had not complained. There was a girl who earned \$25 a week and she came every few days for a manicure, shampoo, hair wave, face massage, and to have her eyebrows shaped. She paid \$2.35 for this array of beautifications, that is to say about a tenth part of her income, and she made no complaint. Whether she was one of New York's embattled women the record says not, but of course one would naturally want a lot of beautifying to take part in a movement of that sort. Even the most naturally beautiful woman looks hideous in a crowd of women. A crowd of women is the ugliest thing on earth.

The manager of another beauty parlor admitted that there might have been some overcharging. Women, she said, go shopping for beauty just the same as for anything else. If you want pink shades on the lamps, pink cushions on the chairs, and a manicurist who calls herself Mademoiselle, of course you have to pay for them. Women, she said, spend a lot more on themselves than they used to. Massage and hair treatments paid best and her business was chiefly with ordinary housewives. There were all sorts of things that women had done to themselves and they were willing to pay a higher price for what they got. For example, the charge for shaping eyebrows used

to be 35 cents. Now it is 50 cents. But how does one shape one's eyebrows? We should like to shape ours. Nature at best is an indifferent workman and her efforts must be supplemented by art. There are other parts of our anatomy that we should like to shape in deference to the rather pointed comments of our friends.

There should be a standard scale of prices for beautification, says this profound contribution to the study of profiteering. A face massage with bleach should cost 75 cents. But what is a "bleach"? Do women bleach their faces? How we do live and learn, to be sure. Wisdom increases with the passage of the suns. And what is a "round wave"? It costs 50 cents. We should like a dozen or two. A "henna rinse" costs \$1, but a "henna dye" costs from \$3.50 to \$5. A rinse will be sufficient, thank you. The baby needs shoes, with apologies for having a baby, but it was an oversight.

And so it goes, as Mr. Dooley says. No wonder Bolshevism should be rampant in our midst with women victimized the way they are. But thank heaven they are alive to the situation. We were afraid that they were lying absolutely helpless under the iron necessity of out-dressing each other, out-eating each other, and out-beautifying each other. But they are awake to the situation. They will save us from the profiteer. They will insist upon justice even though the heavens fall. Just think of it—50,000 women!

THE MALL ON PEACE DAY, 1919.

By Sir Ernest Hodder Williams.

Life in London had been tingling for days. Each step was on tiptoe. Every street had its thrill. On Friday night weary fathers were trudging the morrow's route with children—fighting, wild-eyed with sleep, perched on their shoulders.

"Now I call that beautiful," some one said, looking at the monument to "The Glorious Dead," and I do not think he meant the cenotaph itself. He was looking at the faded bunches of wild flowers at its base.

I wonder if any city in all the world can offer a nobler prospect than the Mall? It is time we ceased to speak of London's ugliness. It was a gloriously, radiantly beautiful city on Peace Day. The flat solidarity of Buckingham Palace, royal blue outlining its windows, and a light garland of laurels across its rather heavy face, was the perfect background for the brilliance of the streets, and the richly foliaged trees, dark green against the cloud gray sky, toned all the gaudiness from the gilt and bunting. Some great artist—or was it just loving kindness?—had ordained that the vast amphitheatre round the Victoria Memorial should be filled by the wounded in hospital blue and bright red tie. They sat upon empty shell boxes. The most severely wounded had the front place of all for the pageant. I would like to have seen Haig as he passed these men at the salute. He knows.

"Eh! Look at all the folk. Just look at all the folk." It was absurd to try and talk of the crowd. One could only gaze and wonder. It was so unprecedented, so incalculable, so beyond speech. On the south side of the Mall a space had been left open, and we walked from the palace almost to the Admiralty Arch.

Before the procession reached us there fell on that vast mass of people an eerie hush. I could hear the leaves rustling. I think it was that every one was tired, strained with waiting, and that the British soon exhaust the stream of shallow conversation. It was a day, too, of intense and intensifying emotion, and we are more than usually silent when we are deeply moved. It was like the stillness before a burst of thunder. It lasted nearly an hour before the crash of cheers. Once it was broken by a short, sharp clap as a closed car drove quickly by. Mr. Lloyd George knows well that if he had driven along the Mall in an open carriage the heavens would have been rent, but he hid himself so that none should share the glory of the sailor and the soldier.

In any other country there would have been music all the time, but that is not our way. The march past was unheralded. It was not headed, as we expected, by a band, but by a single officer carrying a red flag with four white stars. Behind him rode General Pershing. The greatest kings of history would have envied such a position, and General Pershing, a sturdy, well-knit figure of efficiency, in tight-fitting, undecorated uniform, made no secret of his pleasure and his pride. He was very dignified and modest with it all; London found in him a serene and very likable hero. After him the massed flags of the American army, not hanging like our colors wreathed in laurel, but flying straight out. All so brilliant, so bright, these unfurled Victory flags. The American soldiers, in polished brown steel helmets, many with flowers on their rifles and houquets in their belts, marched with a springy, jerky step very different from the swing of the British Tommy. Next, in grim contrast, came the

Belgians, their dull casques crammed fast upon their heads, with heavy tucked-up coats a group of war-worn men, who more than any others conveyed the fierce rough reality of war. Their bayonets looked so long and hungry. At their head rode General Bourremans, with mighty up-twisted black moustache, triumphant.

The coming of Foch was a great moment. It will be still greater in memory, for death will make no conquest of this conqueror. I have never heard wilder cheering. I have never thrilled to louder acclaim, and I have never seen such a look of wonder on the face of a crowd. The Marshal of France is a superb horseman. His mettlesome charger pranced and curveted, but the hand holding the purple baton with its stars and tip of gold did not quiver; the still figure in blue, with stiff crowned hat of red, did not bend. The victor turned not to the right or left. He sat back in the saddle, his head thrown up, his shoulders squared, his eyes fixed, it seemed, on the royal standard that flew in the distance from the top of the palace. Some say the face was stern. I did not think so. It was set. He rode as in a dream. What thoughts teemed behind that unmoved, immovable countenance! I have only seen such an expression once before upon a great man's face, and that was when Mr. Lloyd George entered the Guildhall on the day of the Kaiser's abdication.

The Poilus were splendidly chosen as types of every branch of the French service, and might have stepped out of Mr. Herbert Ward's drawings. Their bayonets were decorated with Union Jacks. Their faces were all smiles, but the Italians, green with myrtle rolls of coat across their shoulders, burst the bonds of ceremony and bubbled over in irrepressible enjoyment. General Montouri flashed and flourished his sword as the cheers rose at him. An old Garibaldian in mufti had joined the Italian soldiers.

After Japan, with its very small young generals, Poland with its bearded leader, the Greeks in white trousers, the Portuguese with their flaming flag, the Roumanians—all, it is said, until recently prisoners of war—and the Serbians, led by a giant, a small, proud band of men who received a mighty welcome—there was a pause.

A slight boyish figure on foot bearing the admiral's flag, the Union Jack. There is a subtle but altogether delightful intimacy between the Briton and his navy, and it seemed just the right thing that Admiral Beatty, the head of the greatest power the world has ever seen, their power, should walk on foot, like one of themselves. He was white and tired, and though he saluted constantly there was something of the British dislike of fuss in his bearing. We should never have forgiven him if his cap had been straight. It was not; the peak nearly covered one side of his face. Our sailors hate marching, but they can march perfectly when it is necessary. They went past like Guardsmen. And the bulldog was there—unmuzzled—straining at the leash in a hurry to get the job done. It was the one unexpectedly personal touch of the day, and of course it belonged to the navy.

Following the sailors, all spick and span, came the surprise of the march, a mixed and jumble-colored crowd of lascars, in turbans of white, pink, buff, and crimson—skippers and mates, deck hands and stokers, the nondescript men of the merchant marine, almost shambling in their ugly, ill-fitting shore rigs. With them the flag of their union. It had nobly earned its place among the battle standards, for these men were as brave as the bravest.

It was good to see the first contingent of the Women's Army. I think the sailors were as proud of the Wrens as we were. Their white caps kept perfect line as they passed.

We had waited very long for Haig—Haig, our man—but he gave us what we wanted when he came. Bending a little forward over his horse, as if his shoulders could not carry the weight of our voices, he turned from side to side, gravely saluting every one of us. The British leaders—Rawlinson, Byng, Cavan, Birdwood, Horne—took their cue from him. Some bowed, some passed with raised hand. We had our chance then to let something of the joy that was in us ring out—and we took it.

And then the greatest sight of the whole day of glory—surely the most wonderful pageant in all the world's history—a sight which will endure as long as eyes that saw it see at all—the massed standards of the British army. I wish it were possible to convey in words any idea of the splendor of that forest of colors, of the beauty of those banners of faded silk, crimson and blue, hattle scarred, each with its wreath of gold and laurel.

You have looked upon their like as they hang singly in cathedral dusk. Imagine all that you have ever seen, more than you have ever thought to see, passing in the sunshine. We stood uncovered, speechless, breathing quickly, our heads throbbing to the clamor of their glorious history. The Colors! The Colors!

Nothing like this has ever been seen in Britain. Nothing like this, indeed, through-

out all generations. One's thoughts rushed back to Imperial Roman days, but this was surely above all Greek and Roman fame.

After the standards a little company, not chosen, as most had been, for smartness and uniform height, a remnant that looked a remnant, men who could not be picked, just because there were so few to pick from. This was the Army of 1914, officers and men together, so representative in its pitiful inequality of all that was left of them.

What words can tell of the great company that followed, the glorious British army that rose from earth at the call?

Eight abreast, twelve abreast, it passed us, passed us for an hour. Cavalry, artillery, horse, field, and heavy. Tanks and all the men of the air, women from all the regiments of women, and then, most glorious of all, the infantry, the "foot-slogger," Fusiliers, Black Watch and Borderers, Welsh and Irish, men of the County Regiments, men of London Town, men from the Back of Beyond, the men who gave us the victory. "I report as every man may of God's work."

The American ambassador has said the word. One must fall on such an occasion back to the old verses: "The men were very good unto us, and we were not put to shame. They were a wall unto us both by night and day."

Our ears ached to the rumbling of the guns, to the endless tramping of the men and women marching, marching on. Our eyes grew dim and the steady ranks of khaki and of blue swayed and rippled before them until at length they rested gratefully on the pure white of the army nurses marked with the Red Cross. On my left my friend was sitting looking at the ground. On the other side one stood rigid, and did not know that the soldiers were still marching by. I understood that both were very lonely. And then, I too, was quite alone. Each of us was in his own hallowed field among the many crosses. For each of us there was one cross.

For all of us, please God, there remains at close of day the certain hope of the greater glory.

Facts and figures relating to an enormous cheese recently made in a Wisconsin city support the claims of its manufacturers that it is the largest of its kind in the world. Weighing 31,964 pounds, the cheese is eight feet high and ten feet in diameter. It is valued at \$16,000. Twelve thousand cows, grazed on 1800 dairy farms, furnished the 357,000 pounds of milk used in its making.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They had hare for dinner, and very proudly mother told little Ada that it had been shot by father. "Really," said the little angel. "And who held it while daddy shot it, mummy?"

She was one of those large stout women, and she was dancing with one of those small thin men. At last, after struggling several times round the room, she said, "Shall we reverse?" "Yes," he replied. "Now you have a turn at holding me up."

Little Billy entered a confectioner's shop and said: "Please, mum, how much are them buns?" "Well, my little man, I'll give you six for fivepence." "Six for five," said little Billy; "that's five for four, four for three, three for two, two for one, and one for—nothing. Please, mum, one's all I want."

Bishop Hendrix said at a luncheon in Kansas City: "There are two types of marriage—the old-fashioned type, with its household of merry children, and the new-fashioned one, with its frequent divorces. An old-fashioned child said one day: 'We've got another new baby at our house.' 'Pooh! That's nothing,' a new-fashioned child answered. 'We've got another new papa at ours.'"

A banker was asked by an impecunious farmer for a loan. The banker was one of those people who are deaf for commercial purposes. The farmer was chronically wanting to borrow, and his security was getting shaky. "I'd like to borrow five thousand," pleaded the farmer. The banker cupped his hand behind his lame ear and said, "Speak a little louder and cut down the amount."

A group of laborers were diligently employed in the arduous task of cleaning out a sewer. Two young men were standing near, the taller of whom remarked: "Oh, boy! If I only had a million dollars! There'd be no more worry for yours truly." "Yeh," said one of the laborers, "I'd like to have a million, too." "What would you do with it?" asked the young man jocosely. "I'd buy a new handle for this pick."

A clergyman was dining in a restaurant one evening, when a woman wearing a bare back gown entered and took a seat at the next table. The padre could not help overhearing some remarks by the lady about his personal appearance. He took no notice until the waiter offered him some mayonnaise with his salad. Then he said in his blandest pulpit voice: "No, thanks; I don't require dressing, but I think the lady at the next table does."

A very stout old lady, bustling through the park on a hot day, became aware that she was being closely followed by a roughly-dressed lad. "What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she indignantly demanded. The hoy slunk back a little. But when the lady resumed her walk he again took up his position directly behind her. "Look here," she exclaimed, wheeling angrily, "if you don't go away at once I shall call a policeman." The unfortunate lad look at her appealingly. "For goodness' sake, kind lady, have mercy on me, an' don't call a policeman. Ye're the only shady spot in the whole park."

In a London club a lively political argument had sprung up between a well-known Irish Nationalist and an English Unionist who holds a chair at one of the universities. So long as the argument remained purely political the third member of the party, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland and an ex-chaplain in the Ulster Division, remained silent. But the argument drifted, as such arguments will, and by and by it was the

Nationalist who was silent while his fellow-countryman fiercely contested what he considered the professor's belittling of Ireland. Finally he said: "Look at all we've done for ye. Why, we Christianized ye!" His momentary dramatic pause enabled the professor to interject: "What nonsense! You did nothing of the kind." The ex-chaplain put his hand out as if to acknowledge defeat, and went on in a quieter tone: "That's true. You are quite right—but we did our best."

The bus was very crowded when a decidedly intoxicated man forced his way in. He stood swaying about and making things generally uncomfortable, till the passengers began to grumble. Then up rose a benevolent-looking clergyman from the far end of the bus. "Why don't you leave the poor man alone?" he demanded. "Let him sit down and rest. That's all he wants." The "poor man" seized the reverend gentleman by the hand and shouted: "Ah, old sport, I see you know what it is to be tight."

"What is this we have for breakfast?" asked Mr. Newlymarried. His wife look at him with troubled eyes. "It was to have been bacon," she said, "but poor cook's burnt it." "Poor cook. I should think so, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Newlymarried. "Confound her. Have you given her notice?" "Oh, no, we mustn't be too cross with her, darling," said his wife. "Won't you be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast?" she coaxed, archly. "All right, dear," replied Mr. Newlymarried, suddenly pacified. "Call her in."

A tailor on the lower West Side in New York proved recently to a complaining customer that he is up to date when it comes to giving reasons for hoisting prices. One of the tailor's old-time customers sent a suit of clothes to be pressed and when it was returned the price tag called for 10 cents more than the rate formerly charged. The result was a complaining patron, whose wails were met by this clincher from the tailor: "Well, hasn't the price of transfers gone from nothing to 2 cents? The tailor can't stand all of the high cost of living; he has to pass some of it to his customers."

"Drive like the dickens!" shouted Smith, springing into a taxi. With a lurch the car darted forward and away they went like lightning through the gathering fog. Crash! They took off the wheel of a passing wagon. They missed flattening out a small child by two-ninths of a hair. Clang! They upset a milk cart. People shouted and constables held up their hands as the taxi dashed up one street and down another, taking corners on two wheels and threatening every lamp with destruction. At last, after half an hour's furious racing, they slowed up in a narrow thoroughfare, and Smith poked his head out of the window. "Are we nearly there?" he asked, breathlessly. The chauffeur turned in his seat and shouted: "Where did you want to go, sir?"

He had been married about a year and had taken to spending his evenings downtown with the boys. One night his conscience worried him, and he thought he would phone his wife and get her to come down and meet him and have dinner with him. So he called her up. "Hello, kid," he began. "Say, slip on some old clothes and run down and meet me on the quiet. We'll have a good dinner and then we'll get a machine and go out and smear a little red paint around. How about it?" "I'll be delighted to join you, Jack," was the reply. "But why not come up to the house and get me? There's nobody home." As the young husband's name is Tom he spends his evenings at home now. And his wife wears a queer smile when he isn't looking at her.

Elizabeth tripped blithely into the country postoffice. "I want to know," she demanded with a tell-tale blush as she handed the clerk a pink communication addressed to her lover, "how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter." "That depends," he answered; "if he's in jail they will let him write once a month only; if he's dead broke he'll have to wait till he can earn the price of a stamp, and I have no data upon which to base an opinion of his earning capacities. If he's ill in bed he may not care to dictate his heart's sentiments to a cold, disinterested third party, and if it's smallpox they won't let him write at all; ditto, if he's dead. Then, again, if he's got a new girl—" At which moment he realized that the fair Elizabeth had flown.

Jock McOat was a Scotchman. Also he was a coal merchant. Also he was in love. His lassie knew him to be the richest man in town. But she wanted to be quite sure that he had come by all his money honestly before she decided to marry him. "Hoo is it that ye quote the lowest prices in the toon, and make reductions on them for ye freens, and yet ye make such enormous profits?" she asked. "Weel, it's this way," he explained, in an undertone. "And ye'll be no telling any one

about it, wull ye? Ye see, I knock off two shillings a ton because a customer is a freen o' mine, and then I knock off two hundred-weight a ton because I'm a freen o' his."

The young man about town had just been accepted by "the one girl in the world," who, nevertheless, was a member of a forty-strong beauty chorus. "So you think you love her?" smiled her father. "I know I love her," swore the infatuated youth. "Are you sure you love her as much as you think you do?" "I'm sure of more than that. I love her as much as she thinks I do."

"I wish you would fix this watch for me—something's the matter with it." "I don't see that anything is wrong." "Well, it's lost a minute in the last three months." "That's nothing to worry about." "Aren't some of the works broken?" "No; they are all O. K." "Aren't some of the jewels lost or something?" "No—all here; its full jeweled." "I've lately suspected the case to be plated. How about it?" "Solid gold: none better." "Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. Perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me have fifty on it."

"America," said the noted statistician Hungerford, "will be for some time to come the supply market of the world. Of course, certain shipping disappointments are inevitable, but let us hope that all these disappointments turn out as satisfactorily as that of the Italian. Receiving a shipment of stoves from a Detroit firm, this Italian sent them the following letter: 'Dear Sirs—I received de stoves which I by from you alright. But for why don't you send me no feet? Wat is de use of de stoves when he don't have no feet? I am loose me customer sure ting by not having feet and dats not very pleasant for me. Wat is de matter wit you? You lose me my trade and now I tell you dat you are a blein fool and no good. I send you back at wunce your stoves to moore, for sure because you are such a blem foolish peoples—your respect-fulce, Giovanni Galli. P. S.—Since I rite his letter I find de feet in de heaven so you need no send dem. Excuse to me.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Utopia.

The highways of Utopia
Are wonderful, I'm told:
Some people say that they consist
Of solid, shining gold;
But anyhow, they're always paved,
And also smoothly rolled!

The parrots of Utopia
Are never known to swear:
They talk as carefully as if
They had a censor there;
And all they say is, "Goodness sakes!"
"My word!" and "I declare!"

The showgirls of Utopia
Are modest and discreet:
They blush demurely every time
They have to shake their feet;
And though they let men dine with them,
They never let them treat!

—*Oliver B. Cappelle, in Life.*

'Is Missus.

Joe 'e is a hero, a-wearin' of his cross,
But when 'e is in Lunnun, his missus is his boss.
'E went into the army, 'cause she threw him out o' home.
She 'it him with a broomstick an' told him "Go an' roam."

An' now, 'e's heen a-roamin', a-fightin' o' the Dutch,
But the fightin' 'e's been doing don't amount to much!
'E's a-struttin' up the walk, a-swinging of his stick,
An' in a 'arf an hour, 'e'll be scrubbin' o' the brick.

The king, 'e takes 'im by the paw an' shows 'im to the queen,
An' now 'e's out upon 'is yard, a-weedin' o' the green,
'Is missus sits upon the steps, a-lookin' at 'is cross,
The king 'e is a ruler, but 'is missus is 'is boss!

'E's a hustin' o' the stovepipe, an' washin' o' the floor
While 'is missus sits afore 'im so's he can't get out the door.
'E's out upon 'is furlough, "Takin' o' his rest!"
But 'is missus says for workin', and workin' is the best.

The king, 'e is a ruler, the queen she is his wife,
The general's a rubber doll wot's sudden come to life.
A 'ero is a 'ero, a-wearin' of 'is cross,
But you'll find a hero's missus allus is 'is boss!

—*Gordon M. Hillman, in the Boston Transcript.*

Ambassadorial Privileges.

Ambassadors have curious privileges. Most people know that they and their households are immune from arrest, an embassy being considered a geographical part of the ambassador's own country. But there are many privileges less well known. The ambassador is the only person about a court who has the right to turn his back on the sovereign or ruler at the conclusion of an audience. And, curiously enough, he always exercises this

right, turning to bow after walking three paces. This of course refers only to state occasions. This worked rather oddly in Queen Victoria's time. To turn one's back on a lady would be rude, to retire backward would be to resign a privilege, so the ambassadors always compromised by edging sideways toward the door like a crab.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of having both leaves of the folding doors thrown open when being ushered into the ruler's presence. No one else can claim this privilege.

Another highly-prized privilege of the ambassador—one that sovereigns must often regret—is that of being able to demand an interview whenever he chooses, at any hour of the day or night.

The sword is the ambassador's emblem of honor. It is a long rapier with a blunted point. One great diplomatist, the late Lord Dufferin, used to say that the only practical use he ever found for it was to poke fires with and file bills on.

American ambassadors, however, wear neither swords nor costumes. They stick to plain black.

"My friend, can't I interest you in the uplift?" "Not a particle. I'm an elevator man taking a day off."—*Kansas City Journal.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Palmer, and Mr. Lloyd Mervyn Hardie of San Francisco. Their marriage will take place in October. The engagement was made known at a luncheon given last Thursday by Miss Palmer at the Marin Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Mary Armshy.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Frank have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Aileen Frank, and Mr. Leonard Jacobi. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Niehling have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rhoda Niehling, to Mr. John Jerrold Meigs of Stockton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Meigs of Stockton. The news of their betrothal was told at a luncheon given Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club by Miss Niehling in honor of Mrs. Howard Naffziger. Those who attended the affair included Mrs. Harold Fletcher, Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mrs. Howard Allen, Mrs. Hamilton Murray, Mrs. E. P. Simson, Mrs. Walter Greer, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Robert McMurray Hunt, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Albert Evers, Mrs. Thomas Hawkins, Miss Mary Armshy, Miss Alice Palmer, Miss Marguerite Raas, Miss Freda Smith, Miss Gay Clifton, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Hannah DuBois, Miss Emily Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Margaret Holmes, Miss Corinne Dillmann, Miss Georgia Catts, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Kathleen Farrell, and Miss Anne Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNah gave a dinner Friday evening at Tai's in honor of Secretary and Mrs. Josephus Daniels. Among the guests were Governor and Mrs. William Stephens, Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Admiral and Mrs. J. L. Jayne, General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rainey, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Summers, Miss Christine McNah, Miss Josephine Lindley, Commander P. Foote, Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes, Lieutenant-Colonel Garesche Ord, and Mr. Thornwell Mulally.

Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux of New York. In the party were Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. George Forderer, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mrs. Frank Ray, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Charles Harley, and Mrs. Richard Hanna.

Mr. Howard Spreckels gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at the St. Francis, with his guests later attending the Victory ball. Those in the group included Mrs. Robinson Duff, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty George, Mr. William Heppenheimer, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Robert Rathbun, and Lieutenant-Commander Peterson.

Mrs. Hamilton Murray gave a tea last week in compliment to Mrs. Earl Shipp, who will leave soon for Bremerton.

Mrs. I. W. Hellmann, Jr., gave a luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Miss Mary Phelan gave a luncheon Friday at her home on Washington Street in compliment to Mrs. Josephus Daniels. Nearly a hundred guests attended the affair, those at Miss Phelan's table having been Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. William Stephens, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. J. L. Jayne, Mrs. Walter Wright, Mrs. H. B. Price, Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. Albert Cleaves, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Charles Gove, and Mrs. Frederick Funston.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., and his staff were the guests of honor at a dinner presided over Friday evening by the members of the University Club.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Ruth Lent gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Frances Lent.

Mr. John Irby gave a luncheon a few days ago at the University Club in honor of Rear-Admiral N. C. Twining. Among the guests were Captain W. E. Reynolds, U. S. N., Commander H. E. Par-

menter, U. S. N., Colonel Robert Noble, U. S. A., and Mr. James Barry, Mr. J. O. Davis, Mr. Justus Wardell, and Mr. Walter MacArthur.

Mr. Charles Clark gave a dinner a few evenings ago at Del Monte, his guests including Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna, Miss Edith Cheshrough, Commander William Van Antwerp, and Mr. J. W. Byrne.

Captain and Mrs. Edward Beach gave a luncheon Thursday at Mare Island in honor of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels.

Miss Cornelia Sutton gave a tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Lucia Sherman and Miss Lisa Stillman, who will leave soon for Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye gave a dinner last Wednesday evening in Burlingame. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith, Captain and Mrs. William McKittrick, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Miss Lily O'Connor, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Mrs. Claude Brigham was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. Frederick Kellond at the home of her mother, Mrs. Selfridge.

Mr. Madison Grant of New York gave a luncheon Thursday at the St. Francis, his guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Miss Anne Peters, Mrs. James Blaine of New York, and Mr. Victor de Cunha.

Mrs. Harry Miller gave a luncheon recently in Piedmont in honor of the Misses Amy and Alice Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a dance Friday evening in honor of Miss Edna Taylor. The affair was held at the Pope home in Burlingame.

The officers of the U. S. S. Idaho gave a dinner on board the battleship Thursday evening in honor of the visiting Brazilian officers. Those from San Francisco who attended the affair included Mrs. Robinson Duff, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty George, Miss Betty Folger, and Miss Elena Folger.

Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a luncheon Saturday in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and Miss Mary Martin gave a dinner Friday evening in Burlingame.

Eighty farmers will be members of the House of Commons after the next general election, predicts H. Mackenzie, vice-president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture and one of the most powerful supporters of the movement to found a strong farmers' political party in Canada. These eighty members will represent ridings scattered from coast to coast across the dominion, Mr. Mackenzie said, and will be pledged to the farmers' platform. "What is the basis plank of your platform?" Mr. MacKenzie was asked. "A reduction and in some instances an elimination of the tariff," was the reply. Mr. MacKenzie said that the farmers' party would not affiliate with organized labor, although he anticipates there will be much cooperation between bona fide unions and agriculturists. "As for the Reds, we will have none of that stuff," said Mr. MacKenzie.

According to the latest available figures, the religions of the world are divided as follows: Christians, 564,510,000; Confucianists and Taoists, 300,830,000; Mohammedans, 221,825,000; Hindus, 210,540,000; Animists, 158,270,000; Buddhists, 138,031,000; Shintoists, 25,000,000; Jews, 12,205,000; unclassified, 15,280,000.

Special arrangements have been made for medical benefits for Englishmen invalidated from war services. The approximate number admitted to this benefit is 270,000 in England, 28,000 in Scotland, and 20,000 in Wales.

Window spaces in the chief Paris churches, where since the air raids yellow oiled silk has replaced the valuable old glass, are now being restored to their pre-war condition.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Multatull Remolded.

Once lived a Man who from a Rock broke stone—
For little wage, great labor. Hear him groan.
"O to be rich, and lounging on a bed
With sleepy silken curtains at my head!"
And there came an Angel, saying, *Be it so!*

And he was rich, and on a bed at rest
Of silk as soft as roses. From the west
The King came by with horsemen and parolled
That land, beneath the canopy of gold.

And the Newly Rich gazed from his lattice; "Why
Have I no kingdom and no canopy?
Happy I were, with just one little thing:
I would have honor! I would be a King!"
And there came an Angel, saying, *Be it so!*

And he was King, with horsemen for a screen
And cloth of gold to fringe his palanquin.
But one day, riding in a desert place,
The King grew angry. The Sun scorched his face.

"What is this Sun that doth my face devour—
Headless of princes at their height of power?
Had I his room, and the arrows of his pride
Vast as the air, I should be satisfied!"
And there came an Angel, saying, *Be it so!*

And he became the Sun. Jovial he sent
Arrows abroad to search the firmament
And bake the fields. Everywhere did they pass
And scorched the brows of Princes like the grass,

Till came a Cloud, that darkly overmisted
The plains, and all his sheen of rays resisted.
Long, long he battled, but at last avowed,
"My light is conquered; I would be that Cloud!"
And there came an Angel, saying, *Be it so!*

And he became a Cloud of gloom and rain
That cooled and made green pastures of the plain,
Till the floods rose. Houses and herds were swept
Away in rivers, and the homeless wept.

And the Earth became a wholly flooded field,
Save for one Rock therein that would not yield.
Wildly the streams beat; it withstood their shock.
Then the Cloud, sullen, yearned to be that Rock.
And there came an Angel, saying, *Be it so!*

And the Cloud became a Rock. Stark he remained
Still, whether summer riped or winter rained.
And there came a Man into his solitude
With pickaxe and with hammer; one that hewed

Stones from the Rock. And the Rock groaned oppressed,

"Whose heavy Hammer strikes so sore my Breast?"
And prayed at length, "Deliver me who can!
Make me a Hammer-wielder—make me Man!"
And there came an Angel, saying, *Be it so!*

And he became a Man, old, feeble, bent,
Who for small wages and long labor spent
Broke stones under a Rock, and was content.

Then the Earth-Spirit, an Enchanter wise,
Charmed at complete success of his device,
Approached, rubbing his hands in genial wise,
"See now the empty Bubbles that enamor
You, the Enactor of my Fable, Man!
Since you have ended just where you began
Confess how futile was the wish to rise!" . . .

And the Stone-breaker pushed up, in mild surprise,

His spectacles, that Questioner to scan:
"Not so! The World's a Bubble, and mere
Glamour;

But just to have been the round, and learned the
grammar,

Contents me with my Sitting-pad and Hammer!"

—From "Poems by Herbert Trench." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Connaught Rangers.

I saw the Connaught Rangers when they were
passing by,
On a spring day, a good day, with gold rifts in the
sky.

Themselves are marching steadily along the Lifey
quay

An' I see the young prond look of them as if it
was today!

The bright lads, the right lads, I have them in my
mind,

With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering
in the wind!

A last look at old Ireland, a last good-bye maybe,
Then the gray sea, the wide sea, my grief upon
the sea!

And when will they come home, says I, when will
they see once more

The dear blue hills of Wicklow and Wexford's dim
gray shore?

The brave lads of Ireland, no better lads you'll
find,

With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering
in the wind!

Three years have passed since that spring day,
sad years for them and me.

Green graves there are in Serbia and in Gallipoli.
And many who went by that day along the muddy
street

Will never hear the roadway ring to their triumphant
feet.

But when they march before Him, God's welcome
will be kind,

And the green flags on their bayonets will flutter
in the wind.

—Winifred M. Letts, in Yale Review.

Villa's Quail Trick.

Francisco Villa's method of evading pursuit by Mexican government troops is almost identical with that used by a covey of quail to escape the hunter. Even the detail of protecting coloring has been applied by Villa for his men, always wearing brown cotton clothing, which blends with the desert landscape and dust clouds through which they travel in campaign.

Villa's men have been known to bitch their horses to plows in the fields of the irrigated

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districts and be industriously plowing when the Federal scouts appeared. They have learned various tricks of deception during the years of evading the Federals and even drive a herd of hurros with them so they may transform themselves into wood vendors on occasion. During the Pershing expedition it was claimed by Mexicans that Villa himself stood in Namiquipa, disguised as a peon, with a blanket wrapped to his eyes and watching the Pershing column pass through the town in pursuit of him. This has been denied and its source questioned, but Villa has played many equally daring tricks on his Mexican military enemies.

"Terrible weather we're having; Jones says his cellar is flooded." "Dear, dear! Did the corks come out?"—Life.

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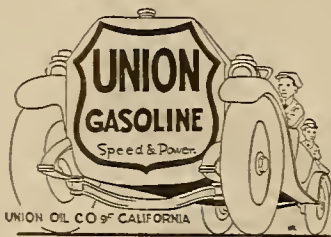
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Secretary and Mrs. Josephus Daniels left Sunday for Seattle, after a week's visit in San Francisco.

Mr. Mark McDonald arrived Tuesday from Santa Rosa and is staying at the St. Francis for a few days.

Mr. Stephen Parrott has returned to San Francisco from the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Abraham Stern and Mr. John Stern, who spent the summer in California, left last week for their home in New York.

Mrs. Burton Elkins will leave for New York the latter part of September. She has been summering in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Marwick of Santa Barbara and Mrs. James Porter of Los Angeles have been spending a fortnight in San Francisco with Mrs. Irving Wright.

Colonel and Mrs. Claude Brigham who have been spending the summer in San Francisco, left last week for the Atlantic coast and will sail soon for Germany, where the former has been ordered for station.

Mr. Madison Grant of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant in Burlingame.

Colonel W. K. Wright has arrived from France and has joined Mrs. Wright at the Cecil Hotel.

Mrs. John McNear has returned to town from her summer place on the Russian River.

Miss Gwendolyn Field of London, who has been visiting in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Mar-

shall Field, Jr., has come to San Francisco for a brief visit and is at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Austin Sands arrived last week from Colorado and is staying with Mrs. Daniel Jackling at the St. Francis.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs left Friday for New York, after a month's visit in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot returned Thursday from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wales have returned to Menlo Park, after a week's stay at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Van Horne arrived last week from Merced and are at the Palace.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp and Miss Adrienne Sharp left Saturday for the Atlantic coast.

Miss Marion Zeile has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker in Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Ayers has arrived in New York from France and will remain there a few weeks before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arahella Schwerin, and Mr. Richard Schwerin have returned to San Mateo from a month's visit in Del Monte.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall has returned from a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White have returned to San Mateo from a trip through the Northwest.

Miss Jennie Blair is on a fortnight's visit at Byron Springs.

Colonel and Mrs. George Pillsbury have returned to Santa Barbara from a brief visit in San Francisco. They will leave the close of the month for the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover has arrived in New York from France and will remain in the East for a short time before returning to California.

Rev. Edward Morgan has returned to town from a month's visit in Arizona.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara is spending a few days at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have returned to Burlingame from summering in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Tuhbs and Miss Emelie Tuhbs have taken apartments at the Clift for the winter months.

Mr. Logan Sayre and Mr. Charles Tuttle arrived Saturday from the San Joaquin Valley and are spending the week at the St. Francis.

Miss Louise Bradbury and Miss Rosario Winston left Sunday for Los Angeles, after having passed three weeks in San Francisco. Miss Winston will leave for New York shortly after the marriage of Miss Marion Winston and Mr. Courtney Jenkins, which will take place next month.

Miss Mary Ashe Miller has arrived in New York from France and will come to California within a few weeks.

Mrs. Macondray Moore will return this week to San Francisco, after summering in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Huhert Mee and Miss Helen St. Goar left Saturday for the Atlantic coast to be gone two months.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has returned from a week's visit in Burlingame with Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. Rulison Knox arrived last week from Har-

vard and is visiting Judge and Mrs. William Hunt in Ross. Mr. Knox is the fiancé of Miss Gertrude Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Brandeis left Monday for their home in Omaha, after a fortnight's visit in San Francisco with the matron's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Frank.

Miss Jean Boyd will return the first of the week from Portland, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lewis.

Mrs. Samuel Steifel and her daughters, the Misses Helen, Margaret, and Muriel Steifel, left Monday for their home in New York, after having passed the summer in California. They have recently been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland.

Lieutenant-Commander Kirby Crittenden has received orders which will detain him in San Francisco on duty indefinitely.

Mr. D. M. Linnard, president of the California Hotel Company, left last week for New York.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Pantages and three children, Seattle; Mr. Charles K. Towt, Lindsay, California; Mr. J. Tod Cook, Mr. C. M. Fuller, Los Angeles; Mr. C. Omriston, New York City; Mr. George Kuhrt, Los Angeles; Mr. J. Kingham, Victoria, B. C.; Mr. L. E. Pearce, London, England; Mr. William Knight, Beresford, South Dakota; Mr. William Gibson, New York; Sir A. Herbert Dixon and party, England; Dr. M. C. Kahn and family, New York; Mr. C. D. Kaeding, Toronto, Canada.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kreher, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howe, Lorain, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kellogg, Los Angeles; Lieutenant Charles M. Innis, U. S. A.; Mr. E. J. Sael, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sullivan, Park City, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Mason, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Mr. O. A. Brown, Mr. R. W. Kindel, Denver; Mr. Norris Jones, Salt Lake City; Mr. E. T. Martenstein, Chicago; Mr. J. S. Pinkinsohn, Charleston, South Carolina; Mr. M. Escalada and family, Mr. David M. Orteg, Los Angeles.

Church Settled Family Disputes.

The *Missouri Cash Book* is printing some quaint items from the records on the ancient church of Old Bethel. In January, 1815, one Henry Poe joined the church one week, was lahorod with for getting drunk the next, and excluded from the fold the following week for unrepentance.

Shortly after Henry's downfall John Dauety and Washington Ahernathie fell out about money matters and took their quarrel to church, where Washington seems to have been loser, as he was ordered to pay John \$83.75. At a meeting held in November Sister Hannah Edwards was permitted to wear gold earrings for the benefit of her eyes. Three years later Brother Simon Poe, admitted at the same time as the hihulous Henry, preferred charges of drunkenness



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against him, and he was lahorod with and forgiven.

But the biggest scandal of all seems to have been the case of Brother Ebenezer Hubbel, who married again after his wife ran away with another man. Brother Abraham Randol charges right out in meeting that the runaway wife was not dead as claimed by Brother Ebenezer.

There has already appeared in the market Victory wallpaper, but it was reserved for Bridgenorth in Shropshire, England, to weave a Victory carpet. This is now displayed in a window in London. The need for a plethora of symbolism would have destroyed (one would have thought) any chance of achieving artistic success. But this has not proved to be the case. The carpet in question, although a maze of doves and olive branches, arms and flags, roses, thistles, and shamrock, is really beautiful in color and design, and not a too observant person could walk across it without so much as being reminded of the war.

AFFINITIES OF THE GOULDS

Frank J. Gould was the angry husband and secured a French divorce from beautiful Edith Kelly, former show girl, naming a dashing Mexican. Now she is on her way to America to name the former wife of a San Francisco manufacturer in a counter suit against Gould. It is a story of the gay life of European capitals.

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SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

SEPTEMBER 14th

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I hear Mrs. Rox is going to break her husband's will." "How can she? He never had one after he married her."—*Baltimore American*.

"So you're still carrying a mortgage on your house, are you?" "Yes, and strange to say I'm carrying it because I can not lift it."—*Cleveland Press*.

Stronger—Beg pardon, sir. How far is it to the North Station? *Golf Bug*—I should say about a full drive, three brassies, and a putt.—*Boston Transcript*.

He—My dear, I have just paid off the mortgage on our home. She—I'm so glad. Now you can put on another and buy an automobile.—*Baltimore American*.

Dubb Golfer—The day I get round these links in less than a hundred I'll give you a dollar. Caddie—Thank ye, sir. It'll come in handy in me old age.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Queer thing about religion." "What is it?" "You never can tell what church a man goes to by the way he acts downtown on week days."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I can make any boast that my husband can make," said the equal rights lady. "All right," said a man in the audience. "Go ahead and do it. I just heard your husband

say that he's a man of few words."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I suppose in these times you live in apprehensive trepidation, don't you?" "No; I live in the suburbs."—*Kansas City Star*.

"I'm looking for bathing suits." "Next floor, madam." "I know that. But where can I rent a microscope?"—*Indianapolis Star*.

Customer—And of course you will engrave a monogram on each piece. Jeweler—Yes, ma'am. What initial? Customer—Oh, just the usual three-letter monogram.—*Judge*.

"Of course, some of the profiteers will manage to escape." "Undoubtedly. I don't see the slightest sign of anxiety in the face of our head waiter."—*Washington Star*.

Physician—You had a pretty close call. It's only your strong constitution that pulled you through. Patient—I hope you will remember that when you make out the bill.—*Judge*.

"What shall we do to remedy the high cost of living?" "I'll see if I can't get a job to assist in investigating it. Maybe the salary will be enough to help tide us over."—*Washington Star*.

First Picnicker (looking for spot to spread the repast)—This looks inviting. Second Picnicker—But it's where we ate last year. We couldn't stand it. Look—there are some of our empty bottles.—*Life*.

Sub-Editor—Nothing doing in the news line today. Editor—All right. Put a pair of trousers on the office cat, photograph him, and we'll run a special on the oldest living man in the town.—*Dallas News*.

"Solomon speaks of the way of a maid with a man." "Guess he had experience in hiring housemaids. A maid tells a man she'll report for work in the morning, whereas a woman takes her right along."—*Houston Post*.

"What is senatorial courtesy?" "Senatorial courtesy," replied Senator Sorghum, "consists largely in remaining silent so ostentatiously that anybody can guess what unpleasant things you must be thinking about."—*Washington Star*.

Lord Nocoynne—I say, old dear, what is the usual procedure in catching an American heiress? Reggie—It's very simple, old chap. You tell the girl how much you love her, and her father how much you owe.—*Kansas City Star*.

"Heah Ah comes hack from de wah an'

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finds yo' married to Baltimo' Joe, an' yo' done swore to be true to me." "True? Was you true to me when you kept writin' all about your engagements with dat big Bertha ovah thah?"—*Life*.

"Where are you going, son?" "Going to call on a party down the street." "I don't like the use of that word 'party.' If you are going to see a gentleman, say so." "Well, dad, I'm going to see a girl."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You don't appear to take much interest in this investigation." "No," answered the ultimate consumer; "I'm husy hustling to meet hills. I can't stop to referee disputes as to whether the situation is due to higher

cost of production or lower purchasing power of a dollar. It hits me either way."—*Washington Star*.

"I notice where a Missouri farmer wants to prevent aviators from going over his farm, claiming ownership of the air over his property." "He had better not make any such claim. Next thing they will list the value of the atmosphere on his income-tax blank."—*Baltimore American*.

He—If I were rich, darling, would you love me more than you do? She—Well, I might not love you any more, but I should look forward to our wedding day with a great deal more impatience than I do at present.—*Boston Transcript*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2217.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The "Swing Around the Circle."

The long-distance debate now in progress between President Wilson and Senator Johnson is not an edifying spectacle. On neither side has it risen to the dignity of an intellectual discussion. Mr. Wilson side-steps the issues to make appeal to sentiment. From time to time he descends to intemperate criticism of those who question the propriety and discretion of his course at Paris. Senator Johnson has made a few telling points, but their effect is minimized by the personality and bitterness of his general utterances. On neither side has there been anything approaching calm and candid presentment of the issues at stake.

We are not able to see that the debate is accomplishing anything one way or the other. Everywhere vast crowds come out to see and hear the President, but in all this there is nothing to indicate more than mere curiosity. Similar crowds pack every auditorium in which Senator Johnson appears. We suspect that the result, as related to final action in the matter of the treaty, will not be affected by all this swing around the circle, brass-banding, and outpouring of perfervid oratory.

The Argonaut is not a seventh son, nor did it have its birth in any special phase of the moon, but it has had some luck in forecasting events. At the risk of losing whatever credit it may have as a prophet it makes

the following guess: The treaty of peace will be ratified by the Senate with reservations (1) limiting the obligation of the United States to participate in foreign wars; (2) reserving the right to determine American policy in all strictly American affairs; (3) disavowing the disgraceful Shantung bargain; (4) reserving the right of the United States to withdraw from the league of nations when it shall see fit. Further, by its action in the matter of this treaty the Senate will reassert and maintain its right under the Constitution to share with the Executive in the foreign diplomacy of the country.

The Supreme Issue.

In one of his well-known books (*Constitutional Government of the United States*, Chapter III, 1917) President Wilson said:

One of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken of at all—his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation. The initiative in foreign affairs, which the President possesses without any restriction whatever, is virtually the power to control them absolutely. The President can not conclude a treaty with a foreign power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy, and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties must be made if the faith and prestige of the government are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when in any critical matter it is completed the government is virtually committed. Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also.

In Chapter V of the same book Mr. Wilson said:

But there is another course which the President may follow, and which one or two Presidents of unusual political sagacity have followed, with the satisfactory results that were to have been expected. He may himself be less stiff and offish, may himself act in the true spirit of the Constitution and establish intimate relations of confidence with the Senate on his own initiative, not carrying his plans to completion and then laying them in final form before the Senate to be accepted or rejected, but keeping himself in confidential communication with the leaders of the Senate while his plans are in course, when their advice will be of service to him and his information of the greatest service to them, in order that there may be veritable counsel and a real accommodation of views instead of a final challenge and contest. The policy which has made rivals of the President and Senate has shown itself in the President as often as in the Senate, and if the Constitution did intend that the Senate should in such matters be an executive council it is not only the privilege of the President to treat it as such, it is also his best policy and his plain duty.

Now we submit the question: Has Mr. Wilson, in the matter of the treaty, following the course of other Presidents of "unusual political sagacity," acted in the "true spirit of the Constitution," and in so acting done "his plain duty"? That he did not do this is matter of universal knowledge. Even now he withholds from the Senate information for which it has asked and to which it has a right. From the beginning of this whole matter he has failed to keep himself "in confidential communication with the leaders of the Senate" when their advice might have been "of service to him and his information of the greatest service to them." He has held himself "stiff and offish." He has made "veritable counsel and a real accommodation of views" impossible. And it is because of this stiffness, offishness, and unwillingness to accept counsel that he is now met with "a final challenge and contest." To his aloofness, his egotism, his vanity, he has sacrificed both "his best counsel" and "his plain duty." And that he has done all this in the light of precedents established by Presidents "of unusual political sagacity" and in contempt of "the true spirit of the Constitution" and of "his plain duty" the record as above outlined makes plain.

In the immediate contention between the President and the Senate there is involved a consideration quite as important as our future relations to Europe. Is the President, despite the plain mandate of the Constitution which provides in the making of treaties for the "advice and consent of the Senate," to be a law unto

himself in matters of foreign policy? Is he privileged to pledge the faith and prestige of the government unrestrained and independent of the Senate? Is the Senate to reduce itself to a mere rubber stamp—to do without review and "whatever its disinclination"—what the President demands? Is the President to be permitted to take to himself absolute direction of our foreign relations without regard to what Mr. Wilson himself has declared to be the "true spirit of the Constitution" and "his plain duty"?

These questions, we repeat, make an issue even more important than the treaty itself. It is an issue vital in a supreme sense to the preservation of that balance of powers carefully and sagaciously established by the founders of the republic.

The Police and the Law.

Whenever the American Federation of Labor comes in its aims and purposes into collision with the Law it assumes and undertakes to enforce its mandates as superior to the Law. Witness its arrogance in dealing with the government through the present complainant Administration. Witness the murders, the maimings, the burnings, and the miscellaneous atrocities that have marked its policy in unnumbered strikes. Now this same Federation of Labor has undertaken to unionize the police of the more important industrial centres, and through these unions to bring every police officer under its orders. It seeks to set up the authority of the Federation as superior to the authority of the Law. Its purpose is nothing less than to take to itself power to give orders to those whose business it is to enforce the Law.

To concede this privilege to the Federation of Labor would in effect be to permit a setting-up of a power superior to the government itself. All this, of course, is unthinkable. The Boston commissioners of police, the governor of Massachusetts, and similar officers elsewhere who have set their faces against this impudent proposal are only doing their plain duty. In its essence the function of the policeman is akin to that of the judge. Together these officers stand under a solemn obligation, the one to declare the Law without fear or favor, the other to enforce the Law without fear or favor. It would be idle to speculate as to what would happen if the police, affiliated with organized labor, should be directed to enforce the Law in defiance of the orders of strike leaders. A police force controlled by irresponsible labor organizations would be useless or something worse in a crisis brought on by a labor strike. It would be a powerful aid to organized labor in its purpose to dominate and subordinate the government.

The record of the week sufficiently illustrates the case. No sooner had a majority of the police force of Boston, advised if not directed by unionistic leaders, abandoned their posts than anarchy and riot took possession of the city. It was assurance on the part of the mob that the police would not interfere that inspired a reign of shameful disorder and gave practical immunity to the criminals. In every large city there is an element eager and ready to promote riot whenever the authority or power of the police is nullified. There is instruction in the incidents of last week. It enforces a lesson which must be heeded if this country is not to fall into conditions akin to those which have made a shambles of Russia.

The situation in Boston this past week is one that enforces upon thoughtful men the value of judgment and courage in the head of the government. Is there in any mind doubt as to what Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, or Theodore Roosevelt would have done and said? Even a few positive words would have sent the Boston rioters and assassins to their holes. Notification that United States forces would be sent to Boston, with rifles charged and orders

to shoot, would have cleared the air. And a positive announcement of the duty and purpose of the government in future disturbances would have pricked bubbles that are being blown into form elsewhere—even here in San Francisco. A few words spoken promptly and with the right emphasis by the head of the government would have been of incalculable value. But Mr. Wilson did not speak them. With his eyes fixed upon his precious covenant, and with the looming-up of next year's presidential campaign, he made but a mumbled protest meaning nothing excepting to the promoters of the riot, who interpreted it quite naturally as the guarded expression of a vote-hunter and a quasi-friend.

The Boston Riot and Its Genesis.

The Boston riot is one of many mischiefs proceeding from weakness on the part of the government in its dealings with organized labor. It was discovered three years ago in the hold-up which forced the passage of the Adamson Act that whenever pressure should be put upon the Wilson administration it would knock under. Thereupon the American Federation of Labor vastly enlarged its programme with the idea of so entrenching itself at the point of concrete power as to hold a whip over future and possibly less complaisant administrations. It set about unionization of Federal employees, a movement which had been sternly rebuked by Presidents Roosevelt and Taft; and with the encouragement and aid of the Administration—Postmaster-General Burleson alone opposing—it achieved instant success. Unions of civil servants of the government are now large and powerful. In the period of the war they practically prescribed their own terms, securing for labor in shipyards and in other productive activities wages and general conditions lavish beyond precedent. In effect, labor in war activities was practically bribed by the government.

Encouraged by its successes during the war, the American Federation of Labor has recently directed its energies to other aggressive movements, among them one to unionize the police of the larger cities of the country. Control of the police by organized labor would of course be a tremendous asset in imposing the will of this one order of society on the body of the people. The campaign has been a broad one, reaching to every important centre in the country, but it has been more active than elsewhere in the cities of Boston and Washington, which have been regarded as localities especially favorable to radical action. In Boston agents of the A. F. of L. were conducting an open movement of unionization when the commissioners of police announced last week that they would discharge every man who joined the union. It was in response to this announcement that the general strike came, with the reign of anarchy which followed.

At Washington it was thought by the leaders of the A. F. of L. that there would be clear sailing under the quiet consent of the Administration. Washington is governed by a commission so imbued with uplift ideas as to be practically incapable. Its police force is under the hand of one Ray Pullman, superintendent of a Sunday-school, a White House favorite, and a man wholly lacking in personal force, as was painfully illustrated in the recent race riots. The movement for unionization of the Washington police was going smoothly until it came to the attention of Senators Myers of Montana and Thomas of Colorado, who, having had close observation of aggressive unionism at home, realized what was likely to happen at Washington. Last week—7th inst.—Senator Myers threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery by introducing a resolution prohibiting the payment of any funds appropriated by Congress to any policeman in the District of Columbia affiliated with any branch or body of organized labor. Mr. Myers' action was accompanied by pertinent remarks. Among other things, he said:

I believe there is a well-planned determination in certain quarters to sovietize the industries of this country. The railroad brotherhoods have demanded that the railroads of the country be nationalized, as they call it, which is nothing more than sovietized. They have threatened to starve the people into submission to their demands. There is evidence that the coal miners' unions of the country have determined to sovietize the coal mines of the country, and they have accompanied their determination with threats to freeze the people into submission. * * * I read in the newspapers of 1500 armed union miners in West Virginia marching into a neighboring county to compel the unionization of the coal mines of that section. I read of a large band of coal miners in Illinois marching over the country and demanding that their fellow coal miners suspend work and stop the production of coal, on

the eve of winter, and freeze the people of the country into submission to their demands.

We have almost daily socialist conventions and communist conventions and pacifist conventions, and whatnot conventions—nondescript conventions—in the country, demanding that Tom Mooney, Eugene Debs, Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, and other so-called political prisoners be pardoned and forthwith released from prison. We have conventions demanding that the industries of this country be sovietized and lauding to the skies the soviet government of Russia. Strikes occur almost daily, and the country is rife with threats of more strikes, and more serious ones.

Now, at this time comes a movement of the American Federation of Labor to control the police forces of the country. I think it very significant, and I, for one, am willing to say to labor, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." I think the time has come to say it, and I think Congress is the body to say it. It may involve the destruction of some political lives; and if so, I am willing to offer my political life as the first victim on the altar of my country. I would far rather retire to private life than to serve in public life under any other conditions than being governed solely by my own conscientious convictions of duty and an undivided allegiance to the flag of my country and to the government which I have sworn to uphold and defend.

I believe the unionization of government employees has gone too far, as it is, without further extension. Already the employees of all the executive departments of the government are thoroughly unionized and whenever they want anything they demand it of Congress and have hack of their demands the entire force and power of all organized labor in the country; and we know what a tremendous power and influence that brings to bear upon Congress. * * *

I think the time has come for member of Congress to stand up and be counted. Every member of this body knows whether or not he is in favor of the police forces of the country, being affiliated with a superior body of organized labor; there is no middle ground; there is no neutral position; and I think the time has come when each of us ought to say whether or not he is in favor of it. I think the country expects it of us and has a right to expect it of us. If a majority of the members of Congress shall say they are in favor of it, I would be willing to submit, as a good citizen, to the rule of the majority; the minority would have to submit; but I think the country is entitled to an expression of opinion from Congress on the subject and ought to have it.

In the course of the remarks above quoted, Senator Thomas of Colorado begged leave to ask a question:

Mr. Thomas—I suppose the senator from Montana knows from personal experience that the associations of the national employees have their legislative committees and delegates, and I have no doubt the senator, like others, has been called out upon the carpet in the lobbies and received instructions from these gentlemen as to how he should vote concerning increases of compensation and other matters affecting not so much the public service as the means and desires of the organizations themselves.

Mr. Myers—I can not say that I have received "instructions," but I have received some very earnest requests and have had some very serious interviews on the subject.

Mr. Thomas—Has not the senator also received in that connection communications from Federal employees in his own district—

Mr. Myers—Oh, yes; I have received many of them.

Mr. Thomas—Containing veiled threats or assurances as to what will be or will not be done according as his action shall be one way or the other here?

Mr. Myers—I have received some very pointed communications.

Mr. Thomas—So have I.

Mr. Myers' resolution above referred to is still before the Senate. Probably it will not come up for action, but the effect of its introduction has been wholesome in that it has brought the agitation for unionization of the Washington police to a halt. It is not the policy of the A. F. of L. to run up against stone walls, and in all likelihood its project at Washington will—at least for the present—be put to one side.

The Boston riot is even more painful in what it suggests than in its tragic incidents. Free from police restraint, the vicious element came forth in amazing numbers and maintained for three days a veritable orgy of criminality. Every form of violence, from the smashing of windows to assaults upon women, ran a mad course. From all this are we to infer that in these days we are living upon the thin crust of a volcano? Does social order exist in our American cities only because of the physical restraint enforced by police? Have we come to a state of society in which vicious passions are held in repression by force alone? These questions are made grave by what we have just witnessed in a community which, by its own appraisal at least, represents the highest development of civilization in America.

President Wilson on Alliances.

At the unveiling of a monument in honor of Commodore Barry in Washington in 1914 President Wilson said:

We can not form alliances with those who are not going

our way; and in our might and majesty and in the confidence and definiteness of our own purpose we can not and we should not form alliances with any nation in the world. Those who are right, those who study their consciences in determining their policies, those who hold their honor higher than their advantage, do not need alliances. You need alliances when you are not strong, and you are weak only when you are not true to yourself. You are weak only when you are in the wrong; you are weak only when you are afraid to do the right; you are weak only when you doubt your cause and the majesty of a nation's might asserted.

Ho, hum!

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Wilson tells us that America "saved the world" by winning the war. Mr. Hoover assures us that food won the war. Then there are other claimants to the winning of the war—Belgium's stand at Liège, England's stand at Mons, the taxicabs that carried the army that surprised Von Kluck, Germany's lack of rubber and copper, the failure of the Germans to take advantage of their first gas attack at Ypres, the economic collapse of Turkey, the Republican party, the Democratic party, General Joffre, General Foch, General Byng, General Pershing, the British Parliament, the Senate and the House of Representatives, President Wilson, Newton D. Baker, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and chiefly—declares the *New York Globe*—by that law of God and man that will not let a foul thing live and flourish too long in the light of day. But now there enters the field a new champion. "It was my pill that won the war," declares a British advertiser, a pill that is mild, cures biliousness, liver complaints, and other impolite disorders—"and it costs only one-and-three, sent postpaid."

It seems that some 6500 American soldiers are still in Siberia, and while it is not possible that we should at once withdraw all military representation from that country there is to be an avoidance of hardship or injustice to the men so employed. Volunteers for Siberian duty already number about one-half of the force required for relief purposes. Two thousand of them are now on their way to Vladivostok, and fifty or sixty a day are joining the colors with the understanding that they will be assigned to duty in Siberia, and these are being hurried forward as fast as possible, so that the men now there and who are anxious to come home may be at liberty to do so.

It is to be hoped that there will be no pact with the German government for the suppression by German armies of Bolshevism in Russia. The remedy would be much worse than the disease, and we are not yet in quite the frame of mind to be praying for the success of German arms in Russia or anywhere else. To invite a German army to enter Russia would be equivalent to inviting Germany to possess Russia, which is precisely what Germany would like to do and what we should prevent her from doing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Constitution and the Treaty.

OAKLAND, September 15, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: We are presented with the draft of a treaty which is believed by many eminent men to encroach on our national Constitution. They also believe that the treaty, if made as proposed, will be invalid in so far as it does encroach; because a treaty made under the Constitution by organs of government created by that Constitution can not rise superior to its source. If these things are true, then our adoption of the treaty as proposed would certainly leave open the possibility that the United States might in good faith perform its obligations, only to be confronted in some future crisis by a repudiation of its obligations by some other signatory because and based on the ground that it lacked any mutually binding force. They might remind this nation that it was not bound, hence they could not be. On the strength of past experiences with conscienceless diplomacy it is easy to imagine such a possibility. Whether such a contention would be well founded would be of little importance, since enough to hang a debate or dispute on would suffice the occasion for the nation intent on evasion.

It is supremely important to make sure that the treaty shall not leave open any chance for such an outcome. By reservations or by amendment that question ought to be foreclosed, and for that purpose a reservation would seem sufficient. It is implausible that our peace conferees did not intend to exceed their constitutional powers and that the Senate in ratifying would be merely fixing in express terms such a construction beyond any question.

L. F. G.

The Crucifixion of Shantung.

SANTA MONICA, September 13, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have read with much interest the letter Mr. Coryn wrote with reference to the President and the Senate and the Shantung "settlement," as published in the *Argonaut* September 13, 1919. There are at least two features of the Shantung episode which, in my judgment, have never been sufficiently emphasized, and I beg to call your attention to them, as follows:

First—The President, in testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said that Japan would have withdrawn from the peace conference without signing—thus pre-

sumably breaking up his league of nations project—had he not granted her demands to retain Shantung. He also said that Japan would return Shantung to China at an early date—"as soon as possible"—that the Nipponese retention is only temporary, etc.

Very well. Assuming Secretary Lansing's judgment to have been at fault and that the President was right in his assumption, can any sane man of experience bring himself to believe that Japan would raise such a commotion as she has, threaten to disrupt the peace conference and break up the proposed league merely for a temporary occupation of Shantung? Does not her every action clearly indicate that she intends to stay there? What good can a mere temporary occupation do her, anyway? If she is going to get out "as soon as possible" that means now, because she can clear out any time she wants to.

No, the President is wrong again. Japan has no intention of vacating Shantung. This last blunder only adds to his complete record of poor judgment. He has at one time or another been wrong on every important question he has touched, and the league is to be no exception to mar his perfect score of blunders. The "poorest trader in Europe" still remains the champion.

Second—The President said that, unless he acquiesced in the Shantung steal, the Japanese delegates would not have signed. Thus he admits that Shantung was the bribe given for their support of the precious league. But in gaining the signature of Japan he lost that of China. In losing China he not only lost a most valuable friend of America, but he added a rich province and 40,000,000 people to a strong military, naval, and commercial rival, one day, perhaps, to be our enemy.

Aside from the moral wrong to China, Mr. Wilson in this shameful and weak-kneed transaction shot to pieces the last remnant of his so-called fourteen points, for as Senator Johnson said: "He went to Paris bravely and holdly proclaiming—and all of us echoed his sentiments—'No people can be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live; no territory must change hands except for the purpose of securing those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty. No peace can last or ought to last which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand people about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property. Any peace which does not recognize and accept this principle will inevitably be upset.' Our concern might be a mere passing regret and humiliation that the words of our spokesman were so soon forgotten; but not only did he abandon his principles and abjectly surrender his idealism, but he became a part of the secret treaties he denounces when he united in making them the basis of action at Paris."

As I started to say, omitting the outrage to China—our friend and ally, who entered the war at Mr. Wilson's solicitation—and the President's self-stultification, I submit that, on material grounds alone, it would have been far better to have had the signature of China to the treaty than that of Japan; I mean better for the United States.

Japan, with Korea and Formosa, now has 60,000,000 people. Give her 40,000,000 Chinese and she will have 110,000,000, or a population greater than we now have. From the military and naval ignorance of the cave man she has, in sixty years, emerged into a first-class fighting nation. Manchuria and Siberia are near Shantung; so is the whole of China. Given Japan's organizing ability, energy, and ambition; the untold resources of China in iron, copper, gold, silver, coal, and other war materials; together with a population of 400,000,000 out of which the Mikado will be able to recruit untold millions of laborers (and soldiers) at wages of a few cents a day, and then the real danger of giving this rich province to such an aspiring and alert people—and probable future foe—becomes painfully, distressingly, alarmingly apparent. The logical, the moral, the safe thing to do is to break the shell now and kill the adder before it hatches, as our patriotic and sensible senators are now trying to do. As Brutus said:

Crown him? that;
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and so, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks into the clouds, scornful the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then lest he may, prevent.
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatched, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Substitute the word "Japan" for the word "Caesar," and we have a most probable parallel case in the Shantung outrage today. The immortal hard of Avon, through Brutus, gives us advice which is of incalculable value at the present time. The history of the last 2000 years shows us that human nature has undergone no material change, and that human passions and the strife of avarice are as fierce today as when the Romans feared the ambition of Caesar. And we know that aspiring nations can not be trusted for benevolent utopianism when their material interests are affected.

That isn't all. While we put a sting in Japan, our most probable enemy and our sure rival, by granting to her the province of Shantung, we at the same time make a sure enemy of China. In other words, this infamous arrangement, if carried out, will cause us to lose the friendship of both the Oriental nations, will gain us nothing, and pile up for us infinite trouble in the future.

The President is utterly wrong in this instance, as he has been in so many others. He and his fellow so-called peace commissioners admit it, and can't even excuse it; yet with a doggedness worthy of a righteous cause he insists that the miserable dethold he carried out without changing a single word. We all have high respect for the office of the presidency, but that is no reason why the American people should blindly follow Woodrow Wilson through an iniquitous steal which he himself can not even defend. He is only a man, and a very one-sided one at that—as he said himself a single-track-minded individual—he will soon be gone and his dreams forgotten; but our beloved land will go on, and will still have its problems to settle. Therefore we should look the future and the facts square in the face, and act accordingly, un-mindful of the pet hallucinations of any man, be he President or merely an humble peasant.

Had his judgment been sound in even 50 per cent. of his pompous pronouncements there might be some reason to trust him in this case. We would at least have a 50-50 chance. But he has been wrong on nearly every important question, and in this particular instance he even admits that it is a bad business. If, then, under the circumstances, the Senate should ratify this Shantung grab its members would be as guilty as he is, and even more responsible for the consequences that will follow.

H. H. HUGHES.

OUR "MORAL CONVICTION."

The appearance of various volumes of the speeches delivered by the President during the course of the war gives to the student of current history an opportunity that he is not likely to miss. It is an opportunity to compare and to analyze, to trace the course of presidential policies, and to identify the sources of presidential action. It was impossible to do this during the war. It would be impossible now but for the collections and compilations that have been made available.

When did the President first realize that American interests were involved and that American intervention was inevitable? It is a vital question, and one that the historian will seek definitely to answer. But unfortunately these speeches help us little. They seem to leave confusion worse confounded. Speaking to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate on August 19, 1919—that is to say a few days ago—the President spoke as though war had been inevitable from the first, and as though he knew it. The following report of the President's words appears in the *Congressional Record* of that date:

Senator McCumber—Would our moral conviction of the unrighteousness of the German war have brought us into this war if Germany had not committed any acts against us without the league of nations, as we had no league of nations at that time?

The President—I hope it would eventually, senator, as things developed.

Senator McCumber—Do you think that if Germany had committed no act of war or no act of injustice against our citizens that we would have gotten into this war?

The President—I do think so.

Senator McCumber—You think we would have gotten in anyway?

The President—I do.

But when did the President first acquire this conviction of German iniquity and the recognition, even the hope, that America would rebuke it irrespective of crimes and outrages against herself? It is difficult to say. Certainly that conviction and that hope had not come so recently as September, 1916, that is to say after German iniquity had been in full flood for over two years, and after the cup of her transgressions was full, pressed down, and running over. For the President made a speech at Shadow Lawn on September 30, 1916, in which he said:

The certain prospects of the success of the Republican party is that we shall be drawn in one form or another into the embroilments of the European war.

From this we may draw the patent and inescapable inference that the success of the Democratic party would mean that we should not be drawn into the war. Thus rapidly was the threat of war transmuted into the hope of war. In 1919 the President tacitly rejoices that his efforts of 1916 to keep us out of the war were unsuccessful.

Our efforts to establish the date of this extraordinary change of heart are nearly fruitless. We can not assign it to the sinking of the *Lusitania*, nor indeed to any other specific act, since the President definitely assured the Foreign Relations Committee that he hoped we should have gone to war irrespective of any specific acts against ourselves. Our "moral convictions" of German unrighteousness would have been enough. Now it is evident that he had no such hope when he made his speech at Shadow Lawn in 1916, already quoted, and in which he threatened us with war in the event of a Republican success. Five months later he was still without that hope, for in his address to Congress on February 26, 1917, he said:

The American people do not desire it (war) and our desire is not different from theirs. I am not proposing or contemplating war or any steps that need lead to it. No course of my choosing or of theirs will lead to war.

Moving a little backward in point of date in the effort to find the first dawns of the hope for war, or even of the recognition that it was inevitable, we find a whole series of speeches proving that the Shadow Lawn address and the address to Congress were in no sense impromptu nor unconsidered, but that they represented the President's mind during the whole of those five vital months. There is no sign whatever of the hope for war that was expressed a few days ago and that presumably had been engendered at some earlier but undefined date. The series of speeches during these five months were attuned precisely to the speeches that preceded them, and in which we were implored not only to be neutral, but to be indifferent. The injunction to be "impartial in thought as well as in action" of August, 1914, is so well known that it may be dismissed, although always with an accretion of wonder that it should have been possible for any ruler on earth, even in Turkey, to seek to control the thoughts of men. Then again, in February, 1916, the President wrote to Senator Stone:

You are right in assuming that I shall do everything in my power to keep the United States out of war. . . . I do not doubt that I shall continue to succeed.

Speaking at Des Moines on February 1, 1916, and with the war eighteen months old and therefore with its nature fully disclosed, he had said:

There are actually men in America who are preaching war, who are preaching the duty of the United States to do what it never would before, seek entanglements in the controversies which have arisen on the other side of the water—abandon its habitual and traditional policy and deliberately engage in the conflict which is now engulfing the rest of the world. I do not know what the standard of citizenship of

these gentlemen may be. I only know that I for one can not subscribe to those standards.

On March 13, 1916, he said to a delegation of Scandinavians in the White House:

I can assure you that nothing is nearer my heart than keeping this country out of war.

On May 20, 1916, he summarized the war in a speech at Charlotte as "a competition of foreign standards, of national traditions, and of national policies—political systems."

In another speech at Washington on May 27, 1916, nearly two years after the war had begun, the President made that other world-famous assertion that:

With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore.

Now these utterances immediately preceded the Shadow Lawn speech of September, 1916. But that speech was followed by various other utterances of a similar kind showing that it was not merely a partisan political exordium, but the expression of a fixed state of mind, a state of mind that looked upon the war as a sort of international dog-fight, and its merits a matter of "six of one and half a dozen of the other." The President continued to demand neutrality in season and out of season, a neutrality that he now "hopes" would in any case have been broken, even though Germany had committed no aggressions against America. Indeed he not only asks us to be neutral, but he continues to say that he does not know why the war is being fought, what it is all about, nor who are the aggressors. Thus we find a speech that he delivered on October 27, 1916, when the war was in its third year and its causes had been made as clear as the sun at noonday. In that speech the President said:

Have you ever heard what started the present war? If you have I wish you would publish it, because nobody else has, so far as I can gather. Nothing in particular started it, but everything in general. There had been growing up in Europe a mutual suspicion, an interchange of conjectures about what this government and that government was going to do, an interlacing of alliances and understandings, a complex web of intrigue and spying, that presently was sure to entangle the whole of the family of mankind on that side of the water in its meshes.

There is no sign here of the "hope" that America would intervene on the side of a righteousness that the President avows he can in no way discern. He could see neither good nor evil, nothing but suspicion and intrigue. Not knowing what started the war, having no idea of its causes, disbelieving that any one else knows its causes, it is evident that there could then have been none of the hope of American participation which the President avowed before the Senate committee. And this at a time when the causes of the war had become the common knowledge of the human race, when they were being discussed in African kraals and by Hindus on the Ganges. They were understood by unborn babies.

Once more this was not an impromptu nor unconsidered utterance. It was to find expression in one of the most momentous documents in all history. On December 18, 1916, the President addressed a note to the belligerent governments. He does not say now that he does not know what they are fighting for. That particular and almost unbelievable confession is apparently reserved for domestic audiences. No, he tells the belligerent powers that he has examined their war objects and that they are virtually the same:

The objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind are virtually the same as stated in general terms to their own peoples and to the world. Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small states as secure against aggression or denial in the future as the rights and privileges of the great and powerful states now at war. Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this and against aggression or selfish interference of every kind. . . . Each deems it necessary to settle the issues of the present war upon terms that will certainly safeguard the independence, the territorial integrity, and the political and commercial freedom of the nations involved.

Still there is no sign or suspicion of the "hope" that America would intervene. Indeed, why should she? Why should our people have a "moral conviction of the unrighteousness of the German war," which the President now "hopes" would have led it into war in any event, seeing that they had been told again and again that they must have no moral convictions about the war, nor any other kind of sympathetic convictions, seeing that they had been told after the war was two years old that the President himself did not know why it was being fought, and that the claims of the contestants were practically identical. What reason was there to hope for a "moral conviction" that would take us into the war when every effort had been made to prevent us from having any moral convictions.

And so we come down to so late a date as January 22, 1917. Still there is no sign of a hope for war nor any encouragement to us to hope for war and so to satisfy our moral convictions. Quite the contrary. We are now told in an address to the Senate that our neutrality in war must be carried, so to speak, over to Europe, and that there must be a neutral peace.

No one must be allowed to win a war in which we ourselves were even then on the giddy brink of participation. In his address to the Senate on January 22, 1917, the President said:

They (the statesmen of the nations at war) imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant

Houses constructed entirely of salt are a unique feature of some of the villages in Russian Poland.

to say this. I beg that I may be permitted to put my own interpretation upon it and that it may be understood that no other interpretation was in my thought. I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealments. Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last. Only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit.

This was known as the "Peace Without Victory" speech. The phrase takes its place among two or three other utterances of the President that the world will never forget. On April 6, 1917—that is to say less than three months after its delivery—the President declared war against Germany. On January 22, 1917, he hoped that there would be no victory on either side. On April 6, 1917, he declared America to be at war with Germany. Here we have an approximation to at least one important date, although not the date of which we are in search. Within three months the President had ceased to hope for peace without victory and presumably had become a fervent advocate of peace with victory, seeing that American armies were about to take the field. What had produced the change? Presumably not events, in view of the President's assurance to Senator McCumber on January 27th that he hoped our moral convictions, without the stimulus of German outrages, would have proved sufficient.

And so we must reluctantly abandon our effort to discover the date when the President began to hope for American participation. Evidently it must have been at some period precedent to the participation itself, since hope implies futurity. But when was it?

There are certain landmarks discernible on the path of the presidential mind, but unfortunately they do not indicate the goal of which we are in search. First we have what may be called the neutrality landmark and the effort to tell us, not only what we must do, but also what we must think. Then we have what may be called the landmark of ignorance as to the causes of the war. The President did not know its causes. We did not know its causes. No one knew its causes. It was a dog fight. In the first stage we must not even make inquiries. We were "not concerned." We were "not interested." In the second stage we are invited to be concerned and interested, but warned in advance that the inquiry will be fruitless, since no one knows and therefore no one will tell. This stage is epitomized by the speech of October 27, 1916—"Have you ever heard what started the present war? If you have I wish you would publish it, because nobody else has, so far as I can gather." We must still be neutral, although we need not now be indifferent nor imbecile. We are permitted to be curious. Then comes the third stage, in which the President has made inquiries as to the objects of the belligerents and finds them to be practically the same. Then there is the fourth stage, in which there must be a peace without victory, and this is followed in three months by a declaration of war against Germany to be followed by a declaration of war against Austria. We may add a fifth stage, represented by the statement to Senator McCumber at Washington on August 19, 1919, to the effect that the President hoped that "our moral conviction" would "eventually have taken us into the war against Germany even if Germany had not committed any acts against us."

Now these utterances and these dates have not thus been arrayed in any capacious spirit nor with any desire to pillory those inconsistencies from which no public man may escape. At the present moment we are technically at war both with Germany and with Austria. Our policies regarding the war from its inception in 1914 have been in the hands of the President. No other hand has touched the helm—at least not officially. We ought to understand those policies. We ought to know intelligently the causes of the war from our own point of view. We ought to be in possession of charts and maps, so to speak, illustrating the road by which we advanced into war. Since a "moral conviction" is expected of us concerning the war we are anxious now to know "its causes and its objects" and the "obscure fountain" from which it sprang and into which we were once forbidden to inquire. We ought to know why and when the threat of war was changed into the hope of war, why and when the helm was put over, and neutrality and peace without victory gave way to active participation and the bodies of thousands of Americans who died for victory on the field of honor.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 17, 1919.

The official report of the Georgetown University seismological station, Washington, D. C., shows that during the year 1918 there were recorded on the seismographs ninety-eight earthquakes. From dispatches received the location of thirty-seven quakes of importance was ascertained. Of these three were disastrous, the first occurring in Guatemala, the second in China, and the third in Porto Rico. No disturbance of any consequence is tabulated as having taken place in the United States.

The original advocate of a league of nations, it is declared by a learned Chinese writer, was the great Chinese philosopher Confucius, who lived some 2400 years ago.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of Brigadier-General Cornelius Vanderbilt, has forsaken Newport society to accept a job as "cub" reporter on the New York *Herald* at \$25 a week. The young millionaire obtained the position by a letter he wrote to the city editor of the paper. "I want to be a reporter," he says, "because I have always found newspapermen the brightest and most alert people I know."

Mr. Richard Morris, Member of Parliament for North Battersea, might in all truth be described as Mr. Lloyd George's mascot. At the late general election in England the first result to reach the prime minister was that of North Battersea, showing a big Coalition majority. Again at the peace conference the pen presented to the prime minister by Mr. Morris was the one with which the treaty was signed.

Though they owe him much, Londoners know but little of Sir William Soulsby, the lord mayor's private secretary, upon whom the King of Italy has just conferred the Cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Lord mayors come and go, but Sir William remains to guide and counsel each successor in office with the accumulated wisdom of many years of service at the Mansion House. Sir Horace Marshall is the forty-fourth lord mayor to whom he has acted as secretary.

Algernon Lee, leader of the Socialists in the New York board of aldermen, who is running for reelection, is a mild-mannered teacher in the Rand School and is addressed as "Comrade" by a majority of those who voted for him in 1917 whom he may chance to meet. He was born in Michigan forty-four years ago, began his career in Minneapolis after graduating from the University of Michigan and became editor of the *Tocsin*, an organ of argument. Next he moved to New York to become the editor of the *Worker* and to give lectures on socialistic topics. He was a delegate to the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam in 1904.

In speaking of the Prince of Wales, a New York correspondent says: "When Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, was a very little boy his mother must have had difficulty keeping him from making mudballs in the street in front of his home with the other little boys and from playing hokey from school, and from doing many other things that a regular boy likes to do. Because if there ever was a boy who is a real boy, from outward appearance and from the very look in his eyes, and the manner of his carriage and speech, it is this young fellow who has been traveling for the past week through tumultuous ovations and demonstrations throughout the maritime provinces of Canada."

Felix Diaz' career has been an active one. Born in Oaxaca some forty years ago, he later attended the military academy at Chapultepec, and under his uncle, the late President Porfirio Diaz, filled various public posts; he was minister to Chile for a year, and for several years was chief of police of the Federal District, which embraces Mexico City and its suburbs. In 1909 or 1910 he was supposed to have had an altercation with his uncle which led to the resignation of Felix Diaz, who thereupon disappeared from public view until he was appointed governor of the State of Oaxaca in 1911, a post which, owing to the Madero revolution then under way, he held but a few days.

Eleutherios Venizelos is a Greek of the Greeks, with a long line of distinguished Hellenic ancestry. Educated at the University of Athens and in Switzerland, he established himself as an attorney in Crete, and was active in the revolutionary movements which brought on the Greco-Turkish war of 1897. Upon the establishment of the high commissioner's régime in Crete, Venizelos and Prince George were not in accord, and the prince's withdrawal from the island followed, an incident which led the court party in Athens to regard Venizelos as an arch-revolutionary and to render his task the more difficult. The Greek people, however, have never wavered in their support for him. He is their idol and he justified their idolatry.

Lloyd George is credited with being very adaptive. He has a double sight of anticipating how the wheel of events will turn. He has no political principles in the manner of being chained to antiquated dogma. The expedient course is the right course. He seizes occasion on the wing, says Sir John Foster. His gaze is ever turned forward. His heart is big and it is kind. He wins men to him by his fascination. When other men see only a bog of troubles before them, he sees the gleaming hills ahead. He finds the way for accomplishment. And when he speaks in that silver, undulating, cadenced Welsh voice of his, illuminating in phrase, rippling with mirth, tragic when drawing a picture of sadness, the mighty audience will laugh, and weep, and be under his spell.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, accepted a position as telegraph operator for the Union Pacific Railway at Pine Bluff, Wyoming, when twenty-three years of age. At twenty-four he went to work as a railway mail clerk. For four years he worked as a clerk, meeting unexpected emergencies and solving apparently insurmountable difficulties connected with his job until he gained the ear of officials in Washington. At twenty-

eight he was called to the capital, made assistant superintendent of the railway mail service and given an opportunity to work out some of his ideas on a larger scale. At thirty he was made general superintendent of the railway mail service. He perfected an entirely new system for the handling of railway mail, reorganized the department, established new routes and train schedules to effect quicker deliveries. When Alexander Graham Bell first exhibited the telephone at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, Theodore N. Vail became deeply interested in the new invention and his wonderful vision quickly pictured the great future ahead of this industry. At thirty-three Mr. Vail was offered the position of general manager of Dr. Bell's organization, which was sorely in need of some one with boundless energy, together with business and organizing ability, to come to its aid.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Dirge.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Freteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed
Chaunteth not the brooding hee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodhine and eglare
Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.
Let them rave.
These in every shower creep
Thro' the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth o'er
Rare broodry of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there:
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused:
Let them rave.
The halm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave. —Lord Tennyson.

A Birthday.

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot:
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

—Christina Rossetti.

Dawn.

Dawn—and a magical stillness; on earth, quiescence profound;
On the waters a vast Comet, as of hunger, appeased and stayed;
In the heavens a silence that seems not mere privation of sound,
But a thing of form and hody, a thing to be touched and weighed.

Yet I know that I dwell in the midst of the roar of the cosmic wheel,
In the hot collision of Forces, and clangor of boundless strife,
'Mid the sound of the speed of the worlds, the rushing worlds, and the peal
Of the thunder of Life.—William Watson.

The Lamplighter.

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING.

Mrs. Edith Wharton Impartially Sketches Some of the Characteristics of the French People.

Mrs. Edith Wharton needs no credentials when she writes of the French people, perhaps the most difficult of all people to know and the most inaccessible in their privacies. Mrs. Wharton has lived among them almost as one of themselves, and now she reminds us that France since the beginning of the war has been like a house on fire. All the lodgers are on the stairs in dishabille. Their doors are swinging wide, and one gets glimpses of their furniture, revelations of their habits, and whiffs of their cooking.

We are all of us disposed to generalize with regard to other nations, and usually on the briefest of first impressions. Americans undertook relief work in France under the firm conviction that it was for the French to learn and for the Americans to teach. That conviction is not quite so strong as it was. It is giving way to the wiser view, born of experience, that it would be well for us to ask ourselves what we can learn from the French and leave it to them to learn what they will from us.

Mrs. Wharton writes a good deal about French taste as among the chief of national characteristics. It was the Puritan races who held that taste was something essentially evil, and we are still suffering from that miasma. But the artistic integrity of the French demands that there shall be beauty everywhere and that everything shall be in scale, from the human voice to a gigantic statue. Mrs. Wharton was taught when a girl: "If you want to interest the person you are talking to, pitch your voice so that only that one person will hear you." Herein, she says, lies all that can be taught about taste.

It is a lesson that we need to learn. The French have so trained their senses that they have become exacting and they function artistically and automatically:

As long as America believes in short-cuts to knowledge, in any possibility of buying taste in tahlolds, she will never come into her real inheritance of English culture. A gentleman traveling in the Middle West met a charming girl who was a "college graduate." He asked her what line of study she had selected, and she replied that she had learnt music one year, and languages the next, and that last year she had "learnt art."

The French are intellectually honest. There is no make-believe in their lives. They are tough, careless of pain, unafraid of risks, contemptuous of precautions. They know that life can not be evaded and they look steadily at its facts. Mr. Howells said once to Mrs. Wharton that the American public asks of the theatre "a tragedy with a happy ending." It was a summary of the whole American attitude toward life:

"A tragedy with a happy ending" is exactly what the child wants before he goes to sleep: the reassurance that "all's well with the world" as he lies in his cosy nursery. It is a good thing that the child should receive this reassurance; but as long as he needs it he remains a child, and the world he lives in is a nursery-world. Things are not always and everywhere well with the world, and each man has to find it out as he grows up. It is the finding out that makes him grow, and until he has faced the fact and digested the lesson he is not grown up—he is still in the nursery.

It is for this reason that the drama has so great an importance in France. The French can express the emotions that the Anglo-Saxon can only choke over. Their appreciation of the theatre is incomprehensible to our blunter races:

Americans new to France, and seeing it first in war-time, will be continually led to overlook the differences and see the resemblances between the two countries. They will notice, for instance, that the same kind of people who pack the music-halls and "movie shows" at home also pack them in France. But if they will take a seat at the one of the French national theatres (the Théâtre Français or the Odéon) they will see people of the same level of education as those of the cinema halls enjoying with keen discrimination a tragedy by a Racine or a drama of Victor Hugo's. In America the "movie" and music-hall audiences require no higher form of nourishment. In France they do, and the Thursday matinees in theatres which give the classic drama are as packed as the house where "The Mysteries of New York" are unrolled, while on the occasion of the free performances given on national holidays in these theatres a line composed of working people, poor students and all kinds of modest wage-earners forms at the door hours before the performance begins.

Education, says Mrs. Wharton, is more general in America than in France. That is to say, more people read. But what do they read? There we have the real standard. If they read no more than they get by gossip in the store and the bar, their reading does them no good. It is not culture in any sense of the word:

The very significance—the note of ridicule and slight contempt—which attaches to the word "culture" in America would be quite unintelligible to the French of any class. It is inconceivable to them that any one should consider it superfluous, and even slightly comic, to know a great deal, to know the best in every line, to know, in fact, as much as possible.

There are ignorant and vulgar-minded people in France, as in other countries; but instead of dragging the popular standard of culture down to their own level, and ridiculing knowledge as the affectation of a self-conscious clique, they are obliged to esteem it, to pretend to have it, and to try and talk its language—which is not a bad way of beginning to acquire it.

Mrs. Wharton is fully aware of the faults of the French character, and particularly of a certain acquisitiveness that must be called avarice. But the Frenchman is not interested in money-making in itself. All he

cares for is to have money enough to maintain his position in life and to assure the future of his children:

The requirements of the average Frenchman in any class are surprisingly few, and the ambition to "better" himself socially plays a very small part in his plans. What he wants is leisure to enjoy the fleeting good things of life, from which no one knows better how to extract a temperate delight, and full liberty of mind to discuss general ideas while pursuing whatever trade or art he is engaged in.

Mrs. Wharton asks what is the essential difference between the American woman and the French woman. The American woman may be just as coquettish, feminine, and emotional. She may dress as well, and she may even be able to cook. But the French woman is grown up, and the American woman is not:

Compared with the women of France the average American woman is still in the kindergarten. The world she lives in is exactly like the most improved and advanced and scientifically equipped Montessori-method baby school. At first sight it may seem preposterous to compare the American woman's independent and resonant activities—her "hoards" and clubs and sororities, her public investigation of everything under the heavens from "the social evil" to haking-powder, and from "physical culture" to the newest esoteric religion—to compare such free and busy and seemingly influential lives with the artless exercises of an infant class. But what is the fundamental principle of the Montessori system? It is the development of the child's individuality, unrestricted by the traditional nursery discipline: a Montessori school is a baby world where, shut up together in the most improved hygienic surroundings, a number of infants noisily develop their individuality.

Mrs. Wharton, as has been said, is fully alive to French defects and she deals with them with impartial hand. But a tree is known by its fruits, and she invites us to look at the fruits of French life:

Once again it must be repeated that the best answer to every criticism of French weakness or French shortcomings is the conclusive one: *Look at the results!* Read her history, study her art, follow up the current of her ideas; then look about you, and you will see that the whole world is full of her spilt glory.

A book such as this was never more needed than at the present time, when we are inclined to look upon the returned soldier as an infallible source of knowledge of France and the French. It should have the wide attention that it deserves.

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE GREATER WAR.

Mr. George D. Herron Talks About Germanism, Bolshevism, and Democracy.

Mr. George D. Herron thinks that we should accept the league of nations, although it is hard to discover from his book why he thinks so. It has "almost brazen defects," he tells us, but then it is the only thing that we have. By the same process he might urge us to swallow a dose of prussic acid on the ground that it is the only drug available.

Mr. Herron was in Europe during the peace negotiations, and he was selected for some mysterious reason to represent America at the Prinkipo negotiations with the Bolsheviks. He now gives us his general impressions in a little volume made up of four papers on "The Proposed League of Nations," "Germanism and Bolshevism," "Which Shall Remake the Peace—Germany or Democracy," and "The Judgment Day of Democracy."

Mr. Herron has at least the virtue of direct speech, although hardly of consistency. Having told us that we ought to accept the league, he continues:

The league of nations presented by the peace conference is a name and no more: no such thing as a league of nations exists: no such thing has been created at Paris. The most we can say is, that a doubtful league of governments has been put forth; and, practically, a league of only three governments at that. As it turns out, what has been accomplished at Paris is a new Triple Alliance masquerading as a general league. And this new Triple Alliance, if a real society of nations he not soon created, will become an intolerable nuisance, a tyranny not to be borne. Moreover, it will inevitably provoke an ultimate Teutonic Alliance of all Europe east of the Rhine and south of the Alps. If the present industrial and commercial order remains, if capitalist production and distribution endures, if the existing occult government of the world by the mobilized Ancient Appetites continues, then the Peace of Paris and its fabled league are but a preparation for a new and later Armageddon, in which two great opposing groups shall settle between themselves the ownership of the world.

The league of nations, says Mr. Herron, is brazenly materialistic. Its only standard of values is size. Small nations are insolently treated as inconsequential. It must be cleansed, says Mr. Herron, of "this besotted materialism of conception" and of the "devil's notion that mere size constitutes value." Then again there was the "sin against the Holy Ghost" in the rejection of the principle of the equality of races:

Again, the rejection of the principle—proposed and urged by Japan—of the equality of races, so far as public law and diplomatic procedure count, was a flagrant sin and fatal blunder. Not only was the rejection a sin against the Holy Ghost: not only was it faithless and cowardly: it has sown the seed of a sinister and ominous unfaith in three-quarters of the earth's population. It has established in the minds of the black, the brown, and the yellow peoples the conviction that the white man's moral professions, his proclamations of public law and justice, the benevolence of his administration of the lands of other races, are all a lie.

Mr. Herron believes that German Bolshevism is a phantom. He admits that Germany is disintegrating and its social structure falling upon itself. But not

through Bolshevism. Actually there has been no German revolution. That has yet to come:

Of course Germany is full of revolution—there need be no doubt about that. But, in order to understand this, we must think of revolution in the future tense. There has been no German revolution up till now. There has been no change in the German state of mind; nor in its politics; nor its purpose to recast the world in the German mould. The fabled revolution that formed the still more fabulous German republic is utterly a lie; nor doth history present an imposture more malignant or menacing to mankind. . . . The German government of today is no more revolutionary, no more socialist, no more democratic, than Ludendorff and the Kaiser are socialistic and democratic. It is merely the nucleus of that return of autocracy for which the mobilized Appetites are planning—first in Germany, and thence through the world.

There have been certain occult forces ceaselessly active to shape the end of the war in the interests of Germany, and those same forces have pervaded the peace conference. The premature armistice was among their successes, but we are not told to whom that armistice was due:

The armistice was, so far as America and the associated nations are concerned, a blunder which our generation may not repair. Nor have I spoken with a single authentic German—especially among those who had hoped that the war would result in the birth of a German democracy—who does not frankly and sorrowfully agree with this opinion. Doubtless were saved, for the moment, many thousands of lives—of lives very precious, too—that the finishing of the war and the actual defeat of Germany would have required. But, in one manner and another, unnumbered millions of lives, and years of unimaginable human suffering and confusion, may be the price of the comparatively few lives that were saved by the halt of the associated armies upon the threshold of victory.

Germany, says Mr. Herron, has occupied the vantage ground ever since, and with disastrous results that are admirably outlined. So disastrous indeed are the results that we are told unequivocally that the worst is yet to come:

So often, in the course of the war, and with little effect I fear, I tried to explain that the war would only begin when the war ended. The Great War is but a prelude to a greater war; and this greater war—the war between Germanism and democracy—now spreads its vaster and more fateful fields.

The only way to resist the pressure of the new Germanism is by becoming democratic ourselves, and we are told frankly that we are still a long way from this goal. Ballot-boxes do not constitute democracy, and Alexander Hamilton was eminently successful in holding political power away from the hands of the people:

Consider this: in every one of the so-called democratic countries, a large majority of the peoples, if today given opportunity and effectual choice, would vote for immediate social reforms. But no government is largely enacting these reforms. I am not, for the moment, discussing whether it be peoples or governments that are right: I only want to point out that, until government and people are identical—and they are not anywhere identical)—no such thing as a democratic state exists.

The author is equally outspoken on the subject of Bolshevism. It was commissioned and anointed by Germany, and Bolshevism is following the German method by seeking first the destruction of capitalism and then of democracy. Bolshevism today, we are told, is largely due to the delays of the peace conference, and to the lack of a definite policy toward Russia:

Nor must we imagine that the military overthrow of the Soviet government of Russia will arrest the forces making for the Bolshevik revolution. The capture of Moscow and Petrograd by the army of Kolchak will accomplish no more than a scattering of the Soviet seed abroad. The Bolshevik idea is traversing and permeating the tribes and the nations.

We must be quick, says the author, or civilization is doomed, a fact so obvious that its indication is hardly needed.

THE GREATER WAR. By George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Cork trees are indigenous to Sardinia, and extensive natural forests are to be found upon the mountain slopes in the northern part of the island. The crop is cut every nine years. The process of industrial production is comparatively simple. The dried-out bark in its cylindrical form is first thoroughly steamed and flattened out under pressure. It remains in piles for about thirty days and reappears covered with blue mold. The bark is then carefully scraped on both sides and cut into strips corresponding in width to the varying lengths of the cork stoppers desired. These strips are cut by hand into cubes. The cubes are put through high-speed finishing machines, which round off the edges and give the required taper.

Speed on water is measured in knots per hour; on land by miles. Speed in air, a condition comparatively new, is measured in miles, but obviously for lack of anything more expressive, since the course of an airplane is as the mechanical crow flies, not as a man walks or as a motor-car goes. The number of air miles from Trepassey Bay to the Azores probably will be found to differ from the number of land or nautical miles. A new unit in measurement appears to be needed.

With the object of regaining for London her former proud position as premier port of the world, a new and enormous dock, capable of accommodating the world's liners, is being constructed on the south side of the Royal Albert docks. Its water area is to be sixty-four acres, and, by means of a floating caisson, its normal length is capable of extension to 910 feet—large enough for a bigger boat than even the 868-foot *Aquitania*.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 13, 1919 (five days), were \$146,911,590.56; for the corresponding week last years (four days), \$88,781,174.61; a gain for the year of \$58,830,415.95.

While various government agencies are hinting at a decrease in the present high cost of living, the National Bank of Commerce (New York) predicts the "stabilization of prices at new levels" as a result of the "continued operation of the factors which resulted in the present high prices." In its September "market letter" in the *Commerce Monthly* high prices are not only predicted for the future, but are, to a certain extent, justified. According to the view of this authority:

"It is the conviction of the business world that high, or at least rising, prices are evidences of a satisfactory situation. This conviction has a basis in fact, in that high or rising prices stimulate increased productive and commercial activity. Our high prices are unquestionably the product of a world-wide curtailment of production and increase of consumption, as a result of the war, of those goods necessary to a peace-time life; of an increase in the circulating medium and an

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expansion of credit which the conflict through which the world has just passed rendered inevitable; and of the increased margins of profit deemed necessary to meet the risks involved in a period of rising prices. The era of extravagance which has followed the restrictions of war has also been a factor in raising prices. When the buying public seems not only willing, but anxious to purchase, regardless of cost, prices respond as a result of what appears to be a shortage of stocks when measured by demand.

"Even though actual hostilities are now ten months behind us, the causes which have resulted in present prices are largely operative and it seems likely that stabilization at a new price-level is approaching.

"In periods of rapidly rising prices the commercial and financial activity resulting is likely to increase out of proportion to the growth in productive activity on which it must ultimately be based. Although the actual physical adjustment of American production to post-war demands has been more rapid than the most optimistic could have hoped, production has not yet expanded to what must be its normal post-war level.

"Prosperity has hut one possible basis. That basis is production. Volume of business in tons and dozens and bales is its true meas-

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ure. There is now no fundamental reason to deter production, and not until it has increased to its new peace-time proportions can we rest in the assurance that, as far as its effects on our economic life are concerned, the war has passed into history. To this end, every man and woman industrially or commercially employed must produce to capacity. Not only is production essential, but capital must be accumulated at a rate rapid enough to offset the destruction which took place during five years. The consuming public must recognize that it can not continue indefinitely the scale of expenditure which followed as a reaction from the self-denial of war, but that thrift for personal benefit is as essential as thrift for one's country. When every individual capable of gainful employment is producing to capacity and spending conservatively, our economic adjustment will be complete."

The steady expansion of productive activities during the month justifies continued confidence in a gradual return to normal conditions, in the *Monthly's* opinion; and as for the agricultural situation, it says:

"While the crop outlook is not as good as it was six weeks ago, there has been a tendency seriously to overemphasize the unfavorable aspects of the situation. The forecast for a wheat crop of 940,000,000 bushels is still well over the estimate for the same date a year ago, and while the corn-crop estimate is below that for 1918, it is still a large yield, 2,788,000,000 bushels. Oats will probably even yet be near an average yield. The cotton crop will be short, but this fact must be considered in relation to the large carry-over. Summarizing the entire agricultural situation, it is satisfactory, and not only will the buying power of the agricultural districts be ample, but they will also have a surplus for investment."

Mr. R. E. Mulcahy, resident partner of E. F. Hutton & Co., announces that his firm has extended its private wire system to Portland and Seattle and will soon include Vancouver, B. C. The company now has private wires from Texas in the south to Seattle in the north, and to New York and Boston in the east. Soon after the first of the year another private will be installed from New York to the Pacific Coast, and another wire via the southern route to New Orleans, to connect with the company's southern system from New York, thus giving a northern, middle, and southern outlet from New York. The efficiency of the present service of Hutton & Co., so far as the Pacific Coast is concerned, is distinctly due to Mulcahy, to whom he credited the improvements which have so greatly advanced conditions, and who may be regarded as the father of the New York Stock Exchange business in this region.

Practically every one of the ten or eleven railroads which in 1918 had the distinction of making a profit for the government over and above the guaranteed compensation have now joined the great majority not earning their rentals. For the first six months of 1919 such leaders as Atchison, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Louisville and Nashville all failed to earn the government guarantee. Michigan Central, however, which scored a remarkable performance in 1918, had the unique distinction, in the first six months of 1919, of being practically the only road of size in the country to earn more than the rental. In 1918 the M. C. showed a profit to the government of \$7,669,115 and for the six months ending June 30th last its net operating income was \$1,919,002 above the proportionate compensation of the half-year. Union Pacific last year showed the largest profit for the Railroad Administration of any of the roads, its net operating income being \$12,406,000 above the government compensation of \$38,416,110. Southern Pacific came next with a profit of \$7,757,935. For the six months ended June 30th Union Pacific's net earnings were \$1,454,693 under the government compensation and Southern Pacific's fell short of the rental by \$12,158,234.

At a meeting of the directors of the Anglo California Trust Company recently Louis Sutter and William B. Reis were chosen directors of the institution. Louis Sutter has been many years with the bank as cashier, secretary, and treasurer. Reis is president of the El Dorado Oil Company, of the Reis Estate Company, and of the St. Margarita Land and Water Company, and is one of the largest owners of real estate in the city.

A canvas eight hundred feet long and twenty feet high reflecting all the glories of California is being carefully housed in the California Building out at the Exposition grounds.

On September 23d it is to be removed from its present abode and installed in the Civic Auditorium.

The canvas is the largest ever attempted in the West by a group of artists. It is a composite picture of California, the work of the noted Lopez artists, and is to hang from the background of the California Industries

and Land Show to open at the Civic Auditorium, October 4th to 19th.

The huge canvas was made possible by the Home Industry League, which through one of its departments assembled photographs from over the entire state.

The panorama is made up of 4000 photographs. Beginning with the sequoias, through the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys up into the Sierras, in through the Yosemite, the canvas winds. On to the hay and ocean, through the heauties of the Southland, pausing to show orchards of the middle regions, coupling the shadows of the mountains with the cerulean blue of the sky, the topaz of the sands and the turquoise of the sea, the ensemble is one of triumphant beauty.

The work is the greatest canvas ever attempted here. Two artists have been busy on it for more than four months. In that time they have utilized more than 144,000 square yards of canvas and many pounds of pigment. The painting will form the panorama background of the Industries and Land Show.

Mr. W. A. Nelson, on the *Chronicle* staff for eleven years, recently resigned to accept the management of publicity for the Western Mortgage and Guaranty Company, who deal in municipal bonds and high-class securities, in addition to conducting a first-mortgage business. Nelson was educated in the public schools of this city, having completed a course at the Humboldt Evening School, and was editor of the University of California's official newspaper while he attended college in 1914. During the war Nelson was enrolled in the United States Navigation School, passing the examinations with the highest honors and receiving the commission as ensign in the navy December 1, 1918, but declined the appointment after the armistice was signed.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is in the hands of a receiver. The New York Railways Company is in the hands of a receiver. And this low state of corporate health is not peculiar to the street railways of New York. One-tenth of the street railway mileage of the country is in receivers' hands. In more than thirty of the 273 cities having over 25,000 population the situation is much the same as in New York.

If the corner grocer had received his license to do business before the war and the prices had then been fixed at which he could sell potatoes and flour and butter, and had not been changed since, he would long before now have retired from business. Or, if he had kept on in the face of advancing wholesale prices for the things he handled, and for the coal to heat his store, he would by now be a fit subject for the county poorhouse, to be maintained as a public charge.

This is much the same situation that street railways face in localities where they have not been permitted to raise their fares, or to raise them far enough to catch up with the advancing costs of operation. Coal is a large item with most of these companies, labor is a much larger one. It has been impossible to stretch the old 5-cent fare to cover the higher cost of these. And street railways can not retire from business as the grocer can. They must keep on. If not given higher rates, they become a public charge just as the New York Railways and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company have. The public must ultimately pay for the cost of the service rendered it. And the cost of the service includes the wages of capital.

The public, which is at present paying twice as much for its living as before the war, is beginning to appreciate the situation into which the street railways have been driven by the 5-cent fare. It is fortunate for the street railway companies, for the railroads, and for other public utilities that are subject to public regulation that the people generally are beginning to recognize the impossibility of the old conditions. This change of attitude on the part of the public, based on its sense of fairness, is being reflected in the action of city authorities, of regulating bodies, of state and Federal legislation, and even of the courts. Last year higher rates of fare were allowed in 166 of the 273 largest cities of the country.

But occasionally there is some one in authority, like Mayor Hylan in New York, who is the exception that proves the rule. His attitude in regard to the traction troubles of New York is a reflection of the past that will have an influence and throw light on the future. Just as government operation of the railroads and Burleson control of the telephones and telegraph has been the best antidote for government ownership and operation in this country, so will the opposition to fair treatment of corporations as voiced by Mayor Hylan and other disciples of that class of journalism which tries to follow and feed on public prejudice and repeatedly falls so far behind public opinion that it is lost, just so will continued opposition from these sources cause a reaction in favor of the corporations in the minds of thinking people.

When Public Service Commissioner Lewis Nixon recently granted permission to the traction companies of Manhattan and Brook-

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lyn to charge 2 cents for transfers at certain points Mayor Hylan rose up in defense of the citizens of the greater city over which he presides and announced: "The corporation counsel will take the case to the highest courts in the state and to the United States Supreme Court, if possible, in the fight to maintain the people's rights." Although the companies that will benefit by these increases are in the hands of receivers and unable to earn operating expenses and the interest on their mortgages, Mayor Hylan will spend the public's money to fight the granting of this increase.

We are not as much interested in the mayor's attitude in this matter, however, as in his argument to support that attitude. Here he lapses into the methods of corporation baiting of the past. "When we stop to consider that the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company is getting 26.5 per cent. on a capitalization of \$1,000,000, . . ." he says. Now the truth is, as has been pointed by Mr. Job E. Hedges, receiver of the New York Railways Company, that the value of the Eighth

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Avenue property devoted to the public service is between \$4,000,000 and \$6,000,000. The New York Railways Company has expended around \$3,000,000 to make the old horse-car line into an improved up-to-date electric line. According to able engineering estimates it would have cost close to \$6,000,000 to reproduce this line at the prices of June 30, 1917. The outstanding capitalization has no relation to the question as to what are fair earnings, except in the minds of those who do not stop to think, or for those who wish to appeal to that class.

Only a few years ago the public service commission supervised the reorganization of what was the Metropolitan system and is now the New York Railways on the basis of actual value of the property used in the public service. Now it is again in the hands of a receiver.

With the better understanding of the fallacy of such arguments as Mayor Hylan and some others still use, a wider appreciation of the wage that is due to capital is growing up.

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The settling of the railroad problem by Congress on the basis of a fair return on a fair valuation of the properties will help to advance public education in this matter. This settlement may well result in providing for a road like the Pennsylvania, that has put a dollar back into the property for every dollar paid out in dividends, a return that may cause even Mayor Hylan to see his mistake.

Public utilities can not retire from business; but the people who have placed their money in them can withdraw it—at a loss—and refuse to put more in; and then the growth of such utilities will cease. That is what is happening to our railroads and our street railways; and the public is reaching the conclusion that the wages of capital are a proper charge against the earnings of prop-

It is interesting to note, according to the Spring Valley Water Company, that there has been no advance in the price of water to the consumer, although it costs a great deal more to produce it. Water rates are authorized by the railroad commission, and have not been raised in San Francisco since the war began. While the rest of the family budget has been going up, the water bill has remained the same.

Oldest Living Language.

"Viri trahite jugum" ("men drag the yoke") sighed the Roman politicians when Nero turned down the request of the Amalgamated Toga Makers' Union for an eight-hour day and raised taxes to pay for the autumn series of orgies and a new fiddle.

"Vyrai, traukite jungan," echoes the Lithuanian of the present day as he and his fellow-refugees shoulder their packs and set out for the return trip to the farms whence they were driven by the Germans before Lithuania had set up its present republican form of self-government.

This striking similarity between the modern Lithuanian and the ancient Latin languages is no mere coincident applying to those few words only (says the "Bulletin of the Lithuanian National Council). Lithuanian is the oldest living language in the world today. It resembles most the primitive Sanskrit and is probably older than Greek or Latin, with which philologists find it has much in common. It is entirely different from German and Slavic tongues.

Professor A. Meillet of the College of France says: "If you wish to hear from the human lips some echo of what the language originally common to the Indo-European may have been, go and listen to Lithuanian peasants talking."

Emanuel Kant, the German philosopher, wrote 119 years ago: "Lithuania, having a loyal character, deserves the protection of the state. She must be preserved, for her tongue possesses the key which opens all the enigmas, not only of philology, but of history."

Man can run about thirty-two feet a second, that being the world's best record for a hundred-yard sprint. Contrary to common supposition, skaters are no swifter than runners, the world's record for both being precisely the same—9 2-5 seconds for a hundred yards. Runners on skis have, however, made as much as seventy-two feet a second, and in leaping on skis more than 100 feet a second is attained.

PASSING THE CENTENARY.

Among physicians the subject of old age is rarely discussed without the mention of a famous centenarian, Luigi Cornaro, who achieved his reputation for having lived a long life through advice to others than the mere fact of having accomplished it. Cornaro died in 1566 at the age of 104. He was a Venetian nobleman, who lived hard by in the city of Padova. Up to the age of forty he had lived a fast and bibulous life, having, as he says, a choleric disposition with which he had come into the world. Subsequently his temperate ways had enabled him to subdue it. Past his fortieth year he settled down to a sober, quiet, and temperate life, with a fixed determination to live out the century. His first book, "A Treatise on a Sober Life," was written when he was eighty-three years of age and anxious to have every one try out his methods. Two books appeared later on similar subjects, and needless to remark (says Dr. H. A. Houghton in the New York Herald), beld some opinions which were at variance with a book of more recent origin, "The Strenuous Life."

Maffeus, a Portuguese author, who wrote the history of the Indies, mentions a man by the name of Numas de Cugna, a native of Bengal, who died in the year 1566, at the incredible age of 370 years. "He was a person of great simplicity and quite illiterate, but of so exhaustive a memory that he was a kind of living chronicle, relating, distinctly and exactly, what had happened within his knowledge in the compass of his very long life, together with all the circumstances attending it. He had four new sets of teeth and the color of his hair and beard had been very frequently changed from black to gray and gray to black. He asserted in the course of his life he had 700 wives, some of whom died and others he had put away." This account is also confirmed by another Portuguese author, Ferdinand Lopez Castegueda.

Just what portion of this story about De Cugna is incredible is difficult to say, whether that portion which appertains to the teeth or the hair or the wives. James Easton, who gives the account in a book in which be details the studies he made of 1114 persons who lived to be more than a century, states that he is satisfied that "it is next to impossible that he who leads a regular and sober life should fall sick or die a natural death before the time that Nature has prescribed; for distempers can not be produced without a cause, and if there be no bad one reigning there can be no fatal effect or violent death. Thus a regular life puts at a distance the sad hour of death, while every kind of excess has a contrary effect."

Easton was a firm believer in early rising as fundamental to long life. "Those, therefore, who observe the laws which Nature has prescribed may live in the pleasing hope of attaining, under Providence, the enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, health and longevity. Of those laws, early rising may be considered as a most prominent feature and on which too much eulogium can not be bestowed. It is at once the friend of health and industry and is a practice that Nature inculcates through all her works. With the unbeam of the morning the flowers unfold their leaves and the birds begin their songs; everything springs to acknowledge the vivifying power of the day but man, who has created for himself an artificial sun that he can illuminate and extinguish with pleasure."

It is gratifying to have that point settled! In other respects Easton's ideas largely conform to modern conceptions. He cautions people to drink plenty of water and little wine. He would have them use fresh air, for "it is a more immediate necessity than food." He says that there is not a solitary instance on record where "life has been prolonged by the artificial aid of medicines, every chance of life having been entirely left to nature, assisted by proper food; for 'Nature is frugal and her wants are few.'" The use of wine is largely left to those who are exhausted by severe labor, whether mental or personal, "and in particular must prove a strengthening and refreshing cordial to the aged and infirm." Furthermore, "no instance can be found of an idler having attained to a remarkably great age." Also, "there is scarce an instance of a bachelor having attained a great age. Whether a life of celibacy occasions 'disease or leads to irregularity or sours the temper," he does not know, but the rule applies to both sexes.

Flowers That Tell the Time.

A clock composed entirely of growing plants and flowers has been made by a botanist. The dial of this clock, which is to be seen in a glasshouse at the Botanical Gardens just outside Paris, is simply a large circular flower-bed with twelve divisions, one for each hour of daylight. In each division a certain plant is growing, and so precisely has the selection of suitable plants been made that it is possible to tell the time of day by the opening of any one flower. The plants are arranged in the following order: 1, rose; 2, bellotrope; 3, water lily; 4, hyacinth; 5, convolvulus; 6,

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geranium; 7, mignonette; 8, carnation; 9, cactus; 10, lilac; 11, pansy; 12, violet. The originator claims that a botanist can tell the time by this means to within a few minutes. In Brazil there is a variety of magnolia which, for a few weeks in the year, opens and closes at the same hour every day, regardless of both light and temperature. Certain of the natives, who know neither clocks nor watches, invariably gauge the time by this flower.

One town of 2000 people in Georgia produced 35,000 pounds of pork from pigs raised in back yards during 1918. The production of this meat was stimulated largely by pig club work conducted by the State College of Agriculture, in cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture.

An attraction in the public park at Ouray, Colorado, is a pond containing 75,000 goldfish, of all varieties and sizes.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The War and Preaching.

While we are somewhat disposed to think that most clergymen exaggerate the influence of the churches on the conduct of human affairs, no such charge can be brought against the Rev. Dr. John Kelman, who writes this admirable essay on "The War and Preaching." Dr. Kelman, who is minister of St. George's United Free Church at Edinburgh, was at the front in the capacity of chaplain, and he seems to have been more than commonly awed by the cyclonic forces unleashed and by the immensity of the mystery that he witnessed. His book is in the nature of an earnest and scholarly questioning of its meaning and of the part that preaching can play in human redemption. There is much with which the average layman will disagree, but there is nothing that he will resent. Certainly he will be charmed by a sincerity that finds expression in so much literary grace.

THE WAR AND PREACHING. By Rev. Dr. John Kelman. New York: Yale University Press.

Yellow Men Sleep.

The author, Jeremy Lane, is evidently an admirer and imitator of Will Levington Comfort. He dedicates his book to "W. L. C." and one of his characters is called Levington. Moreover, he has written what may be called a Comfort story, and that is very high praise indeed.

It is a story of the Gobi Desert, and of the mission of two young men to discover the source of a strange narcotic that is being imported into America with disastrous results. The Gobi Desert is not a nice place. It is a sort of terrestrial inferno wherein nature and man compete in terror and deadliness. The adventurers find a city that has been established by a Chinaman and that he intends shall be the seed of a new race. Its infant industry, so to speak, is the narcotic

herh which is the cause of the mission. The incidents are of a breathless kind, and of course there is a Comfort heroine, a sort of superwoman, although in this case she is not quite so super as she might be.

Now tastes differ, in superwomen as in everything else. And so we may be allowed to say that if we had been the hero of this story we should have put our money on the adventuress Morna instead of on the more legitimate heroine. Morna's morals leave much to be desired, but we are sorry to see her flit so rapidly across the pages and then disappear.

YELLOW MEN SLEEP. By Jeremy Lane. New York: The Century Company.

War Organization.

Among the more useful of war books—and so many are wholly useless—is this volume by Mr. Frederick P. Keppel, Third Assistant Secretary of War, entitled "Government Organization in War-Time and After." It is a record, and in no way contentious. The author tells us of the governmental machinery created for the conduct of the war, why it was created, how it functioned, and in some instances how and why it failed. Thus we have chapters devoted to the mobilization of science, publicity agencies, finance, industry, foreign trade, shipping, inland transportation and communication, labor and fuel, with other chapters on "The Control of Enemy Aliens and Supporters," "Aircraft Construction," and "War-Risk Insurance." The author wisely refrains from a sketch of the future and contents himself with an admirable presentation of facts.

GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION IN WAR-TIME AND AFTER. By William Franklin Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Canada at War.

There is no such thing as a final record of the war, nor need we expect it for very many years to come. Perhaps no single part of the struggle has yet been described exactly as it happened, and this is still more true of its political departments, which will continue to lie for a long time yet under the almost impenetrable veil of self-interest. Not even of the Napoleonic wars have we yet heard the last word or received the last possible fact.

But M. J. Castell Hopkins' story of the part played by Canada is as complete as available facts can make it. It is a large volume of 448 pages, well illustrated, and wholly free from the false patriotisms and the hat-wavings that sometimes regard the suppression of the truth as a virtue. Mr. Hopkins rightly regards his work as a history, and he has been careful to strip his story of everything that does not rightly pertain to a history.

But this volume is something very much more than a record of fighting. Indeed the fighting occupies a comparatively small part of it. It is a national rather than an army story. We are told of the attitude of the people toward the war at its beginning, and it may be said that it was much the same as the attitude of our own people. There were

Canadian pacifists and conscientious objectors, and there were many to say that the war was none of their business and to hide their selfishness under all kinds of specious pretenses. Mr. Hopkins devotes an important section of his book to the French Canadians and he gives them a qualified acquittal of the charges brought against them. The church, he says, "did its duty, but not more than its duty," and the political leaders did not care to raise any issue with the anti-British advocacy. Finally he tells us that France did not make such an appeal to the heart of the French-Canadian as was expected. The province of Quebec will receive Mr. Hopkins' summaries perhaps with satisfaction, but certainly not with jubilation.

CANADA AT WAR. By J. Castell Hopkins. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Constitution and the War.

The war has brought with it a strange shifting of the powers of national government. The end to be achieved was a great one, and it has seemed to justify whatever means seemed necessary to attain it. Those means were unusual, and sometimes they may have been unconstitutional. Many of us were perplexed by a display of individual and arbitrary power which under other circumstances we should have deemed impossible. At the present moment we see something very much like an effort to flout and to ignore the Senate in a matter where its authority under the Constitution can in no way be impugned. There are other matters, perhaps more open to contention, and that suggest the wisdom of scrutiny and analysis lest mischievous precedents may be heedlessly set.

We have such an inquiry in the present volume by Mr. George Sutherland, formerly United States senator from Utah. Mr. Sutherland does not enter the lists as a combatant. He takes no partisan position. His object is to arrive at an understanding of constitutional power in its hearing upon world affairs. How far is it adapted to such a crisis as the present one? What does it permit and what does it prohibit? What elasticity has it? What has it to say about wars and about treaties? What latitude does it give in the work of reconstruction? All these questions are debated from the standpoint of the constitutional lawyer and with a wholly admirable moderation and reserve.

Incidentally the author refers to some matters on which clarification is much needed. For example, he reminds us that militarism is not a matter of armies and navies. It is a state of mind. Every man in Switzerland, for example, is a soldier, but Switzerland is wholly untouched by militarism and she has a model democracy. As to the league of nations, the author says: "I think, therefore, we shall, in the long run, secure better and more lasting results by a gradual extension of the principles and plans already initiated by The Hague conferences than by adopting the more ambitious and more adventurous plan now suggested for the league of nations, including as its distinguishing feature the use of some form of international force."

CONSTITUTIONAL POWER AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By George Sutherland. New York: Columbia University Press.

Cake Upon the Waters.

The public seems to have a liking for young women who can not make up their minds whom they want to marry and who presently discover that they have been in love all the time without knowing it. If the young woman is rich, all the better. Then we feel that we are moving in high society.

Zoe Akins has written such a story as this. The young woman is Kitty Davenant, a widow, and therefore with experience. She is also a spendthrift in spite of the warnings of penury from her lawyer. Kitty continues to be coy and extravagant until she comes into a great fortune, which makes her hard, suspicious, and economical. Great fortunes do that sometimes. Then she is threatened with the loss of her new fortune, and now she discovers that she has been in love with her lawyer all the time. Certainly a lawyer would be a useful man to have around that particular ménage. It is an insignificant story, but readable.

CAKE UPON THE WATERS. By Zoe Akins. New York: The Century Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Industrial Nursing," by Florence Swift Wright, R. N. (Macmillan Company), is intended for industrial, public health, and pupil nurses, and for employers of labor. It seems to be competently written and to be suited in every way to its purpose.

The On Active Service Series, now assuming goodly dimensions, has been enlarged by the addition of "Field Ambulance Sketches," by "A Corporal." The author knows a dramatic incident when he sees it, and he knows also how to describe it. It is published by the John Lane Company.

The Macmillan Company has reprinted a number of papers on "Bolshevik Aims and Ideals and Russia's Revolt Against Bolshe-

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vism" from the Round Table, described as "a quarterly review of the politics of the British commonwealth." These papers are unsigned, but they are sober and weighty contributions to a knowledge and to a discussion that have taken first place in the minds of intelligent people all over the world.

A recent addition to Lippincott's Thrift Text Series, under the general editorship of Arthur H. Chamberlain, is "First Lessons in Business," by J. A. Bexell. The author explains that his first object is the development of character and secondly the introduction of simple thrift lessons.

A spirited and reasoned appeal for the support of agriculture comes from William Stull under the title of "The Food Crisis and Americanism." Mr. Stull thinks that we are in a perilous way through our neglect of the farm and still more through the caste spirit that has contributed to that neglect, as indeed we are. His book is published by the Macmillan Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, which makes its own books at the Riverside Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has returned to a pre-war basis with regular margins and the various incidentals that constitute the difference between a well-made and a poorly-made book.

Major Ian Hay Beith has just sailed for England, after an extensive tour of this country, having received orders from the British army to return "for dispersal purposes."

"The Education of Henry Adams," published last fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company, and just going into its eighteenth reprinting, is mentioned in the New York Times as one of the six greatest biographies of all the world's literature.

Even the Bolshevik can see the grim humor of his position and hit it off in a popular song. The latest song hit in Moscow is "Forget Your Fireplaces, the Fires Have Gone Out," according to Carl Ackerman's book, "Trailing the Bolsheviks," just published by the Scribners.

"I am convinced," says somebody with a brand new idea about the authorship of W. N. P. Barbellion's "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" (Doran), "that Wells did not write that book because there is in it no particular absorption with God, and Wells could not write anything without that popping through. Who, then," he continues, "is 'Barbellion'?" Well, a friend of mine guesses Havelock Ellis. A bit absurd, perhaps, but why not? It's all right for a guess."

Experience in many zoos has shown that subjecting caged grizzlies to close contact with people is usually cruelty to animals. Often they become cross, and a number of crowd-worried grizzlies have died prematurely from resultant apoplexy. Modern zoo hear-pens are constructed so that the hear is beyond the wiles of visitors—so that he can have much privacy—one of the needs of any grizzly. Perhaps we too, often think of the hulkily grizzly as being coarse and rude. But he is an animal of the highest type, sensitive, independent, and retiring. The normal hear is good-tempered and cheerful.

Afghan historians date their people's beginnings to King Saul and refer to them as Children of Israel, a theory that may have gained popular acceptance because of the Afghan's semitic appearance, but it is not generally credited by ethnologists. Afghan literature is rich in poetry, mostly war epics and love lyrics. All but the mountain Kafirs are Mohammedan, and they cling to a pagan belief in which are blended faint suggestions of old mythologies and ancient religions.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Trade War.

Germany, says Mr. Stanley Frost, is about to begin a commercial war against America and against the world, and to secure in trade the supremacy that was denied to her in battle. She has completed her organization and has even revealed its details through the pages of S. Herzog, author of "The Future of German Industrial Exports," a book not intended for circulation outside of Germany, but of which "a copy has been secured" and translated into English. Germany, it seems, has welded her productive industries into a unity of control and management. Relying upon a few monopolies, such as that of dyes, she will use them as a cudgel with which to coerce the world to buy and sell as she may dictate. German producers, acting as a vast firm, will operate individually in the common interest, indifferent to departmental losses in view of a collective gain. Mr. Frost exposes the whole plan in this rather sensational volume, and asks us to observe the vast and familiar mechanism of German propaganda in its new task of commercial dominance. Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer writes a preface, in which he says that it is all true and that we had better be on our guard.

We are inclined to suspect a bogey man, and this with no doubts whatever that Germany will move heaven and earth to accomplish her ends. And we may say that if Germany, or any other nation, is wise enough to understand that domestic cooperation is better than domestic competition, that nation will deserve whatever it gains.

If Germany has a monopoly of dyes or drugs, she will use that power coercively. We should do the same thing. Instead of crying treason against Germany it would be better to take that monopoly away from her by discovering her chemical secrets, producing something that is as good or better, and honestly maintaining its quality and its price. In that way the German trade war will be disarmed, and in no other. If Germany can stimulate our ingenuity and our inventiveness and wean us from our immoral and insensate worship of competition we shall have no complaint to make against her on that score. Mr. Palmer tells us that already we are making dyes and drugs. Then why these tears? If they are as good and as cheap as the German dyes and drugs we have nothing to fear, and Germany has no coercive weapons. If they are not as good and as cheap, then why are they not?

None the less Mr. Frost has done us a substantial service. We are glad to know all about the German commercial war, not so much that we may be lashed into indignation, but that we may be lashed into energy and into common sense. We can beat that game.

GERMANY'S NEW WAR AGAINST AMERICA. By Stanley Frost. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Fishing Tackle and Kits.

Mr. Dixie Carroll knows as much about fishing as any man in America, and since in this volume he gives us very little of his own experiences there is small temptation to unveracity. Mr. Carroll confines himself mainly to advice, and it is good and practical advice. He tells us about camp outfits, kits, tackle, lures, and how to take care of ourselves. He tells us also a good deal about the fish themselves, their habits of mind, preferences, prejudices, and religious convictions. Even the misguided person who has no intention to go fishing, or the victim of capitalist outrages who can not find time to go fishing will read this colloquial and even slangy hook with delight. A sound of running waters comes from its pages.

FISHING TACKLE AND KITS. By Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

Speeches and Documents.

The publishers have done a public service by the production of this volume of presidential war speeches and of state documents. Its four hundred pages seem to contain everything needed for those who wish to trace the course of the President's policies so far as they are reflected in his speeches, while the collection of state documents is invaluable. The only blemish to be found is the unsigned introduction, which consists of a partisan panegyric, much out of place in such a work as this. The many pages devoted to the facsimile signatures of members of the House of Representatives might well be omitted from future editions as having neither interest nor importance and its place taken by an index.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GREAT SPEECHES AND OTHER HISTORY MAKING DOCUMENTS. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vliet Company.

The Querrils.

What a curious family was that of the Querrils, with its exclusive atmosphere of mutual admiration and its cultivated atmosphere of selfishness that is genuine enough, but that has all serious topics of conversation lest there shall be a difference of opinion. The children speak of their parents as "the darlings" and the boys call their father "George," so as to produce in him the illusion

of youth. They are a saccharine lot, but we like them.

But Peter, the youngest hoy, gets himself into trouble. Connected with some nebulous settlement work in London, he incurs the resentment of a water-front hully by championing the cause of his pretty and ill-treated daughter. The girl, instigated by her father, pretends to seek refuge from his brutality at Peter's London lodging, and stays there all night, with obvious results. Then poor Peter is prosecuted on the complaint that the girl is under sixteen years of age and he goes to prison.

They are interesting people, all of them, and we are glad to know them. Naturally the war furnishes a background for their adventures, and with the usual disintegrating results.

THE QUERRILS. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

New Books Received.

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO. By Beth B. Gilchrist. New York: The Century Company. A story for girls.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GREAT SPEECHES AND OTHER HISTORY MAKING DOCUMENTS. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vliet Company. Speeches and historical papers.

THE CARRINGTONS OF HIGH HILL. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A novel.

FIELD, FOREST AND FARM. By Jean Henri Fahre. New York: The Century Company. Things interesting to nature lovers.

CANOEING, SAILING AND MOTOR BOATING. By Lieutenant Warren H. Miller, U. S. N. New York: George H. Doran Company. A boating book for all ages.

DEEP WATERS. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Short stories.

THE HEART'S DOMAIN. By Georges Duhamel. New York: The Century Company. A philosophical war book.

A CHILDHOOD IN BRITANNY EIGHTY YEARS AGO. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company. Reminiscences.

FISHING TACKLE AND KITS. By Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Practical information on game fish.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND. By Edward R. Turner. New York: The Century Company. A history of Ireland in relation to England.

SINGING MOUNTAINS. By A. B. Cunningham. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH. New York: The Century Company. A novel.

MY "LITTLE BIT." By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Company. Inspirational essays on current topics.

PEACE AND BUSINESS. By Isaac F. Marcossion. New York: John Lane Company. The real meaning of peace for American trade.

GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION IN WAR-TIME AND AFTER. By William Franklin Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Problems of war and of reconstruction.

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A study of the French.

Arthur Sullivan, the composer, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie once found that they had forgotten the number of a house to which they were invited. Sir Alexander protested that all he knew was that the doorscraper was E flat. So "away they went kicking the doorscrapers along the row," until, at last, Arthur Sullivan exclaimed: "Here we are, this is E flat!" And it was the house right enough.

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MONUMENT TO "PUNCH."

The most surprising war memorial yet proposed is one with regard to which Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a leading figure. It has been decided to set up in London a statue of "Punch" in order to celebrate the part taken by that periodical in the late unpleasantness with the Germans.

The very distinguished committee which has the matter in hand is representative of all sides of art and literature in Great Britain and Ireland, including everybody from Lord Morley to the Prince of Wales.

This will be the first time that a periodical has been honored in such a fashion. But it is not likely that the most cynical American will deny that the tribute was well earned (says a writer in the New York Herald). All through the four and a half years of horror Punch was cheerful and confident. While other journals half believed that the submarine and the other devices of Kultur would do up the Allies, this weekly, published half in fun and altogether in earnest, never had the slightest doubt as to the outcome.

Once upon a time a man went up to Ithaca to see Dr. Andrew D. White on a matter of foreign news, continues this writer. The distinguished diplomatist and first president of Cornell took the visitor over to the library of the university and showed him a lot of hooks—mostly historical—which he had given to the institution. On the way back to his house the president emeritus remarked casually that he had one history which he would never part with in his lifetime. It was a bound set of Punch from the beginning.

"That set of volumes," said Dr. White, "is the best record of a nation and its capital that I know of. Everything is there, from politics to fashion and from sport to art. It is our custom to laugh at some phases of British humor, but Emerson was quite right when he said that it was impossible to take up a number of Punch without finding at least one good thing in it. At any rate, that is my experience, and I see every copy."

"To get into Punch" is the best proof that a British, an American, or a French statesman has "arrived." In the dark hours of the Civil War the North hated the way in which Punch held up Lincoln to derision. But the manner in which it woke up and paid tribute to the dead President made the people of the Union side forget and forgive the had taste and the bad judgment of earlier days.

His old enemies and present friends the French used to say of the Englishman that he was so stupid that he never knew when he was licked. Americans have said of him that he could not see a joke, even when it was written in words of one syllable. The Irish question has been described as the effort of a dull nation to govern a very clever one. But if Punch were to be taken as a test, it is not

likely that many intelligent persons would agree that the English were unintelligent.

A publication which is a complete expression, as Dr. Andrew D. White put it, of the traditions, prejudices, manners, and everything else of the British nation is not to be sneezed at. Punch was always capable of expressing Mr. Gladstone in his most unctuous moments, or Disraeli in his most Oriental magnificence, and its artists always have been the first to reveal adequately to London the personal peculiarities of America's potentates, though how they did it nobody knows.

The best English joke ever made was Punch's advice to persons about to get married—"Don't!" The best Irish joke was Charles Keene's drawing of the group of tenants waiting to shoot their landlord. He was late and one gentleman with a gun remarked, "Sure I hope that nothin' has happened to the poor ould gentleman!"

Punch is never partisan. It is always more or less inclined to support the government in power. But it always puts patriotism before party. It was once said by James Huneker, of Mouquin's, that it was not a restaurant, but a habit. In the same way it could be said of Punch that it is really not a journal, but a looking-glass for that strange nation which muddles along from one success to another.

Punch is more characteristic of Great Britain than the once German royal family, the Royal Academy, the Welsh prime minister, the Scottish Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster leader from Dublin; Professor de Valera, the Sinn Fein "president" from Spain, or Manica.

The eagle is a comparatively slow bird on the wing, making no more than seventy-five feet a second, or much less than half the speed of the airplane. Surprising as it may be to many readers, the great, heavy, wild goose, which "honks high" when "everything is lovely," is a far swifter bird than the eagle, in fact fully twice as swift, rushing through the air at the astonishing speed of 175 feet a second. The homing pigeon is also far swifter than the eagle, having been known to maintain an average speed of 132 feet a second for a distance of a hundred miles. Perhaps the swiftest bird of prey is a species of falcon, which has been known to fly about a thousand miles in eleven hours, or at the rate of 133 feet a second.

In Canton twenty-five years ago there were practically no cattle used for dairy purposes. Today there are about 550 cows of foreign breeds, and about fifty buffaloes kept exclusively for milk. The Hongkong Dairy Farm and other dairies in Victoria and Kowloon, with a total of 1200 cows, depend largely on the Chinese residents in those places for the sale of their milk.

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"THE MASQUERADER."

All, or nearly all, confirmed novel readers have read "The Masquerader," the talent of Katherine Cecil Thurston, the author, being that of a story-teller. The world loves a good story, and I wouldn't be surprised if the guilty, shocking world—more particularly the man in it—was particularly taken with the idea of John Chilcote's reputation being so nicely taken care of while that confirmed degenerate, stowed away in a snug corner, peacefully indulged in his secret sins.

It is a very theatrical idea, and the play is very much of the theatre. By which I mean that it doesn't approach very closely to real life, in spite of Guy Bates Post's very carefully worked out impersonation of a morphine fiend. But duplicating characters, that is in the intimacy of home and occupational life, doesn't work in real life. We each of us have our aura of individuality. It has been asserted that overworked public men have understudies who represent them in public functions in which they figure merely as silent appeals to the curiosity of the crowd. It seems fairly plausible. The actor representing Wilhelm Hohenzollern in "My Four Years in Germany" bore a very strong resemblance to the ex-Kaiser. However, we in America have not been on very intimate terms with the deposed ruler, and possibly his ex-subjects might have instantaneously recognized the discrepancies in both the appearance and the personality of the actor.

Our individuality is the outward expression of our inner selves. Could John Loder, a real man, fool those who loved or were still devoted to John Chilcote, the degenerate wreck? Not possible.

No matter how much he resembled him, how well he imitated his superficial tricks of manner, not for a moment could he have fooled the discerning vision of those who lived in the same house as the man who was understudied, or who came there almost daily on important political errands which drew upon his resources of heart and soul.

Just pause to remember how well we know each other, after a life association, or even one of a few years. Sometimes the very air seems to carry messages across a room from one intimate to another of the processes of unexpressed thought. Even children learn to play upon the delicate instrument expressive of their parents' character. They know as well as a grown person of what they are thinking in regard to some childish request. They are aware when the moment of yielding comes, and seize upon it like young Na-

poles. And they, as well as school children, know the character weaknesses of those in authority over them, and profit by the knowledge.

And so I reassert that "The Masquerader" is a theatrical play, and this assertion being comfortably demonstrated, to my satisfaction at least, we will proceed to discuss the piece on its merits as a theatrical play.

If I am not mistaken that idea of making John Loder a first cousin of John Chilcote was evolved for the play, in order to give the startling appearance between the two men some appearance of credibility. Also it allowed for the influence of family feeling to sway John Loder when he consented to the substitution. If so, it helped out considerably. We have all seen cases of almost exact physical duplication between twins; and, by the way, we also recall that while, in such instances, it has been easy playfully to deceive strangers, these twin duplicates can not fool their parents or other members of the household. Aside from the slight and, except to a discerning eye, almost imperceptible differences, there is again that question of the aura of individuality.

But it has always fascinated the many, this idea of substitution being used dramatically, and it certainly figures interestingly as the central idea of a play.

It is not, however, a play of psychology. It is a story play, pure and simple, and in cast and setting the management has done good work in intensifying the interest.

Guy Bates Post has studied the ways and nervous tricks of the morphine addict, which, by the way, has its trying side, as the rapid, nerve-irritated utterances used causes those remote from the stage to lose the concluding words of his discourse all too frequently. But the evidences of a degenerated condition, both physical and mental, together with the malign tendency developed in an addict, and expressed both in physiognomy and manner, were conveyed with a sure touch.

Mr. Post is not fortunate enough to possess a great degree of the magnetism so valuable to men of his profession. But he makes up for the deficiency by the care and detail of his work. His impersonation of Loder, due to this lack, was not as attractive as it might have been, and yet, in the first scene in John Loder's lodgings, he succeeded in presenting an agreeable picture of a kind, genial, agreeable, and talented man.

The first picture, a night scene of a London street in a London fog, was a very good specimen of stagecraft, making such a successful appeal to the imagination that it was something of a shock when we heard the cheerful voices of wayfarers groping through the fog. It is in this scene that the two men meet, thereby planting the seed of the future deception in John Chilcote's morphine-poisoned mind.

It requires a cast of eighteen to represent the play, the more important characters, aside from the star, being Eve Chilcote, the wife, who received a pleasing though uninspiring treatment from Alice John; Brock, the faithful servant, who has the family honor at heart, a point most sympathetically brought out by Lionel Belmore; Lady Astrupp, a fellow-addict and the mistress of John Chilcote, played with the suitable suggestion of heartlessness by Audrey Andersen; "Daddy" Fraide, a conventional politician, well played by Clarence Handyside, and Rohhins, the true-hearted little Cockney servant, very sincerely and convincingly represented by Ruhy Gordon.

The stagecraft necessary in the few scenes when the two duplicates were on the stage at the same time was unexceptionable, the actors figuring in these scenes contributing to the success of the illusion by the care and reliability with which they played their part. It is always a delicate moment at such a time. The illusion is a shining piece of brittleness ready to crack in a moment, this being due partly to the pernicious determination of the spectator to jump out of the play atmosphere and keep track of how the thing is done. For your confirmed playgoer doesn't want any tricks of the stage to get away with him.

THE CORRECTOR.

How do you pronounce "t-r-i-h-u-n-a-l"? says the constitutional corrector. You start convulsively. You have always pronounced the word a certain way. But the question awakens distrust of the familiar, the established. There must be some new pronunciation wrinkle in the air. And you must not be caught napping.

So timorously, yet with a falsely assured air, you pronounce it mispronouncedly.

This is the glorious moment for the constitutional corrector. His, although generally her, wings expand, and she crushes you down into the dust of humiliation by producing the correct pronunciation, suitably authenticated.

Then don't you love him; I mean her. And don't you say to yourself, This person is a bore and a nuisance, and I shall henceforth try to avoid him; I mean her.

Yet the habitual corrector may be a very worthy citizen. Only it is an unforgivable

offense to seek—habitually—to put people in the wrong.

That is one of the advantages of being an alleged critic. It develops the sense of criticism. The only way to escape from the disadvantage of it is, when away from the theatre, or not engaged in reading a dime novel for purposes of review, to cultivate a keen perception of the virtues and pleasant traits of one's fellow-beings.

The constitutional corrector, once embarked upon her nefarious occupation, so enjoys the sense of feeling superior that she is apt to enlarge on her specialty and commence a sleuth-like outlook for the faults of the people she knows. In time she forgets the truism that we all have our faults, and, disbelieving in the existence of her own, she begins a brisk career of missionary work; always trying to improve the faults of the other fellow, and blissfully ignorant that, in dealing with her self-appointed task, her own are looming larger than ever before in the eyes of her disapproving ex-friends.

I have always remembered with pleasure the course of conduct of an intelligent and well-educated woman when a member of her family married a man who was one of the good, old-fashioned nature's noblemen. This man, however, had a wretched language sense, and never opened his mouth without giving a biff right in the frontal bone of the English language. Double negatives flourished like weeds and divorces between singular subjects and verbs were all too common. But he was a sweet, sound, genial, kind, lovable fellow. The only thing to do was to take him in the bosom of the family and love him and accept him without criticism. Never a word of correction was offered when the dear innocent mangled his glorious heritage of language into smithereens.

I admired the course they pursued, these in-laws of his. He was intelligent enough to appreciate them, and too deficient in ear sense to know of his sins in that respect. And he was never enlightened and family harmony flourished like a fair and fresh flower.

What is there in it, after all, this correcting craze? I except, of course, the desired corrections made between people so close that no offense is felt. Also, at the stage in life when we are under masters we expect, and, if we are reasonable, desire correction. But that nuisances who go a-hunting armed with a dictionary and a little 2x4 passing feeling of superiority ought to be snubbed, suppressed, and avoided will, I am sure, be subscribed to by their rebellious victims.

LOS ANGELES' PICTURE PLAYS.

In consequence of the large numbers of famous lights of the screen that live in Los Angeles that city, which has a church-going element sufficiently large to put our own graceless community to the blush, includes in its social sets a socially inclined body of rich movie people. But the different sets do not mix, the movie kings and queens, like all money-makers, finding time in their hasty lives to spend some of their rolling-in dollars on competitive entertainments to each other. For one of the imperious claims of big money is that once earned it must be spent. And, while they gayly spend it, the more conventional set looks on from afar, and with avid interest retail to each other the latest movie scandal. Often imagined or made up, no doubt, as all, rich or poor, are too busy to devote much of their time to living scandals.

We have read many times in Eastern theatrical journals of the summer homes of stage favorites, and how they enjoy domesticity and house parties during their vacation period. But there can not be another city in the world like Los Angeles, where there is so large a settled community of play actors rooted to the soil both in their homes and their places of business, and experiencing the joys of permanence. It would seem to be an anomalous condition as compared to their life in the past, but this picture-play world is still a new one, and well we know that there is no other section in America the climate of which is so favorable to the industry as that of Southern California.

They say that the population of Los Angeles is built up from the Middle West; and I can well believe it. For never in my life have I heard such awful intonations as may be heard on all sides in that happy and self-satisfied city. Such words as "aw-ranges" and "haw-rible" will serve as instances selected from the harshly stressed and twangy stream of words pouring from lovely cream and strawberry lips. Long since apparently the United States twang has abandoned Yankeland and planted itself enthusiastically in the Middle West, from thence to be transplanted—O tempora, O mores—in Southern California. Anything will grow down there, so the twang flourishes like a green hay tree. Generally speaking, however, we escaped it at the studios. No doubt there are Middle Westerners among the movie people, but even the inaudible players of the screen seek to free their tongues from provincialisms.

The directors in these picture-play studios

—alert, quick-witted, resourceful men—are all business. Everything is systematized. Busy though they are when things are rushing, they do not seem to be as temperamental as some of the directors of the legitimate theatres, and do not yell their instructions, not even to the extras, who are a happy-looking lot of Dicks because they so adore their occupation. These insignificant extras get \$7.50 a day. Visit the studios and you will find them absorbed, swallowed up, in the work of posing or sitting around waiting for the next hour. And there is an interminable amount of sitting around waiting. Think, oh think of the horedom for an intelligent person passing his time that way.

At the Metro Corporation Picture Studio I saw Mme. Nazimova rehearsing in a banquet scene for Mrs. Wylie's play, "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya." She was looking extremely handsome in an apparently-Russian fur cap and a costume that conformed. I sort of looked for her to turn a handspinning on the table and light up the scene with a shell shock of blinding passion of some description or other, but she was quietly doing hard, grinding work; the detailed work which taxes the patience to the uttermost. Infinite care, infinite detail it was; going over and over some infinitesimal effect before "shooting" the camera; the careful repetition of attitude, gesture, smile, reply.

The extras were doing it, too. All "dolled up" they were, sitting at a gorgeous banquet table, which was also all "dolled up" with



XXIV.

The Test of a Water Rate

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lace, crystal, silver, and lovely flowers. It was spread with real food. In fact, in this scene when the cameras are ready to "shoot" twenty chickens smoke upon the board, and the actors must eat whether they want to or not. Probably the extras try to utilize this provender for part of their regular meals, but in a picture-play studio time waits on no man. The girls, gorgeously arrayed as the social lights of the banquet, were powdered deathly white. So was Nazimova. I did not at first recognize this famous actress until the familiar profile was presented to my view.

Mme. Nazimova is a sort of queen there, either owning or partly owning the studio, and when she finally appeared at the banquet scene—the rehearsal of which, they told me, had been going on for days—there was a general electrification of the atmosphere.

They are reducing the correct presentation of lights and shades more than ever to a science in these picture-play photographs. The Hindu attendants at the table were in native costume, their turbans canary yellow, their garments pink. This struck me as a curious color combination, but the explanation was that both colors take white, with a slight diversity of shade which is improving to the general effect.

As for the facial make-up: I saw Bertram Lytell, the popular ex-Alcazar player, rehearsing in the leading rôle of a film version of "Lombardi, Ltd." He wore a livid complexion and purple lips in preparation for the camera, but somehow his good looks triumphed. He played delightfully in the intimate little scene being rehearsed, and I promptly made up my mind to see the play in its completed film form; which, by the way, will be, probably, months off, as it sometimes takes as many as six months to work up a play.

The players rehearsed the scene precisely as if it were for the spoken drama, except,

naturally, for a greater brevity of dialogue. Their lines are all laid out for them in their typewritten copies, and they do not at all slight the expression with which they deliver them.

Bertram Lytell's charm is as great as ever. He fairly radiates magnetism; the magnetism, I am inclined to believe, in his case and that of all players similarly endowed, due in part to the possession of a pleasant and genial disposition; which opinion was borne out by the tone of some of the young men in speaking of him.

I adjured Mr. Lytell, by the way, in moving accents, to give his faithful constituency in San Francisco a treat once in a way by an occasional return as a star to the spoken drama. But his present contracts forbid. However, he expressed a hope and an intention of doing so at some future time.

It is doubtful, however. He is deeply immersed in his picture-play work. Besides, the East has discovered him, and once the Eastern managers learn their value, our favorite players are lost to us; for a number of years, at least.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Geraldine Farrar.

When Geraldine Farrar and her concert company, consisting of Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Rosita Renard, pianist, appear at the Curran Theatre, Sunday afternoon, October 5th, at 2:30, it will be to an audience that will fill the Curran to its utmost capacity. Frank W. Healy, local representative for C. A. Ellis, manager of Miss Farrar, has been receiving mail orders and on Monday will open the Farrar box-offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Miss Farrar closed her recent season at the Metropolitan Opera House as the "adorable, unforgettable blossom of Japan, Madame Butterfly," and received her usual season's ending demonstration from her Metropolitan admirers. "She was called before the curtain again and again and compelled to make three speeches," declared the critic of the New York Herald.

The race horse running a mile in two minutes covers only forty-four feet a second, English foxhounds make sixty feet a second, and some dogs are said to have run ninety feet a second. The hare is said to make as much as sixty feet a second for a short distance. The fastest deer ever accurately timed was a roebuck, which made seventy-four feet in a second. Some smaller antelopes are said to be much more speedy than the larger deer. The huge giraffe, despite its long legs, is believed not to go more than fifty feet a second. One of the fleetest of all large creatures is the ostrich, which can run at the rate of eighty feet a second.

In the fighting area of Northern France great stretches of railway lines were destroyed and must be rebuilt, as must most of the tunnels. All local railway lines have been destroyed in the regions of Rheims and Laon. The canal system in the battle area also was damaged considerably, 450 bridges and 111 floodgates being destroyed. The ports of Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne were damaged to the extent of 100,000,000 francs. The losses in machinery in the occupied area amounted to more than 450,000,000 francs.

British women have scored a new triumph by obtaining admission to the Institute of Naval Architects as members. The vote taken by the institute on the question was 491 to 220.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

Crowded houses at the Curran Theatre attest the triumph achieved by the great American actor, Guy Bates Post, in his new starring medium, "The Masquerader," in which Post has scored for the past two seasons in the principle cities of the East and in Australia. The last two weeks of the engagement open next Sunday night, September 21st.

In his portrayal of the dual rôle in "The Masquerader" Post presents as remarkable a piece of acting as San Francisco has known in years. Whether as the drug-crazed Chilcote in his last writhings from an overdose of morphine or as John Loder, beset by trials and tribulations in living up to life's highest ideals and ambitions, Post is ever impressive and convincing.

The play, based on the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston, was dramatized in admirable fashion by John Hunter Booth. The producer, Richard Walton Tully, has given "The Masquerader" a most elaborate and altogether unique series of settings.

The star is supported by Alice John, Lionel Belmore, Ruby Gordon, Clarence Handyside, Reginald Carrigan, Audrey Anderson, and other well-known players.

The Alcazar.

From "The Law of the Land" the New Alcazar company passes next Sunday matinee to the famous play "Pollyanna," the week being notable for its first Alcazar presentation and its final one in San Francisco. The story of the little orphan girl from the West whose precept and example broadened the narrow vision of a New England community is one of universal charm. Pollyanna never swerves from her simple creed that love is more potent than hatred and that there is always something to be glad about. Pollyanna, however, is not a dull preacher; she is a joyous, living example of love and good cheer. Belle Bennett personates Pollyanna, Walter P. Richardson the embittered bermit, Vaughan Morgan her boyish adorer, Thomas Chatterton and Emily Pinter the reunited lovers, Edna Shaw the Irish maid, Al Cunningham the butler, Emelie Melville, May Nannery, and Barbara Lee the eccentric "Ladies Aiders."

"Nothing But Lies," secured for early production, is William Collier's recent New York farcical comedy bit, which is a droll contrast to his former play, "Nothing But the Truth." It is by Aaron Hoffman, co-author of "Friendly Enemies," and has never been acted in San Francisco.

The Orpheum.

Alice Eis, who has won fame in this country and in Europe, will head the Orpheum bill next week in an entirely new singing and dancing act which is of wide range and comprises five songs and dances. She is assisted by James Templeton.

Julia Nash will appear in the comedy "Three G. M.," which is quaint and original in idea and sparkling and entertaining in dialogue.

William Dunham and Grace O'Malley will be heard in songs and patter.

Ted Doner, who has danced almost from the day he was able to walk, is now a full-fledged star. He came into prominence in the support of Lucille Cavanagh, and so great was his success that he commissioned Charles McCarren to write an act for him, which is entitled "Something New in Singles." It exploits Mr. Doner in those things he is most capable of doing, and probably the best of these is his dancing.

Ray Snow, assisted by Narine Velmar, will present a novel skit called "You Pick 'Em." Snow introduces a brief and witty monologue and a recitation of his own composition entitled "A Regular Fellow."

The Rosa King Trio will give an exhibition on the tight wire.

Harry and Harriet Seebach entitle their contribution "Jazz in the Gym." Harry Seebach is the world's champion bagpuncher. He even punches the bag to jazz time, and Miss Seebach is a capital vocalist and comedienne.

George Kelly and company in "The Flattering Word" and Julius Tannen, monologue genius, will be the only holdovers.

Symphony Orchestra.

Brabms' Second Symphony will be the principal number of the first programme of the new season to be played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, October 10th, in the Curran Theatre.

Wagner will be programmed in his Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Gluck's classical overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Debussy's "Fêtes" will be the remaining numbers.

Debussy's "Fêtes" will have its first reading here. It is a difficult work for orchestra, abounds in whole-toned scales, and is perhaps the finest example of Debussy's later style.

This programme in its entirety will be repeated on the Sunday immediately following,



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that of October 12th, after the prevailing custom.

Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor will be the outstanding number of the second pair of symphonies. There should be considerable interest in the programing of an orchestral work of Ferruccio Busoni for the first time in this city. The great Italian pianist-composer's Symphonic Suite, Opus 25, has been selected for performance by Hertz. It is a beautiful composition, classical in form, and very marked in contrast with Busoni's more recent futuristic efforts.

Captain John Smith is generally associated with Virginia, but he was also the first to discover the beauties of the southwestern half of the Maine coast and the first to draw a map of it. In 1614 he explored the shores of what was then known as North Virginia, but which he called New England, a name that has stuck, as have many others given by him.

Many ancient families in England have stored away life-sized figures in wax of their ancestors, made at the time of the original's death. The Duke of Norfolk has the figures of three wives of one of his ancestors, which are kept in a glass case at one of his country seats.

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LIAM DUNHAM and GRACE O'MALLEY in

Comical Musical Capers; TED DONER,

"Something New in Singles"; RAY W.

SNOW, assisted by Narine Velmar, in "You

Pick 'Em"; ROSA KING TRIO, Tight-Wire

Dancers; HARRY and HARRIET SEEBACH,

"Jazz in the Gym"; GEORGE KELLEY in

"The Flattering Word"; JULIUS TANNEN,

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12 Sunday Symphonies—Orch. and 1st 3 rows Balcony, \$12; Balcony, next 13 rows, \$9; Gallery, 1st row, \$9; next 14 rows, \$6.

10 Sunday "Pops"—Orch., \$7, \$9; Balcony, 1st 3 rows, \$9; next 5 rows, \$7; next 8 rows, \$5; gallery, 1st 7 rows, \$5; next 8 rows, \$2.50.

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VANITY FAIR.

Over there in Paris they are having their little troubles with the high cost of living, and their remedy is peculiarly a French one. An impromptu committee of public safety was called into existence and wherever a price ticket in a shop or on a harrow was considered too high it was promptly changed to a more reasonable figure. If the owner objected he was pushed on one side and a member of the committee obligingly sold his wares for him until he was persuaded to see the light. A policeman who interfered was adroitly hit in the eye with a ripe tomato, which gave him an ensanguined appearance, but moderated his ardor. There are few missiles so entirely satisfactory as a ripe tomato. It is much more effective even than an over-ripe egg. It was all done with great good temper. There was no talk of Bolshevism and no one demanded that a law be passed.

A French economist has been tabulating the causes of high prices, and he gives a place near the top of the list to the extravagance of women. Ordinarily the Frenchwoman is the most economical person in the world. She has an uncanny capacity for estimating the appetites of her family and her guests, and measuring out their comestibles with a chemical scales and an eye-dropper. She huys what will be needed for the meal, and not one particle more. But that has changed, says the economist in question. Women have been earning money for themselves during the war and the old-time wage-earners have had extra good pay. As a result they have become prodigal. They huys much more than they need and they pay whatever is asked. The government, says our economist, can do nothing. Things must take their course and prices must and will find their level in due time. The process can not be hastened. It is no use to try to do so.

Andrew Carnegie's desire to die a poor man can hardly be said to have been gratified, although much depends on what we mean by poor. He left about thirty million dollars, after giving away three hundred and fifty million. Personally we should feel quite as rich with the former amount as with the latter. Neither sum has any real or practical meaning for the average man. Most of us, if we were told that we might have as many dollars as we could count dollar by dollar, would stop from sheer exhaustion before we had reached the first million, and we should be in the lunatic asylum, and rightly so, long before we had reached thirty millions.

Mr. Carnegie left most of his thirty millions to his wife, and it will be interesting to see what she does with it. But there were also some curious bequests. He gave Mr. Taft \$10,000 a year for life. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Cleveland (now Mrs. Preston) receive each an annuity of \$5000. Lloyd George and John Morley receive annuities of \$10,000 and John Burns an annuity of \$5000. Walter Damrosch receives also an annuity of \$5000.

Now this seems sensible, much more sensible than libraries, much more sensible than the majority of institutions. It is true that the list of bequests might have been lengthened, and in ways that modesty prevents us from

mentioning. But the principle of the legacy to the public man is an admirable one. Here are five men whose work is probably of more value to the human race than that of all the missionaries, churches, and institutions put together. Their ordinary incomes are mere pittance, just sufficient to keep them at their posts. The four statesmen are not working for money and they never have. They have gone on working in spite of the financial handicap that their work has involved. Henceforth they need not deflect any of their mental energies to the needs of subsistence. It was most wisely done, and if there should be any more old gentlemen with a few hundred million dollars for which they have no immediate use we shall be pleased to submit a list of suggested annuities. Of course without charge.

The Quebec correspondent of the New York Evening Post tells us something about the Prince of Wales and his reception by the Canadians. "I am an American, and I don't know how to curtsy," said a young American girl when she was presented. At which, says the correspondent, his blue eyes lost something of their tired look and he grinned broadly. He didn't seem to mind so novel a remark to royalty. Perhaps it was a relief. It was Quebec's initial reception to the prince at Parliament House and most of those presented were attempting regulation court curtsies which were far from successful. The young American girl said afterward that she had of course no intention of apologizing for not being drilled in court customs. But when she saw so many Canadians all but losing their balance in the effort to bend the knee, and when she tried to think what that exemplar of stalwart Americanism for all time, the late Colonel Roosevelt, might have done under like circumstances she came to the conclusion that he would undoubtedly make a plain statement of the actual facts.

Some one during the war spoke of the Prince of Wales as looking "incredibly young." He is still just that. His slight, not tall figure, his rosy cheeks, his fair, straight hair, parted boyishly to one side, all make him appear "in his teens" rather than the twenties he must be. Many a moving-picture actor would hoth look and act the part more perfectly—more according to Hoyle. But he couldn't be half so appealing. The little prince is the real thing. His candid, round eyes are those familiar to us in portraits of his father, grandfather, and great-grandmother. His shyness and simplicity of manner are charming—even his embarrassment, which showed in his looking at his fingernails, and then suddenly remembering not to do so; his twice running his forefinger absently-mindedly beneath his nose in a way that Queen Mary, we imagine, would have taken him very seriously to task for doing; his constant fingering at his collar. At the fifth—or maybe the sixth—fingering of the collar the carefully selected assemblage, with all its loyal disposition to take the prince very seriously indeed, gave a nervous little giggle. So picturesque a scene could not have been duplicated in any other quarter of the British Empire.

The reception to the prince in Canada was not extraordinarily enthusiastic. The people were a little tired of decorations and flag-

wavings, but the young prince will get a "right royal reception," says the Post correspondent, when he comes to America.

When the American hoy arrived in France (says Mr. D. M. Walker in *Leslie's*) he expected to find companionship among "nice" girls such as he had known at home. The propagandist had failed to tell him, you see, that the *jeune fille* in France is as closely sequestered as if she were in a convent. She is not allowed unchaperoned with men for an instant. The young man in France has been raised with the understanding that he is to go as far as he likes whenever he gets the chance. It's just another phase of the system. Platonic friendship between man and woman does not exist. If a young man is calling upon a girl of good family it is because he intends to marry her; otherwise he would not be wasting his time, nor giving her family any erroneous impressions. The American discovered that the girls who would go promenading with him unchaperoned weren't exactly known as "nice" hack home. This discovery gave him no violent displeasure, it must be admitted, but it is responsible for his views on the women of France. You know what they are. After the French had known us for about two years and some of them had become convinced that our standards in America were different, they would have allowed their daughters with us unchaperoned if it were not for public opinion. I remember being allowed to walk home with a *jeune fille* unchaperoned from a nearby tennis court. The knowing smiles which that girl endured from passers-by made me glad that mother came along next time.

To even begin to comprehend the French attitude on sex, one must check one's Anglo-Saxon standards at the door. To the French there is no sin in sex. If there were, they would be a sinful lot indeed, for they are swamped, inundated, engulfed in sex. In Paris one can not escape from it five minutes. Around sex attraction revolve all French music, art, and literature. In the theatres there is hut one plot, with variations—some sufficiently startling to the foreigner. At the revues, which are about all the Americans ever see in Paris, the chorus young persons are usually clad in lots of nail polish and a luring smile. They aren't expected to be ladies and make no pretensions of being such.

You may ask why, if there is no sin in sex, the *jeune fille* is so carefully protected from the world. I've wondered myself, and have come to the conclusion that it is a mere question of social depreciation. For when the *jeune fille* marries, the lid is off. As a married woman she is free to go where she pleases and when. She is expected to be sophisticated; to be unshockable, except by had taste. Whether she is or not, she always retains her poise. Under the French code if a woman is seen in public with a man she is either "madame" or should be. Consequently she is always addressed as such.

PROFITEERING IN 1776.

The food profiteer is not new in Philadelphia. In January, 1776, while Continental paper money was still good for its face value, a corner in certain food staples was formed by certain dealers. A committee was chosen to defeat the "forestallers" or "engrossers," as the profiteers then were called, by fixing the prices of the things most in demand. The committee promised to name publicly the "sordid vultures who were preying on the vitals of their country in time of common distress."

The prices fixed for the commodities named were: Coffee, 22 cents a pound; chocolate, 32 cents; loaf sugar, 28 cents; lump sugar, 20 cents; Lishon salt, 96 cents a hushel; Liver-pool salt, \$1.20 a bushel. Four months later the committee raised the price of salt to nearly \$2 a bushel and there was a loud outcry from the householders, who really suffered for the want of it, after unsuccessful efforts had been made to extract it from the sea of the New Jersey shore.

Six months later salt was hardly to be had even at \$6 a hushel. The committee peremptorily seized 4000 hushels stored by one firm and 3000 hoarded by another.

Shoes in a few months had doubled in price, and were at \$3.60 a pair, which today does not seem at all immoderate. Linen was \$2.88 a yard. Meat had risen from 10 cents to 20 cents a pound and butter was 48 cents.

On April 3, 1779, a law was passed to prevent "forestalling," whereby purchasing in the market and selling again within four miles were forbidden. About that time a ship laden with flour arrived in port, and the citizens supposed the price of flour would fall. It did not, and a town meeting was held to denounce the importers. As a result of the meeting there was an abatement. A few weeks later it was found that flour was being surreptitiously sold to the French fleet at advanced prices. Another meeting was held, another committee was appointed, and the abuse was checked. It is significant

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to note how soon and how simply Philadelphia in that day found and applied a remedy for the evil of profiteering.

But the tradesmen did not all tacitly submit to the regulation of prices by the committee.

Tanners, curriers, and cordwainers complained that they were not allowed to raise their prices to the same extent with other purveyors. A number of merchants united in a memorial of remonstrance to the executive council.

During the Revolution laborers could be obtained for the harvest at the low rate of 60 cents a day and half the sum for hays.

Think of the time (says the Philadelphia Ledger) when wild pigeons flew over the town in such clouds as to darken the sun for several hours together and were sold at a cent apiece!

Shad could once be had for 6 and 8 cents each.

Two centuries ago flour could be had at \$2.28 for 100 pounds. But tea (hohea) was \$5.76 a pound.

The 19th of every month this year there are three "19s" in succession—March 19, 1919, April 19, 1919, etc. Nothing like this will happen again after December 19, 1919, until January 20, 2020.

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Loans and Discounts.....	\$48,096,088.27
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....	3,600,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	10,010,500.00
Other Bonds.....	9,669,171.08
Other Assets.....	1,380,951.90
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	14,180,041.96
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	38,934,144.17

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,554,465.24
Circulation.....	3,482,200.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances.....	14,180,041.96
Bonds Borrowed.....	3,140,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank.....	11,558,000.00
Deposits.....	86,955,690.18

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man with a funny story had visited a dozen newspaper offices, at all of which his joke had been declined. He plodded wearily homewards. "There is such a thing as carrying a joke too far," he said.

An Irishman once asked at the railway station for a ticket to Philadelphia. "Do you want a ticket one way, or one that will take you there and back?" The Irishman looked at him suspiciously for a moment, then said: "What the devil do I want a ticket there and back for when I'm here already?"

An American and a Briton thrown together in France were vying with each other in telling tall stories. "I saw five hundred Germans drowned in Champagne," said the American. "That's nothing," the Briton answered. "At Zeebrugge there were three German submarines sunk in port."

The little man made his way back to the theatre box-office. "This seat number sounds like a German submarine; it's U-19," he said. "You don't want to change it merely on that account, do you?" asked the box-office manager. "No; but I thought you might be able to supply me with a periscope to enable me to see over the big woman sitting just in front."

The boys were coming home and Slushton was determined to give them a great reception and not to be outdone by any other of the near-by towns, so everybody hung out decorations. "What's the matter?" asked the vicar of a khaki hero who wept with joy. The man pointed to the local police station on which was displayed a huge banner reading: "Welcome Back Again."

Hans was speaking about the high price of cabbage in his town. "Kebbeges is awful high dis year," he said. "Me and mine vife puts up seven, eight, nine barrels of sauerkraut efery year—but ve can't dis year. De kebbeges cost too much." "But you put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Hans?" questioned a friend. "Oh, yes, two or three barrels—just to half in de house in case of sickness."

A British hero limped into the postoffice to lift his weekly 24s. 9d., awarded him by his grateful country to be squandered on washing and lodgings and food and clothing. The polite assistant postmistress apologized as she offered two crumpled and filthy 10s. notes: "I am sorry that I haven't clean ones to give you." "Hand them over," said the bold Bill. "I don't mind; no microbe could live on my pension."

Little Ben, who was very fond of beefsteak, passed his plate the other night at dinner for a second helping. "Why, Ben," said his uncle, "you mustn't eat any more meat. Don't you know," he consoled, "if you eat any more meat you might have a dream and see elephants and tigers and lions, and scorpions and panthers, and—" Ben grinned delightedly. "Gimme another piece," he begged. "I want to see all them things."

The little Boy Scout was troubled at night because he had forgotten to do the daily good turn to which all scouts are pledged. Tossing on his bed of remorse, at last he gained inspiration by hearing pitiable noises made by

an unfortunate mouse which had been caught alive in a trap in a passage hard by. Mindful of the law, "A scout is the friend of animals," he arose from his bed and took the poor mouse out of the trap. "And what did you do with it?" he was invited to explain, as he told the story of his good turn. "Gave it to the cat," quoth he.

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures sent to the chief of police of a provincial town, where it was thought likely the fugitive was in hiding. After the lapse of a few days the following reply reached headquarters: "Sir—I duly received the portraits of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

Lazy Lorenzo and Dog-tired Dick were discussing something they knew little about—work. "I think," said Lazy Lorenzo, "that if they did away with work altogether it'd put an end to these 'ere strikes." "Yus," said Dog-tired Dick. "That'll be the time when everything's done by electricity. Only got to press a button and the job's done." A slow horror dawned in Lazy Lorenzo's eyes. "That won't do!" he said emphatically. "Who's a-goin' to press the button?"

Anxious to travel for a big English firm in the ham line, an Irishman obtained an interview with the proprietor. "What experience have you had?" the Irishman was asked. "Eighteen months," was the answer. "Eighteen months!" scornfully repeated the proprietor. "What could you learn about bacon in that time? Why, I've been studying for forty years, and don't know half enough about it yet." "Bedad," exclaimed Pat, with a confident smile, "if I had been studying it for forty years, I'd know how to make a pig." He got the job.

"Well, James, how are you feeling today?" asked a minister of a gouty parishioner. "I'm a bit upset, sir," said the old man, sadly. "I've been unfortunate today." "In what way?" queried the cleric. "Well, sir," was the reply, "I got a letter frae a lawyer this mornin' tellin' me that ma cousin Jock had died, an' that he had left me two hundred pound." "Two hundred pounds!" repeated the minister. "And you call that hard luck? Why, it is quite a fortune!" "Aye," returned the old man, sorrowfully, "but the lawyer didn't put enough stamps on his letter, and I had to pay extra postage."

Senator Knox had been listening to the constant talk about the beauties of idealism, the great uplift that is to follow the founding of the league, the spirit of brotherhood that is to dominate the world. "It sounds very fine, all this conversation about the United States lifting up the weaker nations," he mused the other day, "but it reminds me of a little incident I saw in Japan. There was a sailor who had come ashore from a vessel in the harbor and he had been patronizing the liquid refreshment places where the alcoholic content of the beverages had not been fixed at a low percentage. As a result he was lying in the gutter and making feeble attempts to attract the attention of the passer-by, but without success. Finally another patron of the drink establishment appeared. He was almost as far gone as the man in the street, but he came to halt when the other signaled. 'What's the matter, brother?' he asked. 'I can't get up. Give me a lift,' answered the

man on the ground. And there began repeated attempts by the one to hoist the other to his feet, and each time the newcomer almost lost his balance and collapsed, without moving the other in the least. At last he realized that he had tackled a hopeless job. 'I can't get you up, brother,' he wept, 'but I'll do what I can for you; I'll lie down beside you.'

The head of one house where war conditions had left the place helpless drove his daughter to a party. The head of the house where the party was held was perforce acting as his own carriage man and door-opener. Afterward, when they were formally presented, one said: "I certainly must beg your pardon for something, sir." "What is it?" "You know that night when you drove your daughter to my daughter's party?" "Yes." "Well, when I came to open the door I thought you were your chauffeur." "Cheer up! I thought you were your butler."

Pa and Mike were fighting in the street, and although they had previously agreed that when either had had sufficient of it he should cry out "Enough!" Pat, who was obviously getting the worst of it, still remained silent. Then, as the fight progressed, the tables seemed to turn, and Mike began to get a terrible hiding. Suddenly Pat caught him one fair on the point of the jaw, which sent poor Mike sprawling to the ground. "Enough!" he cried. "Glory be!" exclaimed Pat. "That's the word I've been trying to remember for the last ten minutes."

Mrs. Stuart Menzies, in "Sportsmen Parsons," tells a story of a cleric, famed alike as a hard rider to hounds and a profound scholar, who was one day performing a christening ceremony. Owing to the mother's faulty pronunciation of the aspirate he could not make out whether the child's name was to be Anna or Hannah, so he asked her quietly, "How do you spell it?" To this the mother, in an embarrassed and confidential whisper, replied, "Well, I aint no scholar neither, sir." She was evidently surprised at his "ignorance." Fancy his having to ask her how to spell!

A farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to the market town and transacted his business. He started on his way home, however, with the unpleasant conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction strengthened, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and then exclaimed: "Why, father, where have you left mother?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

My I!

With vers libre, poetry has cut its I-teeth.—*The Sun Dial.*

Poets were once self-effacing, Diffident, skittish, and meek; Genius aspiring was very retiring. In all of the strains it would speak, In search of the ego now poets with glee go; "Self" must expressively strut. Down with ignoble abasing! Poetry's I-teeth are cut!

Stern is our singing, and Stirner! Arrogant, blatant, and raw; Free rhythms screechy, with echoes of Nietzsche, And whiffs of Walt Whitman and Shaw. Loud is our I-hawl, the Self's psychic highball; Out of humility's rut! I the great modesty spurner! Poetry's I-teeth are cut! —*Clement Wood, in Life.*

To a Pair of Old Shoes.

Long you have served me, and you've served me well, And I am loath to part with you today; You've been my friends and comforters for years, And made my life more bearable, I'll say. When first I knew you years and years ago, How proud I was to show you on the street; You both were things of beauty and of joy; How well you fitted on my twelve-inch feet.

You didn't cost so very much, I know, In money—seems to me 'twas but a V, But you were worth a good deal more than that In all the comforts you have given me. The countless times that I have had you on No ting of pain I ever felt from you; But now, dear friends, I'll have to say good-by; The old and worn must give up to the new.

And so today the parting of the ways Has come to us, dear, dear old friends of mine— No more my feet will feel your soft embrace; No more I'll furnish you a short-hit shine. Dear me! You'll go to some old garbage can, While I, a spell of cursing will commence; I can not get another pair like you For less than sixteen dollars and nine cents. —*Paul Conant, in Los Angeles Times.*

"Thankful! What have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills." "Then, man alive, be thankful you aren't one of your creditors."—*Houston Post.*

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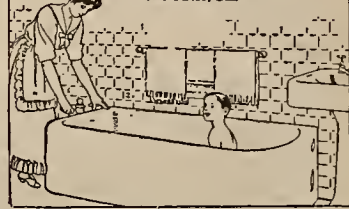
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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business, September 12, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$25,211,714.09
U. S. Bonds.....	4,515,818.75
Other Bonds and Securities.....	815,408.53
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	7,028,207.84
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	13,795,007.48

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,510,020.39
Circulation.....	1,942,497.50
Letters of Credit.....	7,162,272.62
Deposits.....	35,901,366.18
	\$51,516,156.69

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne have announced the engagement of Mrs. Mazie Langhorne Hammond and Captain Chilion Heword of the Canadian Black Watch. Captain Heword's home is in Montreal. Mrs. Hammond is at present visiting Commander and Mrs. James Parker in Provincetown, Massachusetts, but will return to California in the late fall. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hereth of New York have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Hereth, and Mr. William Goldsborough of San Francisco. The wedding will take place next winter.

Mrs. Arthur Lord gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. John Drum, and Mrs. Sidney Cloman.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams gave a ball Saturday evening in Piedmont for the debut of Miss Ellita Adams. The affair was attended by several hundred guests of the Bay cities. Preceding the ball eighty members of the younger set were the guests of Miss Elizabeth Adams at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club, the guests of honor having been Miss Ruth Hohart and Miss Hannah Hohart.

Miss Alice Requa gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Miss Ellita Adams. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Nancy Lane, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Edith Dougherty, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William Heppenheimer, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, and Mr. Russell Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor gave a dinner Saturday evening in Piedmont, with their guests later attending the Adams ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a ball Tuesday evening at the St. Francis for their debutante daughter, Miss Amanda McNear.

Mrs. Edward Clark of New York entertained a group of friends at luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel, where she has been spending the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Clark will leave for the East in October.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a dinner Tuesday evening to thirty-six guests at the St. Francis, the party later attending the ball for Miss Amanda McNear.

Miss Sue Alston McDonald gave a tea Monday afternoon at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a picnic Saturday evening in Menlo Park, entertaining nearly a hundred guests.

Miss Mary Armsby gave a bridge-tea Monday in San Rafael in honor of Miss Alice Palmer. Among the guests were Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Fritz Henshaw, Mrs. Ar-

thur Ford, Mrs. Sidney Ford, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., Miss Rhoda Niehling, Miss Gertrude Hunt, Miss Elsa Korbel, Miss Marguerite Raas, and Miss Alice Keeler.

Mrs. Frederick McNear and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a luncheon and tennis party last week at the McNear home in Menlo. The guests included Mrs. Ettore Avenali, Mrs. Philip Wales, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Thomas Baker, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Kenneth Moore, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Eli Weill, Mrs. De Lancy Lewis, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Miss Edith Bull, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Miss Gertrude Clark entertained a group of the younger girls at luncheon Tuesday at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mrs. Wilder Bowers gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Elena Eyre and Miss Hildreth Meiere. In the party were Miss Eyre, Miss Meiere, Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Mrs. Hanson Grubb, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Coralie Mejia, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Bowers.

Mrs. Starr Keeler entertained at a supper-dance Tuesday evening at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Oliver Wyman gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Hamilton Lawrence, who arrived recently from the Philippine Islands.

Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., gave a luncheon last Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Felix Smith.

Mrs. William Porter gave a luncheon Wednesday at the St. Francis, having among her guests Mrs. John Douglas of St. Louis, Mrs. David Calhoun of St. Louis, Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Herbert Allen, and Mrs. Willard Drown.

Mrs. J. L. Jayne gave a luncheon Thursday at Yerba Buena in honor of Mrs. Albert Cleaves. Among the guests were Mrs. Charles Gove, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Albert McCormick, Mrs. H. B. Price, Mrs. G. L. Bayard, Mrs. Edson Adams, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. E. T. Stimson gave a luncheon Thursday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Mary Armsby. Dr. Harry Tevis gave a luncheon Thursday at his home in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel Oakland. Their guests included Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Carroll McNear, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. Cahot Brown, Mr. Harry Magee, and Mr. Hillier Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer entertained at dinner Tuesday evening at the Clift Hotel.

Mrs. Robinson Duff gave a luncheon last Thursday at the St. Francis, her guests including Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty George, Mr. Cyril McNear, and Mr. William Heppenheimer of New York.

Mrs. Hamilton Howard gave a dinner last Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Roberts of New York, who left for the East the following day. Those who attended the affair included Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Strout, Mr. and Mrs. Mead Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Heywood, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton, and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Miss Elizabeth Watt gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Margaret Buckbee. The guests included Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Dorothea Powell, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Mora McDonald, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Helen Perkins.

Mrs. F. P. Helm gave a tea a few days ago in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. John Garrison.

Miss Ruby Haie gave a luncheon Friday in Ross, her guests having included Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Sidney Ford, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Craw-

ford Greene, Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Kenneth Davis, Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Miss Henrietta Stadmuller, Miss Mary Armsby, Miss Marguerite Raas, and Miss Alice Palmer. The guests of honor were Miss Raas and Miss Armsby.

Mrs. W. H. McKittrick gave a luncheon Friday for Mrs. John McDonald, her guests having included Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph Grant, and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Miss Frances Revett entertained a group of the younger set at tea Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter McLeod gave a tea a few days ago at the Wheeler residence, her guests having included Mrs. Bradway Head, Mrs. Hamilton Murray, Mrs. Frank Girard, Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., Mrs. Matt Walton, Mrs. Paul Butte, Mrs. Roy Somers, and Mrs. Bernard Ford.

Mrs. Irving Wright gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Francisca Club for Mrs. James Marwick of New York and Mrs. James Potter of Los Angeles. In the party were Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Spens Black, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, and Mrs. J. H. Bishop.

Mr. Harold Mack gave a dinner last week at Del Monte, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Robin Hayne, Commander Van Antwerp, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

CURRENT VERSE.

Trench ldyll.

We sat together in the trench,
He on a lump of frozen earth
Blown in the night before,
I on an unexploded shell;
And smoked and talked, like exiles,
Of how pleasant London was,
Its women, restaurants, night clubs, theatres,
How at that very hour
The taxicabs were taking folk to dine. . . .
Then we sat silent for a while
As a machine-gun swept the parapet.

He said:

"I've been here on and off two years
And seen only one man killed."

"That's odd."

"The bullet hit him in the throat;
He fell in a heap on the fire-step,
And called out: 'My God! dead!'"

"Good Lord, how terrible!"

"Well, as to that, the nastiest job I've had
Was last year on this very front
Taking the discs at night from men
Who'd hung for six months on the wire
Just over there.
The worst of all was
They fell to pieces at a touch.
Thank God we couldn't see their faces;
They had gas helmets on . . ."

I shivered;

"It's rather cold here, sir; suppose we move?"

—From "War and Love," by Richard Aldington.
Published by the Four Seas Company, Boston.

Shepherds Who Pastures Seek.

Shepherds who pastures seek
At dawn may see
From Falterona's peak
Above Camaldoli
Shine, over forests ranged and wildernesses bleak,
Both shores of Italy.
Open your gates, O clouds of the morning,
And, men, lift up your eyes!
And scarce can eye see light
When the ear's aware
That instruments exquisite
Are raining from the air—
While sun and pale moon mingle their delight—
Adorations everywhere.
Open your gates, O sons of the morning,
And, men, lift up your eyes!

Halo of golden dust—
Eddy of rays
Thrilling up, up, as they must
Die of the life they praise—
The larks, the larks! that to the Earth entrust
Only their sleeping-place.
Open your gates, O mists of the morning,
And, men, lift up your eyes!

Opens Night's blue Pantheon
Its dark roofing
For that escaping praan
Of tremblers on the wing
At the unknown threshold of the empyrean
In myriads soft to sing,
Open your gates, O sons of the morning,
And, men, lift up your eyes!

Hark! it grows less and less—
But nothing mars
That rapture beyond guess—
Beyond our senses' bars—
They drink the virgin Light, the measureless,
And in it fade, like stars.
Open your gates, O deeps of the morning,
And, men, lift up your eyes!

Between two lamps suspended,
Of Life and Death,
Sun-marshaled and moon-tended
Man's swift soul journeyeth
To be borne out of the life it hath transcended
Still, still on a breath!
Open your gates, O sons of the morning,
O men, lift up your eyes!
—From "Poems," by Herbert Trench. Published
by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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Fashion Show.

What promises to be the most interesting and elaborate Fashion Show ever presented in San Francisco will take place at the Palace Hotel on the afternoon and evening of October 2d, for the benefit of two notable charities, the Recreation Club for Girls Who Work and the Home for Incurables, the only hospital of its kind in the city. More than \$5000 each year is devoted to free work by this hospital, yet the home has no endowment fund and depends upon the Fashion Show, bequests, and a few yearly subscriptions to cover deficits.

The court of the Palace Hotel is to be made into an actual theatre, with raised seats, that every spectator may have an unobstructed view, and two tiers of elevated boxes are to encircle the auditorium.

It is not easy to estimate the amount of food consumed by each person in a year, but one dietetic expert who kept a record of his meals during twelve months declares that he ate 180 loaves of bread, 180 pounds of meat, drank sixty-one gallons of milk, and ate no fewer than 300 eggs.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson arrived Wednesday in San Francisco and were guests at the St. Francis Hotel until yesterday. Mr. J. P. Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary, and his aide, Admiral Cary T. Grayson, have also been staying at the St. Francis.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., arrived Monday in San Francisco and is at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Regua and the Misses Alice and Amy Regua left Wednesday for Washington, where they will remain until after the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor will close their Piedmont house in October and will spend the winter in San Francisco, having taken a house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Hansom Grubb have taken a house on Jackson Street near Presidio Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller of Pasadena arrived last week from the south and are at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, who have been summering in Menlo Park, will open their house on Buchanan Street next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Jr., have gone to Boston, where they will remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. Talbot Walker has arrived from Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Keeney, who will leave the first of October for Philadelphia. Miss Helen

Keeney will accompany her mother on the Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes returned Monday from a trip to Glacier.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have returned to their town house, after having spent the summer in Monterey.

Miss Lisa Stillman will leave Sunday for the East to enter Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gillespie have returned from Long Beach, where they have been visiting General and Mrs. Lewis Merriam.

Miss Marion Winston left last week for Los Angeles, after a month's visit in Menlo Park and San Francisco.

Mrs. David Calhoun and Mrs. John Douglas of St. Louis are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith. Colonel and Mrs. Robert McMillan returned Thursday from the Atlantic coast. The army officer has been abroad for a long period.

Mrs. Georges de Latour has returned to her ranch at Rutherford, after a brief visit in town.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett returned Monday from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher, who have been summering at Tahoe, have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent have returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.

Mrs. Frederick McNear will leave next week for the Atlantic coast to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have arrived from Montecito and have reopened their apartment at Stanford Court.

Mrs. Walter McLeod left Friday for Missoula, Montana, after a brief visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp returned last week from Boston and has joined Mr. de Ropp in Southern California.

General and Mrs. Frank Winn left last Thursday for Chicago, where they will visit before leaving for their new station in Texas. They have been visiting Mrs. George Boardman in Ross.

Miss Jean Boyd returned Monday to San Rafael, after an absence of two months in Portland with Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Austin have returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Austin in Santa Barbara.

Miss Maud O'Connor has returned from a visit in Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle, who returned Saturday from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roland Harriman in Santa Barbara, left Thursday for New York. They were accompanied by Mrs. de Sabla.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy of Santa Barbara have gone to Tahoe for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles St. Goar have returned from their wedding trip and are residing in an apartment on Washington Street.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett have returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham have arrived from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolf have come up from Santa Barbara and are at the Fairmont.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Dr. William Osners, Waikiki, H. T.; Dr. and Mrs. C. F. English, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. MacQuiddy, Omaha; Dr. E. T. Dumble, Houston, Texas; Mr. A. N. Horning, Sherman, Texas; Mr. C. A. Puamia, Portland, Oregon; Mr. J. Oliver, New York; Mr. J. W. Kemp, Portland; Mr. A. J. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hexter, Dallas, Texas; Mr. S. T. Montgomery, Mr. R. H. Gillette, Los Angeles; Mr. J. P. Vance, Mr. Peter Johnson, Stockton; Mr. E. H. Escher, Sacramento.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kerr, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Frank S. Coates, Los Angeles; Mrs. W. G. Nichols, Chicago; Mr. W. H. Barker, Los Angeles; Mr. Gerald B. Rosenblatt, Salt Lake City; Mr. C. F. Masey, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Erwin P. Hilts and party, St. Louis; Mr. William Woodburn, Mr. W. R. Greenlaw, Reno, Nevada; Mr. W. Charles McLean, New York City; Mr. K. K. Bell, Mr. R. Stewart, Chicago; Mr. R. C. Stewart, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bandy, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Moulthrop, Montgomery, Alabama; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Thompson, Detroit; Mr. W. G. Schack, Buffalo; Mr. D. W. Jackson, Denver.



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Mrs. Louis F. Montague.....	100.00
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Mrs. H. H. Lehman, White Plains.....	100.00
Mrs. Katherine Hooker.....	25.00
Mr. M. R. Fleischman.....	20.00
The Philomath Club.....	20.00
Mrs. Jesse H. Steinhart.....	10.00
Mrs. C. C. Kinney.....	5.00
Mr. E. G. Hamersly, Santa Barbara....	5.00

Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Bruce Porter, 944 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, the secretary for California, or to the Central Trust Company of New York, Forty-Second Street, New York City.

The Copenhagen police convey any person found intoxicated in the street to his home in a cab, the fare being charged to the establishment where the liquor was served.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Sue says her new funny song is a scream." "It is, the way she sings it."—*Baltimore American*.

Moc—I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately! *Jock*—You certainly are, if that's one of them.—*Life*.

"Very unconventional, isn't he?" "Very. I think he'd even sit with his elbows on the peace table."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with me, doctor. I'm continually thinking about myself." "Tut, tut! You must stop worrying over trifles."—*Toledo Blade*.

"Willie," said that infant's mother, agitated by the sudden appearance of a rich relative, "kiss your Uncle John, and then go wash your face at once."—*Boston Advertiser*.

Monager—Thomson, you are discharged. *Clerk*—But I've done nothing, sir; absolutely nothing. *Monager*—Exactly. That's why you're discharged.—*Washington Star*.

"Why did you snatch the lady's purse?" asked the magistrate. "Because, your honor, I thought the change might do me good," answered the prisoner.—*Kansas City Star*.

"When preparing to go anywhere I never ask my wife if she is ready." "What's the idea?" "A woman is never ready. I ask if

she is nearly ready."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Country Judge—Ten dollars. *Motorist*—Can you change a twenty-dollar bill? *Judge*—No, but I can change the fine. Twenty dollars.—*Cleveland Press*.

"This item says that Miss Fifi Flubduh is the house guest of her mother. What does that mean?" "It's a polite way of saying that her mother does all the work."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Slobkins—I understand your hens have stopped laying? *Jereban*—Yes, two of them have. *Slobkins*—May I inquire the reason? *Jereban*—Certainly. An automobile.—*Poultry Journal*.

"When water becomes ice," asked the teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?" "The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

"A magazine editor must lead a somewhat gloomy life," declared the poet as he opened some returned manuscript. "Why so?" "All he seems to do is to pass out regrets."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"You seem gloomy, my friend. I fear you are suffering from nervous depression." "I ain't naturally this way, doc. Just been reading the literature in your anteroom, that's all."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Was your vacation trip a success?" "I suppose so, although it gave me no pleasure." "Then why do you say it was a success?" "It cost me only \$50 more than I thought it would."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Visitor (viewing esplanade)—You have signs up "Keep off the grass," but I notice you don't enforce them. *Host*—They are there so that the people will more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Were you ever arrested before for exceeding the speed limit?" asked the judge. The chauffeur flushed angrily. "What does your honor think I've been doing all these years—pushing a wheelbarrow?" he said.—*Houston Post*.

Wife (during the scrap)—My dear John, don't harbor the idea that I am ignorant. I know a good deal more of some things than I care to tell. *Hub*—I wish, my dear, that you'd fill up with that sort of knowledge.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why don't they offer me a junior manage-

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ment or something." "Perhaps you don't know enough, dear." "Not know enough! How absurd! Did I know anything when I got my commission in the R. O. T. C.?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron." And sure enough it did. The man hadn't worn it two months when it began to look rusty.—*London Sketch*.

A clergyman, about to enter a bus, noticed a gentleman seated in the corner who had celebrated peace rather too well. "Do you allow drunkards in your bus?" he asked the

conductor. "Well, not as a rule," said the conductor. "But slip in quietly."—*London Answers*.

"Did you hear, sir," said the boy to his schoolmaster, "about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, and gained seven pounds a day?" "No, I didn't. Whose baby was it?" "The elephant's baby, sir."—*London Sketch*.

Judge—Please describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner. *Witness*—I don't know how to, your honor. *Judge*—Can't you describe him? Did he look like any of these lawyers? Did he look like me? *Witness*—No, your honor. He looked like an intelligent gentleman.—*Cleveland Press*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2218. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Issue in the Steel Strike.

The issue between the United States Steel Company and the men in its service is that of the open or the closed shop. The union leaders demand "recognition" of their organizations, and recognition as they define it means the right to exclude from all branches of the American steel industry men who decline union affiliation. In plain terms, the unions demand monopoly of the labors in which the United States Steel Company is engaged.

Insistence for the open shop in industry is based upon the principle of individual liberty—of the right of a citizen to work upon his own contract. Abridgement of that right—any rule under which it is limited—is a plain violation of human rights, likewise in contempt of the Constitution of the United States. The right to work and the right to live—rights really synonymous—these are fundamental. They relate directly to the order of nature. They may no more be questioned legitimately than the right to breathe. If government among men has any higher sanction or duty than to maintain these rights, it would be difficult to conceive what it may be.

The United States Steel Company is right in holding to the rule of the open shop. Any other practice would be, in effect, to surrender its powers to a force that seeks to reorganize industry and life in general upon

a selfish, privileged, and essentially immoral basis. It is clearly the duty of the government to support the steel company in its defense of the principle of the open shop, for in that principle is embodied a fundamental obligation of government. A government that can not sustain the right of a citizen to work upon his own contract would be a farce; a government that will not do it is faithless to the first of its obligations.

Shall the government, acting under the authority of the Constitution, support with all its powers the right of citizens to work upon their own contract, unmolested by anybody, or shall it knock under to a private organization which, while declining to accept responsibility under the law, assumes the right to make arbitrary rules governing industry in this country in contempt of constitutional, even of fundamental human rights of citizens? To this query there is but one possible answer unless there shall be surrender of principle and obligation.

Betrayed Confidences.

Mr. Lansing and Colonel House have no comment to utter on the disclosures made by Mr. William C. Bullitt before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Colonel House is in Europe, and he may be more or less inaccessible. He usually is. But Mr. Lansing was in Washington, although he went away on a fishing trip—of the diplomatic kind, perhaps—after some vague utterances about securing the exact facts. There has been neither affirmation nor denial from either of these gentlemen. Possibly they think that the occasion is one where silence is peculiarly golden.

There is no need to remind ourselves of the assertions made by Mr. Bullitt. They were blazoned from one end of the country to the other. Among much to similar effect, he repeated the substance of a conversation with Mr. Lansing and Mr. Lansing's declaration to him that the American people would never consent to the peace treaty if they knew what it implied. There were other conversations of a like kind, and there were documents that were in the possession of Mr. Bullitt and produced by him, although the President had denied those same documents to the Senate committee. All this belongs to the news of the moment. Reminders of its import are unnecessary.

To say that Mr. Bullitt committed a flagrant breach of confidence may be true enough, and at the same time wholly irrelevant. So nice a point of ethics may be left to the ethical experts for leisurely determination. Personally we are inclined to think that Mr. Bullitt showed indifference to the finer shades of honor. What Mr. Lansing thinks or does not think about the peace treaty is of no particular importance to any one, and Mr. Bullitt could hardly have believed that he was discharging a public duty by making it known. But there is another point of view, and one that justifies us in examining Mr. Lansing's opinions with some attention. Mr. Lansing is Secretary of State and a member of the peace conference. If he believes that the American people do not understand the nature of a treaty for which he himself is partly and officially responsible, if he believes that they may sustain that treaty under a misapprehension of its meaning, that they are being misled, why does he not say so, and resign from office? Why does he permit the inference that he approves of a treaty of which actually he disapproves? Why, in other words, does he participate in the misguidance of the nation—always assuming that he has no contradiction of Mr. Bullitt's story?

There is another aspect of this interesting affair. Whose fault is it that Mr. Bullitt was placed in a position where he could divulge secrets and betray confidences? How came it that he was made envoy extraordinary of the United States in friendly negotiations with the Russian Bolshevik? What were his

credentials that he was thus taken into the confidence of the President and Mr. Lansing, entrusted with secret documents, and elevated to a position of extraordinary influence and responsibility in national affairs? Are we so poor in men of approved and tested skill and discretion that we must fall back upon such nonentities as Bullitt, Steffens, and Herron. Not only did we employ persons such as these for the most delicate and dangerous negotiations, but we tacitly allowed it to be known that only such as they need apply. And it may be said at once that the employment of such men as these, and upon such missions, was a disgrace to the country and the government.

We do not know when Mr. Bullitt first attracted the attention of the Washington authorities or what there was to commend him. He is in every sense of the word a nonentity, with no more than a little passable newspaper work to his credit. Some time ago he is said to have made a speech in Washington in which he lauded the Russian government and decried his own. When next we hear of him he is in Paris and about to start on a mission to Lenine in company with Mr. Lincoln Steffens, who had similarly distinguished himself by unmeasured vituperation of the American government and by working in the interests of Germany and of Mexico. It only needed the addition of Mr. Herron to make this precious trio complete, and into their soiled hands was delivered the policy of the United States toward Bolshevik Russia. The resulting evils have yet to be measured.

But President Wilson and Mr. Lansing have certainly no right to complain that their confidences have been betrayed. They should have been more careful to whom they were given.

Inconsistencies of a President.

The letter from Mr. Edward Berwick that appears in another column is characteristic of the cause that he espouses, although it may be said that his espousal has lost much of the fervor of earlier days. Mr. Berwick comments on an array of presidential inconsistencies in the matter of American participation in the war that appeared in the *Argonaut* of September 20th. But is not this, he asks, in accord with the best literary traditions? Did not Oliver Wendell Holmes recommend inconsistency as even a virtue? Did not James Russell Lowell extol the benefits of change?

With all due respect to Mr. Berwick, himself a poet, it may be said that this is not a matter to be settled by tags of rhyme. Otherwise we might quote, and even more pertinently, another poet, who said: "The evil that men do lives after them."

The array of presidential inconsistencies was not written in order to prove that there had been inconsistencies. So long as we are unable to read the future there must always be inconsistencies, changes of policies, and changes of methods. The argument was not intended to be academic nor polemical. The matter is far too grave for that, too fraught with human miseries. Our complaint against the President was not that he had changed his mind, but that he had changed it so disastrously; not that he had reversed his policies, but that he had passed from one extreme of mischievous and impotent idealism to another extreme of destructive activity. An idealism that prolonged the peace treaty from month to month and left the world to welter in a bog of volcanic uncertainties has now given birth to a definite international compact that seems to promise us, not perpetual peace, but perpetual war. For inconsistencies, as such, we care nothing at all. Indeed we should applaud all inconsistencies that remedied errors, that profited by experience, that were the result of new discretions and wisdoms. But not the inconsistencies that wreck us first on Scylla and then on Charybdis, and that now threaten

founder us in mid-channel. It is not the inconsistencies, but the results of inconsistencies, at which we are looking. And those results, it is to be feared, are being written in red all over the world—in Egypt, in India, in Poland, in Hungary, in Serbia, in Montenegro, and on the Adriatic. The presidential policies that began with the impossible idealisms of self-determination and the like have culminated in the brigandage of Shantung. The peace treaty might have been completed in a week but for the interference of ideals that can have no part nor lot in a human society such as ours. It could have been drawn with substantial justice to all nationalities great and small, and with special attention to the needs of each. It would have been received with acclamation, and it would have been sustained by the overwhelming forces that have now melted away. At the present moment the world is in a worse plight than it was at the beginning of the armistice. Some score of new wars are being fought. Revolution is everywhere, and no man knows what the morrow may bring forth. This appalling situation is due to the conference delays, and the conference delays were due to the invincible obstinacy that could see nothing but impossible ideals and that was resolutely blind to the tremendous facts of the situation and to the inevitable tragedies that they portended. Within a few months of American participation in the war the President publicly proclaimed that he had not the least idea of its causes. Within a month of the end of the war we find him in nearly despotic control of the whole unimaginable situation, and fatally resolved that there should be no settlement, no peace, no treaty, except one that should conform with an iridescent and impossible dream. It may be said with all deliberation that the personal intervention of President Wilson at Paris was a tragedy for the human race, and one likely to bring woes unnumbered for many dark years to come. It is not to be met by light references to the poets. We can see no hope in pious admonitions to "get together." We would suggest to Mr. Berwick that he take this matter somewhat more soberly, and that he descend from the empyrean heights of verse to the more solid vein of dreadful fact, past, present, and to come.

President Wilson meant well. No one questions it. But we all know the pavement that is made of good intentions. He was temperamentally unfitted to his task. The very graces of university scholarship that were a decoration in the lecture hall were the worst possible equipment for the debates in Paris. His whole mental atmosphere was that of theory, and it had so solidified as to exclude the world of facts and of men. During his entire life he has been in contact with immature minds to whom his words and his opinions were as the law and the gospel. Debate with equal intelligences was unknown to him, and he had the usual professorial tendency to identify the things that ought to be with the things that are. Looking abroad over the distractions of Europe he saw no more than a class of university students, ignorant and unruly perhaps, but with every desire to be "shown how." He knew little and cared less for the age-old hatreds so much stronger than reason, and of the habits of national minds shaped in the moulds of passions and vengeance. He could not conceive of nationalities that eared nothing for ballot-boxes and who could see no sanctities in majorities. Under conditions less tremendous he might have played a persuasive and ameliorative part. But the events were too strong for him. He had no equipment to meet them. It was a time for quick and unflinching resolves, for the unhesitating grip, for the unerring measurement of relative values. It was a time for instant audacities, for the courage that commands and acts. It is unfortunate that the President had nothing but a power of leisurely introspection and an unmatched capacity to set forth the resulting shadows as realities.

Preparing for War?

President Wilson ought to notify Secretary Baker that as there will be no more wars it will not be necessary to continue the warlike preparations that he is now advocating with such energy. Secretary Baker, speaking in Philadelphia, said: "The work of preparing the United States to assume its place in the foreground of such a fight—and there may be such another war—should be begun at once." At about the

same time we find General March imploring the Chemical War Service to continue its good work in the preparation of poison gases because "the United States can not run the risk of being unprepared for an eventuality." At least it would have been better politics to postpone these exhortations until the completion of the President's oratorical tour.

The President and the Mob.

It is now apparent that a concerted and determined effort was made to interrupt and prevent the speech of the President at the City Auditorium. For some twenty minutes or more he struggled against a disturbance that at first we charitably supposed was due to the crowded discomforts of the hall. We have been compelled to revise that opinion because the boasts of the offenders leave us no alternative. The disgrace of the insult to the President of the United States seems to have been due very largely to a group of hyphenated Americans who have been so nourished by our toleration as to forget the dictates of ordinary decency. The toleration that has produced this evil fruit is on the wane. It may disappear, and that speedily.

We may disagree with the presidential policies. We may believe that this, that, or the other nationality has received less than justice. We may be grievously disappointed and resentful. The Italians, for example, are intensely chagrined at the disposition of Fiume. What should we think if the Italians of San Francisco had shown their displeasure by boorish catcalls at the President of the United States. Such a thing is unthinkable. The Italian manners are too good for that. And so it may as well be said, and in no hesitating way, that our patience with a savage mentality that will thus insult the nation through its President is nearly exhausted and that the castigating whip is likely to take its place.

The President has now made many speeches in various parts of the country. Great audiences have assembled to hear him, and those audiences contained very many who opposed his policies and who were unmoved by his pleas and arguments. But nowhere did he receive a personal discourtesy except in San Francisco, and there only from a small group of persons who have misinterpreted the immunity granted them and who may now be reminded of the injury and the disgrace they have inflicted upon their cause.

More About Boston.

Senator Thomas is laudably determined that Congress shall place upon its records a narrative of the happenings at Boston when the police showed their loyalty to the American Federation of Labor by handing over the city to its criminal class. It is true that Congress is not likely to do anything in the matter, in spite of Senator Thomas' optimistic opinions to the contrary. But there is still some power in publicity. It may serve as a warning to other cities faced by the same perils.

The police strike was the instant signal to the thieves and hobos of Boston to take the helm, and they did it with a vengeance. Some three hundred stores were wrecked and looted. The crowds turned out as though for a public holiday and they quickly became ungovernable. Attacks on women, says the Associated Press report, were "frequent and atrocious." In various parts of the city there were "villainous assaults." No woman was safe in the lesser streets. Two women, pursued by a mob, took refuge in the city hospital, and the mob then attempted to storm the building. Whole blocks of stores in South Boston were pillaged, and on every side were men overlaid with plunder and selling the surplus to the bystanders. Armed guards from the navy yards helped to restore order on the report that sailors were participating in the riots.

Senator Thomas has an eye for contrasts, and we may well benefit from his observations. Two hundred miles away the city of New York was extending welcome to the men of the First Division who had been fighting in France. It need not be said that they were orderly, disciplined, everything that soldiers ought to be. They were servants of the government, and of the government only. All this might have been said of the Boston police before they disgraced themselves and became traitors to their country. Now if the police—practically a military body—may be unionized, why not unionize also the army? Why not unionize the navy? Why not invite the soldiers and the sailors to transfer

their allegiance to the American Federation of Labor, or at least to share it with that august body? Is there any essential reason why not? Why should we not have strikes on warships and among soldiers in the field? Why should we not foresee an American army facing a foe and refusing to fight at the orders of a walking delegate? Incredible, will it be said? Why? It was incredible of the police a month ago, but we have now seen the police of Boston do this very thing.

Senator Thomas says: "I affirm that an awakening courage and a reviving Americanism in the Senate and House of Representatives, too long repressed, is now quickening into life." So may it be. We have much hope of a Republican Congress. But fair words butter no parsnips, and a tree shall be known by its fruits. Resolute action by Congress might do much, but timid temporizings and compromises will be worse than useless.

There is another thing that may be said, and it is said with much reluctance. The women of our big cities would do well to observe what happened to the women of Boston, what must necessarily happen to women everywhere when crowds of criminals get the upper hand. Women are unusually busy just now doing a multitude of good works, such as Americanizing the immigrant and preparing for the consummation of their many ideals. Is it possible that they have still a somewhat defective sense of relative public values? It is a beautiful thing to uplift the human race, but with the Hun at the gate there may be emergent problems of greater import. Have they nothing to say?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Woodrow Wilson and the Jewel Consistency.

OAKLAND, CAL., September 21, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Graciously permit one of the *Argonaut's* septuagenarian correspondents a line in reply to Mr. Sidney Coryn's arraignment of President Wilson's kaleidoscopy.

I admit that Mr. Wilson is by no means a standpatter, nor does he stay put. But—the *Argonaut* being a literary paper—is not this in accord with the best literary traditions? Listen to Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Yet, in opinions, look not always back!
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track!
Leave what you've done for what you have to do!
Don't be consistent, but be simply true!

Or hear James Russell Lowell:

To change and change is life.

If these dicta of our very best poets are reliable Mr. Wilson is surely a live man and progressive, marching with the times, and with the proverbially proper presidential "ear to the ground." He realizes what the people realize, that the old system—the Ishmael system of every man's hand against his fellow—has ended in world disaster. He wants, and the people want, a new deal on the basis of world union.

Help us, Mr. Editor, to "get together." United the world will stand!
EDWARD BERWICK.

A Letter from Germany.

The following letter is addressed to the wife of a well-known citizen of San Francisco by a German woman who was in her employment for very many years and who returned to her home in Holstein, Germany, some time before the beginning of the war. It has much interest as a reliable picture of the existing conditions in Germany:

HOLSTEIN, GERMANY, August 1, 1919.

MY DEAR MRS. —: A long time has past since I have heard from you or any member of your dear family, but I hope and trust that you are all well and happy yet. In Germany is at present great sorrow and sadness—this horrible war of five years' duration has brought this country to ruin, and at the edge of bankruptcy. Some say Germany gets now what it deserves, for it was the cause of this cruel war. I don't know, but if this is true, it is not too sad to think that millions of innocent people have to suffer in consequence? Our circumstances here I can not describe to you; one has to live here to understand. Coffee, tea, rice, sago we have not seen any more for the last three years, and our flour is a mysterious mixture; the Lord only knows what. Many poor people here look so desolate and hungry for want of sufficient nourishment. All stores are empty, and all factories are lying still for want of material from other lands; consequently many thousand people are without work. Everything is so high in price here; some material for which we paid in San Francisco 20, 25, and 30 cents cost here 3, 4, and 5 dollars, and consequently many a poor child has no longer a shirt on its body, and neither shoes nor stockings on its feet. Some rich people have paid here 200 dollars for a ham and 25 dollars for a chicken, but the poor had not sufficient dry bread. If I had known I should see some day such a misery in the land of my birth I would have stayed in America. We now realize the meaning of the words in the Lord's Prayer—give us this day our daily bread. We got the other day for the first time half a pound of rice and one pound of flour from America; and I assure you it was a treat. I have often wished to be in San Francisco by a good plate of soup and some other good things. I hope peace and order will soon be restored again, as the present condition here is almost beyond endurance, for the misery of her poor children has driven many a poor mother to insanity and suicide. And now enough of this for the present. I hope one of the young ladies will be kind enough to send me a few lines, as I am very anxious to hear from my former dear home and all the dear people belonging to it.

It is estimated that if half the acreage which is now occupied by hedgerows in England and Wales were sown to wheat there would be a yield sufficient to provide bread for more than 1,000,000 people for a whole year.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

When first we heard of the doctrine now known as that of the Freedom of the Seas we hastened to give to it our approval. Not that we knew what it meant. We had no idea what it meant. But it had a solacing sound. Like that other doctrine of Self-Determination it seemed in some way to indicate liberty and the basic principles of American government. Charles Sumner once said—and I quote from memory—that a nation may be hurried into war by a phrase, an axiom, an aphorism, more quickly than in any other way. The popular mind seizes upon a resonant sentence and adopts it as a guiding principle, irrespective of its precise meaning or of its possible application. It becomes a bond and a fetter. It solidifies into a "doctrine" and then it must be defended by war.

The doctrine of the Self-Determination of Peoples saw the light at about the same time as that of the Freedom of the Seas, and it was even more mischievous. It appealed to dense masses of men to whom the ocean and its laws were no more than theories. And we accepted it even more readily than its sister doctrine as peculiarly consonant with democracy. That all peoples should choose the methods and mechanisms of their government appeared to be one of those elementary principles to which all good men must give their assent. We forgot that there are peoples who are not capable of self-government. We forgot that there are other peoples bound together by geographical frontiers, but with religious and social hatreds almost inconceivable to us, and to whom governmental liberties mean no more than charters to massacre. President Wilson looked abroad over the world and it seemed to him to be peopled by nations necessarily responsive to the same principles as ourselves, equally willing with ourselves to accept the arbitration of ballot-boxes and to abide peacefully by the results. He knew nothing of the age-long feuds of which the causes were forgotten, but that had lost none of their power to stimulate ferocities and horrors. He believed that he could wave the magic wand of democracy and that all troubled waters would be stilled. But actually they were raised into tempests. Egypt, for example, has been an inferno of fighting for many months and its one and only cause is President Wilson's famous doctrine. If the doctrine of Self-Determination were applied to Egypt its people would vote themselves back under Turkish government within a month, and the Christian peoples of Egypt would be massacred just as the Armenians have been massacred. Self-Determination in India would similarly mean the massacre of the Hindus by the Mohammedans and the subjugation by Turkey of the whole country. In a broader sense, but with equal inevitability, it would mean that the whole of Asia would be wrapped into a parcel and placed at the feet of Japan. Thousands of dead men already constitute the tribute of the world to the doctrine of the Self-Determination of Peoples. And there will be thousands more dead men before the poison of that doctrine is depleted.

The Freedom of the Seas means one thing from the historical point of view and quite another from the immediate or war point of view. From the historical point of view it has been debated for hundreds of years. It concerns the right of any people whatever to make national property of the ocean, or to employ its sea power to regulate the ocean roads. But from the immediate or war point of view it means the right of any power to institute a blockade of enemy ports during a time of war. When President Wilson speaks of the Freedom of the Seas he uses the phrase in this latter sense. He means that wars must be conducted without resort to the weapon of the blockade. But there was something far more significant in the use of this term than a debatable point of international law. It is no exaggeration to say that the sudden introduction of this doctrine during the progress of the war will constitute one of the great problems for the historian. Why was it introduced? What did it mean? What would have been its results had it been adopted and enforced?

We first heard of the Freedom of the Seas when President Wilson addressed his message to Congress on January 23, 1917. It was the same speech in which he expressed the hope for a "peace without victory." Possibly it was intended as a means to the accomplishment of a peace without victory. Certainly if that doctrine had been adopted as it was intended that it should be adopted we should have had peace very quickly. But it would have been a German peace. The whole world at this moment would have lain under the shadow of the German sword.

Let us remind ourselves of the President's words. He said toward the end of his message:

And the paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free. The freedom of the seas is the *sine qua non* of peace, equality, and cooperation. No doubt a somewhat radical reconsideration of many of the rules of international practice hitherto sought to be established may be necessary in order to make the seas indeed free and common in practically all circumstances for the use of mankind, but the motive for such changes is convincing and compelling.

Now what was the meaning of that statement? Broadly speaking, it meant that the right to blockade in time of war was to be abolished. But when was it

to be abolished? Was the President speaking with an eye to future wars? Or did he mean that the blockade was to be abolished at once, that the Allied navies were to be recalled immediately from German waters, and that the German warships were then and there to be allowed free egress to the waters of the North Sea and to the shores of France and England? At a first glance it seems incredible that such could have been his meaning, and that the Allies were to be deliberately hamstrung by the removal of their throttling grip upon Germany. It does indeed seem incredible, but not more incredible than the proclaimed wish for a peace without victory.

Let us see what light we can find on the situation, and fortunately there is a good deal of light. We want to know whether it was actually intended to hamstring the Allies by the immediate release of the German warships and commerce destroyers, whether that was to be the method of equalizing the rival forces and so of producing a drawn war. It is a clear and definite issue. Who shall say that it is not a tremendous one?

And so we turn to Colonel House's authorized biography for the needed light. Colonel House was the presidential envoy to Europe for the purpose of securing the adoption of the new doctrine. Therefore it is eminently proper that we should go to him for information as to the nature of that doctrine and the method of its application.

Now this authorized biography of Colonel House is by Mr. Arthur D. Howden Smith. It is entitled "The Real Colonel House," and it appeared in the columns of the New York *Evening Post* early in 1918 and subsequently in volume form. Its author makes it quite clear that Colonel House went to Europe in order to arrange for the immediate lifting of the blockade. His was not an academic mission nor one pointing to the wars of the future. Germany was already going black in the face under the pressure of the blockade. That pressure must be relieved in order that there might be "peace without victory."

There is no doubt about it. It is as clear as the sun at noonday. Mr. Howden Smith effusively, even gushingly, gives us the facts. He says that Colonel House went first of all to Germany. He told the German government all about the Freedom of the Seas and they were politely but languidly interested. They, too, found that Colonel House's actual meaning was an incredible one. They could not believe that he was actually offering them victory on a platter. They asked him if he meant a general recognition of the Declaration of London:

But Colonel House meant much more than this. He meant a literal, unlimited freedom of the seas, which would imply the safety of merchantmen in enemy ports upon the declaration of war, the safety not only of food cargoes, but cargoes of actual contraband; the uninterrupted progress of the world's ocean-borne commerce, in the midst of the most widely dispersed war.

There we have it. The blockade was to be raised forthwith—always supposing that Great Britain and France would assent, and perhaps there might be ways to compel their assent. If this point is, not now sufficiently clear we may refer to Colonel House's biographer, who seems resolved that there shall be no misapprehensions. He says by way of elucidation:

Accepted by the belligerent nations, it would have the immediate result of confining the war to a struggle between fleets and armies and exempting from harm noncombatants and neutral nations, while the economic structure of civilization would survive almost unimpaired. . . . A vista opened before the eyes of the leaders at Berlin which they had abandoned hope of seeing. Perhaps they were purely selfish and cynical in their acceptance of this doctrine of idealism; perhaps they thought only of the nullification of the preponderating naval power of Great Britain, and the abolition of the blockade which was cutting off Germany from her sources of raw material.

We may well hold our breath almost in awe at a piece of effrontery without a parallel. But here it is in black and white. It seems to mean that Colonel House went to Europe in order to make Germany a present of the war. The blockade was then the one tremendous fact interposed between her and victory. Colonel House offered to remove that barrier. No wonder the German authorities were jubilant at an offer so much beyond their wildest dreams.

But the larger part of Colonel House's task was still ahead of him. A German acquiescence might be taken for granted, but how about France and Great Britain? Would they be likely to welcome the knife thus held to their throats? They could hardly be expected to accept a "peace without victory." How much more reluctant would they be to welcome peace as a result of a German triumph. For that is what Colonel House, presidential envoy, had to offer to them. By what coercive methods the Freedom of the Seas, the raising of the blockade, was to be imposed upon them we do not know. No one knows except the parties immediately involved. But we may remember for our edification that both Great Britain and France were dependent upon America for their food supplies and for a hundred other things. The whip was there and was clearly in sight. Did Colonel House crack that whip? Did he intend to crack it? Did he threaten to do so, actually or tacitly? These are questions that the future must answer. Let us hope that we shall be spared the ignominious realization that Colonel House went to Europe in order to recommend and to force a doctrine

that would at once have laid the world prostrate at the feet of Germany, that could not conceivably have had any other result than this.

So Colonel House went to England. We do not know what expectations of success he may have had because we do not know precisely what weapons of coercion were in his armory. But his biographer asks us to "imagine his vexation" when he found that Von Bernstorff and Dernberg had been notified by the German government of the almost unbelievable good fortune that had befallen it and that they were boasting of it to high heaven. It was above all things important that the Allies should not be put upon their guard, that they should be wheedled and gently persuaded into the new doctrine, or delicately coerced into it if necessary. And now in very truth the fat was in the fire. Germany was boasting that she was about to win the war through the lifting of the blockade, that nothing could prevent her from winning the war, thanks to the new doctrine. Poor Colonel House—"imagine his vexation."

None the less he did the best that he could, although he "had the utmost difficulty in breaking down the wall of natural suspicion which met him at every turn when he undertook to preach his doctrine."

None the less we are told that Colonel House might still have succeeded in persuading or coercing the Allies into suicide but for one untoward occurrence. The Germans were so stupid as to sink the *Lusitania* just at the critical moment, and Colonel House threw up his hands in disgust and hurried back to America. What else could he do? A government so hopelessly wrong-headed must necessarily be left to its fate. But at least we will credit Colonel House with having done the best that he could.

But what does it all mean? Why did the President say that the Freedom of the Seas was an American principle and an American policy? Was it not the blockade that won the Civil War and the war against Spain? What else are navies for? They are certainly not intended primarily to fight battles, but to interrupt commerce. And what more merciful form of war is there than the blockade? It implies no necessary bloodshed. The most rigorous blockade may involve the loss of not a single life. Why this sudden intrusion of a new doctrine? Why the sudden dispatch of Colonel House to Berlin? What measures for the coercion of the Allies did he have up his sleeve? What does it all mean?

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1919.

BLACK IS WHITE.

By Lincoln Colcord.

[The following is from the columns of the New York *Nation*. Without espousal or approval of its vituperative tone it is here reproduced as a statement of important fact.]

Senator Johnson—When our government through you, Mr. President, in January, 1918, made the fourteen points as the basis for peace, were those points made with the knowledge of the existence of the secret agreements?

The President—No; oh, no.

In these simple and tragic words, Woodrow Wilson, closing the discussion of the secret treaties at the White House conference of August 19th, closed also finally and for all time that magnificent page in history upon which he once was cast to appear as the protagonist of the New World.

Thinking back along the kaleidoscopic two years that have passed since America entered the war, I come to a period, in the summer of 1917, when a wholly different conception of the conflict that now obtains was held by the Administration, and when I was privileged to be one of a group that had constant access to the highest sources of information. This group at that early date based its conception of American policy in the war upon a knowledge and understanding of the secret treaties. I should be untruthful, indeed, if I did not state that the initiative in the formation of this conception emanated from the Administration.

From our position of advantage in the unofficial world (we were mostly journalists), we were able to provide the Administration with a great deal of the information of the press and the street. For instance, in the summer of 1918 the secret treaties were often under debate in the British House of Commons. (Does not Woodrow Wilson read his Hansard?) On the 28th of June, I think it was, Foreign Secretary Balfour, in answer to interpellation from Liberal members, made his notorious statement on the secret treaties: "By these treaties we stand—our national honor is bound up in them." This statement I had the pleasure of bringing to the attention of the President and of Colonel House by letter, enclosing the newspaper clippings of the incident, and pointing out very fully its bearings.

I could multiply the instance by hundreds. Our journalistic group was in constant communication with Colonel House; every item of news regarding the secret treaties was at the disposal of the Administration. I can recall dozens of conversations with Colonel House about the secret treaties, going back as far as the summer of 1917. And I remember how again and again during that season, and during the following winter, we urged upon the Administration the danger of the course that was being followed by America; the unwisdom of leaving the secret treaties unrepudiated; the fact that Russia was the heart of the war, and that we

were losing Russia by failing to support her demand for a revision of the Allied war aims; the perfectly obvious fact that, if our negative policy were pursued much longer, when the time came to dominate the peace conference for "liberalism" it would be too late; the whole ominous and disheartening trend of the situation.

But those we saw (and chiefly Colonel House) were serenely optimistic. They reassured us day by day with promises of the President's steadfastness. Never, we were told, would Woodrow Wilson turn against his principles. The future was safe and secure in his hands. Our job, we were reminded, was to help roll up the President's power, against the day when he would be called upon to make his great stand. Needless to say, it was at this time, and especially as we watched the development of Woodrow Wilson's Russian policy, that we began to lose faith. We were young and ardent men, but we were not fools.

At the White House the other day they spoke at some length of moral obligations. But what can be an honest man's opinion of the propriety of signing a treaty of peace which embodies all of the provisions of all the secret treaties, and which embodies also the machinery of a new piece of international government, the league of nations, through which all the provisions of this treaty are to be maintained by concerted national action? What can be an honest man's opinion of the propriety of signing this so-called peace treaty, when America went into the war under the leadership of the propriety of signing this so-called peace treaty, incorporated in this settlement, when every word of the publicly expressed policy of Woodrow Wilson throughout the war has been specifically and plainly opposed to such a consummation, and when the country that made such unselfish sacrifices understood quite clearly that it was fighting to destroy the very forces which in this treaty have been entrenched in power? Shall we not keep faith with ourselves and with our own country first of all?

And what shall we think of this amazing charlatan, this man who himself expressed America's ideals, and who, now that he has brought back nothing but the secret treaties, blandly tells us that these are the ideals? The psychology of Woodrow Wilson, at least, will be a study for the ages. The source of his power lies in a capacity for complete self-delusion. He is not disturbed at the terrible thing that he has done: he is quite contented in his mind. He has persuaded himself that the secret treaties are the fourteen points. He can not be caught by argument because he immediately leaps into another plane. He wins by footwork, while the world thinks it is headwork. He possesses the supreme gift of making himself believe that he is always right. Sincerely insincere, he can see black as white.

And now he is willing to play upon the country's lack of information, which lack of information he himself brought about through his bureaucratic engines of censorship and suppression. He has robbed America of its true and independent Americanism. He has prostituted the soul of a nation—the most sacred charge that can rest in the hands of a leader of men. It will take America years and maybe generations to recover from the blight of his hypocrisy, from the deep wounds of his autocratic designs.

But America is wonderfully healthy, after all. She did not go to Europe to fight for the secret treaties, for any pact which sustains them, or for any league which guarantees such a pact. She went to fight for her ideals. Her ideals, apparently, are not what has been won. Is it a victory or a defeat? Shall America put her hand to the infamous secret treaties, or shall she withhold her hand? The issue is perfectly clear, and can not be evaded. Oceans of hypocrisy would not cover it up. Woodrow Wilson may talk till doomsday, but the American people are not yet cursed with color blindness. They still see white as white, and black as black. They may be great enough to save the nation's honor in spite of him.

Benjamin Franklin, who closely reported the aerial experiments he viewed in France in 1783, wrote: "The Improvement in the Construction and Management of the Balloons had already made a rapid Progress; and one can not say how far it may go. A few months since the idea of Witches riding through the air upon a broomstick, and that of Philosophers upon a bag of smoke, would have appeared equally impossible and ridiculous. These Machines must always be subject to be driven by the winds. Perhaps mechanic art my find easy means to give them progressive motion in a calm, and to slant them a little in the wind."

The Dead Sea is about forty-seven miles long by nine miles wide, and lies 1200 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, the lowest-lying sea on the face of the globe. Its waters are so bitter that fish can not live in them. We get an idea of its density when it is stated that in a ton of water from the Atlantic there is thirty-one pounds of salt, as against 187 pounds in the same quantity from the Dead Sea.

California produces 98 per cent. of all almonds grown in America and Northern California 80 per cent. of the total for the state.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jacob Weltner, the new political leader in Hungary, is a man of medium stature, dark complexioned, and is about forty-two years old. He is a Social Democrat of many years' standing and has played a leading rôle in the Socialist movement of Austria-Hungary and in the Internationale as a whole.

Ben Tillett, British Labor Member of Parliament, is an old friend of Gompers. Tillett has considerable literary ability, can make a forceful speech, and is a good mixer. He writes some, does a little speaking, but mixes a lot—and more votes are changed by mixing than by speeches. No history of the labor movement will be complete unless it contains a reference to the clever work of Tillett as a mixer.

Gertrude Atherton composes rapidly, but rewrites each book three times. If millions were to suddenly descend upon her, she avows she would not change her habits, for she loves her work with all her heart and soul. Before she begins a book she acquires a thorough knowledge of the phase of life and character she intends to write about. She doesn't know exactly what her characters will do or say three chapters hence, and that element of uncertainty makes of writing a constant sense of adventure.

Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen is the fourth Frelinghuysen to be elected to Congress. The other three also were natives of New Jersey. He is an elder in the same church as his ancestor, Rev. Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen, who came to America in 1720. He has always lived on a farm and has 180 cattle. The daily production of his dairy is 1000 quarts of certified milk. He joined the Grange years ago. For a long time he has been president of the New Jersey board of agriculture.

Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is in his thirty-second year and has led a most interesting life. Matriculating at Harvard, where he became known as "the most modest man in college," he proved to be, in spite of his 130 pounds, one of the cleverest players on the freshman football eleven. His weight prevented him from making the regular varsity eleven in later years. In his junior year he was made a member of Alpha Delta Phi, one of the best-known college fraternal organizations, which his father had belonged to before him.

Archduke Joseph of Austria, who became head of the Magyar branch of the Hapsburg dynasty on the death of his father, was very well liked in aristocratic society, but, unlike his popular and democratic father, held himself rather aloof from the general public. Like the other archduke, he was a member of the Hungarian House of Lords; like them, he never attended sessions. He observed strictly the family rule forbidding princes of the blood to express and, indeed, to possess political opinions, and was, on the whole, regarded a rather nondescript, if amiable, character. His public career began with the world war.

It is said of Sir John Sankey, of the King's Bench, England, that had he not chosen the law as a profession he might have gained equal prominence as an archbishop. At church conferences his addresses on polity and other questions of church government made a profound impression. His popularity, not only among members of the bar, but in public circles, is unanimously admitted. His style of eloquence is described as gentle and persuasive, without sting or sarcasm in his mode of argument. Strict adherence to the rigid rules of fair play is said to be his perpetual mainstay in retaining the confidence and esteem of his political opponents and adversaries in ecclesiastical controversy.

The career of Major-General Hugh L. Scott, who recently retired from the army after an uninterrupted service of forty-three years, has been one of continuous fighting since his graduation from West Point in 1871. His first assignment was a lieutenantancy in a Western cavalry regiment and he participated in eleven Indian wars. His dealings with the red men in these conflicts won for him a reputation for fair dealing, and not one of the treaties he made with them has been broken to this day. He was known to them as Mole Tequot, the "sign talker," and is said to be more familiar with their customs than any other white man living. It is this knowledge that caused the President to name him a commissioner of Indian affairs.

Mackenzie King, the newly elected leader of the Liberal party in Canada, was born in 1874. He received his early education at the public and high schools of Berlin, from which he passed to Toronto University, where, after a distinguished academic career, he was graduated in 1896. He supplemented this by courses at Chicago and Harvard universities, after he had spent a year on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*. He received the degree of M. A. from Chicago in 1898 and a Ph. D. from Harvard in 1899, being for some time fellow and instructor in political economy at the latter university. The Laurier government then appointed him a special commissioner to investigate charges of sweating in public contracts and report upon other industrial problems, and so well did he perform the work that when a special sub-department was created under the postmaster-general to deal with labor prob-

lems Mr. King was made deputy minister at the age of twenty-six. During his university courses he had specialized in political economy and sociology and had already traveled extensively to examine social and labor conditions elsewhere. He soon won recognition for the value of the new department to the country and was responsible for many important measures. Among others he drafted the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, which has frequently served as a model for legislation elsewhere.

William Dowling, the British workingman who has recently attracted much attention by his poetry, writes as follows of his early career: "I was born at York and I was born poor. I remain poor, as men are counted today. My earliest recollections go back to the days when, gipsy-fashion, I tramped the country with my mother; when I got what education I could from the workhouse school. Then came years of hard, grinding work for a pittance to keep body and soul together. I sweated in the coal-pit and learned to make bottles in a factory. I was taught to wield pick and shovel as a navvy, and to build the houses of the more fortunate as a bricklayer's helper. But I was always hopeful, because I had my dreams. No boy built more castles in the air than I did."

OLD FAVORITES.

Sigurd on Hindfell.

(From "Sigurd the Volsung.")

So he rideth higher, and higher, and the light grows great and strange,
And forth from the clouds it flickers, till at noon they gather and change,
And settle thick on the mountain, and hide its head from sight;
But the winds in a while are awakened, and day bettereth ere the night,
And, lifted a measureless mass o'er the desert crag-walls high,
Cloudless the mountain riseth against the sunset sky,
The sea of the sun grown golden, as it ebbs from the day's desire;
And the light that afar was a torch is grown a river of fire,
And the mountain is black above it, and below it is dark and dun;
And there is the head of Hindfell as an island in the sun.

Night falls, but yet rides Sigurd, and hath no thought of rest,
For he longs to climb that rock-world and behold the earth at its best;
But now 'mid the maze of the foothills he seeth the light no more,
And the stars are lovely and gleaming on the lightless heavenly floor.
So up and up he wendeth till the night is wearing thin;
And he rideth a rift of the mountain, and all is dark therein,
Till the stars are dimmed by dawning and the wakening world is cold;
Then afar in the upper rock-wall a breach doth he behold,
And a flood of light poured inward the doubtful dawning blinds:
So swift he rideth thither and the mouth of the breach he finds,
And sitteth awhile on Greyfell on the marvelous thing to gaze:
For lo, the side of Hindfell unwrapped by the fervent blaze,
And nought 'twixt earth and heaven save a world of flickering flame,
And a hurrying shifting tangle, where the dark rents went and came.

Great growtheth the heart of Sigurd with uttermost desire,
And he crieth kind to Greyfell, and they hasten up, and nigher,
Till he draweth rein in the dawning on the face of Hindfell's steep:
But who shall heed the dawning where the tongues of that wildfire leap?
For they weave a wavering wall, that driveth over the heaven
The wind that is born within it; nor ever aside is it driven
By the mightiest wind of the waste, and the rain-flood amidst it is nought;
And no wayfarer's door and no window the hand of its builder hath wrought.
But thereon is the Volsung smiling as its hreath uplifteth his hair,
And his eyes shine bright with its image, and his mail gleams white and fair,
And his war-helm pictures the heavens and the waning stars behind:
But his neck is Greyfell stretching to snuff at the flame-wall blind,
And his cloudy flank upheaveth, and tinketh the knitted mail,
And the gold of the uttermost waters is waxen wan and pale.
Now Sigurd turns in his saddle, and the hilt of the Wrath he shifts,
And draws a girth the tighter; then the gathered reins he lifts,
And cried aloud to Greyfell, and rides at the wildfire's heart;
But the white wall wavers before him and the flame-flood rusheth apart,
And high o'er his head it riseth, and wide and wild is its roar
As it heareth the mighty tidings to the very heavenly floor:
But he rideth through its roaring as the warrior rides the rye,
When it hows with the wind of the summer and the hid spears draw anigh;
The white flame licks his raiment and sweeps through Greyfell's mane,
And hatches both hands of Sigurd and the hilts of Fafnir's hane,
And winds about his war-helm and mingles with his hair,
But nought his raiment dusketh or dims his glittering gear:
Then it fails and fades and darkens till all seems left behind,
And dawn and the haze is swallowed in mid-mirk stark and blind.

But forth a little further and a little further on
And all is calm about him, and he sees the scorched earth wan
Beneath a glittering twilight, and he turns his conquering eyes,
And a ring of pale slaked ashes on the side of Hindfell lies;
And the world of the waste is beyond it; and all is hushed and gray,
And the new-risen moon is a-paleing, and the stars grow faint with day.
—William Morris.

PEACE AND BUSINESS.

Mr. Isaac Marcossion Sketches the Trade War Upon Which We Must Now Enter.

Mr. Isaac Marcossion tells us that peace has come, but that there is no end of war. There is another struggle as bitter as it is bloodless, the race for economic rehabilitation. Without any inclination to resist the author's conclusion, one wonders how long it will be before nature herself obliterates the abomination of a struggle that changes only its methods. But that is a matter upon which Mr. Marcossion does not touch.

America, says the author, must change her trade methods or be left behind in the race. Her merchants must amend the habits of carelessness which mean delay and loss to their customers:

Here is a little story that will emphasize the price that we have paid in the past for this carelessness. The Paris representative of a large American machinery distributing concern in New York concluded a sale with a French manufacturer on Lyons involving 300,000 francs. The machinery was shipped in sections. What was supposed to be the complete outfit was delivered to the purchaser at his plant. When he set up the machines he discovered that a vitally necessary part for each one was missing. Quite rightly he refused to pay for the goods until they arrived.

The American agent in Paris personally went to Bordeaux to trace the missing parts. After a four days' hunt he located them in a box which had been marked in lead pencil. The rain had obliterated these marks, and the package reposed in an obscure corner and except for the agent's enterprise and determination would never have been found.

Substitution is the favorite rôle of German commercialism. It is synonymous with German trade. Neutral countries deprived of American and British products were flooded with German imitations that were alike brazen and picturesque:

A certain dental preparation from America had attained considerable vogue in Holland. When the supply gave out the Germans made a very bad imitation, packed it in the same sort of tube as the original, gave it a name that to the Dutchman looked like the Yankee trade-mark, and stamped on the label the name of a fictitious maker.

To try out the system I asked for a tube of the original stuff in an Amsterdam shop, whereupon the clerk said, "I am sorry we have not got what you want. We are just out of it, but here is something from America made by the same firm and just as good." Then he offered the German substitute.

Everywhere one found soaps intended to imitate the American and British products. The counterfeit was almost exact. But the American safety razors were among the chief sufferers:

At first glance you can not tell the blades apart. In size, identification marks, edge—in fact in every detail they seem to be identical. On close examination you find that the German imitation is made of inferior metal, that it is not cut so true as the American, and that the numbering and lettering are slightly different. Both have the words U. S. A. Patent. The German, however, has a different patent number. It also bears the letters D. R. P.—which stand for Deutsche Reich Patent, Royal German Patent—and a spurious patent number that looks like the real American number. Likewise it is stamped Bt France—patented in France.

Even more ingenious is the wrapper, both on the blade and the little box, which holds the usual lot of a dozen blades. On the original wrapper and box is the picture of a man's head. The German imitation is an exact facsimile—picture and all—of the American and Canadian package, except that it gives the countenance a distinct German cast. He does not appear to like the advertising he is getting, because he scowls in the lithograph. The one concession that the German fakers have made to decency is that they have omitted the words Made in U. S. A. from the wrapper and box.

Holland uses more bicycles per capita than any country in the world. Every one rides a bicycle, and we are told that the Dutch are a sober people because the least slip might plunge the rider into the canal:

Before the war many British and some American wheels were used in Holland. During the war Germany did her utmost to capture that trade. A concrete example will show how the business was obtained and also nailed down for the future. A bicycle dealer in Amsterdam, unable to get rims from England, sought a German dealer.

"Yes," replied the German; "I can get you a thousand rims, but you must sign a contract with me to use only German rims and German wheels after the war."

The Dutchman had to have the rims or shut up shop, and he signed the contract. It was a common occurrence.

The German manufacturer will not be over-scrupulous in his methods of overcoming the unpopularity induced by the war:

One afternoon just before the armistice was signed I sat in the tea-room of a well-known hotel at Geneva that did not need the influx of war-time spies, agents, and propagandists to make it a notorious nest of intrigue. It was a babel of tongues no less conflicting than the interests represented. My companion was an Englishman, long a resident of Switzerland, who knew the diplomatic ropes as well as any person in the country. We had been talking about Germany after the war.

Suddenly he turned and said: "Within a year after the peace treaty is signed there will be at least five million new Swiss citizens in Europe."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The German as a German will not be admitted to the trade councils for years after the war, and he will therefore have to become a neutral to break in," was the reply.

Mr. Marcossion was in Switzerland at the critical time of the German downfall, and he found Germans everywhere preparing to climb on the bandwagon of the winners:

At Berne, for example, a German secret service agent masquerading as head waiter in a leading hotel leaned over me as he served my luncheon and said: "At last we've got them, sir."

There was humor as well as significance in the swift turnaround of the rats who scuttled fast from the sinking ship.

We must know our customers, says Mr. Marcossion.

If we are to do business with the Italians, for example, we must be aware that Italy has no fraudulent bankrupts, and that bankruptcy there is a disgrace, often followed by suicide:

With the Italian merchant, as with the French, the unfurnished American exporter has made the same common mistake that has prejudiced so many foreign concerns against us. Here is a case in point: An underwear house in New York sold a bill of goods to a storekeeper in Milan. He ordered from sample and the firm's agent demanded that the draft be attached to the bill of lading. The buyer refused to agree to these terms, on the ground that the shipment might not be up to sample.

"But you know our name," said the salesman. "Then I suggest that you find out something about mine for a change!" said the indignant Italian as he canceled the order.

The swift and galvanic business method does not go in Italy. The Italian must be cultivated. His pride must be considered:

The late J. P. Morgan once found this out to his chagrin. He heard that a certain collection of enamels, objects of art which he greatly admired, was owned by an old and comparatively poor man. He went to see him, and without any preliminary asked in his blunt way: "How much do you want for your enamels?"

"I have no desire to sell them," said the Italian. "I didn't ask you if you wanted to sell," replied Mr. Morgan; "I asked you how much you wanted for them." The old man looked at him for a moment and then replied: "All your money could not purchase my collection. Good-day!"

The war, says the author, was a vast plowshare that uprooted the universe, and he himself saw a good deal of the war:

During the war I was privileged to see the great things. I saw the British Grand Fleet in battle order break through the mist and murk of the Scotch coast, a memorable picture of imperial power; I beheld the high tide of French valor ride the storms of glory at Verdun; up and down the blood-soaked Somme I looked upon the deathless sacrifice of Haig's incomparable armies; I witnessed the charge of Cadorna's intrepid hosts along the death-scarred slopes of the Alps; on half a dozen fields I gazed on Pershing's men—the harvest of the brave—as they registered an imperishable heroism.

Now is the time of sowing for the new harvest. We are no longer an aloof and isolated people. The English-speaking nations must provide the stewardship of the world. They must be the arbiters of the economic regeneration.

PEACE AND BUSINESS. By Isaac F. Marcossion. New York: John Lane Company.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS CHILDREN.

Joseph Bucklin Bishop Edits a Collection of Letters from the Ex-President to His Family.

When Mr. Roosevelt was supervising for publication this collection of his letters to his children he told Mr. Bishop, who edits the book, that he was more interested in its appearance than in anything that had ever been written about him. It is indeed a veritable character sketch of its author. We are told that every week, no matter what the pressure of public affairs, Mr. Roosevelt found time to write a long letter to each of his children. And they are all such comradely letters, and so exactly adapted to the age and temperament of the recipients. Sometimes they are illustrated with crude sketches. Sometimes they consist entirely of sketches. They are always informative and they are usually gay, and we need not wonder that they were so carefully preserved as treasured possessions. There are very few letters to young children that will stand the test of publication, and these are certainly among them.

Sometimes we find a reference in these letters to Mr. Roosevelt's political associates. On January 6, 1903, he writes to Kermit with special reference to Tom Quartz, the White House cat:

Another evening the next Speaker of the House, Mr. Cannon, an exceedingly solemn, elderly gentleman with chin whiskers, who certainly does not look to be of playful nature, came to call upon me. He is a great friend of mine, and we sat talking over what our policies for the session should be until about 11 o'clock; and when he went away I accompanied him to the head of the stairs. He had gone about half-way down when Tom Quartz strolled by, his tail erect and very fluffy. He spied Mr. Cannon going down the stairs, jumped to the conclusion that he was a playmate escaping, and raced after him, suddenly grasping him by the leg the way he does Archie and Quentin when they play hide and seek with him; then loosening his hold he tore down stairs ahead of Mr. Cannon, who eyed him with iron calm and not one particle of surprise.

On October 4, 1903, we have a letter to Ted on the subject of sports and the advisability of football. Mr. Roosevelt says he believes in rough, manly sports, but not as the end of one's existence. Character, he says, is a great deal more than intellect or body:

Athletic proficiency is a mighty good servant, and like so many other good servants, a mighty bad master. Did you ever read Pliny's letter to Trajan, in which he speaks of its being advisable to keep the Greeks absorbed in athletics, because it distracted their minds from all serious pursuits, including soldiering, and prevented their ever being dangerous to the Romans? I have not a doubt that the British officers in the Boer war had their efficiency partly reduced because they had sacrificed their legitimate duties to an inordinate and ridiculous love of sports. A man must develop his physical prowess up to a certain point; but after he has reached that point there are other things that count more.

Some of the best things in the book are the sayings of Quentin. One of these is related to Kermit in a letter dated August 26, 1905:

The other day a reporter asked Quentin something about me; to which that affable and canny young gentleman re-

sponded, "Yes, I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life."

The visit to America of Prince Louis of Battenberg, then an admiral in the British navy, gave occasion for some curious reflections set forth in a letter to Kermit under date of November 6, 1905:

Prince Louis of Battenberg has been here and I have been very much pleased with him. He is a really good admiral, and in addition he is a well-read and cultivated man and it was charming to talk with him. We had him and his nephew, Prince Alexander, a midshipman, to lunch alone with us, and we really enjoyed having them. At the state dinner he sat between me and Bonaparte, and I could not help smiling to myself in thinking that here was this British admiral seated beside the American Secretary of the Navy—the American Secretary of the Navy being the grand-nephew of Napoleon and the grandson of Jerome, King of Westphalia; while the British admiral was the grandson of a Hessian general who was the subject of King Jerome and served under Napoleon, and then, by no means creditably, deserted him in the middle of the battle of Leipzig.

I am off to vote tonight.

Several of these letters contain literary allusions, and particularly to Charles Dickens. Thus Mr. Roosevelt writes to Ted on May 20, 1906:

For instance, Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram and Hannibal Chollup are all real personifications of certain bad tendencies in American life, and I am continually thinking of or alluding to some newspaper editor or senator or homicidal rowdy by one of these three names. I never met any one exactly like Uriah Heep, but now and then we see individuals show traits which make it easy to describe them, with reference to those traits, as Uriah Heep. It is just the same with Micawber. Mrs. Nickleby is not quite a real person, but she typifies, in accentuated form, traits which a great many real persons possess, and I am continually thinking of her when I meet them.

On March 3, 1907, Mr. Roosevelt writes to Kermit to tell him that Archie has diphtheria, but is doing well. And then comes another of Quentin's sayings:

Since I got back here I have not done a thing except work as the President must during the closing days of a session of Congress. Mother was, fortunately, getting much better, but now of course is having a very hard time of it nursing darling little Archie. He is just as good as gold—so patient and loving. Yesterday that scamp Quentin said to mademoiselle: "If only I had Archie's nature, and my head, wouldn't it be great?"

Mr. Roosevelt reverts to the subject of Dickens in a letter to Kermit dated February 23, 1908. Dickens had, he says, "a thick streak of maudlin sentimentality":

It always interests me about Dickens to think how much first-class work he did and how almost all of it was mixed up with every kind of cheap, second-rate matter. I am very fond of him. There are innumerable characters that he has created which symbolize vices, virtues, follies, and the like almost as well as the characters in Bunyan; and therefore I think the wise thing to do is simply to skip the hosh and twaddle and vulgarity and untruth, and get the benefit out of the rest. Of course one fundamental difference between Thackeray and Dickens is that Thackeray was a gentleman and Dickens was not. But a man might do some mighty good work and not be a gentleman in any sense.

Kermit seems to have made some response to this letter, for six days later we find Mr. Roosevelt expressing his agreement with what he says and administering a trenchant criticism of Dickens with which most of us will be inclined to agree:

Of course I entirely agree with you about "Martin Chuzzlewit." But the point seems to me that the preposterous perversion of truth and the ill-nature and malice of the book are of consequence chiefly as indicating Dickens' own character, about which I care not a rap; whereas, the characters in American shortcomings and vices and follies as typified are immortal, and, moreover, can be studied with great profit by all of us today. Dickens was an ill-natured, selfish cad and hoor, who had no understanding of what the word gentleman meant, and no appreciation of hospitality or good treatment. He was utterly incapable of seeing the high purpose and the real greatness which (in spite of the presence also of much that was bad or vile) could have been visible all around him here in America to any man whose vision was both keen and lofty. He could not see the qualities of the young men growing up here, though it was these qualities that enabled these men to conquer the West and to fight to a finish the great Civil War, and though they were to produce leadership like that of Lincoln, Lee, and Grant. Naturally he would think there was no gentleman in New York, because by no possibility could he have recognized a gentleman if he had met one. Naturally he would condemn all America because he had not the soul to see what America was really doing. But he was in his element in describing with bitter truthfulness Scadder and Jefferson Brick, and Elijah Pogram, and Hannibal Chollup, and Mrs. Hominy and the various other characters, great and small, that have always made me enjoy "Martin Chuzzlewit." Most of these characters we still have with us.

Here we must perforce take leave of a book that adds substantially to our knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt and with warm recommendations that it be read in its entirety.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

From the less than one thousand bison to which the millions that roamed the plains were reduced some forty years ago there has been such a steady increase under protective laws and conservation that the extinction of this valuable species is no longer feared. Seven years ago a careful survey of the scattered herds proved that the bison was coming back rapidly, when the census taker reported nearly 3000 head. It is said to be safe to reckon the number of buffaloes today at more than 4000.

The Persian bridegroom is obliged to give his bride a certain sum of money in addition to other presents. If he is in moderate circumstances he gives his two complete dresses, a ring, and a mirror.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 20, 1919, were \$182,921,598.40; for the corresponding week of last year, \$131,268,822.69; an increase of \$51,652,775.71.

The general bond market last month passed through a very trying period, this being particularly true of railroad bonds. The general railroad situation became extremely involved by the radical Plumb proposition and the statements given out in connection with it. This disturbance, coupled with some liquidation of bonds from abroad, due to the heavy discount at which pounds, sterling, and French francs have been selling, has caused a very general decline in prices, although the volume of the liquidation has not been as heavy as would appear from the low level of bond prices today. It is our opinion that this liquidation of bonds would have been absorbed in a much more satisfactory fashion had it not been for the vacation season, which is being observed more generally this year than possibly ever before. Not only has the probable investor been out of town, but a great many of the bond-selling organizations have been working with depleted forces. Towards the end of the month a slightly better

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demand has developed, caused to some extent by the dealers showing more courage in anticipation of a good September bond market.

It is a significant fact that high-class railroad securities today are selling on an average of from three to six points below the level just preceding the armistice.

Some of the more important bond and stock issues which have been publicly offered during the month are as follows: \$5,000,000 Fisher Body Corporation 6 per cent. serial notes at prices to yield from 6½ to 6¾ per cent.; \$3,000,000 Hershey Chocolate Company serial 6 per cent. debenture notes at 100 and interest; \$15,000,000 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company three-year 6 per cent. notes at 100 and interest; \$15,000,000 City of Copenhagen twenty-five-year 5½ per cent. bonds at 93½ and interest, yielding 6.84 per cent.; \$5,500,000 Austin Nichols Company 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock at 98; \$4,300,000 Amalgamated Sugar Company 8 per cent. cumulative S. F. first preferred stock at 102½, yielding about 7¾ per cent.; \$18,000,000 Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company 6 per cent. two-year receivers' certificates at 98, to yield 7 per cent.; \$1,518,000 City of Norfolk, Virginia, 5½ per cent. serial bonds; \$2,000,000 City of Philadelphia Public Improvement Company 4½ per cent. bonds; \$4,000,000 State of Utah 4½ per cent. road bonds; \$2,000,000

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Eastland County, Texas, 5½ per cent. road bonds; \$1,500,000 Palo Pinto County, Texas, 5½ per cent. road bonds; \$5,570,000 City and County of San Francisco 4½ per cent. water bonds; \$3,000,000 five-year 6 per cent. notes of the Waltham Watch Company at 99 and interest, to yield 6.25 per cent.; \$4,000,000 Susquehanna Silk Mills 6 per cent. serial notes at prices to yield from 6¾ to 6¾ per cent.; \$10,000,000 American Cotton Oil Company five-year 6 per cent. notes at 99½ and interest, to yield 6.18 per cent.—*National City Bank.*

Instead of the reported profits for the English government in the operation of railways from the opening of the war down to the end of 1918, there was an actual net loss of about \$119,000,000, it is declared by the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the September issue of its *Commerce Monthly*. For the present year it is estimated that the charge on the public for government operation will run to about \$370,000,000. The bank says:

"During what may be termed the war period of government railway control in the United Kingdom, lasting from August 5, 1914, to December 31, 1918, the average net annual operating revenue of the roads exceeded that of 1913, in spite of a slight deficit in the first part of the period ending with December, 1915. The amount of the railways' net income in 1913 had been granted them as a yearly guaranty by the government at the outset of the war. These figures, which are shown in a recent statement presented to the British Parliament, do not, however, include extra wear and tear arising from additional traffic carried, which is estimated at \$200,000,000, and for which the government still remains liable to the companies. As a result of this liability, it is estimated that during the period considered the government, although making an apparent profit of \$81,000,000 from running the railways, actually sustained a net loss of some \$119,000,000.

"The year 1918 marked the end of a balance of revenue, a large deficit being unavoidable in the 1919 operation of the railways. This year's revenue is estimated at \$725,000,000, the decrease from last year being due to a large falling-off in government traffic. Expenditures are estimated at the unprecedented figure of \$881,000,000, because of increased cost of labor and materials. The resulting deficit is \$156,000,000. In addition to meeting this deficit, the public treasury must pay the railways their annual guaranteed revenue. As a result the charge on the public for government operation of the railways during the current year will be about \$370,000,000."

On October 1st McDonnell & Co. are to reopen their branch office at the Fairmont, under the management of Mr. Campbell W. Steward. Mr. Steward was formerly a member of the New York Stock Exchange, being an active floor trader for several years. Having spent several winters in Santa Barbara, he has decided to make the Coast his home.

The National City Bank of New York in its September monthly letter has the following to say about the railroad problem:

"It is now clearly recognized that the re-establishment of railroad credit is the heart of the railroad problem. Modifications and improvements in the machinery of regulation, necessary as they are, will prove futile unless requisite measures are also taken to make the field of railway enterprise inviting to capital.

"Early in August the National Transportation Conference submitted to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives a new programme for remedial legislation concerning the railroads. The Transportation Conference was called into existence by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and its programme contains the best thought of a body of able men representing a wide variety of interests. That part of the plan particularly aimed to strengthen and stabilize credit proposes that Congress adopt a statutory rule of rate-making requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission to establish rates designed to yield the carriers not less than 6 per cent. upon the aggregate fair value of the properties.

"This plan, it should be observed, does not contemplate a guaranty to individual railroads (which would doubtless be fatal to efficiency), but simply provides for a level of rates which will yield a reasonable return on the property of all the roads grouped in the three major traffic sections of the country. Under this plan some roads would be able to earn more than 6 per cent. and many roads less. The premium on good management and strategic location would remain. While the establishment of reasonable rates is a *sine qua non* for the restoration of credit, the programme of the conference goes further and proposes the creation of earnings of general and individual contingent funds for the protection of credit during periods of commercial prostration. The conference recommends that "fair value" shall be ascertained by the commission by giving consideration, not only to physical property, but also to earning power

and such other elements as may properly receive attention.

"In the insistence upon the establishment of a statutory rule for rate-making this plan bears a close analogy to that of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities.

"Rightly or wrongly, the investor has lost confidence in the Interstate Commerce Commission and the situation requires definite instruction from Congress to the commission as to what constitutes reasonable rates. Failure to adopt a plan to stabilize railroad credit at this time involves consequences of the most far-reaching character. The railway industry is so fundamental to the welfare of the nation that if private capital can not be attracted to provide the necessary new facilities the government itself must undertake the work. The country will then be forced into government ownership of railroads at a time when the sentiment of the people is opposed to it."

The New York *Daily Financial News Bulletin* says:

"It is estimated that during the next six months the mutual loss of employers and employees will approximate one billion dollars if the present state of unrest is allowed to continue.

"Charges are made in many quarters that strikers who have been out for some time in New York are receiving financial aid from German and Bolshevik organizations to hold firm and prevent a return to normal working conditions here as long as possible, to the advantage of Teutonic interests."

According to the results of an investigation just completed by economist of the War Trade Board, the cost of living has gone up 102 per cent. in the United States, 107 per cent. in Canada, 133 per cent. in England, and 200 per cent. in France since the beginning of the war. The inquiry was begun soon after the signing of the armistice in an effort to determine the effect of the war upon living costs in the United States and also in the principal European countries. Prices in all the leading industries in this country were analyzed and a comparative study was made of fluctuations during the war in countries abroad. In connection with the reported advance of 102 per cent. in the United States during the four years from 1914 to 1918, it is worth noting that *Bradstreet's* index number of wholesale commodity prices advanced 117 per cent. from August 1, 1914, to November 1, 1918.

Statistics based on an analysis for the first five months of 1919 reveal the fact that upon an investment of \$18,000,000,000 the return at the present is only 2½ per cent., or less than half the earnings which were considered adequate by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1917, notwithstanding an approximate increase of 10 per cent. up in passenger rates and 25 per cent. in freight rates.

The monthly crop report was about as expected, and shows more conclusively than ever that the farming interests will not grow nearly as much wheat as they had been hoping for, while the corn crop is considerably short of former expectations. The campaign against the high cost of living, however, has counteracted marketwise the influence of such developments.

The foreign exchange situation naturally reacts seriously against exports in the cotton and other trades, and the cotton market has been rather sensitive to this influence. There is no very large crop to be expected this year, but the carry-over is sufficient to more than compensate.

The labor situation continues rather acute, but has come to a head recently in some rather important strikes in the anthracite fields and some sensational endeavors to unionize certain portions of the bituminous field in West Virginia. It is gratifying to note that the men at the head of public affairs in most of our mining and industrial sections are of a character not easily moved by the threats of the striking element. The steel labor situation, it is believed, will be worked out satisfactorily, from the employing standpoint at any rate, and also from the standpoint of the satisfied workers who are in the majority.

The monthly tonnage statement of the Steel Corporation shows a gain of 500,000 pounds and there is a very large underlying demand for steel production that is vastly in excess of the current rate of output.

While it may not be advisable for the steel makers to increase prices just at a time when their employees are being approached by agitators, still the trend of prices in the trade would be definitely up if the law of supply and demand were allowed to determine.

There has been some second-hand selling in the copper trade of late and a moderate scaling of prices, but as in the steel trade the undercurrent of affairs in copper seems favorable to a strengthening tone in the market in the near future.

The demand for coal for export purposes is very large and prices are stiff. It is difficult to see what material effect the govern-

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ment investigations in the matter of coal prices and profits will have. Naturally, labor difficulties would entail diminished output, something which of itself would be of public importance in that it would serve to stimulate the price of coal.—*The Investor.*

The rapid growth in the art of making artificial silk in the United States is illustrated, according to a statement by the National City Bank of New York, by the fact that 15,000,000 pairs of stockings manufactured from artificial silk were exported from the United States in the fiscal year 1919, against only 6,000,000 pairs in 1918 and 2,000,000 in 1917.

So rapid has been the development of this industry by which the American chemists and manufacturers have entered into competition with the Oriental silkworm that the value of artificial silk manufactures exported from the United States has grown from \$857,000 in the fiscal year 1917 to \$2,339,000 in 1918 and \$7,677,000 in 1919, being thus nine times as much in value in 1919 as only two years

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earlier, the first year in which the government thought the industry of sufficient importance to justify a record of its export.

The production of artificial silk in the United States has been greatly stimulated during the war period. Formerly considerable quantities of this material, which has been manufactured in Europe for several years, were imported into the United States, especially from Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, and the United Kingdom, but the reduction in this supply from abroad led the American manufacturer to "get busy," and he turned out, in 1914, 300,000 pounds of the artificial silk; in 1917, 6,500,000 pounds, and in 1918 presumably about twice that of 1917, since the quantity of manufactures from this material exported in 1919 was double that of the preceding year and the value nearly three times as great as one year earlier. Meantime the importation of artificial silk, which amounted to over \$4,000,000 in the year preceding the war, is now only about one-fourth as much as in 1914, although the prices are,

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of course, practically double those of the pre-war period.

The artificial silk manufactures exported from the United States go to all parts of the world and actually invade the countries in which the natural silk is produced. Silk stockings and other products of artificial silk now go to China, Japan, and Italy, the chief silk-producing countries of the world, though a large proportion of that exported in 1919 went to England, Australia, Canada, Argentina, Cuba, New Zealand, and South Africa, while still larger quantities are sold in the domestic markets of the United States.

In its monthly letter for September the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank has the following to say about new legislation and the status of the railroads:

"Congress is now engaged in formulating legislation to safeguard the future of the railroads. A good deal of progress has been made in drafting a specific bill, although it will be several weeks yet before this task has been completed, as the House is at work upon a measure which may be very different from the Cummins bill. The move by the labor unions to push the Plumb bill providing for the taking over of the railroads by the government has forced the issue and the probability is that thoroughly constructive action will be taken in the near future. The labor leaders them-

sumers. There will be a striking demonstration of the large amount of waste caused by apparently negligible leaks in water fixtures. There will be a machine for testing the accuracy of the water meter, so that consumers may see for themselves how remarkably accurate the water meter is. Means have been devised for showing the workings of the water meter. Those who do not know how this ingenious piece of mechanism keeps count of the water that is drawn from the faucet will have an opportunity to see for themselves how simple and yet how delicate the meter has become as a result of years of improvement.

There will be other interesting features in the Spring Valley exhibit, designed to show consumers the extent and the efficiency of the system which supplies San Francisco with water.

How Pitt Got Money.

For originality of schemes to replenish the national exchequer few have rivaled William Pitt. It was he who devised the dog tax, an institution which still thrives. He also originated the income tax, which during his administration was fixed at 2s. in the pound on all incomes exceeding £200.

It was the fashion of his time to wear the hair in a powdered queue, and hair powdered appealed to Pitt as a vanity for which every man would be willing to pay a guinea a year. He expected the treasury to benefit to the extent of £250,000 annually, but every one had his queue cut off.

A tax on shopkeepers, although only a small impost arranged on a sliding scale based on the amount of rental paid, was stoutly resisted and eventually defeated. A tax on female servants, amounting to 2s. 6d. for one, 5s. for two, and 10s. for three or more, was more successful. Births, marriages, and deaths were all made to contribute to the national purse. A duke's bride cost him a trifle over £50; the arrival of an heir meant a contribution of £30, and subsequent male additions to the family each called for £25. The death of the wife necessitated the payment to the government of £50, and smaller sums were payable on the death of other members of the family.

These life and death taxes were assessed on every subject in the kingdom who had anything to pay, the smallest sum collected being for marriage, some 2s. 6d., paid by the man whose income was less than £50 a year. This man paid 2s. 1d. each time he became a father and 4s. approximately upon the death of his wife or son.

Bachelors of every rank were taxed from 1695 to 1706, the payments varying with the rank of the individual, and ranging from 5s. to £12 a year. A man over twenty-five and unmarried was a bachelor under the law.

Two of the most short-sighted taxes ever levied were those on paper and on windows. William III originated the paper tax, which at one time was as high as £28 a ton. On the paper used by Charles Knight to print his Penny Cyclopaedia the tax amounted to £20,000. Later there was imposed a tax of fourpence a sheet on newspapers, with an additional tax of 3s. 6d. on every advertisement.

The war has created a great new industry in America of which little has been heard, but which there is every reason to believe is as secure and as sure to last and expand as are the dye and chemical industries taken away from Germany. This is the farm, garden, and flower seed industry. Before the war the great bulk of the 7,000,000 tons of seeds used in America, aside from some of the heavier grains, came from Europe. The first year of the war greatly reduced the importations and the foreign supply has steadily dwindled since. In 1915 and 1916 there was a serious shortage in America in consequence, but that has been so nearly overcome that 1918 found America's supply almost ample. The industry has made rapid strides, particularly in the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain states.

Australia is second in importance among British territories producing tungsten ores. In Queensland many of the principal mines have quite recently been acquired by one of the largest of the concerns which have established tungsten-reduction plants in Great Britain since the war, and the event appears to promise a new era of progress for this branch of mining in Queensland. Wolfram is mined in New South Wales and Victoria, while important quantities of scheelite, another ore of tungsten, are obtained in New Zealand and in Tasmania.

The "camelots," or itinerant hucksters of France, have joined the ranks of organized labor. Their union will apply for affiliation with the Federation of Labor. The members of this union being their own bosses, there is no danger of their going on strike. They aim to procure licenses that will permit them to ply their trade at all times on the streets of large cities on the same footing as the fruit and vegetable vendors.

FATE OF KING MENELEK.

Former Abyssinian Monarch Now Lives in a Hut.

Though he made frantic efforts to keep up with the procession, Menelek, former King of Abyssinia, fell by the side of the road. He was too far away from modern civilization to keep abreast of the rulers of other lands, so about three years ago he stepped down from his throne and surrendered the reins of government to his daughter. And now Menelek, in old age, sits back in his mud-plastered hut and watches his daughter reign over the people who once made obeisance to him.

No one can charge the former ruler of Abyssinia with not trying to modernize his country. Though he was compelled by the nature of his subjects to rule with the sword and rifle, still he augmented these with such modern appliances that came from the distance to aid him (says the Kansas City Star). Telephones connected him with the remote places of his empire. He entertained his court with phonograph music and even issued royal edicts on the little cylinders, which were transported to the villages of his empire by messengers, and there reproduced that the populace might hear the orders of its king in his own voice.

King Menelek was a hard-working monarch. He arose at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning to receive couriers from distant parts. And, though he formed a cabinet modeled after those of European countries, he assumed most of the responsibilities of government himself. But he worked under a tremendous handicap. It is said he could not write, and there were no words in his language to convey a definite idea of great distance, so he could have but little conception of the immense world which existed outside his own small empire.

Though he failed in his attempt to bring Abyssinia to the high level of its distant European neighbors, he laid a substantial foundation for the efforts of the daughter who succeeded him. Now Abyssinia, the Ethiopia of Bible times, where biblical and modern civilization clasp hands over the centuries, is rapidly assuming the ways of the Occident.

Its history and its former ruler become of particular interest at this time by reason of the recent arrival in this country of an official mission from Abyssinia's ruler. Oscar T. Crosby, until recently Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, who visited King Menelek in his mud-plastered palace years ago, has described the monarch as he then found him in a bulletin of the National Geographic Society. Mr. Crosby says:

"Menelek was Emperor of the Abyssinians by virtue of having conquered a great many difficulties, most of which yielded only to the sword or rifle. His father was of a kingly family that professes to trace its ancestry to a union between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Our accepted authorities in respect to Solomon do not mention this particular amour, but that may have been merely overlooked by time.

"Following the well-established custom, I had with me a few gifts to present to his majesty, who had sent me goats, bread, and tej. Two large volumes, with illustrations of scenes of our own country, of its cities, mountains, waterfalls, etc., I offered in the hope of making known the land of the free. Through the excellent interpretation of a young Abyssinian attached to the British agency, I endeavored to explain the geographical relations of the United States to the rest of the world, but I am quite sure that I did not make a brilliant success. The difference in time between New York, which I mentioned as being our highest city, and Addis Ababa seemed to interest his majesty very much.

"Menelek seemed to have some appreciation of the magnitude of the Brooklyn Bridge and of the Capitol, yet the absence in his own language of any defined measure of distance left me doubtful as to whether, in spite of his unceasing efforts to understand things American, he was really able to mentally interpret such great dimensions. He never saw a house larger than his own, unless possibly the neglected ruins of a considerable building erected by the Portuguese about 300 years ago in Gondar, once Abyssinia's capital.

"As the Abyssinian is unable to make anything save the round hut, the royal residence was built by East Indian carpenters of rails wattled together and more or less heavily covered with mud, the roof being straw and mud thatch. This palace or gehi might pass for a fairly comfortable country house, shabby for want of paint. Nor had Menelek ever seen a boat, save the sections of one of poor Marchand's little flotilla lying covered up in front of the gebi, hundreds of miles from any navigable water.

"The emperor was clad in modest, even severe, garb, the chief vestment being a black silk burnous. He wore stockings, but no shoes. A tightly-drawn turban covered what was said to be a well-developed baldness.

"Until 9 o'clock every morning he was busy with his dispatches, and conducted important business with Harar, his most important town, about 200 miles away, by a telephone.

"After 9 o'clock Menelek was ready to re-

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ceive those of his subjects, great or small, who claimed access to him, and also the occasional European who traveled to this strange mud hut capital. He had learned that there are some costumes appropriate to ceremonial occasions, and out of respect to this knowledge I had been advised by Sir Rennell Rodd to take a dress suit for presentation to the court, and this I donned at 9 o'clock in the morning and in it rode the mile and a half or two miles separating the British compound from the gebi.

"When these visits were completed Menelek gave much detailed attention to the buildings and the meagre workshops, which his East Indian employees set up for him.

"His capital city contained huts, large and small, which might lodge a population of about 10,000. A considerable part of this city was still of canvas."

The civilian population of France has decreased 750,000 in four years.

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JUNE 30th, 1919.
Assets - - - - - \$60,509,192.14
Deposits - - - - - \$7,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - 2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund - - - 306,852.44

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selves have virtually admitted that the country is not ready yet to approve the government ownership proposal. There is no reason why it should be judged by the results achieved during the six months ended June 30th last, when the railroads of the country failed to earn by nearly \$300,000,000 the \$450,000,000 rental guaranteed by the railroad control act. In July the showing was better, that being the first month since September, 1918, that the roads as a whole have earned their Federal rental. The business and financial situation will be immensely strengthened when the future of the railroads is provided for and the \$17,000,000,000 of outstanding securities have been properly safeguarded. Next to agriculture, transportation is the greatest American industry and the one which perhaps comes in closest contact with the everyday life of the nation. The country is heavily short of railroad facilities owing to the virtual stoppage of improvement work during the war period."

The Spring Valley Water Company announces that it has taken space in the Land Show to open at the Civic Auditorium on October 4th under the auspices of the Home Industry League.

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Mare Nostrum

(Our Sea)

By

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By the peoples of Spain, the South of France, and Italy, the Mediterranean is called affectionately by the Latin title, "Mare Nostrum" (Our Sea). This splendid story of a daring Spanish sailor and his boat, and of his temporary seduction to the services of the Teutonic Powers by a German adventurer, is drawn on a vast canvass, the background of which is the history, the scenery, the traditions of this wonderful sea. \$1.90 net.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Mist of Morning.

This rather ponderous story takes the form of the biography of a young man. David Greig discovers that the eminently respectable carpenter whose son he believes himself to be is not his father, and that he has in his veins the blood of a cruel and remorseless scientist who practically tortured his mother to death with as much unconcern as he tortured the animals in his laboratory. When David goes out to his life work as an inventor it is with the fear that heredity may yet show itself in undesired ways, as indeed it did, but also in unforeseen ways.

It must be admitted that David does nothing very remarkable. He allows himself to be captured by an ambitious girl and by means of a trick so transparent that we blush for him. He invents an aeroplane engine and we get a glimpse of the inner workings of the German secret service, already busy with its preparations for the war. It is hardly a revelation to say that David escapes from the wiles of the detrimental young lady and places himself in a favorable position to live happily ever after. The reader will not leave the story unfinished, nor on the other hand will he rise from its perusal with quickened pulses.

MIST OF THE MORNING. By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Self-Government in the Philippines.

If any one believes the Philippines incapable of self-government, a perusal of this volume may tend to alter his opinions. Mr. Kalaw, himself a Filipino, makes out a strong case in favor of the capacity of his people to manage their own affairs. He maintains that the time has now come for the operation of the Philippine Autonomy Act, which pledges the people of the United States to recognize the independence of the Philippines "as soon

as a stable government can be established." "The representatives of the Filipino people," says Mr. Kalaw, "have every reason to believe that there is now a stable Filipino government."

As proof of his contention, Mr. Kalaw outlines the development of the Philippines under American control. He shows that the country has made enormous forward strides both politically and economically; that it has progressed far toward democracy; that it has developed not only a stable central government, but has an efficient system of local administration; that it has encouraged unity among its people by allowing representation to the non-Christian as well as to the Christian tribes; that it has produced a people loyal to the United States, yet supremely desirous of independence; and that the Filipino people can most advantageously work out their own destiny only when free from fear of interference in the management of their own affairs in their own way.

Mr. Kalaw's book is convincing, because the author evidently is convinced of what he says. He speaks with the force characteristic of the protagonist of a just cause, and writes with logic and with analytical insight, as well as with genuine warmth of feeling. His work should be of interest to the student, not only of American or Philippine conditions, but of world affairs in general.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Maximo M. Kalaw. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Mirabelle of Pampeluna.

This delicate little idyll of the war by Colette Yver deserves to rank with the few works of literary art that the past few years have produced. Human nature remains much the same throughout the ages, and the love of Mirabelle of Pampeluna as described in the ancient story is very much the same as the love of these two modern French girls who see their lovers go away to war and then discover how real the love has been. The author does not regale us on the horrors of the battlefield, or only to a slight extent. She is concerned rather with those that stay at home, and perhaps it is they that suffer. But all's well that ends well, and we may hope that these particular lovers are now happily married and that they will not forget Mirabelle of Pampeluna.

MIRABELLE OF PAMPELUNA. By Colette Yver. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Forty Days.

Among the simpler narratives of the war this volume by General Sir Frederick Maurice must take a high place. General Maurice's object is a limited one. He sketches for us the campaign that began with Mons and ended at the Marne. He believes that the British army played a part in the great retreat of which the importance has not been fully recognized. Over and over again they delayed the advance of the Germans and relieved the pressure upon the French, often at imminent risk of envelopment, although Von Kluck seems to have been unable to seize his

opportunities. General Maurice believes, too, that it was the crossing of the Marne by the British army on September 9, 1914, that largely contributed to the Allied victory. He tells us that the German forces were already streaming northward as a result of the British attack before Foch had launched his great blow at La Fère Champenoise. It is an interesting viewpoint, and one that involves some careful calculations. The British crossed the Marne early in the morning. Foch advanced his army late in the afternoon and the Germans were in retreat at 4 o'clock. Fortunately the problem need not be solved here, but the French reply will probably not be long delayed.

FORTY DAYS IN 1914. By General Sir F. Maurice. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Siamese Cat.

Why any one should wish to possess a Siamese cat, or any other sort of cat, we do not know. But these two ladies, aunt and niece, who are traveling in China, purchase a Siamese cat and then discover that a charming collection of thieves and cutthroats, including their own courier, are intent upon the recovery of the interesting animal. There are abductions, murders, and all sorts of pleasant incidents until the mystery is finally solved by the aid of a young American who has romantic reasons of his own for his very competent intervention.

THE SIAMESE CAT. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a volume of "French Fairy Tales," as translated by M. Cary, and with illustrations by E. Boyd Smith.

Nellie M. Leonard is already well and favorably known as a writer of animal stories for little children. She now gives us another, "Grand-Daddy Whiskers, M. D.," with clever illustrations in line. It is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"The Camerons of Highboro," by Beth B. Gilchrist (Century Company), is a story for girls. Elliott and her father are parted by the war. With her father on his way to France, Elliott goes to a farm in Vermont and there meets with experiences that have the result of changing her into a woman. The story is well told and fairly well illustrated.

Mr. Horatio W. Dresser has edited and written "A History of the New Thought Movement," and it has been published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Mr. Dresser devotes himself largely to the rival claims of Mrs. Eddy and Dr. Quimby, and he writes without any of the sanctified avarices and extravagances that so often disfigure the New Thought authors.

"How to Study 'The Best Short Stories,'" by Blanche Colton Williams, Ph. D. (Small, Maynard & Co.), is described as an analysis of Edward J. O'Brien's annual volumes of the best short stories of the year prepared for the use of writers and other students of the short story. The work of analysis has been done so well by Dr. Williams that her work can hardly fail to be of practical benefit to the aspirant.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Since the publication in German newspapers of extracts from Ludendorff's book, to be brought out in this country in October by the Harpers, under the title of "Ludendorff's Own Story," one of the chief indoor sports of the German population seems to be singing hymns of hate against their erstwhile leader. For Ludendorff has built up a more damning case against the German nation and her people than any outsider has yet done, and his cases in point are backed by documentary evidence. One statement to which the German press took exception was that the German offensive of March, 1918, was given away to the British by two German deserters. In a recent letter to the London Times Captain Pew Miller of the Fifteenth Royal Irish Rifles, confirms Ludendorff's statement. "On the night of March 18, 1918," says Captain Miller, "two men, Alsations, came over into my lines opposite Grugies, and gave very full information of German preparation for an attack. This was sent to staff headquarters for their use."

V. Blasco Ibañez, the Spanish novelist, whose two war novels, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Mare Nostrum," have eclipsed the sales of all other war books in this country, is coming to the United States to deliver a series of lectures. He will arrive in New York early in November, and his tour, which is under the management of the J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau, will include all the principal cities of the country and extend from coast to coast.

Charles Hanson Towne was born in Kentucky. He went to New York at the age of four, was educated in the public schools of that city and attended the City College. At

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an early age he evidenced familiarity with a typewriter. He has worked on the editorial staffs of the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Smart Set*. He has been the literary editor of the *Delineator*, the *Designer*, and the *Woman's Magazine*, and is now editor of *McClure's*. His poetic works include "The Quiet Singer," "Manhattan," "Youth," "Beyond the Stars," "Today and Tomorrow," and "A World of Windows."

"Prisoners of the Great War" is the first authoritative statement of actual conditions in German prison camps by the deputy Red Cross commissioner to Switzerland, Carl P. Dennett, who had charge of feeding, clothing, and caring for the American prisoners of war. The book has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

When John Buchan, whose latest book is "Mr. Standfast" (Doran), was on the staff of the British army in France, he quoted, in one of his official press dispatches, Kipling's line, "The captains and the kings depart," which the field censor prophylactized by deleting "and the kings," and thus gained immortality.

"Mr. Dooley: On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils," just published by the Scribners, is to follow the preceding Dooley volume into foreign translations. The other books have, according to Mr. Dooley, been done in French, German, Japanese, Scandinavian, Russian, and "even into English." The French translation retains with remarkable felicity "the Irish of the thing," but nothing is recognizable about the Russian version but the recurrent Dooley's and Hinnessy's.

Great sums are to be spent on London housing schemes within the next two years. The London County Council will pay out an estimated sum of £30,000,000 on the 10,000 houses which are to be erected. A deficit of £48 a year on each house is anticipated. This is to be followed by the building of another 19,000 cottages, on each of which a deficit of £33 a year is expected.

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SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

TO THE END that I am built in a substantial manner and with the grace and beauty of proper architectural harmony and proportion, great care must be taken in the selection of the designer and builder that my name may pass on unblemished.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Why We Fail as Christians.

One of the most undesirable—had almost said hateful—habits of the reformer is to identify Jesus with his own particular brand of radicalism and to represent religious loyalties as including a political platform. Mr. Robert Hunter does this flagrantly in his new book. Tolstoy failed, we are told, because he was individualist and therefore had not grasped the true meaning of Christianity. Now if there has been any man of the century who emphatically did not fail it was Tolstoy. It is true that he did not create a new social system. Nor, for that matter, did Jesus himself. But to say that Tolstoy failed is no more than an unfavorable illustration of one's own ideas of success.

Jesus, says Mr. Hunter, was a communist. One might say, as justifiably, that he was a free trader or a protectionist or a Zionist. Jesus so far held himself from the political and economical world that he would not even give an opinion on the Roman annexation of Judea. If communism means no more than a personal unselfishness, the extinction in the heart of all predatory instincts, the willingness to share and to give all things, then indeed Jesus was a communist. But then this is not what is meant by communism, and Mr. Hunter knows it. There is all the difference between a personal altruistic holiness and a system of human government. The personal holiness may well be followed by perfect governmental systems, as indeed it would. Doubtless it would be followed also by perfect physical health, but this would not justify us in saying that Jesus was a hygienist. If Mr. Hunter wishes to advocate communism he is at liberty to do so, but he does not strengthen his case by invoking the name of Jesus. On the contrary he makes us sick.

WHY WE FAIL AS CHRISTIANS. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The League of Nations.

We all believe that something ought to be done in an international way to put a brake on the wheels of war, and this irrespective of our opinions as to the particular measure now under discussion. But what sort of league shall we have? What shall be its scope and limitations? How shall we safeguard national interests? How, in other words, shall we frame something that will be alike effective and inoffensive?

These are the points discussed by a number of authorities in a strikingly valuable book just issued under the editorship of Mr. Pierce Duggan. Thus we have an article by John Bassett Moore on "Some Essentials of a League of Peace." Joseph H. Cotton and Dwight W. Morrow write on "International Cooperation During the War," Henry F. Munro writes on "The United States and the Policy of Isolation," Everett Kimball on "The League of Nations and the Monroe Doctrine," and Francis B. Sayre on "International Administration." Other contributors are Lindsay Rogers, A. Lawrence Lowell, Frederick A. Ogg, Harry E. Barnes, Glenn Frank, John B. Andrews, and Raymond Garfield Gettell. Those who are a little tired of partisan and often insincere discussion will find something here on a higher level, a book that should remain on the reference shelf, and with its pages marked.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Edited by Stephen Pierce Duggan. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Emile Clermont, Sa Vie, Son Oeuvre.

Emile Clermont, l'auteur de "Laure" et de "Histoire d'Isabelle," fut tué le 5 mars 1916. Dès la 1ère minute du Malheur nous avons demandé avec la plus vive insistance à Mdlle. Clermont qu'elle voulait bien recueillir les dernières pensées de celui dont elle avait été toute sa vie la confidente.

Nous lui avons demandé qu'elle voulait bien nous introduire dans la vie intérieure de ce jeune génie frémissant.

Nous avions besoin de connaître le plan des divers ouvrages ébauchés par Emile Clermont, des principales notes sur l'art, la philosophie, la religion, son évolution morale et en particulier sa réaction contre le dilettantisme, enfin ses notes de guerre.

Cet incomparable témoignage qui vivra toujours auprès "d'Amour promis" et de "Laure" comme la sœur a vécu près du frère, est un grand livre de mérite ouvert à notre méditation.

EMILE CLERMONT, SA VIE, SON OEUVRE. Par Louise Clermont. Préface de Maurice Barrès. Bernard Grasset, éditeur, 61, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

Pour Marier Colette.

L'éloge de Jean Nesmy, l'auteur de "L'ivraie" et de "Le Roman de la Forêt" ouvrages couronnés de l'Académie Française et de "les Egarés" couronné de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, n'est plus à faire, il vient de nous donner un ouvrage de haute éducation morale que toutes les jeunes filles à marier liront; elles voudront toutes faire la connaissance de Tante Antonine, une adorable vieille fille qui moralise d'une façon si exquise,

et ce qui ne gâte rien, si délicieusement drôlatique et dont les conseils judicieux seront aussi vivement goûtés des jeunes filles américaines, avides de tendresse, que de leurs sœurs de France où cette délicieuse Colette, obtint un si légitime succès.

"Pour Marier Colette" est le livre du jour, il sera hientôt dans toutes les mains. E. C.

POUR MARIER COLETTE. Par Jean Nesmy. Bernard Grasset, éditeur, 61, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

Penser Pour Agir.

Le fondateur des universités populaires, l'auteur de la démocratie vivante, croître ou disparaître, le Devoir de servir, etc., n'a jamais séparé la pensée de l'action. Dans ce livre donc pas une période qui ne soit une pensée pleine, pas une pensée qui ne soit directrice d'une action reconstitutive cela ne se résume pas.

M. Georges Deherme s'adresse aux bons citoyens soucieux d'utiliser tous les fruits et de faire s'épanouir toutes les fleurs de la victoire. Et ce sont la plupart des Français qui l'éprouvent à régnés. Lire en dilettante un ouvrage aussi substantiel, aussi fortement écrit n'est qu'une égoïste délectation d'esprit: s'en inspirer et le faire lire—à l'heure décisive que nous vivons—est un devoir civique qui s'impose. E. C.

PENSER POUR AGIR. Par Georges Deherme. Bernard Grasset, éditeur, 61, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

New Books Received.

A WORLD OF WINDOWS. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: George H. Doran Company. A volume of verse.

THE AMAZING CITY. By John F. Macdonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Sketches of Paris.

THE SIAMSESE CAT. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co. A story of adventure.

NEW RIVERS OF THE NORTH. By Hulbert Footner. New York: George H. Doran Company. The story of two amateur explorers.

MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING. By Samuel McCoy. New York: George H. Doran Company. A volume of verse.

CAPTAIN ZILLNER. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel of Austria at war.

THE SIX BEST CELLARS. By Holworthy Hall and Hugh Kahler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A story.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A collection of letters.

MIST OF MORNING. By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE WORLD SHUT OUT. By Norval Richardson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A novel.

MODERN GERMANY. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. New and greatly enlarged edition.

MARRIAGE WHILE YOU WAIT. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE FOUR ROADS. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE GEISHA GIRL. By T. Fujimoto. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. With sixty-two illustrations by native artists.

THE GLORY OF GOING ON. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Co. A novel.

TROUPEING FOR THE TROOPS. By Margaret Mayo. New York: George H. Doran Company. A tour unique in theatrical history.

COST OF HOBO YARNS.

Most persons know and worry about the high cost of living, but the high and mounting cost of listening is less public information. But as a matter of dolorous fact it costs considerably more to be at the receiving end of conversation than it did several years ago—about the time O. Henry was chronicling the pulse and heat of our concentrated millions, for instance.

The man who spoke of the then four million in the true voice of the city paid, he avers, at various times, an average of 10 cents per conversation with the gentry who are not dressed up and have no place to go. It seems that a slender, adamant dime was the open sesame to the hobo memoirs; the lubricant to the mendicant larynx. The vocal road from riches and servants to park benches and policemen was traveled glily for as low as 5 cents, although 10 cents was the prevailing market price.

But a dime now is just a dime, and not the unfailing key to the archives of the down-and-outer's brain. This was unmistakably demonstrated in the shadow of Peter Cooper's statue one night last week. There is a hench in Peter's shadow, no matter where the moon is resting. The hench is firmly held down these warm nights. They are the enfolding cots of a hostelry whose patrons' soles for some historic reason are immune from the tattoo of the cop's nightstick.

Hunky grunted and sat up on one of these hench and looked through luxuriant eyebrows at the other end of the bench where the guy who wanted to write Sunday stories, but had nothing to write about, had deposited himself. To Hunky, as he explained later, it was like some one coming into your bedroom and sitting on your head to think.

"Sleepin' out here might be healthy," Hunky said, "but you get hives. Maybe it's mosquito bites, because you gotta eat food of some kind to get hives. And when you don't eat no kind of food you can't very well get hives," Hunky continued, establishing an indisputable major premise.

"Now, when I wuz—" Hunky trailed off like a diplomat who finds that his tea-table conversation is giving off information on secret treaties or something.

A cop lolled by and Hunky moved closer to the stranger, because the latter wore a white collar and a shave.

It was getting late, so the query was flung at Hunky—could he give one or two thousand words on an interesting, adventuresome existence, with a park bench finale. Hunky had undoubtedly been a business man in one or two checkers of his checkered career.

"Now," he said with spirit and hoarseness, "I might tell of lots of things. But when I talks a lot I gets hungry and I wants to eat, maybe with something to float it down."

Hunky felt something pressed into his hand. It was slender and adamant, the open sesame of the hobo memoirs of other days. Hunky felt the coin thoughtfully before he spoke. Finally he was certain of its denomination.

"I was young and handsome once," Hunky recited, "but now I aint. Maybe it was a goil or drink, maybe it wasn't." Hunky got up suddenly and walked away.

The rookie cop watching two tough-looking youths follow another equally tough-looking youth up Third Avenue was told of Hunky's perfidy.

"How much did you say you gave him?" he asked.

"All of a dime," was the annoyed reply. "Huh," laughed the young cop. "Ten cents was the old rate. Even the cookies don't talk for less than a quarter any more. Get after this guy and give him 15 cents more, or you're completely out a dime."—New York Tribune.



SOFT DRINKS (Any Flavor) Are Best when prepared with SPARKLING SHASTA Take a Siphon Home and Try It—Serve Cold.

Memorials to British.

The people of France do not intend to let the memory of five years' close association with the Tommies fade, for although the British troops are gradually leaving the country, even when the last man has departed there are still to remain tangible memorials to those days when they fought side by side.

The town of Havre intends to erect a suitable monument at the entrance to the harbor, where thousands of English soldiers obtained their first glimpse of the country where they were to experience what modern war means, while at Dunkirk the townspeople are considering a project for the erection of a Merchant Service Club and Seamen's Institute. This is to mark the nation's recognition of the men of the English fleet and their auxiliaries, and the latest plan is to build an imposing monument to the Indian soldiers who, with France's own colored troops, did yeomen service.

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RECEIVING THE PRESIDENT.

San Francisco had better reduce the size of its head since President Wilson has been here. That was a disgraceful breakdown at the Auditorium, and the only thing that prevented terrible happenings was the decent behavior of the crowd when the Auditorium doors were opened and they streamed in. When they once got in, and found the great amphitheatre already all but filled, the sense of wrong induced in people who, believing that they were going to receive fair play, had waited, standing long and patiently for a chance to get a seat within hearing distance from the stage, was acute. The crowd became cross, almost ugly. They determined that if they were not to be allowed to hear the President—for there can be no doubt that there were several groups of disturbers who had gone there solely for the purpose of making a noise—at least they would see him. Their cries were the exasperated outcome of their sense of wrong and an endeavor to join together in making people who stood on their seats sit down. When this failed, they temporarily abandoned the rhythmic and long-sustained cries of "Down! Down! Down, down, down!" and cried "Loft!" in the vain hope that the President would repair to the organ loft. When this hope died thousands gave up and went home.

Those who remained, and who could neither see nor hear, talked steadily, and the noise of their chatter, added to the sound of the footsteps of the departing thousands, kept up a steady noise that effectually barred all hope of hearing for those on the outer edges of the crowd.

There were people as far forward as the tenth row downstairs who did not hear the President's address. On the other hand the upstairs auditors—some of them as far back as in the sections opposite the stage—heard enough, after the first ten minutes, to make them feel that they had all but gotten the address in its entirety.

No attempt was made by any of the police to admonish those who stood up or to silence the shouters. They might have been so many pudding bags distributed through the hall for all the good they did. Some excuse, perhaps, could be made for not preventing the people from filling the aisles, for there is something overwhelming in the onrush of an enormous, eager crowd such as the multitude that assembled on that Wednesday evening to hear the President and who were determined to do or die when the doors were opened.

Those who backed down were individuals. Feeble women, old men, helpless children were in that crowd by thousands, urged on and animated by a fixed determination to see the President of the United States. It is a characteristic of a San Francisco crowd, this state of mind, due to our distance from the centre of things.

And in the way we were treated we got what we deserved. Any community that takes an interest in the public administration of its affairs, and that wants them properly conducted, can bring it about merely by the force of public opinion. We are a flabbily good-natured lot here, letting the politicians cheat us out of our eyes. They feel that they are in the saddle, and each man a dictator in his own little realm. They despise us, no doubt, for our yielding good nature, and, given similar circumstances, the same thing would happen all over again.

We are all angry, but we do nothing but go about and sputter. For San Francisco doesn't know how.

Look at Oakland, where everything went like velvet. Look at the relatively small city of San Diego, where they had sense enough to install a mechanical appliance that would assist the crowd of 50,000 at the Stadium to hear. Why couldn't we have done it here? Because San Francisco doesn't know how.

As for the women's affair at the Palace Hotel, that went better. Every woman had a ticket containing her number, and the number of the table at which she was to sit. When she had burst through the entrance door with a "plump" the rest was easy, for on every table was a huge, legible number. There also seems to have been considerable fairness in selling the tickets. They were sold in pairs, although there were some women who had a dozen or more. They were, however, from all accounts, prominent club women who were supposed to be trying to

reach the right kind of women with these tickets.

The only actual mismanagement, if it can be called so, was in not admitting the packed mass of women who waited in the main corridor from one to two hours before the doors were opened and they were allowed to enter the lounge and Rose Room. The tables could be seen through the glass doors, all ready, spread and decorated, and one would have thought the hotel managers would have insisted that the crowd be permitted to enter, and make way for the free passage of the usual numbers of guests that come and go.

Once they were in, the ladies were in radiant spirits. How they had cherished those little two-dollar bits of cardboard! They hugged themselves with relief when they got them, and said, "Can it be that I have such luck?" For there were awful tragedies, women who in general always get what they want having failed to secure the precious privilege. It was the same with them as with the crowds storming at the Auditorium. The coming of personages of such exalted importance as the President of the United States is so rare that when it happens the unanimity of determination to "get there" is supreme.

The President and Mrs. Wilson were fairly punctual, considering the demands made upon their time, arriving in time to join the luncheon with every appearance of enjoying it. Both ate and chatted with zest, and I can testify from personal observation that the President is a hearty laughter when he is genuinely amused.

Everybody was immensely interested in the appearance of Mrs. Wilson, who was revealed as a handsome woman, still young, and of pleasant and picturesque appearance. She was gracefully and beautifully gowned, and wore a large black picture hat, "trimmed," said one enthusiast, "with the most beautiful arrangement of ribbon I ever saw, for it was put on in such a way as to resemble a plume." Many an old girl at the lunch had her battered countenance touched up with rouge, but the warm pallor of Mrs. Wilson's beautiful skin was left as God made it. She has, with her cream-white skin and black hair, something of a Latin look, and, indeed, whenever an American has such tints it generally turns out that her European forbears are not so very far back. Mrs. Wilson, indeed, except for her American expression—for we have a distinctively national expression in this country; both men and women—might have been a beautiful Roman.

The President, in spite of the fatigues he has been called upon to endure in this trip, looked to be in first-class condition. His smile was bright, his color good, his air alert. He is a well-groomed man, looking ten years younger than his sixty-one or two years, in spite of his gray and thinning hair. Both he and his wife appeared to be tactfully unconscious of the gimlet gaze fixed upon them from sixteen hundred pairs of eyes; or no, cut that in half, for that many couldn't possibly have seen them, although their table was slightly raised.

What they saw was a slight, but not thin man, with a keen, intellectual face; the face, apparently, of an optimist, for President Wilson looked extremely cheerful. When he spoke his voice matched his physical appearance and his personality. It was pleasant and reassuring to remark that the man who represented America at the peace conference has a refined and agreeable enunciation. He spoke without any oratorical flourishes, only once indulging in any attempt at the picturesque. He is a persuasive speaker, and never becomes prosy or dull. He confined himself closely to the matter in hand, his voice, which has no orotund notes and is not particularly sonorous, possessing a carrying, penetrating quality, so that all present seemed to have heard. (The ladies in the Rose Room brought their chairs in and were seated in the lounge at the conclusion of the lunch.)

As to the matter of his discourse, I leave that to wiser heads than mine, and, for that matter, everybody had the privilege of reading it in the daily paper. It seemed to me that, although the majority of women I know are against the President and the league, the majority there were for him. Whether he won them over or the majority sentiment was for him in advance I do not know, but it seems to me that the majority of women I know are against the President and the league, the majority there were for him. Whether he won them over or the majority sentiment was for him in advance I do not know, but it seems to me that the majority of women I know are against the President and the league, the majority there were for him.

Generally speaking, the women were very receptive, testifying, although not unanimously, warm approval as many of the points were discussed, spontaneously singing "Over There" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" when the band played these numbers, waving the flags grouped on each table, and giving quite a respectable feminine cheer at the conclusion of the address.

THE CLERGY AND THE DRAMA.

The best number on the Orpheum bill this week is "The Flattering Word," a satire in one act by George Kelly. Not only is it a good

play, with a root idea founded on a very human trait, but it is well acted by a company numbering five players, each one of whom does creditable work.

George Kelly, whom we see on the Orpheum circuit at infrequent intervals, is a clever young man, since he can both write a neat little satire and act the leading rôle most neatly. His peculiarly penetrating voice is a great asset in the part, fitting into the idea of the histrionic impressiveness of an actor's personality. For he appears in the play as an actor of considerable reputation calling upon an old schoolmate who has remained a human being although she is the wife of a clergyman. By which I do not mean to be disagreeably critical toward clergymen, but rather to the average person sitting under clergymen, said average person adhering closely to certain conventions that require men of the church to walk, talk, dress, and amuse themselves differently from the rest of the world. In other words the poor things must cast themselves into a rigid mould fabricated in a minister factory. It is so decreed by that grim and unfeeling god, Tradition.

I have an idea that since the war there will be a new order of clerics evolved; simple, natural men, trying to help on humanity by living good and helpful lives, but thankfully keeping off the dais to which conventionalists have always insisted on hoisting the holy man. This new kind of churchman will not be a holy man, but a good one, with a gift for holding up inspiring ideals before his fellow-men and helping stumbling feet to right themselves.

May the day come, and soon. The world needs religion, or a certain proportion of it does. It seems, looking back along historical perspectives, that most of the wolfishly cruel acts perpetrated by humanity have been done in the name of religion. In Asia and Europe they still can hate the man who differs from them in religion with a vile and vicious hatred. Here in America we are more tolerant; and thank God for America.

We Americans are fairly spangled with faults, and one of the biggest is our national self-conceit. But, although there is still some animosity between Catholics and Protestants, on the whole, in the matter of religion, each sect goes blithely on its way enjoying, within its own little fold, so many normal affairs of a social or semi-social nature as to keep its followers free from that rending bitterness which devours all the spirituality of the intolerant. Yet still they expect the clergyman to walk softly, to strike clerical attitudes, to abjure healthful amusement, always to exhort, and to drone, drone, drone.

I hope the clergy themselves will develop a militant and independent spirit; that they will cease to be owned by their wealthy parishioners, body and bones, and that the church will emerge from its genteel, plush-upholstered retirement and begin to take a hand in the affairs of men.

But not in politics. That is what ripped up the church organization in France, engendering thereby a huge bitterness. That is what is kindling all kinds of political rows in America today.

In George Kelly's play the clergyman is a creature of tradition and believes that the theatre is a wicked institution. In other words, he does not recognize the value of play. Neither does he appreciate the worth of the idea, although one must admit that there is much in the theatre that is trivial and worthless. But in order to have the theatre play the same important part in the lives of thinking people that it does in Europe, thinking people must encourage and support it. And clergymen and their parishioners should be among those thinking people.

At present there are numerous reserves of potential theatre patrons who indulge their sense of play only by social affairs in church parlors. They are needed. And they need the theatre. That is, a partially regenerated theatre, that can give plays appealing to serious-minded and thinking people. I do not mean necessarily dismal plays, but dramas that induce thought.

The light-minded, frivolous band of entertainment is of course needed for light-minded and frivolous people. Theatres will always divide themselves into certain classes according to the tastes of their patrons.

"The Flattering Word" might be rather surprised, however, to find itself figuring as trying to reform the over-conventionality of the clergy. Mr. Kelly's root idea is expressed in his title, "The Flattering Word." The idea utilized in the play is that every human being who has ever known anything about the theatre is susceptible to the flattery conveyed in that pleasing utterance, "You ought to be on the stage." The actor in the piece wishes his old school-fellow to see him act, and quite as a matter of course, although a lover of the theatre, she renounces the promised treat. Her clerical husband, his parishioners, also, would not approve.

So the actor produces his little scheme and works it out before us. In a casual, semi-abstracted way he conveys the idea that he thinks the reverend husband is a fellow-actor,

and when this error is corrected he looks at him and his photograph with appraising eye and says if he isn't a fellow-actor he ought to be. Then he dresses up the chief church-worker with a few compliments, and although he has, in consequence, to endure a purgatorial quarter-hour listening to her said-to-be marvelous daughter elocute, he gets his way, and the flattered three are delighted to accept seats, and, with Mrs. Clergyman, to see the great actor act.

One swallow will not make a summer, but one salient idea will give a good hackhome to a play. The author carried out his idea very happily, adding to its worth by the dextrous touches with which, in his playing of the leading rôle, he indicated the satiric, although inoffending amusement of the actor.

Mr. G. Davison Clark was so clerical in appearance and demeanor that we found it natural and easy to forget that he was not so in fact. Doris Dagmar invested with a gentle roguishness the character of the wife, Alice Parks was amusing as the church-worker, and Polly Redfern played the docile elocutor with a happy feeling for burlesque that was humorous and enjoyable.

Another comedy, although on a much lower plane of merit, entitled "Three G. M.," found much favor with the audience, which enjoys nothing so much as the spectacle of an inebriated husband being vociferously scolded by a helplessly indignant wife. Julia Nash, who has a powerful speaking voice and



XXV.

Rates and Rights

You have your rights and we have ours.

You have a right to the lowest water rate that is fair to us.

We have a right to the highest water rate that is fair to you.

You have a right to demand that we manage your water supply honestly, efficiently, and as economically as possible.

We have a right to demand that you pay a fair price for what you get—its fair value. We can not long do business at a loss. You have no right to ask us to do it.

If your rights or our rights are infringed, there is something wrong somewhere.

The only way to make sure that your rights and our rights are respected is to consider them together in a friendly way.

It would do you no good to assert your rights at the expense of ours. It would do us no good to assert ours at the expense of yours.

We depend on each other—we need each other.

When it comes to fixing water rates, the only ground on which you and we can stand is this:

Common-sense recognition of each other's rights.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

trenchant way of uttering her lines, tackled the rôle with due physical vigor, Mr. C. H. O'Donnell being successful in indicating the pleasantly mellowed state of a husband partaking of a "three g. m." state of exhilaration.

Ted Doner, a cheerful, springy, light-footed youth, is, in spite of his lisp, ingratiating enough to please in his songs and patter, if only he had better material. However, he worked his way steadily into the favor of his audience, winning, at the close, through the quality of his dancing, the burst of hearty applause that sends the performer on his way rejoicing.

Julius Tannen has returned, and monologized amusingly enough to win, also, plenty of applause, and Ray W. Snow, assisted by pretty Narine Velmar, the latter the possessor of a dimpled back that lured the unanimous masculine gaze, gave the usual patter-and-flirtation act, Mr. Snow, however, putting into his work the quality and "class" that are missing in that of his fair partner.

Alice Eis gave a varied and handsomely mounted dancing number, the lady being as-

sisted by James Templeton, who is no singer, but can dance well. Miss Eis can sing a little and act very well. She inclines to the dramatic in her dances, thereby adding considerably to the interest attached to them. Her pretty figure is rather more rounded than is generally the case with the instinctive dancer, but she has disciplined it and taught it to make striking attitudes, and she worked up, in her series of dances, to a most effective climax when she concluded with the Indian story of the girl that danced with Death.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Voodooism.

The Voodoo worshippers of Cuba are divided into various sects, each with its separate god. The latter include Babagueye, god of sickness; Elecua, god of injury; Olorrun, god of misery, and Chango, the terrible god, to whom human sacrifices are made. Chango, according to the Voodoo belief, was the son of Olorrun and Anaragua. He was slain by Elecua, the god of injury, and ascended into Heaven from a Ceiba, or god tree, in the month of May. It is in the month of May therefore that the Brujos observe their holy week, when Chango is expected to make a week's visit to the earth, descending by the Ceiba, his sacred tree, always on Monday. The followers of Elecua do not directly offer human sacrifice, although their healers sacrifice the lives of some patient by giving them poisonous concoctions, supposedly a mysterious cure for some ailment, in order to restore to health some other patient. Elecua, being the god of injury, his followers believe that good can come to one person only through injury to another. Voodooism is not practiced by the negroes alone. Many white persons also are said secretly to take part in their religious meetings, and accusations have been heard in various quarters of the difficulties encountered by officers seeking to break up their temples because of the obstacles placed in their way by persons of influence. An active campaign by the authorities in Havana and other parts of the island have resulted in the capture of numerous Brujos and the seizure of many curious and weird objects used by them.

Educators' and women's organizations throughout the Dominion of Canada are urging and advancing the making of toys that teach. Toy-making has been introduced into the schools of Nelson, British Columbia, with excellent results, and the coöperation of schoolteachers all over Canada is being sought.

Italian heat too low in fuel value to be used for heating is being utilized in the manufacture of nitrogen fertilizers.

Elementary education in London costs £11 1s. 7d. per child per annum, and of that £6 16s. 5d. goes to the teacher.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"The Masquerader."

With Sunday night's performance Guy Bates Post will begin the third and final week of his engagement at the Curran Theatre in "The Masquerader." The run will end with the performance of Saturday night, October 4th.

San Francisco has seldom seen such acting as Post gives in "The Masquerader." It is a curious dual rôle that he is called upon to play and he is equally convincing as the drug-crazed member of Parliament, John Chilcote, and as John Loder, the ambitious young Canadian, who is Chilcote's physical double and his moral antithesis.

The star is given worthy support by a company which embraces such players as Alice John, Lionel Belmore, Clarence Handyside, Reginald Carrington, Ruby Gordon, Audrey Anderson, and others.

"Under Orders," a dramatic novelty of the first water, in that but two players are required to interpret it, will be presented at the Curran following Post and opening Sunday night, October 5th. The play was written by Berte Thomas and elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue.

The Alcazar.

One week did not prove sufficient for the crowds that wanted to see "Pollyanna" at the Alcazar, and its continuance for another week becomes imperative. The immense popularity of Eleanor H. Porter's "Pollyanna" stories, or glad books, which ran into editions of more than a million copies, led inevitably to their dramatization. Young and old, of all conditions, in big cities and small communities, have packed the theatres for four years to see their lovable characters visualized with the charm of human personality and spoken word.

In preparation is "The Naughty Wife," to be given by the New Alcazar Company for the first time in San Francisco. It is a widely discussed play of international success and its run at the Harris Theatre, New York, was a long one. It is now approaching its 750th performance at the Playhouse, London, where it has been given continuously since the fall of 1917.

Geraldine Farrar.

One week from tomorrow Geraldine Farrar and her concert company, consisting of Rosita Renard, the Chilean girl who ranks as one of the most talented pianists now before the public; Arthur Hackett, the Boston tenor of remarkable artistry, and Claude Gotthelf, the very capable accompanist, will be heard in her only concert in Northern California at the Curran Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 5th.

Miss Farrar will sing songs by Haydn, Franz, Brahms, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Berlioz, Gounod, d'Hardelot, and Massenet.

Miss Rosita Renard will play selections from Chopin, Saint-Saëns, Liszt, Strauss-Schulz-Evler.

Mr. Arthur Hackett will be heard in songs from Beethoven, René Rahey, Cesar Franck, Gabriel Faure, Poldowski, Cádman, Quilter, George C. Vieh, Koemenich, and Polak.

Symphony Orchestra.

That the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, scheduled to open October 10th, will be most successful financially, as well as artistically, is indicated by the sale of season tickets, now being conducted in the offices of the Musical Association of San Francisco in the Phelan Building. Season tickets are being sold for not only the Friday symphonies, but for the Sunday series (repetitions) and the Sunday "Pop" concerts.

Louis Persinger, who has won a high place in the affections of music lovers, will enter upon his fifth season as concertmaster and assistant conductor. His rare violinistic skill will be heard as well in soli. The eminently efficient Arthur Argiewicz and L. W. Ford will resume their positions as assistant concertmasters. Giulio Minetti, who has been away for a season, will head the second violin section.

Horace Britt will occupy the first chair of the violoncello section. This very popular artist will be heard in soli on several occasions during the season. Emilio Puyans will be chief flutist, and another favorite artist, Kajetan Attl, will be chief harpist.

AN ELEPHANT MOTHER.

To prove how amazingly elephants are like human beings in the way they discipline their young, a French traveler tells the following regarding an incident witnessed in an extensive lumber yard in Burina:

While the adult elephants were faithfully at work the youngsters played about the yard. The elephant that attracted the traveler's particular attention was hauling, in her chain harness, huge tree trunks from the bank of the river. She had a heavy load, a fact that her offspring did not realize. Bent on



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playing a prank, he wound his little trunk about one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his strength.

Conscious of the suddenly increased weight, the mother stopped and looked around. She saw the youngster and shook her head solemnly, but, paying no further heed to the teasing, bent again to her work. Meanwhile the little rascal with his mischievous trunk had loosened the ring that fastened the traces to the load.

While the mother was straining to set her burden in motion again her rascally son pulled with all his might against her, and pulled so sturdily that she was quite unaware that she had been disconnected from her load. Then, suddenly, the youngster let go. Naturally enough, the mother was thrown to her knees and her driver hurled in a wide circle from her back.

The culprit sought a huge woodpile that seemed to offer him at least temporary protection. His mother, however, was soon in pursuit, and he had to flee. Round and round the woodpile he dodged, but his mother, with her iron harness clanging noisily behind her, kept close at his heels.

Although the little one's greater agility gained some space for him at the corners, his mother eventually overtook him. The first blow of her trunk drew from him a howl of pain. At the second he sank, quite humbled, to his knees; and then he endured without a murmur, although with many tears, a sound thrashing. Finally the mother let him up. With tears still streaming and with drooping trunk, he took his disconsolate way out of the yard.

The little fellow had won the complete sympathy of the observer. Consequently he was overjoyed to witness during the noon hour a touching reconciliation. The mother did all she could to comfort the penitent little sinner; she caressed him with her trunk, cuddled him up against her, and looked at him as if to say, "You still have a mother who loves you."

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1st CONCERT OCT. 10th, AT CURRAN THEATRE
NO WAR TAX
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12 Friday Symphonies—Orch., \$24; balcony, \$24, \$18, \$12; gallery, \$12, \$8, \$6.
12 Sunday Symphonies—Orch. and 1st 3 rows Balcony, \$12; Balcony, next 13 rows, \$9; Gallery, 1st row, \$9; next 14 rows, \$6.
10 Sunday "Pops"—Orch., \$7, \$9; Balcony, 1st 3 rows, \$9; next 5 rows, \$7; next 8 rows, \$5; gallery, 1st 7 rows, \$5; next 8 rows, \$2.50.
Address mail orders with check to A. W. Widenham, secretary-mgr., Phelan Bldg.
Sale of seats for single concerts opens Mon., Oct. 6, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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VANITY FAIR.

Senator Dial, concerned with the high cost of living, enriches the world with his personal experiences. We are so dreadfully extravagant, he says, but in this respect the chief offenders are those who are earning high wages for the first time and, who can not see any reason why they should not spend them in any way they please. These people like to pay high prices. They have no other standard of qualities nor of values. They like to cut a swathe.

Senator Dial divulges some domestic intimacies in his efforts to make us understand. He has a friend and his friend has a wife. Said wife recently bought a pair of shoes and paid \$6 for them. Right here and now we rise to a point of order. Where did the lady buy a pair of shoes for \$6? Was the shopman there when she bought them, and if not, why not? Did she use illicit arts to get her shoes for such a price as this? But let it pass.

A few days later the friend's stenographer came to the office with a new pair of shoes, and the friend asked her what she paid for them. She had paid \$16, whereupon he told her that she was not able to pay such a price—and this in face of the fact that she had actually done so. The young lady replied, not inappropriately, that she had earned the money and that she would buy whatever she pleased and at whatever price she pleased. Good for her. Personally we were never guilty of even knowing whether the stenographer had a new pair of shoes. We should never look so low as that. And as for asking her what she had paid for them, we should expect to be fired on the spot. But there you are. All sorts of funny things go on in the United States Senate.

But Mr. Dial had other revelations to make. He knew of a colored man who asked to see some shirts. The two-dollar article was not good enough for him. Nor was the six-dollar shirt. He wanted something good, and eventually he bought three shirts at \$10 apiece. Some colored man, that. And then there was another man who bought six-dollar shirts and said that all the boys in the mills paid \$6 for their shirts.

Mr. Dial continued on his wild career. Like the victim of the Ancient Mariner, the Senate had no choice but to hear. He had recently dined with a friend, a rich man whose salary was \$25,000 a year, which is about \$500 a week, unless our mental arithmetic is much astray. We take due note of

the fact that Senator Dial has a friend of such wealth, and actually dines with him. The friend thought he would like to have a silk shirt. Never in his life had he owned such a thing, but the time had come to make a splurge. He went into the shop and asked in his lordly way for a silk shirt. But the price was \$12. He said: "I would consider it a reflection on my intelligence to pay \$12 for a shirt." Who bought such shirts? he asked, and was told that harpers and hack-drivers bought them. Now what do you think of that? Evidently this world is no place for poor creatures who have only \$500 a week. They will soon consider themselves lucky if they find an old harrel in a vacant lot to cover their nakedness. And then some one will make a corner in harrels, and there you are.

But there is something fishy about that story. The normal man never goes into a shop to ask the price of an article, or if he does he invariably pays it as though it were rather less than he expected. His favorite manoeuvre is to study the articles displayed in the window with their price tags. Women ask the prices of things and then reject them. But women are different. Women have courage. Moreover, they usually have no intention to buy anything. They are only shopping.

Women do strange things in shops. A New York jewelry salesman of vast experience says that wealthy women often come into his store and select a lot of jewelry on approval and then send them back the next day. All they wanted was an outfit for that evening's party. On one occasion, he says, a woman came in with a piece of jewelry that she wanted to change for something else. She had bought it at that store, but it was not quite what she thought it was and now she would like something else in its place. Inquiry elicited the fact that the article had been bought twelve years before, and presumably it had been worn constantly. Now it takes courage to do a thing like that, but women have it. The average man would rather walk up to the cannon's mouth, but the average woman never turns a hair when she is trying to get the better of a shopman. It is magnificent.

Henceforth the chorus girl is to receive \$30 a week while in New York and \$35 a week while on the road. Some arrangement has also been made by which the actor folk will be paid during rehearsals. They have all been astonishingly patient and astonishingly moderate. But we are still left to wonder how a chorus girl can live on \$35 a week while traveling.

It is not a creditable thing that a chorus girl should receive barely enough to keep body and soul together and that a movie star should be paid a salary much larger than that of the President of the United States. Our own opinion of the movie star is usually a low one and the chorus girl gives us much more pleasure.

It may be observed that we no longer indulge in unctuous discussions on the educational values of the movie. There are, of course, exceptions, most notable exceptions but we need now have no hesitation in saying that the movie is a national curse, the parent and the source of degradations and degeneracies. And it seems to be growing worse all the time, dirtier, coarser, viler.

The Adirondack camp—I do not mean the sort of shack we had twenty-five years ago on Brown's Tract Pond a few feet from where the railroad now runs by to Raquette Lake—but the huge log living house on the lake shore, with its sleeping quarters scattered here and there through the enveloping woods, and its dining-room somewhere else witnessing the regular conjunction of copious meals and a company of hungry guests, such a camp has always been civilization's most splendid achievement of an *urbis in rure* (says Harry Ayres in the *Review*). To dress as one pleases, to sleep out of doors, to find oneself, at the remove of but a few steps, lord of a pine-needle carpet which seemingly no man's foot had pressed before, to return to a fire-place capable of a whole *Etna* of flame, and there knit up the broken and twisted strands of old-time friendships, does civilization offer a finer delight? To make one's own flapjacks of a cold morning; to hivoac in the dark and drizzle, stealthily to stalk the enemy under guise of deer or trout, that, too, is magnificent, but it is war. We are speaking now only of the pleasures of civilization. It takes a long time to go camping as we used to do it. But in the Adirondack camp, the camp that has perfectly learned to maintain its comfort, even its splendor, amid an envious and delightfully contrasting wilderness, here even forty-eight hours is not too scant to contain infinite riches.

Electrification work on Belgian railways will be commenced at the beginning of 1920, and it is proposed that the journey between Brussels and Antwerp be made in twenty-five minutes, and to run trains every fifteen minutes.

TREASURE OF TIPPOO TIB.

Hidden in Extinct Volcano of Africa.

This is a story of a new and a true treasure, in the existence of which the British government believes so strongly that it has offered 10 per cent. of the cash value to the finder. Now that the war is over there is nothing to hinder any adventurer from seeking the ivory treasure of Tippoo Tib—1,000,000,000 pounds of ivory, \$25,000,000, and now probably three times as valuable. In the opinion of Talbot Mundy, novelist and former district commissioner in British East Africa, this treasure now lies hidden in the caves of the extinct African volcano, Mount Elgon.

"All you have to do to get it," Mr. Mundy says, "is to travel through a country where lions may amush you, herds of infuriated elephants charge you, tsetse flies give you sleeping sickness, crocodiles eat you and your overturned canoes, Masai condemn you to death by the torture of a poisoned spear, and cannibals take you for dinner—then, if you have survived successfully your journey, you must locate the right one out of many caves."

Mr. Mundy himself went hunting for this treasure, and he has put many of his own experiences into his newly published and decidedly thrilling novel of adventure, "The Ivory Trail."

"But I didn't find it," he admitted cheerfully to an interviewer, "and, so far as I know, all or most of it is still waiting to make somebody else many times a millionaire."

"How," he was asked, "did it get where it is? Who is Tippoo Tib? And what do you have to do to find his treasure?"

"Tippoo Tib," explained the author and follower of "The Ivory Trail," "is dead now, but he was the Arah whom H. M. Stanley made governor of half of the Congo. He was the highest ivory hunter and trader who ever lived since King Solomon. Also he was a slave trader."

"Then the British government got after him. It stopped his slave traffic, brought him to Zanzibar, and told him to settle down and be a good boy. Then it suggested he might tell where his ivory was buried, and offered to give him 10 per cent. of its value in money. Did he tell? Hardly. He said he would die with the secret. So far as I know, he did. I have a notion that he killed or turned over to cannibals most of the natives who helped him to bury his tusks—at least a million of them, if the rumors are anywhere near the truth. And since they never bothered to take a tusk weighing less than a hundred pounds, you can see how much ivory is in his hoard."

"It probably is scattered about quite a bit, along the routes of different caravans, slaves in which sickened and died, thus leaving tusks which could not be brought down to the coast. Such ivory is so bulky, no large numbers of tusks could be buried in the ground without making a mound, which would have been discovered long ago. That is one reason why I believe much of the stuff is in the caves of Mount Elgon—a wonderful elephant country, but hard on human beings, and with cannibal tribes in the caves to whom it would have been easy for Tippoo Tib to feed the slaves who knew too much about his secrets."

Then Mr. Mundy spoke of some of his own experiences in hunting the lost ivory treasure. A native of the Masai—the fiercest and most unruly of the African tribes—struck him in the leg with a spear which had been dipped in gangrene, to insure an agonizing death within a very few minutes.

"My native boys saved my life," he said. "They pinned me out on the ground, sitting on me and holding my wrists and ankles. Then the headman heated stems of grass in the fire and thrust them into the open spear wound. They were wonderfully loyal and brave to do it, for the treatment is frightful torture, and they were not at all sure I would not have them killed or at least beaten as soon as I was strong enough."

Another exciting experience, which he has described in detail in "The Ivory Trail," was being charged by a herd of infuriated elephants. "Toward where I stood, from every angle to my front, the whole herd stampeded. The foremost awoke with a battle din of falling trees and crashed undergrowth split apart by the trumpeting of angry hulls and the screams of cows summoning their young. It was a flood of maddened monsters, crazed with fear, pent by their own numbers, forced forward by the crowd behind, that invited me to dam them if I could."

He stood in line with a big rock which he hoped might break their ranks, but one hull caught sight of him, "trumpeted like a siren in the Channel fog, and came at me with raised ears and trunk outstretched. I fired four shots as fast as I could pump them from the magazine straight down the monster's red-hot throat, and he continued to come on as if I had not touched him. I kept the last shot—then felt his hot breath like a blast on my face, and let him have it straight down the throat again."

"He screamed—stopped—quivered right over me—toppled from the knees—and fell

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore



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like a landslide, pushed forward as he tumbled by the weight behind, and held from rolling sideways by the living tide on either flank. I tried to spring back, but his falling trunk struck me to the earth. On either side of me a tusk drove into the ground, and I lay still between them, as safe as if in bed while the herd crashed past right and left for so many minutes that it seemed all the universe was elephants."

On another occasion, a few hundred yards away from the postoffice at Nairobi, on a road passing between two small hillocks, Mr. Mundy happened to glance up, to see a lion on one hill and his mate on the other "staring at me with a sort of scandalized interest." He was unarmed, but luckily the great beasts turned away.

The little town of Sur, on the Syrian coast, is all that remains of Tyre. The shifting sands have filled the great harbor. The crown of Tyre was worn successively during the centuries of the westward march of progress by the Phœnician stepchild, Carthage; then by Italy; next by Hamburg and the leagued German cities of the Baltic; fourth by Portugal; fifth by Spain, the discoverer of the new world; sixth by Holland, and seventh, until 1914, by Great Britain.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A visitor at the Capitol was accompanied by his small son. The little boy watched from the gallery when the House came to order. "Why did the minister pray for all those men, papa?" he questioned. "He didn't. He looked 'em over, and prayed for the country," was the answer.

The teacher had spent twenty minutes impressing on her pupils the correct pronunciation of the word "vase." The following morning she wanted to find out if the children remembered, so she turned to one little boy suddenly and demanded: "What do you see on the mantelpiece at home, Jackie?" "Father's feet, miss," came the prompt reply.

A house-hunter saw an advertisement in the papers describing a charming house "with-in a stone's throw of the station." He made an appointment, and in due course was escorted to the house in question, two miles away. When they reached the threshold he turned to the agent suavely. "Would you mind introducing me," he whispered, "to the person who threw that stone?"

An Irishman was recently traveling in a train accompanied by a minister, when two very stout old ladies entered. They placed themselves one on each side of Patrick and he was much crushed between them. The minister, on seeing Pat so placed, remarked: "Are you quite comfortable?" To this question Pat quickly replied: "Sure, sorr, Oi haven't much room to complain."

It had long been a habit with Harold, who was now a senior, to approach his father for extra money quite frequently. "My father never gave me one-half as much as I allow you," said the much-imposed-upon parent angrily, one day when his son's demands had been particularly excessive. "Were you satisfied, dad?" asked Harold. "Certainly I was." "Then why should he?" asked Harold.

Swine fever had broken out in the village, and the local policeman had been appointed to call upon all owners of pigs and take particulars of each case. Rapping at the door of an old cottage, he was confronted by a shrewish-looking woman, who curtly asked him what he wanted. "I've called to see the swine," said the constable. "He's out," snappily replied the woman, and banged the door.

Little Elizabeth was spending a week with an aunt. On the first night, when bedtime came, the aunt asked her little guest if she was frightened in the dark. "Oh, no, auntie," replied Elizabeth. "That's lovely," said the aunt, with a sigh of relief. "I was a little afraid once," went on Elizabeth, "when I went into the pantry to get a cookie." "What were you afraid of then?" "I was afraid I couldn't find the cookie."

Two golf fiends—an Englishman and a Scot—were playing a round together. After the first hole, the Englishman asked: "How many did you take?" "Eight," replied the Scot. "Oh, I only took seven, so it's my hole!" exclaimed the Englishman, triumphantly. After the second hole, the Englishman put the same question again. But the Scot smiled knowingly. "Na, na, ma man," said he; "it's ma turn tae ask first."

A rather seedy-looking man rushed into a coach as the train stopped at the station, exclaiming: "Has any one any brandy?" A lady in the next coach has just fainted." Half a dozen flasks were at once offered. Seizing one, the man removed the stopper, and putting the flask to his lips, took a long, lingering pull at the fluid. "Ah," he exclaimed, with intense feeling, "I feel better now. Many thanks, sir. Seeing a woman faint always upsets me so."

A small boy who was playing at the end of the pier fell into the sea, and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a rowing boat. Half an hour afterwards, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder. "Are you the man who saved my son Ike's life?" he asked. "Yes," answered the much-exhausted hero. "Then," said the father in indignant tones, "we're his cap?"

Leoncavallo possessed a fund of humor which once landed him in an awkward predicament. Visiting incognito a provincial theatre where "Pagliacci" was billed, he found the stall on his left occupied by a music lover who applauded freely throughout the performance, and as the curtain fall remarked to his neighbor, "What a masterful piece!" The composer, being in the vein for a joke, replied: "Nothing of the kind. Speaking as a professional musician, I can assure you that

the opera is one mass of plagiarisms. The cavatina is practically all Berlioz. The opening duet is taken from Gounod. The finale sounds like a had imitation of one of Verdi's finales, and so on, from beginning to end." Leaving the town by train the next morning, Leoncavallo bought a local paper at the book-stall and found therein an article headed: "Confessions of a Plagiarist, Startling Admissions by Signor Leoncavallo." His neighbor was a journalist who happened to recognize the composer.

"Germany can argue and fuss, but she'll get practically nothing off the peace treaty." The speaker was Representative Steenerson. "Yes," he went on, "Germany's declamations are as futile as the interruptions of the widow. This widow, her black-edged handkerchief to her eyes, sat listening to her late husband's funeral sermon. 'And the dear departed,' said the preacher, 'was singularly blessed in his helpmate, now left a disconsolate widow of sixty-one years.' 'Fifty-nine, if you please, doctor—only fifty-nine,' said the widow sharply, and then she resumed her weeping."

They were crossing to France and the ship pitched and tossed about in an unusually bad storm. Most of the passengers had sought refuge below, but little Miss Sturges, an elderly spinster, was braving the terrors on deck. As the gale increased in fury, a chivalrous physician from the lady's home town came to her. "Pardon me, Miss Sturges, but it seemed to me you might be in some trouble. Can I help you? Have you chosen your life preserver?" "Oh, doctor," cried the maiden lady, with a gurgle of joy, as she tumbled into his arms, "how sweetly and romantically you have expressed it."

A "regular" from a Western army camp returned to his home in the East recently on an extended furlough. He was entertained extensively by his former companions and friends. One evening he told the boys about the Indian's great love for whisky. "Why, the way them Indians love whisky heats anything you ever saw," he remarked. "I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whisky; I'll give you my hridle for it,' he says. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my pony,' he says. 'No,' says I. Then he offered his hridle and saddle and pony, all in a hunch for one drink." "Well, wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked one of the boys. "Well, not much!" said the soldier, emphatically; "I only had one drink left."

"The race riots in Chicago remind me of the same sort of excitements that ran around Atlanta when I was living there as a young man," said George McDaniel recently. "My brother and I were both medicos—owners of smooth and virgin sheepskins. We shared the same office and lunched at the same counter. In the midst of wild confusion, one day, a wounded negro rushed into our office and begged for protection. This was freely granted, for we had no race prejudices, in spite of our Southern up-bringing. We also poured salve on the negro's bruises. 'Yo' shuah been good to me,' said the grateful darky, turning to my brother, 'an' I'll 'member it, doc. Say, if yo' ever kills anybody mah friends and I'll get yo' out if we have to hust the jail to do it.'"

An honest old farmer came in the house and found a sewing-machine agent demonstrating to the women what fine work it would do. The agent asked the farmer to bring him a shingle, and said: "I will show you that the Wonder Worker machine will do heavy work, for I will stitch right across the tip of the shingle, where it is at least one-sixteenth of an inch thick." "Not interested," said the farmer. "Over 'cross here 'bout three miles northeast a young man built a house last summer and I'll be durned if his wife didn't take her Mechanical Wonder sewin' machine and stitch on ev'ry blame course of clapboards, from gable and eaves clean 'down to the sills." As the agent slammed his machine into his light truck and chugged away the farmer turned to his wife and said: "Well, Rita, I sewed that agent up all right, didn't I? Now let's have supper."

Frank L. Smith, a seaman, late of Dunkirk, France, recently was returned to his home in Los Angeles and was cornered by a reporter. "What did you see over there?" demanded the reporter, using the regular formula. "Oh, nothing much. You see, I was in Dunkirk and that was behind the lines." "Dunkirk, eh? Say wasn't that the place the Germans shot up so much?" "I reckon it was." "Well, didn't you get into much action?" "Nope. I spent most of my time in the cellars with the rest of the boys." "Cellars? Was it air raids?" "Yes, we had a few." "How many were you in?" "Sixty-five." "How many bombardments were you in?" "Thirty-five—from the land." "How many from the sea?" "About a dozen." "Anybody get killed in Dunkirk?" "Nearly

everybody." "And they didn't hit you?" "No, but they tried every night for ten months. Say, ho, there aint no use you talking to me. I was in the navy. Ask some of those fellows who were at the front. They'll give you a story. Honest, I didn't see a thing," and with that Frank L. Smith amhled down the street to see what was to be seen.

He was a lawyer, and a good lawyer when he was soher, but as his country was going dry July 1st, he had few chances to show how good a lawyer he really was. Night after night he came home looking more like the Northern Lights than a human being, which greatly alarmed his wife and friends. "Don't scold him, Mrs. Blank," a friendly neighbor advised. "That will only make him worse. Try kindness. When he comes home wondering if it's night or morning put yourself out to be gracious to him." A few night later Blank came home, after a forty-eight-hour absence. He was in his usual condition and he nearly fell through the door as it was opened. But wife was there with a smile. "Come right in, dear," she said. "You look awfully tired. My, but you're working hard and I'm so sorry." She helped him to a chair and saw that he was comfortable. "Now," she said comfortingly, "don't you feel better? You want a smoke? Don't move; I'll get you one." Blank stared at her. He couldn't quite comprehend. "Now," she said, "let's see, what else do you want. Oh, yes, a nice cool drink, with a good kick in it. What do you say?" Blank still stared. He stared some more. Then he sank back with a smile. "A'right," he said. "Put a good—hic—good kick in it. Might's well—hic. I'll get—hic—hell when I get home anyway."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Dog's a Dog for A' That.

Although he has no pedigree
And takes no prize, and a' that.
Although he may a mongrel be,
A dog's a dog for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
For what's a prize and a' that?
He still can be a bonny beast,
The friend o' man and a' that.

Although his blood may not be blue,
Though he lacks "points" and a' that,
To child and man he can be true,
A dog's a dog for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
For what are "points" and a' that,
Can he not wag his tail as well,
And bark as loud for a' that?

Although his ears may not be clipped
And pointed up and a' that,
Although his tail may not be nipped,
A dog's a dog for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His ears may flop and a' that,
A mongrel cur is still a dog,
The friend o' man, and a' that!

—Minnie F. Burgess, in Life.

Inside Dope.

(A physician recommends the removal of the large intestine as a means of prolonging life.)

Fare thee well! and if, forever,
Large intestine, fare thee well!
A physician says that I can
Do without thee just as well.
Furthermore, he says, without thee
I shall live a longer life,
Hurry with the anæsthetic!
Hasten with the carving knife!
Soon, oh useless large intestine,
When the germ of age doth grow,
You may meet the appendix,
That I lost some time ago!
In the wondrous realm of science
Such astounding things befall,
Soon it may become the fashion
To have no inside at all!

—Cartoons Magazine.

The Real State of Things.

(A well-known cinema player deplores the widespread belief that "stars" who depict a certain type of character behave similarly in private life.)

A wild buffoon in Filmland's realm,
At home I've milder habits;
In hours of ease I grow sweet peas
And dote on rearing rabbits;
And when I meet upon his beat
An inoffensive bobhy,
To cuff and clout and lay him out
Is not my favorite hobby.

My headgear isn't quaintly small,
My garments don't need mending;
I scorn such tricks as planting kicks
On portly men caught bending;
I don't glad-eye fair passers-by,
I'm not weak-kneed or bandy,
Nor do I rush to wield the brush
When whitewash pails are handy.

At restaurants I don't evoke
The plaudits of spectators
By tearing tripe, or hurling ripe
Tomatoes at the waiters;
And those who've seen me on the screen
Afflicted with a "kick" 'll
Be pleased to know that I can show
A treasured temperance medal.

—F. J. Whitmarsh, in London Opinion.

Sweet Young Thing—Why do men join clubs? *Sour Old Dub*—Well, some join because they have no homes and some because they have.—Life.

Life Without Microbes.

Microbes are not indispensable to all life if they are indispensable to any. The question has been definitely settled, it is claimed by some authorities.

A cage completely sterilized at 90 degrees was made and the openings of the cage closely stopped with cotton and protected from the outside by a hermetically closed metallic chamber. Such manipulations as were necessary in opening the cage were made by hands guarded by aseptic rubber cloth. Into such sterilized cage three hens' eggs were placed after having been externally sterilized. The cage was fitted with a glass pavilion or chicken run, where the chickens could develop during their six weeks' sojourn in the cage. In the cage were sterilized air, pure water, sterilized sand, and sterilized feed.

The experiments showed that life does not depend upon microbes, but that the vital work of the organism is easy and natural when everything is sterilized.

There are many submarine coal deposits off the British Isles, but so far they are not much worked. The tunnels of the mines at Whitehaven extend some four miles from the shore under the Irish Sea, however, and there also is some submarine coal mining at Bolness, near the Firth of Forth, and at Monkwearmouth in Durham.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis announce the engagement of Miss Frederika Otis and Mr. Warren Smith of Guatemala. Their marriage will take place during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr gave a luncheon Saturday at the St. Francis. The guests included Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. James Keeney, Miss Flora Doyle, Miss Lillie O'Connor, and Mr. John Burroughs of New York.

Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a luncheon Saturday in Menlo in honor of Miss Edna Taylor, the guests having included Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Katherine Kuhn, and Miss Jean Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a luncheon Saturday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Commander William Van Antwerp.

Mrs. Elmer Jennings gave a luncheon Saturday in Atherton. Her guests included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Stewart McNab, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Miss Florence Bandmann, and Miss Julia Van Fleet.

Mrs. James Langborne gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Miss Sara Cunningham. Among the guests were Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Platt Kent, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Miss Edith Bull, Miss Mary Eyre, and Miss Helen Cheselbrough.

Mrs. William S. Porter entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday at the St. Francis. In the party were Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Andrew Welch, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Mrs. Gayle Anderton entertained at tea a few days ago at the San Mateo Polo Club, her guests having included Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Chauncey Penney, Mrs. Platt Kent, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. William Parrott, and Mrs. Berrien Anderson.

Miss Mary Gorgas gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at the Palace in compliment to Miss Katherine and Miss Mary Shoemaker of New York.

Miss Claire Knight was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Adèle Chevalier. Among the guests were Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Mora MacDonald, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Dorothea Powell, Miss Elizabeth Watt, and Miss Janice Ewer.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering gave a luncheon Tuesday in Santa Barbara in honor of Miss Marion Zeile.

The Misses Katharine and Dolly Kuhn gave a dance Monday evening in Burlingame. Their guests included Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Fran-

ces Pringle, Miss Ynez Macondray, Mr. Arthur Mejia, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Maurice Duaine, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. John Hunter, and Mr. Walter White.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker entertained a dinner and theatre party Monday evening in honor of Lord Ashley, who is visiting here from England. Their guests were Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Coralie Mejia, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Lord Ashley, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. Jernyn Pratt of St. Louis, and Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour entertained a week-end party at their home in Rutherford, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott entertained at a buffet luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Sunday evening in honor of Señor Manuel Mora.

Miss Erna Herrmann was the guest of honor at a dinner given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Max Bertheau. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann, Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau, Mr. and Mrs. William Herrmann, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cramer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Felton, Mrs. Ralph McCurdy, Mrs. Frank Anderson, and Miss Johanna Volkmann.

Mrs. R. A. Curran gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Santa Barbara. Her guests included Mrs. Austin Sands, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, and Mrs. Hayes Smith.

Mrs. Crawford Clarke gave a tea Thursday at her home in Presidio Terrace. Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. Buchanan assisted their mother in receiving the guests.

Mrs. Stuart Haldorn gave a luncheon Thursday at the St. Francis. Her guests included Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Santa Barbara. Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Daulton Mann, and Mrs. Roy Pike.

Mrs. William Bourn gave a tea Thursday in San Mateo for the benefit of the Seaman's Institute.

Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Long Beach was the guest of honor at a garden party given Friday by Mrs. Frank Stringham in Claremont.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago were the guests of honor at a dinner given Saturday evening at the Burlingame Club by Mr. Raymond Armsby. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Charles Clark, and Commander William Van Antwerp.

Mrs. Edward Clark gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear gave a week-end party at the Mount Diablo Country Club, having among their guests Miss Betty George, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty Folger, Mr. George McNear, Mr. Blair Brooks, and Mr. William Magee.

Palace of Fine Arts.

The most important event in the history of the Museum in the Palace of Fine Arts since the opening of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's loan collection in the winter of 1916 will take place on Friday afternoon, October 3d, at 3 o'clock, when the Oriental Department will be formally opened with a private view and reception. Fourteen permanent new galleries have been especially prepared by Director Laurvik for the installation of six loan collections, which include some of the finest specimens of Oriental art ever shown in this country. The collections total several thousand specimens, comprising rare and choice examples of ancient Chinese paintings, Japanese and Chinese brocades, lacquers, cloisonnes, bronzes, ivories, porcelains, potteries, stone sculptures, and one of the finest collections of Japanese prints by the great masters.

The collection of Japanese priest robes alone is pronounced by competent experts as the finest in this country, surpassing by far anything in the possession of the Metropolitan or Boston museums. Where these institutions have three or four, or at most a score of specimens, the collection in the Palace of Fine Arts numbers several hundred of the choicest and rarest items obtainable.

Another item of great interest and value to students of craftsmanship is the unusually complete and beautiful collection of Netsukes, which alone comprises nearly a thousand examples brought together over a long period of years after infinite selection and rejection of inferior specimens.

But perhaps even more interesting than any of these is a collection of ancient lamps from every corner of the Orient and the Mediterranean countries. This collection includes beautiful specimens of quaint, curious, and artistic lamps from ancient Greece, Rome, and Etruria—from Turkey, Morocco, Arabia, and Palestine, as well as from Korea, China, and Japan. It is the most complete collection of its kind in this country.

The presentation of all this varied and interesting material is expected to set a standard of Museum installation on the Coast which will add another brilliant achievement to the many so far recorded by the Museum in the Palace of Fine Arts.

By far the biggest artificial lake in the world is near a place called Manchar, in India. When full to the brim its surface area is 115,000 acres, or approximately 180 square miles.

CURRENT VERSE.

"Against My Second Coming."

"Against my second coming,"
Christ the Lord hath said,
"Provide with driven thunder
The nations for my bed,
Make plain the path before me
With lightning from the skies
When unbelief shall open
And all the dead arise."
"With patience beyond wisdom
And knowledge beyond grace
I have prepared my peoples
At last to bear my face;
By many intimations
The final truth is known,
And all the lone discover
They never were alone.

"Against my second coming,"
The good Lord Jesus saith,
"Ten million young men lightly
Shall charge the gates of death,
Until, grown still with wonder,
They know how far they came
Through many habitations
Eternally the same.

"Behold, I knit the nations
With instant words of light,
And on the clouds of heaven
My winged feet are bright;
Beneath the seas I smite them
And through the mountain's core
The splendor of my coursers
Escapes the granite door.

"The shining page my hillside,
I need no special sea,
For fishing-boats are paper,
And oceans, Galilee.
I walk no more among you
On brown and lovely feet,
But yet my band is on you,
And still my lips are sweet.

"My perfect consummation
Ye can not put aside,
I am the living Jesus
Who will not be denied;
The moment of your anguish,
When all seemed dead but death,
I drew you to my bosom," . . .
The good Lord Jesus saith.
—Willard Wattles, in the Outlook.

Dead Men Tell No Tales.

They say that dead men tell no tales!
Except of barges with red sails
And sailors mad for nightingales;
Except of jongleurs stretched at ease
Beside old highways through the trees;
Except of dying moons that break
The hearts of lads who lie awake;
Except of fortresses in shade,
And heroes crumbled and betrayed.
Except old tales that burn away
The stifling tapestries of day:
Old tales of life, of love and hate,
Of time and space, and will, and fate.
—Hanial Long, in Poetry.

The Trainers.

My name is Trouble—I'm a busy bloke—
I am the test of Courage—and of Class—
I bind the coward to a bitter yoke,
I drive the craven from the crowning pass;
Weaklings I crush before they come to fame,
But as the red star guides across the night
I train the stalwart for a better game,
I drive the valiant to a harder fight.
My name is Hard Luck—wrecker of rare dreams—
I follow all who seek the open fray;
I am the shadow where the far light gleams
For those who seek to know the easy way;
Quitters I break before they reach the crest,
But where the red field echoes with the drums
I build the fighter for the final test,
I mould the brave for any drive that comes.

My name is Sorrow—I shall come to all—
To you—and you—along the Trail of Joy;
By street and stream I pay my certain call
Before the sweetness of success can cloy;
And weaker souls shall weep amid the throng
And fall before me, broken or dismayed;
But braver hearts shall know that I belong
And take me in serene and unafraid.

My name's Defeat—but through the bitter fight
To those who know I'm something more than friend;
For I can build beyond the wrath of might
And drive away all yellow from the blend;
For those who quit I am the final blow,
But for the brave who seek their chance to learn
I show the way at last beyond the foe
To where the scarlet flames of triumph burn.
—George Grantland Rice, in New York Tribune.

Adorning the Men.

New Guinea is the home of a large percentage of the world's birds of paradise. The supply of these beautiful birds is fast failing. Not only do the women of Europe and America demand feathers for their bonnets, but the natives of New Guinea and surrounding islands make lavish use of the plumage as head dresses.

Some precautions are now taken to prevent visitors to New Guinea from killing the "most beautiful birds in the world," but the natives are left alone, and they continue to deck themselves out in capes and headpieces more gorgeous than any seen on our stage beauties or the wives of our millionaires.

In New Guinea it is the man who affects birds of paradise decorations. The women,

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like the female bird of paradise, are inconspicuous in dull colors.

To obtain the much-prized feathers the New Guinea natives set out for the forest, knowing that the bird of paradise seeks to conceal his rainbow hues in the dense foliage of the trees. If they can find no haunt of the desired birds they start calling in excellent imitation of the shrill, ugly cry of the bird of paradise to its mate. This ruse is usually successful, and a bird shows itself only to be snared or shot down with arrows.

In mating season the male bird dances before the female he desires as a mate to display his beautiful feathers, and at such a time so absorbed are the birds in their own affairs that large numbers are taken easily by the wily natives.

The average weight of the circulating blood in the human body is twenty-eight pounds.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Dourn have gone to Del Monte, where they will remain until the end of September.

Mr. Frank Madison, the Misses Caroline and Margaret Madison, and Mr. Marshall Madison will close their home in San Rafael the middle of October and will come to San Francisco, where they have taken apartments in Gough Street for the winter.

Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., is spending a few days at Del Monte, where he has been participating in the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, and Mr. Atherton Macondray, Jr., have returned to Palo Alto, after a week's visit at the St. Francis.

The Misses Sally and Mildred Calhoun have arrived from Frankfort, Kentucky, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster in San Rafael.

Mrs. George Wells and Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna left Friday for New York, after having spent the summer in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent.

Mrs. Clara Darling has taken an apartment at Stanford Court for the winter season.

Mrs. Walter Martin and Miss Mary Martin left Thursday for New York, where the latter will attend school.

Miss Pauline Wheeler has returned from France, where she was engaged in canteen work for several

months. Miss Catherine Wheeler, who has been in Washington for some time, also returned during the week to San Francisco.

Mrs. Macondray Moore returned Tuesday from Santa Barbara, where she has been summering.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lilienthal have taken possession of their new home in Burlingame, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Splivalo have taken a house in San Mateo for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf have returned to Oakland from Santa Barbara.

Mr. Henry Dutton has gone to Santa Barbara for a brief visit. Later in the year he will join Mrs. Dutton in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum left Saturday for New York.

Mrs. Frederick McNear and Mr. Edward McNear left Thursday for the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. John Douglas and Mrs. David Calhoun have left for St. Louis, after having spent the summer in California. They were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tolhin left Saturday for New York to be gone a month.

Mr. Norris Davis has returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their daughters will spend the winter in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell have returned from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., left Sunday on a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. Madison Grant of New York, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, left Thursday for the East.

Miss Marion Zeile has returned to Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs sailed Thursday for Paris, where she will spend the winter.

Princess Braganza, who had planned to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, has postponed her visit here until the spring.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Earl Shipp have gone to Mare Island, where the former will be stationed for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Volkmann are in New York at the Hotel Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short have returned to town from a summer in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ozro Childs of Los Angeles are visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley have arrived from Monterey and are at the St. Francis.

Miss Betty George left yesterday for New York to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris, who have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartigan in Buenos Aires, will come to San Francisco next month to make a visit of several weeks before returning to New York for the winter.

Mrs. Henry Lund and Miss Beatrice Lund left for the Atlantic coast Thursday.

Miss Marion Zeile and Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering have returned to Santa Barbara from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago, who

have been summering in Santa Barbara, left Tuesday for their Eastern home. During their sojourn in San Francisco they visited Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. H. L. Flowellen, Palestine, Texas; Mr. Hugh Hynds, Denver, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Harris, San Diego; Mr. S. J. Richmond, Los Angeles; Mr. W. E. Tretheway, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ross, West Rutland, Vermont; Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Milnes, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. E. R. West, Detroit; Mr. J. F. Grant, Houston, Texas; Mr. O. S. Baketel, New York City; Mrs. A. J. Buttener, Vancouver, British Columbia; Mr. Tennant Lee, Mr. C. S. Henderson, Mr. George D. Lounshery, Los Angeles.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. F. G. Wilstach, New York City; Mr. D. A. Hamburger, Los Angeles; Mr. B. F. Hutchens, Los Angeles; Mr. D. W. Carmichael, Sacramento; Mr. W. A. Thompson, Mr. C. E. Searle, Milwaukee; Mr. J. D. McChesney, Seattle; Mr. Horace Anderson, Oklahoma City; Mr. A. J. Pederson, Honolulu; Mr. John C. Lewis, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Benton Geary, New York City; Mrs. Charles W. Dabney, Miss M. G. Jones, Santa Barbara; Mr. Thomas Baird, Los Angeles; Mr. J. Barry, Buenos Ayres, Argentina; Mr. O. E. Ralstrom, New York City; Mr. J. F. Byrne, Manila.

Birds on Battlefields of Europe.

In an interesting article, G. Inness Hartley, captain, Three Hundred and Second Ammunition Train, A. E. F., tells of his experience as follows:

"We arrived in the Argonne Forest in the latter part of September. Back of the lines, which had been quiet for two years, the forest life, so far as it had to do with birds, was normal. Migration had commenced and the woods were full of feathered creatures I had never seen before. Between the trenches, in No-Man's Land, finches were common, for the entire area, except small exciting sections where No Man's Land consisted only of a great coil of wire between the opposing trenches, was grown over with weeds and low bushes. Here old nests were later found built on the barbed wire. Wrens made their homes in nooks of the trenches. Magpies dotted the grassy hottomlands and flew to the dead poles that four years before had been trees. Crows were scarce, for the pickings were poor, and did not appear in numbers until a few days after the attack commenced.

"The famous harrage that opened the battle lasted for many hours. Tens of thousands of shells were fired. One battery of four guns alone fired thirty-two hundred rounds and there were hundreds of guns in action. The noise and concussion was terrific. And yet, a few days later, when I was more at leisure to examine the hattered areas, the birds were



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still there in their accustomed haunts, or what was left of them. Several wrens had quarters in the same old trench as I, and the terrible blast of a six-inch rifle perched a few yards above us affected them less than it did me. They only cocked their tails at the report and looked wise.

"A camp was sure to attract hundreds of larks, starlings, and English sparrows to feed on the scraps and grain thrown out. One night the enemy homed a large field in which rested hundreds of weary men and horses. At dusk the spaces around the wagons and near the picket lines were covered with larks and sparrows."

The human body is subject to some 2400 diseases, but normally a person is liable to seventeen, and physicians say probably will experience only half a dozen.

Thirteen was the sacred number of the Mexicans and the ancient people of Yucatan. Their week had thirteen days, and they had thirteen snake gods.

DON'T MARRY A PRINCE

Princess Hassan, the beautiful Ola Humphries of Oakland, says her royal Egyptian husband pays \$25,000 a year for his cigarettes, squandered \$2,000,000 in fourteen months, and wants to be buried with two cases of champagne--in the story of her stormy life with him for

NEXT SUNDAY'S

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

SEPTEMBER 28th

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First Member—What's going to happen to this club? *Second Member*—Heaven knows! A man might just as well live at home.—*Life*.

"Is Flubdub a profound lawyer?" "Very. He'd lug Magna Charta into a dog case."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"How do you meet the high cost of living?" "You are not supposed to meet it. It overtakes you."—*Washington Star*.

Priscilla postcards a little problem: "What becomes of a man's word when he won't keep it and no one else will take it?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Crawford—She's suing him for divorce on the ground of desertion. Did he abandon her? *Crabshaw*—Not exactly, but he joined a golf club.—*Life*.

Edith—So you had to give Tom a hint before he proposed, eh? *Betty*—Yes, he didn't seem to be equipped with a self-starter.—*Toledo Blade*.

Reggie Callan—Love for you has driven me half crazy. *Miss Bright*—Too bad, Reggie; but who completed the job?—*Cleveland Leader*.

First Politician—There's a section down my way that's got a forest, a deep quarry, and a swamp. I wonder if there's anything we can

use it for? *Second Politician*—Sure. Just the thing to use as a detour while we repair the state road.—*Judge*.

"Pa, what is a *sine qua non*?" "Don't ask me. I haven't had the car long enough to understand all those technical names yet."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Letties is a very careless girl." "How so?" "When I told her to take a good look at young Flipkins the other day she dropped her eyes."—*Baltimore American*.

"Julius Caesar did a great deal of writing for a busy man." "Yes. In addition to being a warrior and a statesman he was his own publicity staff."—*Washington Star*.

"That fellow is a poet, a genius." "Hub! A rhymester isn't necessarily a genius." "He gets ten thousand a year from a biscuit factory." "He's a genius, all right."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Head Waiter (fishing)—I dreamed last night, sir, that you gave me a five-pound note. *Stingy Patron*—Indeed, James! That's a bit steep for a tip, but—you may keep it.—*Landon Passing Show*.

"The poet has a tough time of it, nowadays." "Why so?" "He's the only man who can't claim that the cost of labor makes it necessary for him to increase the price of his stuff."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"The Socialist orator got things in rather a military mix-up." "How so?" "He said general apathy as the kernel of the matter was to blame for the major part of the corruption."—*Baltimore American*.

"So you prefer the city to the country?" "Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "In the city you're liable to run over something, but in the country you're liable to strike a grade crossing and get run over."—*Washington Star*.

Flannigan (listening to new jazz record)—What kind iv music do ye call that, Norah? *Daughter*—That's a fox-trot, daddy. *Flannigan*—An' how many tin cans did th' fox bave tied to his tail when he throtted?—*Buffalo Express*.

"Do you intend to resume your visits to Europe next summer?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls don't seem to be takin' near the interest they did in royal titles and ancestral estates."—*Washington Star*.

"What kind of coal do you wish, mum?" "Dear me, I'm so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?" "Oh, yes.

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We have egg coal, chestnut—"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Turnips—I say, old chap, what sort of business did you do with your Shakespearean repertory this season? *Carrots*—Rotten! "Twelfth Night" didn't see the second night; "As You Like It" wasn't as they liked it; "A Winter's Tale" couldn't be continued; "The Midsummer Night" was frosty; the "Merchant" did no trade, and "The Tempest" swamped us.—*Cartoons Magazine*.

Crabshaw—Why do you wish to leave school and go to work when you're so young? *Willie*—It's this way, dad. School is going to be a tough place for the next few years.

We'll have a new map of Europe to study, and if we fall down on it the teacher is likely to give us the constitution of the league of nations to learn by heart.—*Life*.

Cholly—Miss Amy prefers to go in the surf with me because she says she feels so safe with me. *Jack*—Yes; she told me no matter what happened, she knew your head would always float.—*Baltimore American*.

Bald Customer—This stuff you sold me is a fake. I've rubbed it on my head for weeks without result, yet you said it would grow hair on a billiard ball. *Druggist*—Well, how the deuce can you expect it to grow hair on a billiard ball if you rub it on your head?—*Boston Post*.



The Argonaut.

Vol. LXXXV. No. 2219.

San Francisco, October 4, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Third Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Today, a Carnival of Extravagance—Tomorrow, the Bread Line.

It is obvious to every intelligent mind that there must come a halt in the boosting of prices and wages. Neither this community nor any other can meet the constantly advancing demands; or, in truth, continue to answer present demands. The strain is more than the industrial and economic fabric can endure. Yet, in the face of these plain assurances, prices are steadily marked up and demand follows demand in every industry. Back of all this there is evidently a fixed purpose—nothing less than that of breaking down investment values. That the multitudes who fall in behind the leadership of exploiters and agitators are conscious of this sinister purpose it is difficult or impossible to believe. None the less that purpose controls and constitutes the vital motive in the activities above defined.

The theory of the promoter of extravagant and impossible wage demands is that by destroying investment values there will be established a condition favorable to labor. The reasoning is that if by cutting down or the annihilation of the capital account, capital charges may be reduced, then a larger proportion of earnings may be taken by labor under such forms of exaction as it has learned how to enforce. It need not be argued that the theory is an unsound one, since it is a condition and not a theory that must be faced.

That there exists in the country any general disposition to confiscate or annihilate investment values we

do not believe. As a people we are not prepared to turn plunderers and robbers, neither are we sufficiently lacking in common sense to understand that annihilation or confiscation would end in an economic cataclysm. But no argument holds good against the spirit which now rules in the spheres of exploitation and agitation. The fever will run its course until it shall be checked abruptly by the bursting of the bubbles in pursuit of which various elements are now frantically engaged.

The medicine for this universal distemper is that which comes, and can only come, through a period of paralysis or stagnation—in other words to a period of hard times. It is a nauseous dose; it hurts everybody and the hurt goes deep; but again and again in times past its efficacy has been demonstrated. The inflation of everything, including ambitions and ideas, now riding a wild course will continue so long as demands can be enforced. The end will come sooner or later, and it will be symbolized in the familiar but distressing remedy—the bread line.

The Crisis in England.

A wide outlook upon British economic and social history is essential to a view of the immediate crisis in its true perspective. Primarily Britain is a pastoral and agricultural country, capable in the normal order of things of sustaining a moderate population from direct and indirect products of the soil. She has further elements of wealth, vastly important as related to her career during the past century, in the form of coal and iron deposits. Upon the basis of these last-named resources, supplemented by racial aggressiveness, inventive genius, industrial discipline, and commercial enterprise, she has built up a colossal manufacturing business. Early in the great industrial movement which began a century or more ago she made shift to turn the new order of things to profitable account, although handicapped by a limited capability for domestic food production and by lack of many raw materials essential to modern industry. She quickly outstripped the world in productive and commercial energy. Long ago she became a veritable hive of mechanical industry, importing food for her increasing millions of workers and raw materials for her expanding industries. In recent decades she has so far outgrown her natural limitations as to have become almost exclusively an industrial country, receiving through the agency of a vast maritime commerce food for her people and raw stuffs for her factories, concurrently sending out to the ends of the earth the finished productions of her thousands of works and mills. Under this order of things her population has grown far beyond the normal capabilities of the country regarded as a source of food supply.

The ability of Britain in the past century thus to sustain and enrich herself despite geographical and other handicaps has rested upon a systematic exploitation of the energies of her people. Relatively cheap and docile labor has enabled her to meet the competition of the world and to accumulate a vast capital, the latter mainly in the hands of a comparatively limited exploiting class. While the wealth of England piled up in terms of billions and while her proprietary classes grew rich, her working population—the vast majority of her people—were held to conditions limited to the bare means of subsistence. For the better part of a century the lot of the average British workingman has been severe to the degree of hardship and, in many employments, to that of moral and physical degradation. A civilization in many of its aspects attaining unprecedented standards has been sustained concurrently with conditions of life tending to destroy in the multitude the spur of ambition with the inspiration of hope for better things. Anybody who has taken pains

to observe closely the life of the British working classes as illustrated in factory towns and in the coal districts will bear witness to its all but universal misery and to its general atmosphere of demoralization. If there be on this round earth a more depressing experience than a tour through the workmen's quarters of Liverpool, Carlyle, Sheffield, or any one of many other manufacturing centres in Britain, we know not where it may be found. From cradle to grave the lives of multitudes of British workingmen are spent in grinding toil, in domestic conditions pitifully squalid, with no outlook of cheer or hope. Under these conditions it is not surprising that habits of drunkenness with other demoralizing vices have seized upon and possessed relatively large numbers.

In recent years there has grown up under the leadership of the more vital element of British labor a trades-union movement under which there has been some amelioration of the working life of the people. While not unmarked by extravagances and excesses, it has upon the whole done much for the working class. It has had, quite different from the unionistic movement in our own country, a generally intelligent and moderate leadership. In the main it has aimed at legitimate things, likewise in the main it has been sustained with consideration for the vital interests of the country. Broadly speaking, it may be said that class welfare rather than individual exploitation has been illustrated in its activities. But while unionism has held a strong position in relation to British industry, it had not up to the beginning of the world war succeeded in radically advancing the intelligence of the working class or in lifting it into cleanly, orderly, and wholesome conditions of life. Under military examination it was found that something like one-third of the younger manhood of the working classes were physically disqualified for service in the army. And when later in the great struggle multitudes of defectives were brought into military service it was found that wholesome food with out-of-door life, even under the rigors of war, tended immediately to physical and moral up-building. An American student of British conditions has characterized the course of modern British policy in its relations to the physical manhood of the country as "a red ink draft upon the national vitality."

The movement for better conditions of life for the British working classes—for higher wages, for shorter hours of labor, for better housing, for school facilities, etc.—was becoming insistent prior to the war. Along with every other domestic movement and interest it subsided in deference to the national emergency. The British workingman did a full part in the war, but he took care through the agencies of unionism and of politics to exact from the government pledges for the future. Likewise he took care that in the industries essential to the promotion of the war rates of wages should be largely advanced as compared with pre-war wages in general industry. The spirit of sacrifice essential to prosecution of the war on the part of the British masses was not without an accompaniment of the spirit of thrift. Again and again as the struggle progressed and as its requirements grew onerous pledges were renewed and advanced to the effect that the future should hold for the British masses something better than they had known.

There was that in war service which tended to stimulate ambition on the part of the British masses. Better food, with military training and regularity of life, developed a higher vitality. Contact with the open-air-bred Canadian and Australian, and later with the American, gave stimulus to personal spirit. The soldier became a better man in every sense than the factory worker had been; and the reactions of his

acquired spirit and stimulated self-respect had an important influence upon others of his class held at home in the labors of manufacture or in the service of transportation on land and sea. Speaking broadly, the man released at the end of the war from war service at home or abroad was a man of better physical fibre and of revived spirit as compared with the man of previous times and conditions.

We have lightly sketched the background of industrial life in Britain because it will help to an understanding of the very grave problems which which British interest, British fortitude, and British policy now stand face to face. Five years of desperate warfare has depleted British capital and piled up a prodigious public debt. In addition to the ordinary cost of government the country is now under pledge of an annual interest charge of enormous proportions. Equally serious is a condition of industrial and commercial paralysis due to disturbance—in truth to an actual breakdown—of the national energies. For the time being at least the great activities of manufacture and commerce upon which Britain has lived and thrived are at a dead halt. Paralysis is all but absolute, and the situation is rendered the more serious by the fact that labor insists upon redemption of the pledges under which its coöperation in the war was gained. It makes peremptory demand for higher wages, for shorter hours of labor, for better housing, for care in sickness and in age, for better schools. It declines to fall back into the old grooves. It refuses coöperation under the old conditions. In many lines concessions have already been made. Broadly speaking, the rewards of labor in those industries which are still vital have been doubled. Today the money cost of producing a ton of coal at the pit mouth is more than twice what it was five years ago. General factory wages have been advanced from 50 to 100 per cent., and at the same time the hours of labor have been shortened with inevitable limitation of output. Wages in the merchant transport service, by rail and sea, have been largely advanced. Incidentally the government has been brought, under pledges made during the war, to provide non-employment doles under which workmen may keep soul and body together even in idleness.

There has thus developed a situation under which the volume of industry in its old magnitude seems a staggering impossibility. With coal and transportation—in other words labor—on the present basis of cost, England can not compete in the world's markets with America, possibly not even with Germany when that country shall have had time to get on her feet, so to speak. The outlook is depressing almost to the point of despair. English financiers and exploiters frankly declare that they do not see any way out of the labyrinth of difficulties in which the country is involved. Labor presents theoretical solutions, but they are not of a kind conforming to the judgment of economists and financiers. Labor demands that the coal measures of Britain be nationalized—that is, taken over by purchase or otherwise by the government and given over to the trades unions for administration under an avowed project of still further advancing wages, shortening hours, and improving living conditions. Labor further demands the nationalization of railroads under approximate conditions. Labor insists upon increase in wages, with shortened hours in all industries, with heavy expenditures for rehousing the working classes, and for maintaining the unemployed and the defective. On top of these demands there is insistence on the part of labor for a large and even a dominating share in the making and carrying forward of the policies of government. And to the end of enforcing these demands, labor is in open revolt. It has tied up the land transportation system and has crippled the machinery of commerce by a series of strikes in which some five million or more workmen are involved.

All that is asked, even the half of it, may not be yielded without plunging the country into bankruptcy. The customary conditions of British life and industry can no possibly be sustained upon the programme outlined by labor. In truth it is a serious question if the country can go on at the old pace, or anything approaching it, without concessions which labor declares it will not make.

What is to be done? That is a question to which the

mind and the conscience of Britain is now addressed. It is not a question of yielding to labor all that it asks, or even what the considerations of equity and humanity require, but by what possible means may the country so rehabilitate itself as to regain its place in the industrial and commercial life of the world and so answer the requirements of tradition and obligation. The situation is one in which, not alone the issues of equity, but the issue of solvency, even of existence, are at stake.

One thing is plain, namely, that if Britain is to carry on with any approach to her old standing and to her traditional dignity there must be concession all around. The hitherto privileged class must moderate its standards of living and make itself a factor in the working life of the country—it must cease to be a charge upon the productive forces in British life. The capitalistic class must assume a larger and still larger share in the national responsibilities and obligations. The proprietary class, including the exploiters of industry, must in large measure abate its requirements and be content with a lesser share of the returns from industry and commerce. And if there shall be failure on the part of any of these elements and forces—if through stubborn and selfish insistence any one of these factors in the life of the country shall stand in unyielding rebellion to the demands of the times—the power and glory of Britain must surely decline.

The situation today is practically that of civil war. Class against class, interest against interest, stand arrayed in a contest not less grievous as related to the common welfare than if the contending forces were in battle array. There is in process a conflict as destructive as ever was waged, and unless this situation shall be relieved—unless Britain may again coördinate her forces—the end must be a stupendous and dramatic collapse, with incalculable loss to the welfare of the world. In her two thousand years and more of history Britain has passed through many crises. There is in the character and tradition of her people a mighty resource of patriotism and common sense. Again and again it has enabled her to muddle through apparently unsolvable difficulties; and that she will again, as in times gone by, find a way out of what seems an almost hopeless situation we have an abiding faith. Surely a people capable of the hardihood and sacrifice that came victorious through the great war will find means to sustain the civilization of which it has long been a foremost promoter and devoted guardian.

Santor Resartus.

The wires between California and Washington were kept warm last week with appeals to Senator Johnson to go back and sit down, leaving Mr. Wilson to have his way with the treaty and the league of nations. All this has proceeded quite obviously from organization. In current phrase it is "propaganda." A marked feature of the "movement" has been the enlistment in it of many who in times past have been hot-blood supporters of Mr. Johnson, persons who have swallowed his now historic extravagances without mastication—innards, feathers, and all. Nothing in the Johnsonian programme this past six or seven years has been too experimental or too radical for them. Whatever Mr. Johnson has proposed the answer has been prompt and decisive, after the manner of the classic story: "Will yez be free men—" *"We will, Mr. Riley, we will."* "—or will yez be slaves?" *"We will, Mr. Riley, we will!"*

But alas for the infirmity of the human spirit! We now find some scores of one-time devoted Johnsonians seeking to thwart and embarrass their old leader, having all of a sudden, so to speak, transferred their allegiance and their enthusiasm to a newer and larger luminary. Now the long-haired brotherhood and the short-haired sisterhood are for Mr. Wilson. Not for Mr. Johnson, but for the President comes the cheering note: *"We will, Mr. Riley, we will!"*

It has been interesting these recent days to review the name of the one-time Johnsonian clique, now gone over body and breeches to Mr. Johnson's antagonist. All the hot propagandists of reform, in whatever name or cause it may appeal, are there. All the professional platformists, from Chester Rowell to our old friend Berwick, are there. All the unattached ladies who, void of other occupation, are devoting their energies to "cosmic" reorganization, are on the list. In

brief, all the seekers after notoriety, all the emotionalists, all the professional specialists in ism and change are hot-foot on the new trail.

There are indications that Mr. Johnson is more or less disconcerted by this abandonment on the part of those upon whose devoted constancy he has counted. He gives no sign of retreat or concession, but quite obviously he is disappointed and annoyed. He appears not able to understand it, and there are suggestions of temper in his contact with the new experience. Mr. Johnson will do well to devote a little time to study of the character and temperament of the crowd with which he has been working as illustrated in the record of many another movement, each followed in its turn by abandonment on the part of its one-time champions. All these people are of one mental type and they all suffer from the same distemper. They are people of emotion unfettered by solidity of character, unrestrained by fixed convictions. They are afflicted with a perennial itch for doing things—for doing something fine and cosmic. They don't know what it all means, and they don't care much so long as the immediate movement affords opportunity to sit in the public view and to breathe the atmosphere of self-appreciation. For the most part they are well-meaning folk; they are eager to do something fine and noble. But it must be done in the public eye and it must have in it the quality of yielding a gratifying sense of importance and of achievement.

A little study of the reforming temperament will exhibit to Mr. Johnson the fact that his friends have not changed; they are the same unthinking, irresponsible, self-glorifying group they were before. The only change is that, having exhausted the novelty, the publicity, and the auto-exhilaration of one allegiance and one cause, they have now moved on to another, in search, probably subconscious, of new experiences and fresh thrills.

Open Shop Wins at Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara has just passed through an interesting and instructive experience. It is one which demonstrates the vitality of public opinion and its power to solve seemingly insoluble conditions and situations. For a long time past there have existed in Santa Barbara various unions in the building trades, such as the Carpenters' Union, the Masons' Union, the Hod-Carriers' Union, the Painters' Union, and others. Recently these unions were united in a central body, the Building Trades Council. The right of the unions thus to amalgamate their interests has not been questioned. But the practical effect was to create a labor trust in the building trades exactly as manufacturers have combined at times to establish monopoly in a given region or city. Having thus centralized and solidified its organization, the Council made use of its enlarged powers to demand monopoly in control of labor and in the building trades of Santa Barbara. About a month ago contractors, builders, and other interested persons were served notice by the building trades that *"after August 15th the closed shop will be strictly enforced."* This order was as positive and as authoritative in tone as a military command.

Individuals and firms directly interested in building operations in and around Santa Barbara responded to the notification of the Building Trades Council in protest and argument. It was denied that any group of men had the right arbitrarily to declare who should and who should not be permitted to work in Santa Barbara. The action of the council was resented as an exercise of power inconsistent with the freedom guaranteed to all citizens under the Federal Constitution. Two fundamental objections were urged: First, that such far-reaching power exercised through a combination of men in a particular group was an unwarranted interference with guaranteed rights. "If one group of citizens may combine and limit the freedom of the individual, then another group may duplicate their action, with the result that soon there would be left to the individual a very limited freedom. The citizen would become the pawn of various combinations, all exercising arbitrary power, none of them holding authority from the action of the whole people. Second, that the exercise of such enormous power without responsibility to the people would inevitably develop autocratic tendencies in any group, however good its intentions might be.

The contention developed into a supreme and ab-

sorbing community interest; and at this point a group of disinterested men, under the chairmanship of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of Santa Barbara and New York, called a conference of citizens and invited both sides to present their demands and arguments. This project was carried out with soberness and mutual good feeling. The discussion was fully reported in the local newspapers and the community thus given opportunity to consider the situation in all its bearings. Then there followed a series of conferences in which it was made evident that the weight of public sentiment, while entirely favorable to liberal wages and generous conditions of labor, was definitely opposed to the closed shop. The representatives of the Building Trades Council were made to understand that Santa Barbara would not consent that any organized group, however well intentioned, should take to itself the power to say who should, and who should not, work and live in that community. The outcome just announced is the withdrawal by the Building Trades Council of its arbitrary order. The closed shop will not rule in Santa Barbara. Wages will be regulated reasonably. The conditions of labor will be adjusted equitably. But the right of a citizen to work upon his own contract will not be abridged.

This result has been attained through intelligent and fair-minded action on the part of disinterested residents of Santa Barbara. Dr. Pritchett and those affiliated with him in bringing about a just outcome, with mutual good feeling, were neither interested as building operators nor as workmen. Their interest lay wholly in preserving the guaranteed rights of citizens. The incident illustrates the value to a community of men thus detached from private interest and so established in character as to command general respect with common acceptance as mediators.

Editorial Notes.

Among many current appeals for sympathy and material aid, none is more meritorious than that now made for the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. It is an appeal which ought to reach the community in its tenderest sensibilities—an appeal in the name of Motherhood.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The League of Nations.

ROCKLIN, CAL., September 23, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The covenant of the league of nations in Article 4 provides that:

"The council shall consist of representatives of the principal Allied and Associated powers, together with representatives of four other members of the league. These four members of the league shall be selected by the assembly from time to time in its discretion. Until the appointment of the representatives of the four members of the league first selected by the assembly representatives of Belgium, Brazil, Spain, and Greece shall be members of the council.

"With the approval of a majority of the assembly, the council may name additional members of the league whose representatives shall always be members of the council; the council with like approval may increase the number of members of the league to be selected by the assembly for representation on the council."

Now among other things this can only mean that as soon as the assembly has come into legislative being it will be "in its discretion," and "in its discretion" alone, to retain or replace these four temporary members of the council.

The question at once arises (and it is of paramount importance) by what vote will the assembly be authorized to select these and future members of the council? Will it be by a majority, two-thirds, unanimous vote, or what?

The partisans of the league will undoubtedly and loudly insist that it must be by unanimous vote and cite Article 5 of the covenant in proof, which provides:

"Except where otherwise expressly provided in this covenant or by the terms of the present treaty, decisions at any meeting of the assembly or of the council shall require the agreement of all the members of the league represented at the meeting."

That "except" is a very large and germane one, however, for the assembly can admit members to the league by a two-thirds vote and upon nomination by the council, as shown above, the assembly can by a majority vote elect permanent members of the council; and by a similar vote "may increase the number of members of the league to be selected by the assembly for representation on the council."

It is therefore at least an analogical peg of sufficient strength upon which to hang the contention that the selection will be made by a majority vote.

It should be put beyond question or doubt, for we have just seen made the recipient of a triple-plated assurance by the President, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau that all the British representatives in the assembly will be eligible for membership in the council.

It becomes therefore within the realm of possibility, though not of probability, that Great Britain could replace all four of these temporary members of the council with her own representatives.

It is on the cards, however, that England will be able to attain one or more additional votes on the council. She will if she can, and if you don't think she'll try, read her history or ask the next Irishman or East Indian you meet.

There will be thirty-two members of the assembly. Great Britain already has six votes of her own and controls that of the Kingdom of Hedjaz. If a majority will select she will need but ten more votes to dictate the selection.

When it is borne in mind that among the remaining twenty-five votes are to be found representatives of Cuba, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Siam, and other countries which are more or less dependent for their pros-

perity and their future on the attitude taken towards them by great powers it offers about as pleasant an outlook to America as Jack Dempsey did to Jess Willard when he didn't come up for the fourth round.

The President recently said that British preponderance in voting power in the assembly really meant nothing, since all power would be in the council and except for admitting new members to the league of nations the assembly was designed to be a "mere debating society."

This design either was or has become so involved, cubist, futurist, or something that almost the tail seems to wag the dog.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS.

The whole world is now aware that Mr. William C. Bullitt, giving evidence before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, made certain revelations concerning the attitude of Mr. Lansing, Colonel House, General Bliss, and Mr. White toward the peace treaty and the league of nations. They seem to have detested the peace treaty and to have despised the league. Mr. Lansing, for example, believed many parts of the treaty to be "thoroughly bad" and the league to be "entirely useless." If the American people "could really understand, it (the treaty) would unquestionably be defeated, but I wonder if they will ever understand what it lets them in for." None the less Mr. Lansing signed this treaty and so became *particeps criminis* in the work of national deception. But this is a matter between Mr. Lansing and his conscience. Both are relatively unimportant.

The average reader of our newspapers will suppose that Mr. Bullitt appeared before the committee in order to make these disclosures, and that he then retired to the obscurity from which he should never have emerged. As a matter of fact the parts of his evidence relating to Mr. Lansing and others occupy exactly one page of the official report. The remainder of his testimony is contained in 134 printed pages of vital import concerning the league of nations and the mission to Russia. It will be remembered that the President explained to the Senate committee that the daily memoranda of conference proceedings, must be kept inviolably secret, although he promised that his own personal copy should not be destroyed. The veil of secrecy, it seems, was not quite so dense as we were led to believe. The Big Four must have shared their secrets with Mr. Bullitt, since that loquacious gentleman was in possession of those same memoranda that under no conditions must be shown to the Senate committee. Possibly Mr. Steffens may have other copies. Who knows? And even the Rev. Mr. Herron. Inviolable secrecy with regard to treaty matters seems to apply only to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Bullitt, by the way, was in possession of the President's draft of a league of nations, written on the President's own typewriter, and presented to him as a memento by Colonel House. The senatorial net was certainly heavily laden when it drew Mr. Bullitt to land. The President might refuse whatever information he pleased. The obliging Mr. Bullitt stood ever ready to make good the omission. He was a *vade mecum* of high diplomatic secrets.

But it is with Russia and the Bolsheviks that we are more immediately interested. Mr. Bullitt had the memoranda of the conversations held between the Big Four on the perplexing problems furnished by Mr. Lenine. Doubtless they believed that only Providence could overhear them, but little they reckoned on Mr. Bullitt. We do not know how he obtained these memoranda. Perhaps the President gave them to Colonel House and Colonel House gave them to Mr. Bullitt. Did Mr. Bullitt show them to any one else, to Mr. Steffens, for example, or to Mr. Herron? We would wager a long bet that he did. And now the fat is in the fire. They are in the hands of the United States Senate.

There was a "conversation" held in the office of M. Pichon at the Quai d'Orsay on January 16, 1919. Mr. Lloyd George was present, and President Wilson and Baron Sonnino and Mr. Balfour. Mr. Lloyd George was anxious about the Bolsheviks. Something had to be done. But what? And here it may be said that in all these discussions there was present the perpetual spectre of Bolshevism in Europe and America. That is what all the statesmen were thinking about—not so much Bolshevism in Russia as Bolshevism in their own countries. Mr. Lloyd George began by explaining that there was no question of recognizing the Bolshevik government. If an invitation was to be extended to Russian delegates to come to Paris or elsewhere it was only that they might discuss the situation among themselves. They were not to attend the conference nor to participate in it. They were to be asked to establish a "truce of God" among themselves. Mr. Lloyd George had been disappointed. The Russian government had not collapsed. It was stronger than ever. The peasants were becoming Bolsheviks. The peril was a pressing one. Once more, what was to be done?

There were three possible policies, said the British premier. First of all came military intervention. But was this practical? The Germans were even then trying it with a million men, and they could do nothing. If a British army were sent to Russia, that army would mutiny. So would an American army, a Canadian army, or a French army. A decidedly ugly admission, this. The second alternative was a cordon. Russia, in other words, might be besieged. But what effect would this have on 150,000,000 men, women, and chil-

dren. It would be a death cordon. The Bolsheviks would not starve, but the innocent would starve. And so there was only the third alternative. Let there be a conference of Russian parties, "somewhat in the way that the Roman Empire summoned chiefs of outlying tributary states to render an account of their actions." But objections to this had been raised, and here we can imagine Mr. Lloyd George glancing uneasily over his shoulder at the spectre of Bolshevism in the west. It might be said that Bolshevik delegates would convert England and France. He did not believe that a single Bolshevik delegate could have any such effect. But on the other hand "if a military enterprise were started against the Bolsheviks that would make England Bolshevik, and there would be a Soviet in London. For his part Mr. Lloyd George was not afraid of Bolshevism if the facts are known in England and the United States."

Then we have some remarks by President Wilson. He, too, is thinking of Bolshevism in America, rather than of Bolshevism in Russia. He, too, sees the spectre behind his chair. Incidentally he preaches a little radicalism. He did not believe that there would be sympathy anywhere with the brutal aspect of Bolshevism "if it were not for the fact of the domination of large vested interests in the political and economic world." It might be true that the evil was in process of discussion and slow reform, but "the general body of men have grown impatient at the failure to bring about the necessary reform." Capital and labor in the United States were not friendly. They were not enemies in the sense that they were thinking of resorting to physical force to settle their differences. But society could not continue on that plane. "On the one hand there is a minority possessing capital and brains; on the other a majority consisting of the great bodies of workers, who are essential to the minority, but do not trust the minority, and feel that the minority will never render them their rights." President Wilson gave a reason why American and British troops would not fight the Bolsheviks. The troops would not be sure that they were not actually fighting for Czarism. Recently he had been speaking to a well-dressed audience in New York City. He had referred casually to Russia and to the resolve of America to aid her suppressed people. The audience had exhibited the greatest enthusiasm, and this had supplied an index "to where the sympathies of the New World are."

Five days later there was another "conversation" at the office of M. Pichon. This time the memorandum of proceedings is marked "secret" and there were present representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. Russia is once more the topic of conversation. President Wilson has been thinking over the proposals made at the preceding meeting. He thinks it better that the Russian delegates should not be invited to Paris, but to some other place "convenient of approach," such as Saloniki. The President is evidently thinking of the dangers of contagion, although he does not say so. But Mr. Lloyd George says it for him. By all means it would be better to select some place to which the delegates might be brought direct from Russia "without passing through other countries." No one thinks of asking what Greece might have to say to this. Presumably Greece, being a small country, does not count.

M. Clemenceau himself is present on this occasion, and M. Clemenceau says exactly what he thinks. Whether he would have been so frank if he had known that the proceedings were not secret at all, and that these sacred and confidential memoranda would be handed to a Philadelphia reporter, is a matter for doubt. But M. Clemenceau could hardly be expected to know that American state secrets were secret only so far as the American Senate was concerned. M. Clemenceau said that he was not in favor of negotiations with the Bolsheviks, not because they were criminals, "but because we would be raising them to our level by saying that they were worthy of entering into conversation with us." The Bolshevik danger was a very great one, and here M. Clemenceau also seems to be aware of an unpleasant spectre that has eluded the sentries and is standing behind his chair. Bolshevism was spreading, said M. Clemenceau. It had invaded the Baltic provinces and Poland and there was very bad news from Buda Pesth and Vienna. Italy was in danger, in greater danger than France. If Bolshevism, after spreading in Germany, were to traverse Austria and Hungary and so reach Italy, Europe would be faced with a very great danger. If he were acting by himself he would set up barriers against Bolshevism, but he felt that he must make some concession to his colleagues in order that there might be entire unanimity. Therefore he would agree to President Wilson's suggestion. Let the Russian delegates be invited to meet somewhere near Russia and urged to settle their differences. Mr. Balfour said he did not believe the Bolsheviks would accept the invitation, and then Mr. Sonnino said that on the contrary he believed they would be the first to accept it, but he did not think the invitation ought to be given. Resistance to Bolshevism was a matter of self-defense, both for Italy and for France. He thought that even a partial recognition of the Bolsheviks would strengthen their position and that "Bolshevism was already a serious danger in his country." It will be observed that at the time of these conversations Germany had an army of a million men

on the eastern front, although some of us were much ridiculed at the time for saying so. We were also being told that Bolshevism was on its last legs. These conversations were held seven months ago and Bolshevism was then strong and aggressive. It is much more strong and aggressive now. We may observe also that Mr. Sonnino's forebodings are likely to be fulfilled. Italy at this moment is on the dizzy brink of revolution and Bolshevism.

Mr. Orlando hastened to support his colleague from Italy. Bolshevism, he said, was "a grave danger to all Europe." He did not think that Bolshevism would triumph among the Italians unless—and here we may note the threat with regard to Fiume—there should be "a profound patriotic disappointment in their expectations as to the rewards of the war, or by an economic crisis. Either might lead to revolution, which was equivalent to Bolshevism." Mr. Orlando was inclined to support the proposals of President Wilson, since they did not involve the actual recognition of the Bolsheviks. Finally it was agreed that President Wilson should draft a proclamation inviting all the Russian parties to meet at Saloniki or at Lemnos. There was some further discussion, says Mr. Bullitt, but it was generally agreed that there could be no attempt to conquer the Bolsheviks, seeing that "the populations at home would not stand it."

Mr. Bullitt subsequently went to Russia as the emissary of the United States. The orders were given to him by Colonel House. It was Colonel House who gave him his instructions, although he discussed the matter with Mr. Lansing. It seems easy to understand the inwardness of this mission. Since the conference as a whole was resolute in its refusal to recognize the Soviet government, Colonel House decided that it should have all the recognition that he could give to it. Moreover, it was understood that the mission was to be an entire secret from every one except the British. At a time when Clemenceau and Sonnino and Orlando were making concessions in order that there should be absolute unanimity of speech and policy, Colonel House sends a secret mission to the Soviet government, presumably to establish with that government a friendly relationship that should be in contrast with the hostilities displayed by the other governments. He stole a march upon those other governments, and he did it in the name of the United States. "It was decided that I should go at once to Russia to attempt to obtain from the Soviet government an exact statement of the terms on which they were ready to stop fighting. I was ordered if possible to obtain that statement and have it back in Paris before the President returned to Paris from the United States." In other words, and in very ugly words, Mr. Bullitt went to Russia in order to sue for peace in the name of the United States. Colonel House knew of the extreme reluctance of France and Italy to recognize the Bolsheviks in any way. He knew that a definite line of policy had been agreed upon in the conference meetings, and that Italy and France had made concessions in order that there should be only one policy and no disagreements. But with a full knowledge of what had happened he secretly dispatches Mr. Bullitt to Russia in order to do the very thing that had been agreed should not be done, practically to recognize the Soviet government, and to sue for peace at the hands of that government. We are told that when Colonel House first went to Europe in order to persuade the Allies to raise the blockade and so to make Germany a present of the war, his power seemed to be so unlimited that men asked each other, "Is this God?" Colonel House's authority seems to have grown even greater with time. And now we may ask if it is at all surprising that there should be grave debates in Congress on the spread of Bolshevism in the United States?

Into the results of Mr. Bullitt's mission to Russia there is no need here to inquire. The matter may conveniently be left to some other occasion. It is sufficient to record the facts without interpretation or comment. But what surprising facts they are. Heaven forbid that there should be any disposition to depreciate the capacity of Mr. Bullitt on the ground that no one had ever before heard of him except as a newspaper reporter with a *flair* for Bolshevism. But the choice of Mr. Bullitt for the highest diplomatic functions was not exceptional. His immediate coadjutor was Lincoln Steffens. The triangle is completed by the Rev. Mr. Herron. These be your gods, O Israel. These are the men entrusted with state secrets of the gravest import, and with documents and information peremptorily denied to the United States Senate. Nor need we place Mr. Bullitt on trial for his apparent deviation from the code of honor usually observed with regard to private conversations. For what else could be expected? Certainly it is not for Colonel House or Mr. Lansing to complain of Mr. Bullitt's ethics. It was they who sent him on a secret mission to Russia that was practically a betrayal of the peace conference, certainly a betrayal of France and Italy. He has now betrayed them. It is a new illustration of the ancient and time-honored practice of the double cross.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 1, 1919.

It is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are interred in the Roman catacombs.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales has looped the loop over London, showing that he shares the acknowledged courage of his forefathers. Indeed, the trouble has been to keep him out of harm's way. In Canada he is wisely depending upon his own personality rather than the distribution of honors, which are disliked on both sides of the border.

"Billy" Sunday has turned his attention to the "social evil." In a recent interview at Chicago he is quoted as saying: "I'm going to start pounding the social evil now that whisky's gone. Will I retire now that the prohibition has come? Hell, no! The devil's not licked by a long shot. Whisky is only one phase of it. I'll not retire while I've got a voice to raise and an arm to flourish."

Edwin H. Anderson, director of the famous Astor Public Library of New York, is from the Middle West. He organized the original Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh in 1895 and remained in charge until 1905. The next year he became librarian of the State Library at Albany, New York, and in 1908 he went to New York as assistant to Dr. J. S. Billings. When Dr. Billings died in 1913 Mr. Anderson succeeded him.

One of the men who were arrested by Austrian authorities after the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand in 1914 is now president of the provincial government of Bosnia-Herzegovina and is recognized as one of the leaders in the new kingdom of Jugo-Slavia. He is Atanasije Shola. He was kept in prison at hard labor during the war. He is a Herzegovinian, forty-two years old, and considered to be a man of exceptional ability.

During the war Philip B. Kennedy was made the commercial attaché of the American Embassy in London. In this capacity he was credited with such skill and tact that he was appointed director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington. Before going to London Mr. Kennedy represented the United States government in the Orient, and previous to that was director of the day division, School of Commerce, New York University.

The president-elect of Liberia, Charles Dunbar Burgess King, looks like an American negro college professor. It is surprising to learn that he was educated wholly in Liberia, so like an American is he; and yet one should not be surprised to find the American stamp on all Liberians, for it was a little group of American negroes who made their way along the west coast of Africa sixty years ago and planted civilization among the tribes of their black brothers.

Lieutenant B. W. Maynard, United States Air Service, was a former student for the ministry at the Baptist Theological Seminary at Wake Forest, North Carolina, and he was also winner of the honors for speed in the American Flying Club's recent aerial derby between New York and Toronto. Maynard was preparing to "pilot a pulpit" when the United States entered the war. He had a natural taste for mechanics and he could pass the physical examination, so he enlisted in the air service and learned to pilot an airplane.

Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and chief spokesman for the railroad employees, for a period of twenty-five years prior to his appointment sat in the cab of a Rock Island Railroad freight locomotive. He was born on February 1, 1860. He attended the district school near Ainsworth, Washington County, Iowa. In 1903 he was chosen to succeed P. M. Arthur as grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Arthur having dropped dead while making a speech to his comrades in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Rev. Charles W. Savidge of Omaha, who is said to have 4260 marriages to his credit, wants the New York press to help him bring a shipload of young women from Europe for the purpose of making wives for an equal number of American young men. He has a theory about such things. "I'll furnish the men if the New York papers will help me get the women," he says. And Mr. Savidge is said to be in dead earnest. He thinks it a crime not to be married. "And," he added, "since preachers and the church are fighting crime, preachers and the church ought to help people find mates."

Paul D. Cravath, treasurer of the Federation of American Agencies for Relief in France, has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the head of the French High Commission in this country for services to France during the war. Mr. Cravath is an Ohio man, fifty-eight years of age, was educated in Brooklyn, at Oberlin, and in Europe, and has practiced as a lawyer since 1886. He is a Republican. In 1893 he married Agnes Huntington, operatic singer, whose success in "Paul Jones" was notable in England and the United States. Mrs. Cravath is recalled as a lady of great beauty.

Senator Wadsworth of New York comes from a family known for its fighting in three generations, the senator's grandfather having been the Republican party

candidate for governor during the Civil War, his father having been for a number of years member of Congress from the Genesee district as well as state controller, and the senator himself having been a Speaker of the assembly not long after he left college. He is described as not at all appalled by the prospects of a political fight, and he would not be a Wadsworth if he were. Mr. Wadsworth married a daughter of John Hay, who, like her father, made a reputation as an author.

Evangeline Booth, commander-in-chief of the American forces of the Salvation Army, sold flowers and matches on the London streets so that she might know the problems of the girls to whom she was going to dedicate her life. And when she was a little older, and had passed through the lowest ranks of "the army" and was now a commissioned officer, she went dressed as a beggar or street singer into those slums which even the police thought it more comfortable to keep away from. Here she founded the slum work of the organization. She was stoned, with other Salvationists, and persecuted and put in prison. She served apprenticeship in the most anguishing posts there were to be held before she was sent from England to command the Salvation Army in Canada, and from there to the United States.

OLD FAVORITES.

Gunnar's Death Song.

So perished the Gap of the Gaping, and the cold sea swayed
and sang,
And the wind came down on the waters, and the heaten rock-
walls rang;
Then the Sun from the south came shining, and the Starry
Host stood round,
And the wandering Moon of the Heavens his habitation
found;
And they knew not why they were gathered, nor the deeds of
of their shaping they knew:
But lo, Mid-Earth the Noble 'neath their might and their glory
grew,
And the grass spread over its face, and the Night and the
Day were born,
And it cried on the Death in the even, and it cried on the
Life in the morn,
Yet it waxed and waxed, and knew not, and it lived and had
not learned;
And where were the Framers that framed, and the Soul and
the Might that had yearned?

On the Throne are the Powers that fashioned, and they name
the Night and the Day,
And the tide of the Moon's increasing, and the tide of his
waning away:
And they name the years for the story; and the Lands they
change and change,
The great and the mean and the little, that this unto that may
be strange:
They met, and they fashioned dwellings, and the House of
Glory they built;
They met, and they fashioned the Dwarf-kind, and the Gold
and the Gifts and the Guilt.

There were twain, and they went upon earth, and were speech-
less unmighty and wan;
They were hopeless, deathless, lifeless, and the Mighty named
them Man:
Then they gave them speech and power, and they gave them
color and breath;
And deeds and the hope they gave them, and they gave them
Life and Death;
Yea, hope, as the hope of the Framers; yea, might, as the
Fashioners had,
Till they wrought, and rejoiced in their hodies, and saw their
sons and were glad:
And they changed their lives and departed, and came back
as the leaves of the trees
Come back and increase the summer:—and I, I, I am of
these;
And I know of Them that have fashioned, and the deeds that
have blossomed and grow;
But nought of the Gods' repentance, or the Gods' undoing I
know.

O hearken, Kindreds and Nations, and all Kings of the plen-
teous earth,
Heed, ye that shall come hereafter, and are far and far
from the birth!
I have dwelt in the world aforetime, and I called it the
garden of God;
I have stayed my heart with its sweetness, and fair on its
freshness I trod;
I have seen its tempest and wondered, I have cowered adown
from its rain,
And desired the brightening sunshine, and seen it and been
fain;
I have waked, time was, in its dawning; its noon and its even
I wore;
I have slept unafraid of its darkness, and the days have been
many and more:

I have dwelt with the deeds of the mighty; I have woven the
web of the sword;
I have borne up the guilt nor repented; I have sorrowed nor
spoken the word;
And I fought and was glad in the morning, and I sing in the
night and the end:
So let him stand forth, the Accuser, and do on the death-
shoon to wend;
For not here on the earth shall I hearken, nor on earth for
the dooming shall stay,
Nor stretch out mine hand for the pleading; for I see the
spring of the day
Round the doors of the golden Valhall, and I see the mighty
arise,
And I hearken the voice of Odin, and his mouth on Gunnar
cries,
And he nameth the Son of Giuki, and cries on deeds long
done,
And the fathers of my fathers, and the sons of yore agone.

—William Morris.

History shows that, previously to the abdication of the Kaiser, fifty-six of the world's more important rulers had given up their places.

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD.

Mr. J. H. Sears Gives Us a Sketch of General Wood's Military Activities.

A biography of General Leonard Wood is sure of an audience, not only because it concerns a distinguished soldier, but because it has a direct bearing upon the conduct of the war. Every one knows that General Wood desired most earnestly to take a leading part in the war. Every one knows that he was competent to do so, and that he had a right to expect that his services would be employed. He had foreseen the entry of America into the struggle at a time when American statesmen were still indulging in platitudes about peace with an eye to their own political fortunes rather than to the destiny of their country. He had been unceasing in his advice for preparation and untiring in his personal efforts to that end. General Wood tried to do for America what General Roberts had tried to do for England. He spent his time traveling from one part of the country to another, exhorting, debating, and pleading. And when that happened that he knew must happen, General Wood was quietly shelved and ignored, and without even the courtesy that would ordinarily be extended to a janitor.

The first direct rebuff administered to General Wood was in connection with the Plattsburg Camp that he had created and brought to the highest point of efficiency. He had asked for ten or twelve public men to come to the camp in order to speak to the student officers. Among them were Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt. He sent a list of these men to the war office for revision, and then issued the requisite invitations.

When Mr. Roosevelt arrived at the camp he handed to General Wood a copy of the speech he intended to deliver. It was unexceptional in tone, and was applauded by notable Democrats who were present. While Mr. Roosevelt was waiting for his train a mile or so from the camp he entered into conversation with some newspaper men. No soldiers were present, and he was not on military territory. He was free to speak as he pleased, and he did so, and with particular reference to the pacifist part that America was playing. On the following day General Wood was reprimanded from Washington. He was told that the incident was detrimental to the camp. "No opportunity should have been furnished to any one to present to the men any matter except that which was essential to the necessary training they were to receive." Probably General Wood was already in ill favor for the part that he had played in recommending preparation. The reproof was no more than the seizing of an opportunity that in any case would have been found:

On April 6, 1917, war having been that week declared by the United States against Germany, Major-General Leonard Wood, ranking officer in the United States Army—that is to say, the man occupying the senior position in our army—being then in sound health of mind and body and fifty-six years of age, wrote and personally delivered two identical letters, one to the adjutant-general of the army and the other to the chief of staff, requesting assignment for military service abroad.

No acknowledgment or reply was ever received from either source.

Early in April General Wood was offered his choice of a position in the Philippines, at Hawaii, or the "less important post" at Charleston. He chose the post at Charleston. Toward the end of the year he was ordered to Europe to observe the military operations of the war. He went from London to Paris on December 31st, went over the British front with Generals Cator and Rawlinson, and on the 16th he was at Soissons with the French. On January 27th he was at Fère-en-Tardenois and was standing behind a mortar when a shell burst or detonated inside the gun:

The entire gun crew was blown to pieces. The four officers on either side of General Wood were killed. He himself received a wound in the muscles of the left arm and lost part of the right sleeve of his tunic. Six fragments of the shell passed through his clothing and two of them killed the officers on either side of him. He was the only man within a space of twelve feet of the mortar who was not instantly killed. Many were wounded, including two others of our own officers.

In view of the assertion that General Wood was in some way incapacitated by this wound it may be said that he was discharged from the hospital entirely cured and that on his return to America he passed a medical examining board and was pronounced absolutely fit physically:

After seeing some of the elements of the division off for the evacuation station at Camp Mills, Long Island, New York, General Wood left Funston himself and proceeded to Mills to see to the reception of his division and look to its embarkation. He arrived at the Long Island camp on May 25th and there found an order from the War Department relieving him of his command of the Eighty-Ninth Division and instructing him to proceed to San Francisco to assume command of the Western Department. After finishing some necessary work he went to Washington on the 27th and saw the Secretary of War. Little is known of what took place at this conversation except that General Wood requested that he be reinstated in his command of the Eighty-Ninth Division and sent abroad, which was refused.

Wood saw the President, explained the situation, and was told that the latter would take the matter under consideration.

No consideration was ever reported.

The order sending General Wood to California created such a sensation throughout the country that it was rescinded. He was then ordered to Camp Funston

to train a new division which was ready to go abroad when the armistice was signed on November 11th. This constitutes General Wood's services to his country during the period of the war:

Much might be said in regard to this history. Much might he surmised as to the causes which led to keeping the man who was the senior officer of the army out of the war entirely. Much—very much—has been said throughout this country in and out of print during the past two years. The theory that he was too old for active service could not be a reason, since he is younger than many general officers who did see service abroad—younger as a matter of fact than General Pershing himself. It is hardly conceivable that physical condition could have been a reason, since at least twice in the last two years he has been passed by expert physical examination boards in the regular routine of army life and found sound, mentally and physically. He does, to be sure, limp and has had to do so for years on account of an accident in Cuba fifteen or sixteen years ago. Yet this could hardly unfit him for service in France when it did not unfit him for service in the Philippine jungle, or the active life which he has led for the past ten years.

The statesmen and soldiers of Europe held General Wood in the highest esteem. Lloyd George was anxious for his presence. Marshal Joffre and Sir William Robertson were among his admirers. He met General Joffre on the French front:

On the French front Wood lunched and had a long talk with him at the front and another at Paris later with General Pétain, whom he knew and who knew well the history of Wood's career in organization and administration. Pétain is said to have expressed the hope that Wood might soon be in France on active duty and to have said that when he did come he would put him in command of an army of French and American troops.

General Wood believed that study and hard work were essential to the career of the soldier and to all other careers. It is not a view that seems to be largely held in governmental circles:

It sounds so simple that one wonders why it is written. And yet for the last two years under the guise of war necessity this country has been moving in quite another direction. Instead of personal responsibility we have been substituting more and more government responsibility. Instead of individual effort we have been advancing governmental effort. Instead of natural competition we have been substituting government regulation. Instead of advancing patriotism, nationalism, Americanism, we have been letting all these give way to internationalism. We have not been preparing ourselves as individuals to assume individual responsibility, but in fact we have been giving up that responsibility to the government.

The author would probably disclaim any intention to write a biography of General Wood. Indeed it is not a biography except in the most limited sense of the word. It is a sketch of General Wood's military activities, and a most useful one. It tells us exactly what we want to know.

THE CAREER OF GENERAL WOOD. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC.

Howard Pyle Illustrates in Color the Life of the Maid of Orleans by Mark Twain.

Mark Twain's "Saint Joan of Arc" is not likely to be forgotten, but it may be that the war has given a certain touch of new and vivid color to the memory of the Maid of Orleans, so reminding us of one of the most remarkable biographies ever written. Mark Twain described his book as "personal recollections," and it could hardly have been more intimate if he had indeed shared in his heroine's triumphs and sufferings. Doubtless it is being widely re-read and with renewed interest, and so we may welcome the reminder that comes to us from Harper & Brothers in the form of a partial reprint with illustrations in color by Howard Pyle.

Mark Twain's inimitable style was never better exemplified than in this most charming of narratives. He tells us of Joan's childhood, of her piety and ignorance, and of how she defended herself unaided against a false charge of breach of promise of marriage, causing the judge to speak of her as "this marvelous child." And then came her mission to free France:

She went to the veteran commandant of Vaucouleurs and demanded an escort of soldiers, saying she must march to the help of the King of France, since she was commissioned of God to win back his lost kingdom for him and set crown on his head. The commandant said, "What, you? you are only a child." And he advised that she be taken back to her village and have her ears boxed. But she said she must obey God, and would come again, and again, and yet again, and finally she would get the soldiers. In time he yielded, after months of delay and refusal, and gave her the soldiers; and took off his sword and gave her that, and said, "Go—and let come what may." She made her long and perilous journey through the enemy's country, and spoke with the king, and convinced him. Then she was summoned before the University of Poitiers to prove that she was commissioned of God and not of Satan, and daily during three weeks she sat before the learned congress unafraid, and capably answered their deep questions out of her ignorant but able head and her simple and honest heart; and again she won her case, and with it the wondering admiration of all that august company.

The story of Joan's trial has never been more pathetically told than by Mark Twain, of how she was badgered and insulted and trapped by those who were resolved upon her destruction:

Although she was on trial for her life, she was the only witness called on either side; the only witness summoned to testify before a packed jury commissioned with a definite task: to find her guilty, whether she was guilty or not. She must be convicted out of her own mouth, there being no other way to accomplish it. Every advantage that learning

has over ignorance, age over youth, experience over inexperience, chicanery over artlessness, every trick and trap and gin devisable by malice and the cunning of sharp intellects practiced in setting snares for the unwary—all these were employed against her without shame; and when these arts were one by one defeated by the marvelous intuitions of her alert and penetrating mind, Bishop Cauchon stooped to a final baseness which it degrades human speech to describe: a priest who pretended to come from the region of her own home and to be a pitying friend and anxious to help her in her sore need was smuggled into her cell, and he misused his sacred office to steal her confidence; she confided to him the things sealed from revelation by her Voices, and which her prosecutors had tried so long in vain to trick her into betraying. A concealed confederate set it all down and delivered it to Cauchon, who used Joan's secrets, thus obtained, for her ruin.

Throughout the Trials, whatever the fore-doomed witness said was twisted from its true meaning when possible, and made to tell against her; and whenever an answer of hers was beyond the reach of twisting it was not allowed to go upon the record. It was upon one of these latter occasions that she uttered that pathetic reproach—to Cauchon: "Ah, you set down everything that is against me, but you will not set down what is for me."

Mark Twain finds a similarity between Joan of Arc and Napoleon, and perhaps he is the only one who has ever had the courage to point it out:

Great as she was in so many ways, she was perhaps even greatest of all in the lofty things just named—her patient endurance, her steadfastness, her granite fortitude. We may not hope to easily find her mate and twin in these majestic qualities; where we lift our eyes highest we find only a strange and curious contrast—there in the captive eagle beating his broken wings on the Rock of St. Helena.

The author's character sketch of his heroine has all the enthusiasm that the most exacting could demand, and at a time when enthusiasm for greatness is somewhat at a discount:

She was deeply religious, and believed that she had daily speech with the angels; that she saw them face to face, and that they counseled her, comforted and heartened her, and brought commands to her direct from God. She had a childlike faith in the heavenly origin of her apparitions and her Voices, and not any threat of any form of death was able to frighten it out of her loyal heart. She was a beautiful and simple and lovable character. In the records of the Trials this comes out in clear and shining detail. She was gentle and winning and affectionate; she loved her home and friends and her village life; she was miserable in the presence of pain and suffering; she was full of compassion: on the field of her most splendid victory she forgot her triumph to hold in her lap the head of a dying enemy and comfort his passing spirit with pitying words; in an age when it was common to slaughter prisoners she stood dauntless between hers and harm, and saved them alive; she was forgiving, generous, unselfish, magnanimous; she was pure from all spot or stain of baseness. And always she was a girl; and dear and worshipful, as is meet for that estate: when she fell wounded, the first time, she was frightened, and cried when she saw her blood gushing from her breast; but she was Joan of Arc! and when presently she found that her generals were sounding the retreat, she staggered to her feet and led the assault again and took that place by storm.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC. By Mark Twain. With illustrations in color by Howard Pyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The exact origin of the jury system is not known with certainty, it having been attributed to different European peoples which at an early period developed methods of trial somewhat similar to the early jury trials in England. Trial by battle was cast in the background by the Norman conquerors when the Norman institution of recognition by sworn inquest was adopted. The Curia Regis, or King's Court, directed the sheriff to select four knights of the county by whom twelve knights were selected to serve as recognitors. After being duly sworn they inquired into the facts of interest to the new rulers of England which might be subject to public inquiry, such as matters affecting taxation. Suitors in cases affecting the title of real estate, as early as the reign of Henry II, 1154 to 1189, applied to the King's Court for recognitors whose verdict, if unanimous, was accepted as conclusive. Originally the jury was selected because of their knowledge of the people, locality, and customs and thereby passing upon the facts from a more intimate knowledge of them. During the reign of Henry IV the jury was instructed to judge the facts upon the evidence submitted to it, which is the single function of the jury of modern practice.

The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner, bearing on it a white cross, is the oldest flag now in existence. For more than 500 years both Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under this flag. In the year 1212 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw, or thought he saw, a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of Divine aid, and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog—that is, the strength of Denmark.

Immigrants ceased to expand the agriculture of the United States in any considerable degree before 1910, the year of the latest census. One of the revelations of that census was the nonagricultural character of the millions of immigrants of the preceding ten years. Of more than 38,000,000 persons reported as having occupations in 1910, the native whites with native parentage were nearly 18,000,000, or about 55 per cent. of the whites, and the native whites of foreign or mixed parentage and the foreign-born whites were more than 14,800,000, or about 45 per cent. of the whites.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 27, 1919, were \$153,474,729.10; for the corresponding week of last year, \$108,731,773.86; a gain of \$44,742,955.24 for the year.

An increase in the gold reserves of nearly \$8,000,000 and a decrease in the borrowings of member banks as shown by the amounts of bills on hand, are features of the weekly report of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.

One of the most puzzling current problems of the much-troubled industrial and financial world is the unprecedented decline in foreign exchanges which has now brought the English pound sterling, the French franc, and the Italian lira to points, measured in the United States dollar, very much lower than they have been in several generations. The pound sterling was normally worth about \$4.83 in our money, the franc about 20 cents, and the lira about the same. At the end of the last month the value of a pound sterling in American money had fallen to \$4.24. Instead of an exchange rate of 5 francs for a dollar, it required nearly 8 francs. And the Italian merchant found that when he

000,000—the largest item was shipments of meat coming to \$78,000,000; raw cotton for the looms of the midlands, \$54,000,000; wheat and flour, \$33,000,000; tobacco, \$12,000,000; condensed milk and sugar, about \$18,000,000, and leather, \$54,000,000. Italy's imports from America are of the same kind, though of course in smaller quantities. The figures of trade for July and August had not been published when these notes were written, but are known to have fallen off rapidly from those quoted above. Unless something can be done to correct the abnormal situation in foreign exchange, it is obvious that Europe's purchases from us must continue to be scaled down. An Italian purchaser buying shoes from a New England manufacturer at \$3.50 per pair, now finds they cost him as many lira as are normally equivalent to nearly \$7.—*Review of Reviews.*

Mr. J. D. Neale, vice-president of the Lumbermen's Trust Company, has become affiliated with the San Francisco office of the company in an advisory capacity. Mr. Neale has been with the Lumbermen's Trust Company for a good many years and has had an extensive experience in buying and selling securities in addition to a wide training in banking as assistant to John A. Keating, president of the Lumbermen's Trust Company. When Mr. Neale arrived in San Francisco he made the announcement that Basil F. Bickel had been appointed sales manager for the Lumbermen's Trust Company of San Francisco.

The farmers of the United States increased their acreage about 10 per cent. during the war period and received an increase of approximately 120 per cent. for their output.

These figures, the result of a compilation by the National City Bank of New York, are based upon the official records of the Department of Agriculture, showing the acreage and farm value on December 1st of the ten principal crops of the United States—wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, rice, potatoes, tobacco, hay, and cotton—grown in the calendar years 1914 and 1918.

The area devoted to these ten principal crops in 1914 was, according to the bank's compilation, 297,000,000 acres, and in 1918 326,000,000, an increase of approximately 10 per cent., and the farm value of the ten crops on December 1, 1914, \$4,933,000,000, and on December 1, 1918, \$10,934,000,000, an increase of about 121 per cent. Of all farm products, the Department of Agriculture puts the value, "based on prices at the farm," at \$9,895,000,000 in 1914, and \$21,386,000,000 in 1918, an increase of approximately 115 per cent. The increase in value of "animals and animal products" is about 90 per cent. and of all crops 132 per cent. increase, comparing 1918 with 1914.

The quantities of the chief crops turned out showed a much less increase than that of the acreage cultivated. The area devoted to wheat grew from 53,541,000 acres in 1914 and 59,110,000 in 1918, but the crop only increased from 891,000,000 bushels in 1914 to 917,000,000 in 1918. The corn area was 103,435,000 acres in 1914 and 107,494,000 in 1918, but the crop fell from 2,673,000,000 bushels in 1914 to 2,583,000,000 in 1918, though the crop of 1917 made the highest record in the history of that crop, 3,065,000,000 bushels. The farm value of the wheat crop, however, grew from \$878,680,000 in 1914 to \$1,874,623,000 in 1918; that of corn from \$1,722,000,000 in 1914 to \$3,528,000,000 in 1918. The farm value on December 1st of wheat is stated by the Department of Agriculture at 98.6 cents per bushel in 1914 and \$2.04 per bushel in 1918; that of corn at 64.4 cents in 1914 and \$1.36 per bushel in 1918.

Cotton shows a decline in both acreage and production, but a marked increase in value of the crop. The 1914 crop shows 36,832,000 acres and 16,135,000 bales, with a farm value on December 1st of but \$549,036,000. The 1918 crop shows 35,890,000 acres and only 11,700,000 bales, but with a farm value on December 1st of \$1,616,207,000. The farm value on December 1st, as given by the Department of Agriculture figures, was in 1914 but 6.8 cents per pound and in 1918 was 27.5 cents per pound.

Emil Brisacher has established an advertising agency with offices in the Flood Building. Brisacher has had many years' experience in the advertising business and recently resigned his position as vice-president of a local agency.

I venture the prediction now that October, 1919, will be remembered and referred to in future years as the most important month in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. A month replete with sensational developments, bullish activity resulting in greater advances than any yet witnessed this year or any other year.

Supreme Court decisions are expected in cases filed under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which have been pending for several years against the United States Steel Corporation, American Can Company, and the

Reading Railroad to separate this railroad from its enormous holdings of anthracite coal, which aggregate 65 per cent. of all anthracite coal in the United States—possibly the most valuable and important asset in this country. It has always been conceded in brokerage circles that Reading would sell up to \$200 a share if a dissolution was ordered. Shorts have covered in this stock at various times in a mad rush at the mere suggestion of such a thing happening. The Reading case comes up October 7, 1919, the first case to be called.

The American Can Company, which has grown enormously wealthy since the suit was filed, has a hook value back of the common stock of \$150 per share. This stock crossed its previous high for the year on September 27, 1919, and is already on its way to higher levels to discount the possible results of dissolution.

Greater than all the rest, however, is that leviathan steel organization, the United States Steel Corporation, with its hook value of \$267 per share back of the common stock, which had nothing but "water" back of it when issued in 1901. A cash and government bond surplus of \$95 per share to be divided amongst its faithful employees who are stockholders will reward them beyond their greatest expectations if this corporation is ordered dissolved at this time. It is another Standard Oil proposition and will net exactly the same results to stockholders as did the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company in 1911. Steel Common has been accumulated by the "insiders" and by smart traders who know values during this strike and for months past, and is now closely held. Brokers are carrying less steel on margin for the public than ever before. None of the public traders have Reading and few of them have American Can at this time.

Another important matter is the decision regarding the payment of taxes on stock dividends, which comes up October 13, 1919. The lower court decided against taxing stock dividends, the judge taking the view that an apple is still only an apple even if divided and that no tax should be paid until the stock received as a dividend is sold by the recipient.

The steel strike will be won by the Steel Company and the league of nations will be out of the way before the end of October. The Edge bill to finance Europe will help foreign exchange. The railroads will be assisted by the solons at Washington at the request of the savings banks, life and fire insurance companies, which are heavy holders of railroad securities. The winning of the steel strike by the company will put a quietus on the Plumb plan and stamp out Bolshevism forever in this great free country, where every man who wants to work has an equal chance to succeed. Laws ordering the deportation of all trouble makers will yet be the final result.

Look ahead and see the sun shining through the rift in the clouds; accept the prediction of men who know, such as Morgan, Schwab, Gary, and other really big men, rather than the pessimistic cries of the small man who is always ready to run at the first sign of trouble. Do you all remember what the stock market did during March, April, and May last year during the big German drive, when the traders were all afraid to buy stocks?

Don't wait until the strike is settled to do your buying; the market is bound to discount the good news just as it did the calling of the strike. Buy stocks and stop worrying about the United States Steel Corporation and Standard Oil Company. They are both big enough to defend themselves, I assure you.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

The Citizens Mortgage and Finance Corporation has recently been organized and incorporated with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000, par value \$10, exempt from all California personal property tax, dividends free of normal Federal income tax. This stock is being offered by Fitzjarrell & Boyle, investment bankers, 519 California Street, San Francisco.

This corporation when financed will tend to standardize the rate of discounting second mortgages, will aid the homeowner very materially by creating a ready market for second mortgages, will add to the building and industrial activity of this vicinity, making it profitable for contractors and builders to extend their operations, and will afford an opportunity to the wage-earner of limited means to acquire a home without waiting until 40 per cent. or 50 per cent. of its cost has been accumulated.

The Citizens Mortgage and Finance Corporation will use its capital and funds in the purchase of approved first and second mortgages and deeds of trust and builders' contracts secured by real estate and thus make available as security a larger part of the equity in real property over and above the ordinary bank first mortgage.

The board of directors, which is composed of men of experience in building and real es-

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tate values, by requiring conservative appraisals by experienced appraisers, will make certain that there is an ample margin of safety to the corporation.

Care will be taken to purchase mortgages only when they are a lien upon property having ready sale, with earning power and stability of value.

The safety of investments will be further secured by the care exercised by the administrative officers and attorneys and the financial ability of the corporation to purchase any prior lines in event of default.

An American import and export firm is about to send to China as its resident agent an American citizen who was born in the Far East and speaks the Chinese language fluently. It desires to secure for him agencies for the sale of cotton goods, cheap laundry soap, highly decorated and scented toilet soaps, ornamental clocks and watches, cheap machinery for the manufacture of cotton goods from the raw product, machinery for small machine

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shops, lathes, grinding machines, farming machinery, oil-well supplies and drilling machinery, railroad ties and accessories, rolling stock, signal equipment, etc., wood-working machinery, pipe and casting, water, gas, and steam pipe and machinery for the manufacture of clay pipe; also food products, such as canned meats, vegetables, milk, lard, and baking powder. Reference. Address may be obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C. Refer to No. 30,697.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering an issue of Cowitz County, Washington, Diking District No. 10 7 per cent. bonds. These bonds are the direct general tax obligation of the district, a municipal corporation organized under Washington state laws. The soil of the district shows the remarkable fertility common to overflow lands along the Columbia River, the lands having been built up by centuries of silt deposits. The increased production during the first year in adjacent districts has in numerous instances

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purchased American goods he had to produce more than 9/4 lira, instead of approximately 3, for every dollar. Furthermore, experts in international exchange predict still further declines because of the imperative needs of European countries for our commodities, which will further add to the supply of commercial bills in the American market. Bankers are at their wits' ends to know how to remedy the situation. Some of them suggest that it might be done by the formation of a joint gold pool by the United States, England, and France. Certainly something must be done if trade is to be continued between America and Europe. During last June our exports reached a value of \$918,000,000, half of which went to England, France, and Italy. These countries sent us in return imports of only \$30,000,000, or scarcely one-fiftieth of our exports to them.

Of these June exports to Europe from the United States, France took \$23,000,000 worth of steel and iron in various forms, from locomotives to wire nails, while \$11,000,000 worth of railroad cars was another large item. Wheat and flour to France amounted to \$21,000,000; raw cotton, \$14,000,000; sugar, meat, and condensed milk, nearly \$17,000,000; and tobacco, \$3,000,000. In the case of England, which is our largest single customer—taking in a single month goods valued at about \$300,-

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been of far greater value than the entire cost of the improvement. Taxes levied for payment of bond interest and principal are nominal in amount. The legality of the issuance of the bonds now being offered has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. The bonds are being offered to yield from 6 per cent. to 6½ per cent., exempt from all income taxes.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company is offering \$143,000 City of Avalon, Los Angeles County, California, 6 per cent. serial bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$100 at prices to yield 5.30 per cent.

These bonds were issued to acquire and bring under municipal ownership the electric, water, and gas plants, together with their respective systems.

The City of Avalon embraces an area of 800 acres, with a population varying from 1000 during the winter to 15,000 during the summer season. Recent developments consisting of building and road work to the extent of \$150,000, together with anticipated improvements, will greatly increase the assessed value of 1919-20.

The assessed valuation of the City of Avalon is \$1,099,965 and the total bonded debt (these issues) \$143,000.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., are offering

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CHARLES W. BROCK, Real Estate.

MARCUS MARCUSSEN, Contractor and Builder.

T. PATERSON ROSS, Architect.

This stock is offered by Fittjarell & Boyle.

519 CALIFORNIA STREET.

\$100,000 Western States Gas and Electric Company (of California) first and refunding mortgage 5 per cent. gold bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$500 at 89½. These bonds are dated June 1, 1911, and due June 1, 1941.

Western States Gas and Electric Company was incorporated under the laws of California in 1910 and owns and operates water power, gas and electric properties in California, variously serving more than thirty communities, situated in the counties of Amador, Calaveras, Contra Costa, El Dorado, Humboldt, Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Trinity; the principal cities served being Stockton, Richmond, and Eureka. The territory has a population estimated at more than 90,000 and includes one of the richest agricultural sections of the United States, in addition to a number of industrial centres of importance.

The company has issued \$959,000 first and refunding mortgage 5 per cent. bonds, in addition to \$4,383,500 first and refunding mortgage 5 per cent. bonds outstanding in the hands of the public, which \$959,000 bonds are pledged as collateral to the company's issue of \$690,000 6½ per cent. collateral trust gold notes due 1923.

These bonds are secured by a direct first mortgage covering all properties of the company, excepting a part of one division which is subject to the American River Electric 5 per cent. bonds due 1933, of which \$291,000

bonds are outstanding and \$520,000 bonds are deposited with the Girard Trust Company, Trustee, as additional security for these Western States 5 per cent. bonds.

The mortgage securing these bonds provides for a semiannual sinking fund, which money must be applied solely to the redemption of these bonds, equal to 1¼ per cent. of issued bonds each June 1st and December 1st (3½ per cent. per annum); \$665,000 bonds have been redeemed to date by the sinking fund.

The trust deed securing American River Electric 5 per cent. bonds due 1933 provides for a sinking fund payable July 1st each year, equal to 2 per cent. of outstanding bonds from 1919 to 1922, 2½ per cent. from 1923 to 1927, 3 per cent. from 1928 to 1932; \$151,000 American River Electric 5 per cent. bonds have been redeemed from June, 1911, to date by this sinking fund.

Of the remaining and unissued \$3,992,000 Western States first and refunding mortgage 5 per cent. bonds, the mortgage provides \$452,000 bonds are specifically reserved and may be issued dollar for dollar to retire the \$291,000 outstanding American River Electric 5 per cent. bonds and \$161,000 bonds held alive in that sinking fund; and \$3,540,000 bonds may be issued for 75 per cent. cost of extensions and improvements provided net earnings are twice the total annual bond interest charges.

The company has extensive transmission lines in San Joaquin, Sacramento, El Dorado, and Amador counties, by which electricity is supplied for irrigation, industrial, mining, and gold-dredging operations consuming large quantities of power at a favorable load factor. The company also supplies electric power for an interurban and street railway system. In addition to its own production by means of water power and steam generation, the company has favorable contracts with other hydro-electric power companies for the purchase of electric energy, the points of delivery of which are at various locations on its transmission system. In general, the company is well equipped to provide for the continually increasing business, and on account of its greatly diversified service presents a situation of stability.

The company operates under favorable franchises. The principal franchise rights were obtained under the constitution of California and are unlimited as to time. The other franchises are of long duration.

The sales department of the Spring Valley Water Company is in receipt of a letter which raises an interesting point. The consumer stated that he believed the present water rates to be equitable, and that as a result of the meter schedule he was paying 50 per cent. less than formerly. But why, he asked, did not the company refund to him the amount in excess of present charges which he paid under the old rates?

The answer to this question was as follows: "We do not dispute, but freely admit, that as far as our registration record goes, you would have done better in paying according to measured delivery. But we will ask you to note as two very important facts that the company has never had any control over rates, being subject up to July, 1915, to the water rates committee of the board of supervisors, and since then to the state railroad commission; and that, in operation, flat rates were unfair alike to the consumer and to the company, for the reason that there was no relation between service given and value received.

"The record of many hundreds of trial meters set between 1910 and 1915 and of many thousands of other meters set before general metering was made effective show in the clearest manner that while a certain number of consumers drew less than the equivalent of their flat rate, many others were receiving from two to ten times the value of what they paid. The broad effect was an equalization—one group of consumers helping to make up the loss sustained on others—the company netting ordinary revenue.

"A rough, but fairly correct, illustration would be as follows: Consumers A and B each pay a flat rate of \$2; but the value of the water drawn by A is \$1, while the value of the water drawn by B is \$3; thus the total revenue received and the total value given is the same—\$4. This is not guesswork; nor are we manufacturing figures; a positive record can be shown to any one sufficiently interested. Hence you will see that no refunds can be made. Nor should they be expected on inequalities existing when flat rates are applied. First, because this would be equivalent to giving service by measurement when the ordinance specified flat rates, and second, because adjustments would be all one way, for no consumer who drew in excess would agree to pay the difference now."

Reforestation experiments by British experts in China have led to the establishment of a forestry course in a Chinese university.

Several lighthouses on French coasts have been equipped with lenses that enable their lights to be seen fifty miles.

LORD MAYOR'S KEYS.**Mystery of Their Disappearance Solved.**

Because he ordered a bluejacket to return the key to the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor of London, Lieutenant Ira L. Hodes, a former officer of the One Hundred and Sixth Infantry of the Twenty-Seventh Division, has won the title of "the man who walked off with the keys to London."

"It all happened because I was solicitous about the Lord Mayor's welfare. I was afraid that if he did not have the key he would be unable to shut the front door of the Mansion House at night and go peacefully to bed." That was his explanation.

Since the Lord Mayor of London gave a dinner to 300 American wounded of the Dartford Hospital at the Mansion House last fall the key to his residence has been missing. Admiral Sims gave orders for every man in the fleet and for everything on shipboard to be searched and the Army Intelligence set its agents to work, but the key was not recovered until a few days ago, when Lieutenant Hodes' bedding roll was opened at Camp Devens. Two keys were found carefully wrapped in the middle of the roll.

While the search was in progress and when the keys were discovered it was assumed that they were the "keys to London," and that they had been presented to General Pershing on the occasion of his visit to the city, symbolical of the fact that he had been given the freedom of London. How these keys came into the possession of Lieutenant Hodes puzzled army officers both here and abroad. When the lieutenant was found he readily explained what had been regarded as one of the strangest episodes of the war.

The Lord Mayor of London rose to his feet and drank a toast to his guests.

"America and England have drawn even closer to one another because of the war," said the Lord Mayor. "The people of the countries can trust one another so well that navies are really unnecessary to guard one another's interests."

Lieutenant Hodes, who was the senior officer present at the dinner, responded to the toast. When he was leaving the banquet hall Lieutenant Hodes noticed an American bluejacket stuffing a heavy object into his blouse.

"What have you there?" asked the army officer.

"A key, sir," replied the souvenir-hunting "goh," reddening.

It proved to be the ancient, hand-forged key to the front door of the Mansion House. A Prussian artificer is said to have forged the key in his little workshop more than 700 years ago. It weighs two pounds and is about fourteen inches in length.

Lieutenant Hodes ordered the sailor to return the key at once. Fearing punishment, the bluejacket was reluctant to obey.

"Either return the key at once or leave it at my hotel, and I will see that it is returned," was the officer's ultimatum.

That evening when the lieutenant returned to the Savoy he found the key waiting for him. The next day he was taken down with influenza and all thoughts of returning the key to the Lord Mayor vanished. A civilian doctor was called in and then word of his illness was sent to the army headquarters in London. An army doctor found him too sick to be moved and recommended that the civilian doctor continue caring for the patient. Lieutenant Hodes remained in bed for ten days. On the eleventh day he was ordered to France for duty and, his luggage packed by a hotel porter, he went back to the Continent.

The lieutenant did not receive immediate orders to return to the Twenty-Seventh Division, and when they finally did reach him the organization had sailed for home. He was then assigned to the Graves Registration Department of the S. O. S. and was kept traveling in France continually, registering the graves of America's dead. It was necessary to travel light and much of his baggage was left behind.

When Lieutenant Hodes started for home last April he had only his trunk locker. In some way he had lost track of his hedding roll and a box containing some personal effects. Meanwhile the Army Intelligence officials were investigating every soldier who was present at the Lord Mayor's dinner in an attempt to locate the key. Melvin J. McKenna, one of the investigators, found Lieutenant Hodes and asked about the key.

"Yes, I have the key," said the lieutenant to the startled intelligence man. "It is in my hedding roll. Find that and you will have the key."

On his last trip to Boston the President Grant brought the hedding roll and box hearing the name of Lieutenant Rhodes. They were taken to Camp Devens at Ayer, Massachusetts. When an intelligence officer arrived to search the hedding-roll he found the Lord Mayor's key and an odd-looking key much smaller in size.

"I was always interested in the Old

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Curiosity Shop that Dickens speaks of," explained the army officer, "and I thought the key there."

A gas container seventy feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high, weighing 300 tons, was moved a distance of three miles recently at Portland, Oregon. First it was raised fifteen feet and loaded on rollers. Then it was moved four blocks through the city streets and lowered twenty-eight feet to a dock, whence it was moved upon a pair of barges. The barges were towed three miles to a ship-building plant, where the tank was unloaded and raised twenty-six feet, moved across newly-filled ground for a distance of 2000 feet, crossing a railroad track and placed on its new foundation. It took seventy-one days to complete the work.

More than 1,000,000 persons in England are receiving unemployment pay from the government.

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Assets \$60,509,192.14

Deposits \$7,122,180.22

Capital Actually Paid Up 1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds 2,387,011.92

Employees' Pension Fund 306,852.44

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Marriage While You Wait.

The military marriage was sure to attract the novelist, and so Mrs. Buckrose succumbs to the temptation and tells us how nearly Captain Brooke and Sophia made a wreck of their venture. They meet at the wedding of a mutual friend. They agree to correspond, and then, when Captain Brooke gets his leave, he insists upon an immediate marriage. He returns to the front, is invalided and discharged, and then their real married life begins.

Their experiences seem in no way peculiar to the war-time marriage. They hardly know each other, although they are very much in love. Misunderstandings begin to appear and then unreasonable jealousies. But are not these things incidental to all marriages, and to the psychological explorations that must necessarily follow marriage, and that, equally necessarily, must result in disappointments and disillusionments that must be accepted if catastrophe is to be avoided? Mrs. Buckrose has written a quite interesting story, although by no means one of her best. She gives it a background of the war, but it seems to contain nothing peculiar to war. It is a picture of the common experience of the human race.

MARRIAGE WHILE YOU WAIT. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Our Casualty.

Much water has passed through the mill since Canon Hannay, or "G. A. Birmingham," began to write his inimitable stories of Irish life. He was hailed at once as a humorist of the first water, and there were even some among us who had a lurking conviction that he could settle the Irish question by blarneying North and South, Orange and Green, into agreement, or at least into toleration, but unfortunately humor is the one thing that is conspicuously lacking in Irish politics. Canon

Hannay went to the front as a padre during the war and he gave us a volume of his experiences, necessarily a somewhat sober volume, and now we have another book from his pen containing sixteen short stories, nearly all with the war flavor and with the tide of humor once more on the flow.

It is not quite the same humor, and we do not know that we should wish it to be the same. The author's characters are still Irishmen, most of them, but the chastening hand of war has been laid upon them. Even the Ballyhaine Veterans, all of whom were over fifty, were fully prepared to play their part and drilled with a vigor boding ill for any Germans that might land on that particular part of the coast. Cotter is nearly seventy and quite incapable of being anything but a casualty, but the whole war never produced a more competent and realistic casualty than Cotter. Then there is poor Binny, who has been mistakenly reported as dead and who has the greatest difficulty to avoid being hurried. Every one of these stories contains some wholly delightful characterization, and although there is sometimes the note of tragedy it is always relieved by the humor that accentuates the kindness and benevolence that is never lacking. If Canon Hannay's writing has lost, or rather put aside, some of the broad fun that once distinguished it, there is a commensurate gain in depth, and this is just as it should be.

OUR CASUALTY. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A History of the Great War.

It is no small tribute to the accuracy of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that we should have reached the fourth large volume of his war history without having to correct his narrative in any important respect. To tell the story of a battle that rages for months over a front a hundred miles long and that includes dozens of combats each greater than Waterloo, to do all this without noticeable error or omission, and to do it almost before the guns have cooled, is no small task. We may expect that the story will grow in detail for many years to come as experiences multiply and documents become available, but it is not likely that this fine history will be outdated for a long time.

The fourth volume deals with some of the heaviest fighting of the war. It includes the actions on the Arras-Soissons front, the battle of Messines, the third battle of Ypres, and the struggle for Cambrai. It was a period of discouragement for the German armies in the West, but it was also the period that witnessed the collapse of Russia and the transfer of large German armies to France, where for a time it seemed likely enough that they might turn the tide against the Allied forces. But the race between Germany and America had begun and the gladiators for the final struggle were hastening to meet each other from east and west.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes without heroics or over-emphasis. We recognize the evident effort correctly to value events without national bias, and to bestow praise or

blame with exact measurement of the merits. It is an achievement that speaks eloquently, not only of the author's industry in the collection and arrangement of facts, but of a competent historical vision that is comprehensive and reliable.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Volume IV. The British Campaign in France and Flanders. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Woman Named Smith.

One would suppose that a colonial mansion with its law suits, ghosts, and feuds would prove itself a good deal of a white elephant to a young business woman without capital or income. But Miss Sophy Smith decides to tackle the proposition as soon as the will of her Aunt Sophronisba has been read and proved. She selects a pretty girl from the office as her companion, renovates the old house, and rescues its treasures, and then with a depleted bank account casts out her net for paying guests.

The experiences of these two girls make capital reading. There is an ancient family scandal involving the disappearance of the family jewels and the consequent disgrace of an heir. The author is even daring enough to work in a secret stairway and a room hurried deeply in the massive walls. Then there are all kinds of interesting and important guests eager to see a real colonial house that has been practically untouched for a century and that has literally been excavated from the dust of generations. Sophy Smith is not quite in her first youth, but she responds marvelously to dressing and excitement, while her companion, Alicia, attracts the moths like an electric light, and we know that there must certainly be a dual event not very far from the last page. Those who want a thoroughly satisfactory romance with the flavor of ancient days and slavery and voodoo and hidden treasure will find it here in full measure and from a skilled hand.

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company.

Le Rhin.

Sous ce titre André Mary a réuni les plus belles, les plus curieuses et les plus substantielles consacrées au Pays Rhénan par ses poètes, les conteurs, les voyageurs et les auteurs de mémoires.

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LE RHIN HISTORIQUE ET LÉGENDAIRE. Poèmes, Contes, Réécits, Extraits de Mémoires et Voyages. Recueillis et publiés par André Mary. Bernard Grasset, Editeur, 61, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

Harry James Smith.

This is a collection of letters written by Harry James Smith to friends and relatives during a period of twenty years, but it may be doubted if its appeal will be to a wide circle, charming as some of these letters undoubtedly are. Mr. Smith was the author of "Amédée's Son," "Enchanted Ground," and also of some successful plays. He was killed in a Canadian railroad accident on March 16, 1918.

LETTERS OF HARRY JAMES SMITH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

New Books Received.

THE KEY TO THE UNIVERSE. By Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss, B. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

On the significance of numbers.

A HISTORY OF THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

A study of the healing movement.

FRENCH FAIRY TALES. Translated by M. Cary. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For children.

ORGANIZING FOR WORK. By H. L. Gantt. New York: Harecourt, Brace & Howe.

Reconstruction.

MUFTI. By "Sapper." New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

GRAND-DADDY WHISKERS, M. D. By Nellie M. Leonard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For children.

BELIEVE YOU ME! By Nina Wilcox Putnam. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

TRADITION AND CHANGE. By Arthur Waugh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Studies in contemporary literature.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MONROE TAYLOR. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Biography.

WOMEN'S WAGES. By Emile Josephine Hutchinson, Ph. D. Columbia University.

A study of the wages of industrial women and

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measures suggested to increase them. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE DECLINE OF ARISTOCRACY IN THE POLITICS OF NEW YORK. By Dixon Ryan Fox, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

BOY SCOUTS IN THE WILDERNESS. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. New York: The Century Company.

For boys.

LITTLE MISS BY-THE-DAY. By Luelie Van Slyke. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A novel.

PARVATI. By Robert Chauvelot. New York: The Century Company.

A love story of modern India.

HOMING WITH THE BIRDS. By Gede Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Bird life.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

The working out of European Eminent Domain in Asia.

COMRADE ROSALIE. By Mary Constance Du Bois. New York: The Century Company.

A war story for girls.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

An interpretation and an analysis.

THE STRONGEST. By Premier Georges Clemenceau. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A novel.

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Biography.

SEA-HOUNDS. By Lieutenant Lewis R. Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A story of the war at sea.

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Frederick O'Brien. New York: The Century Company.

A year's residence among simple friendly cannibals.

A SERVANT OF REALITY. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

THE MESSENGER. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

SHERRY. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

OUR CASUALTY. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George A. Doran Company.

A novel.

THE SECRETS OF ANIMAL LIFE. By J. Arthur Thomson, M. A., LL. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

With illustrations.

IRON CITY. By M. H. Hedges. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A novel.

JURGEN. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

"A comedy of justice."

SAINT JOAN OF ARC. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers.

With illustrations in color by Howard Pyle.

CALIFORNIA DESERT TRAILS. By J. Smeaton Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A description of the Colorado desert.

THE CRIME. By the author of "I Accuse," Dr. Richard Grelling. Volumes III and IV. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"War Aims" and "Belgian Documents."

Interest in the early history of California and Mexico has been increased through discoveries made on the Island of Guadalupe, a picturesque and rugged peak rising out of the Pacific, about 350 miles southwest of San Pedro, California, by a party of Americans who have recently returned from the island. Not only did they find what is considered evidence of the presence there of Americans more than a century ago, but also discovered what appeared to have been the last resting place of some daring earlier explorer of a far earlier date.



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SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Conscientious Objector.

Harold Beghie, in "The Convictions of Christopher Sterling," has tilted a lance for the conscientious objector, the author choosing for the central character of his book a Quaker whose line of thought, conscience, and instincts were so firmly opposed to war that he endured martyrdom to the death rather than give way and join the army.

The story is most pathetic, for Christopher Sterling is depicted as a humanitarian of the loftiest idealism, all his tastes impelling him to a gentle and complete service for the unfortunate. To carry out his scheme of life he renounces wealth and social standing, and while he is living in poverty among the poor of London, giving them time, strength, and counsel, the war breaks out.

The author endeavors to present both sides for the reader's judgment, the more worldly relatives of Christopher—the majority of whom were people of fine character and commendable views—seeking earnestly to influence him to follow the path of convention. But it was all in vain. Christopher Sterling was one of those rare souls compounded more of spirit than flesh, and it is made quite plain that he and men like him should be exempted from the actual service of war.

Christopher, however, is an exceptional character, and his case scarcely aids in settling the vexed question, since there was trickery, evasion, and shirking among many so-called conscientious objectors.

What Mr. Beghie's book should help to do, however, is to bring about a recognition of the fact that all men are not cast in the same mold—a contention on the side of which Galsworthy has ranged himself with intense conviction—and that it is a sort of dull, he-sotted cruelty to treat them as if they were.

Mr. Beghie's story is written in a style of literary distinction, and the people of whom he writes are modeled upon genuine human nature, of which this writer has a pretty complete knowledge, including its numerous diverse manifestations.

THE CONVICTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER STERLING. By Harold Beghie. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

Sherry.

The return of the prodigal always makes its appeal to popular sentiment so long as he returns without an undue display of self-righteousness. In this case the prodigal is Sherry Redpath. He is already very drunk, but as he lays his last dime on the saloon counter he announces that it is in payment for his last drink. And Sherry keeps his word.

The path to rehabilitation is by no means easy, although the novelist uses his despotic power to make it a good deal easier than it would be in real life. Sherry spends a few nights in the woods in order to sober up, and then he is so lucky as to be of service to the beautiful Morna, who in a fit of temper is running away from the protecting home of her grandmother. He helps her to carry her suitcase and then adroitly persuades her to return home, thereby winning the gratitude of the domineering old lady. Then Sherry gets a job with the old miser Gilman, and from this point the story begins to broaden out. We are

introduced to a family feud, to a disgraced son who returns to the family home as a hurler, and to the mystery of Gilman's wife, who is supposed to be suffering from some nervous complaint and has been in entire seclusion for years. And of course Morna hovers tantalizingly in the background and serves as a spur to Sherry's rehabilitation efforts.

We wonder why Gilman should take Sherry into his employ and pay him so extravagantly for insignificant services. Of course we are intended to wonder. It is the key of the story, but we must confess to finding the reasons inadequate. We are disposed also to question the incident wherein a violent crime is committed by a somnambulist, being under the impression that somnambulists do not commit violent crimes. But we are open to conviction.

SHERRY. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Housing Problem.

This volume appears in the American Social Progress Series, and it seems to cover the whole ground of the housing of the unskilled wage-earner, described as "America's next problem." We are inclined to think that there may be some other problems that will take precedence of this one, but much latitude of opinion must be allowed to the expert.

The author deals first of all with housing conditions in the United States, citing the situation as it is to be found in great cities, and sketching existing laws on the subject, both national and state. Chapter IV is devoted to "Model Housing in the United States Under Private Initiative," and then she passes to the experience of foreign countries, dealing with each country separately. Her concluding chapters relate to "The Beginnings of Construction Housing Legislation in the United States," "Objections to Constructive Housing Legislation in the United States," and "Outline of a Comprehensive Housing Policy for the United States."

The mass of working people must henceforth have a square deal, says the author, and, "incidentally, if they are not given it, they will take it." Whether a square deal can be found in a multiplicity of new laws is much open to question. But then our minds rarely rise above the level of new laws.

THE HOUSING OF THE UNSKILLED WAGE EARNER. By Edith Elmer Wood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Trouping for the Troops.

Miss Margaret Mayo was one of a company of six American actors and actresses of the Overseas League who went to France in order to play for American soldiers at the front. In this volume she tells of their experiences and she does it with such vivacity as to suggest, not that she has mistaken her vocation, but that she has at least an alternative vocation if the drama should ever fall upon evil days.

TROUPING FOR THE TROOPS. By Margaret Mayo. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

John Hall Wheelock, whose new volume, "Dust and Light," has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, is said to be one of the few poets who never put their work on paper until it is completed. Whether the poem be four, or several hundred lines long, he carries it in his head until the final version is ready for the page. Incidentally it is also said of this poet that he can recite anything that he has ever written, if you will give him the first line—which means a good deal in the face of four rather fat volumes.

Mrs. Grace McLeod Rogers is the wife of D. H. W. Rogers, at the present time mayor of Amherst, Nova Scotia. Canadian folklore is Mrs. Rogers' field, particularly in its Nova Scotian features. Her first volume, "Stories from the Land of Evangeline," appeared when Mrs. Rogers was Grace Dean McLeod. Her first stories were published in *Youth's Companion*, *Wide Awake*, and other American and Canadian periodicals.

Hulbert Footner, the young Canadian author of "New Rivers of the North," which was published last month, has a new play being produced by Margaret Anglin called "The Open Fire."

Among the Small, Maynard & Co. publications for September are Camille Saint-Saëns' "Musical Memories," translated by Edwin Gile Rich; Massenet's "My Recollections," translated by H. Villiers Barnett; "Inside Football," by Major Frank W. Cavanaugh; "Our Italian Fellow-Citizens," a study of "Americanization," by Dr. Francis E. Clark; and a humorous story of business, "Alex the Great," by H. G. Witwer.

Siegfried Sassoon, whose two volumes of poetry, "The Old Huntsman" and "Counter Attack," were published last year by E. P. Dutton & Co., is coming to the United States next winter, in February, to give a series of readings from his published and unpublished poems. He was with the British forces in France through almost the whole of the war and was several times severely wounded.

EXPEDITION TO ANTARCTIC.

Three thousand miles south of the Cape there lies a continent larger than Australia and loftier than Greenland. Its area is anything between three and four million square miles, for, unlike the Arctic, the Antarctic region is essentially a land area. The great expanse of sea and land in the South Polar region nearest the Cape is the least explored of all, most attention having been paid to the quadrants south of New Zealand and South America. Professor E. J. Goddard of Stellenbosch University has planned a South African National Antarctic Expedition for the purpose of conducting a thorough scientific investigation of the ocean and parts of the mainland of the South Polar continent opposite this country, and an appeal is being made for funds toward the £200,000 needed for the enterprise (says the *Johannesburg Times*). The project is a national one, in which we hope to see every part of the Union taking a keen interest. The details have been studied for years, and if South Africans back up Professor Goddard they will have the satisfaction of being associated with one of the largest and best equipped Antarctic expeditions ever arranged.

The project is a scientific one, but it is also one of practical importance to South Africa. The weather conditions in this country are mainly influenced by the South Polar region and there is no doubt that proper meteorological observations in the Enderby quadrant would be of the greatest value to the Union. Experts are convinced that from this point of view alone the project should be undertaken by South Africa. But other scientific investigations have also been planned, and though there is no desire to emphasize the economic possibilities of the scheme it may yet be remembered that the valuable whale fisheries in the Antarctic area off South America were opened up as a result of similar investigation. It is hoped that the Union government will make a substantial contribution to a scheme which will undoubtedly redound to the credit of South Africa. But what is equally important is a spirit of national enthusiasm for a great enterprise which will be almost entirely South African in character. As far as possible young South African scientists will be engaged upon this splendid pioneer work, which ought to give an impetus to research of all kinds in this country. Everywhere Professor Goddard has gone he has inspired South Africans of all classes, taking a genuine personal interest in the great scheme and contributing toward the cost. Such an enterprise financed by and carried out by South Africans would be something of which the whole country could be proud, and it is certain that it would make a most valuable contribution to scientific knowledge and at the same time supply this country with data which would be of use in many directions in the future. If the public becomes interested the success of the effort is assured, for any one who takes the trouble to study the details of the project must become a convert.

STORY OF INDIAN PRINCE.

The tragic fortunes of princes are yet more vividly recalled by the only original copy extant of the Diwan of Kamran, the son of Bahar, the erring brother of Humayun, who, after forgiving him upon numberless occasions, was at last compelled for his own safety and that of the throne to put out his eyes (says a writer in *Asia*). The story has been told by Gulshadan Begam—the rose-hooded princess, daughter of Bahar, whose memoirs of Humayun open the door of a woman's vision on the lives of these restless and warring men.

"All the assembled Kahns and Sultans," she says, "high and low, plebeian and noble, soldiers and the rest, who all bore the mark of Mirza Kamran's hand, with one voice represented to his majesty: 'Brotherly custom has nothing to do with ruling and reigning. If you wish to act as a brother, abandon the throne. If you wish to be king, put aside brotherly sentiment. This is no brother. This is your majesty's foe. It is well to lower the head of the breacher of a kingdom.'"

"His majesty answered, 'Though my head inclines to your words, my heart does not,' but he gave the order to blind Mirza Kamran in both eyes.

"After receiving the king's command," says Jahuar, "we returned to the prince, and Ghulam Ali represented to him in a respectful and condoling manner that he had received positive orders to blind him. The prince replied, 'I would rather you killed me at once.' Ghulam Ali said, 'We dare not exceed our orders.' He then twisted a handkerchief up as a ball for thrusting into the mouth and he with the farash seizing the prince by the hands pulled him out of the tent, laid him down and thrust a lancet into his eyes (such was the will of God). This they repeated at least fifty times, but he bore the torture in a manly manner, and did not utter a single groan, except when one of the men who was sitting on his knees pressed him.

"Why," he said, 'do you sit upon my

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knees? What is the use of adding to my pain?"

"This was all he said, and he acted with great courage, till they squeezed some lemon juice and salt in the sockets of his eyes. He then could not forhear, and called out:

"O Lord! O Lord my God, whatever sins I may have committed have been amply punished in this world; have compassion upon me in the next."

The blind man became a pilgrim and went to Mecca, where he died some four years later.

Tennyson's passion for a "long clay" is well known. The story that he never smoked the same pipe twice is absurd, for like all smokers he detested new pipes. He entertained the liveliest hatred of Florence because he could not get any decent tobacco there and on this account promptly returned home. Carlyle, describing Tennyson, said, "Smokes infinite tobacco." His devotion to the herb became so intense that literally he could not exist without it. On one occasion, at a soiree of the Royal Society, he declared he must have a pipe. A friend said he should smoke up the chimney of the library or on the roof. Tennyson chose the latter and with his body thrust half way through the skylight puffed away in peace, descending in a quarter of an hour greatly refreshed. Wherever he went he must be allowed to smoke. Accepting an invitation to visit Gladstone in 1876, he wrote: "As you are good enough to say you will manage anything rather than lose my visit, will you manage that I can have a pipe in my room whenever I like?"

The courtship and marriage customs among the Greenlanders were in early times simple and unceremonious enough, since we are told that when a lovelorn youth made up his mind as to the girl he wanted to adorn and he useful in his hut of icy snow he went to her house, seized her by the hair or wherever he could obtain a good grip on her, and dragged her to his own domain, where she was expected to "stay put" without any further marriage ceremony. If an affluent bridegroom he would perhaps soothe her lacerated feelings by presenting her with a lamp or some article of household utility.

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"POLLYANNA."

Things look pretty desperate in the world these times, which is perhaps why the Alcazareans are taking so kindly to "Pollyanna." The Alcazar, in common with the majority of stock houses, tries to swing around to suit all tastes in turns. "Pollyanna" is more particularly for the juvenile or sentimental taste. All sentimentalists, though, are not juvenile, for I saw a number of enraptured ladies, crowned with snow-white hair, enjoying "Pollyanna" to the very bottom of their old young hearts.

The fact is that Pollyanna tries most willingly to convince us of many unconvincible things, and succeeds with the sentimentalists: that two old hachelors would back each other up in a twenty-year-old constancy to two past and gone sweethearts, one dead, the other an acidified spinster. Also that a child of eleven—or somewhere thereabouts—would be able to evolve a philosophy of perpetual gladness from the remembered words of a dead parent and consistently stick to it. Also that she could continue natural, child-like, and charming under those circumstances. Also that the grouchy one of the two old hachelors would adopt a stray orphan simply because our glad little friend Pollyanna requested it. Also that the acidulated spinster, after twenty years of general cussedness and crankiness, could suddenly turn around and become affectionate, solicitous, and normally agreeable. Also that a husky, normal young man could be almost sorry that his sweetheart wasn't lame, because he would lose the opportunity of placing his legs at her disposal. And so on. Never mind the rest. It is apparent to the perspicacious reader that "Pollyanna," under the guise of sober reality, is really a fairy tale; a fairy tale about human nature. And juveniles and sentimentalists like fairy tales, which is why "Pollyanna" is continued a second week.

It is well. All kinds of tastes should be catered to, and we hard-hearted realists will have our turn. And the play-goer who likes a spice of impropriety to his plays may be of good cheer for the next play announced, entitled "The Naughty Wife," seems, in his mind, to him at agreeable possibilities.

Well, well, let us not cavil at Pollyanna for being something of a little prig, and exclaiming, with upraised arms, "The clouds are breaking away just like the benediction at the end of the service, and bringing joy and peace and love." The metaphor is slightly mixed, but Pollyanna means well, and her affectionate audience takes her according to her intentions. The audience, in fact, is having a beautiful, goo-goo time, and what more can the business heads ask?

There are dramatic dexterities in "Pollyanna" that carry it over swimmingly. We rather enjoy the slap at the old girls sewing self-righteously for the orphans, and sternly disregarding little Johnny Orphan's objection to having a bright, cross-hatched patch on the seat of his little mud-colored "pants." And we enjoy seeing the two hachelors entering into Pollyanna's play, and allowing themselves to be crowned with gilded paper crowns. All normal children love to dress up themselves and such of their seniors as will temporarily make children of themselves and join in their graceful nonsense. But one does wish that they had left out Pollyanna's fictitiously praying, exhorting side. The fact is there are two Pollyannas, the play-loving child who loved to dramatize the little homely happenings and the Pollyanna who is aimed slambang at the soft heads and hearts of the sentimentalists. Pollyanna is a contrast to "The Brat," who spoke and acted much as we could conceive a little stray street rat would act under the circumstances. One wonders how a play written around a real child would go; a happy, normal, faulty, jolly, engaging little youngster. Pollyanna, of course, is the leading character in the play, and to project a child character into such a position of prominence means that she is pretty sure to stand on tip-toe and strain up to reach some of the rank conventionalities of the sentimental drama.

Belle Bennett's small stature enabled her to seem approximately childlike as Pollyanna, and Walter Richardson and Thomas Cratterton tried to be as natural as two such anomalies as the hermit and the doctor could be. For oh, what a pair of geese they really

were, especially the doctor, persistently going on loving in the face of that frozen spinsterhood. Certainly the long constancy of the pair was no credit to their common sense.

Belle Bennett's best piece of work was Pollyanna's apostrophe to her mother. She was childish at times, but sometimes she would forget, and her intonations would become womanly. That, however, was almost unavoidable, always happening when Pollyanna became stilted and priggish, and ceased to be a child. I'll wager that neither of the two men cared for their rôles, but their efforts to infuse as much naturalness as possible into them showed how pluckily they dealt with them.

Emily Pinter looked rather giddy about the ankles for a petrified New England spinster, but, as always, spoke her lines well. Emelie Melville was an addition to the cast, and I'll venture to assert most positively that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the audiences that saw "Pollyanna" would, if they read this screed, scorn the judgment of the writer and question her verdict.

Which is well, for there are many kinds of peoples and many tastes in the world, and in a stock theatre all, as I have admitted, should be considered.

KELLERD IN SHAKESPEARE

Mr. Kellerd in his curtain speech informs his audiences that, when invited to head a Shakespearean tour, he made a jump across the continent to start it here in San Francisco. He expressed himself as being most happy to seize the opportunity, for the Shakespearean drama is a safe proposition if not overworked, and there is always the rising generation to enjoy its first Shakespearean rapture.

Mr. Kellerd's is not exactly an enrapturing company, although the star is supported by a hard-working and conscientious group of players whom we may perhaps call adequate. Individually or collectively, they are not able to hoast of distinction of appearance, having been selected, I should judge, because of an ability to get their tongues around the Shakespearean lines; something which many popular players of modern rôles can not do, partly, perhaps, because of an indifference to their music. At any rate, we really do get the Shakespearean atmosphere, the central figure of the star appealing to our deeper and more discriminating sense of enjoyment, while the people he has around him serve as reliable but uninspiring accessories. They are, it must be admitted, devoid of poetic grace or charm, but their qualification is that they can be relied upon in the always taxing work of carrying a Shakespearean production through to a successful conclusion. I saw them in "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Kellerd's Shylock, it goes without saying, showing the usual excellence which characterizes this actor's sterling work, although I thought that in his make-up he failed to give due expression of the predatory instinct which ruled in Shylock's breast. One could not appreciate, as ever, this actor's admirable reading of the Shakespearean lines. He is not, probably never was and never will be a fiery and electrically inspiring actor, his appeal being more to the intelligence than to a thrilled imagination, but he can always be relied upon to provide a solidly acted, well-rounded, and melodiously-read and scholarly portrayal of the notable Shakespearean characters.

Evidently Shakespeare appeals to a totally different line of theatre-goers from those we are accustomed to seeing in the strictly modern line of plays. The two living generations most diverse in age meet and mingle at a Shakespearean play in a common enjoyment, the old retrospectively reliving past enthusiasms—or trying to—and the young savoring their delight in that magic world of poetry and imagination with the intensity common to youth.

How one envies them, although their immature minds must be rather puzzled at the strange contradictions in the thought of Shakespeare, which apparently had no reproach for the cruelty of the times toward the Jew, even while he allowed Shylock to give dignified utterance to that burning sense of wrong in the oppressed race; that same sense which is burning in the hearts of Jewry today in eastern and southeastern Europe.

Nearly four centuries have passed since the Elizabethan period, when the emburled sense of humor of the times regarded the hagering of the Jew as a merry jest. We have grown more squeamish since those days, and we thought more merciful, and still humans torture humans in the same old way. Queer old world it is, with a lot of objectionable and inexplicable millions in it. Fortunate it is for us that it gave us a Shakespeare, who provided us an occasional escape from it by opening the doors to a grown-up Fairyland.

I notice, though, that Mr. Kellerd does not intend to confine himself to the Shakespearean drama, for he again revives "The Bells," will play "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and is even contemplating coming down to the immediate present and giving us "The Great Lover."

KISSING.

It really seems as if lip kissing, that is, lip kissing as a form of social greeting between women, is on the wane. It dies hard. Human nature is deeply conservative. But the spread of the influenza last winter helped to break up the pernicious habit. Women worried about their children. They would have gone on martyrizing themselves without a groan, but when it came to imagining a large hunch of potential hugs being deposited on Totty's rosy lips every time her admiring aunts, uncles, and numerous relatives by courtesy greeted her, it was just a little too much. Totty was instructed to offer her cheek. And when Tottys offer their cheeks aunts and uncles are forced to follow suit.

That might have been the beginning of the reform, but, at any rate, many women are now following the graceful Continental form of greeting: a slight brushing of each offered cheek, and, if greater cordiality is desired in the greeting, a repetition of the gesture with the other cheek.

To many it is a great relief, not alone from the hug point of view, but a kiss is rather an intimate form of salutation. To many it is a mere convention, however, and they offer, or claim it, unthinkingly, after a pleasant if comparatively slight friendship is formed, and before intimacy is born. From this little embarrassment arise, as women sometimes find themselves in the peculiar position of seeming to greet with greater intimacy—in the presence of real intimates with whom they are merely in the habit of exchanging a handclasp—newer and less valued friends.

In the meantime the doctors are wholeheartedly embarked upon a tonsil rampage. We are told that only one person in ten has a healthy throat; that the noxious emanations are poisoning systems right and left; that there must be treatment or surgery; and here we are again: stop lip kissing.

Well, it is unpleasant to distrust our throats, but it has its advantages, since it makes us bar passing around or receiving germs. But, says laughing Mrs. Jolly, "Oh, hother the germs! If you don't think so much about germs you won't be bothered with them. I am going to kiss my husband and children as much as I please."

Why, of course, good lady; that is your immemorial right. Kisses between husband and wife, and parents and children, and, above all, between lovers, are natural and normal. Although kisses are caresses that were never meant to be exchanged in public. There is one firm little convention that women, without any preliminary word of mutual agreement, but with widespread concord, have established: husband and wife, after and before the day's separation, must exchange a kiss of greeting. It makes no matter whether they meet at a summer resort, or in the privacy of the hothouse, or at the front door, or in the lounge of a residential hotel. That kiss is due as a public indication of domestic harmony. So deeply is the convention rooted in the average female mind that I recall an instance of a mother-in-law or some other in-law of the female persuasion conceiving it her duty to accompany a newly bereft widower daily to the street door of his home—of which she was an inmate—and bestowing upon the poor man, as a sort of public act of consolation, as well as nobly sustaining a sacred convention, a matutinal good-by kiss. But it didn't last. Men sometimes—conventionalists and rockbound though they be in regard to feminine dictums—will kick over the traces; and so it was done in this case.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

LACKS THREE SENSES.

Nothing more serious than mumps was the cause of a Canadian soldier being discovered who is claimed to be the most remarkable man in the world. This is an unquestionable conclusion to be drawn from a description of the extraordinary warrior given in the *London Lancet*.

The man was originally a Breton sailor. He emigrated to Canada eight years ago, and enlisted in the Canadian army. Later he developed mumps and was sent to a military hospital, where his remarkable qualities were discovered.

It was observed that the patient was a well-developed, powerful-looking man of a very cheerful, even temperament, good natured and far removed from the neurotic or hysterical type. But he was found to be almost entirely devoid of sensation.

He is insensible to pain and has undergone serious operations without any anesthetic. His body is plentifully strewn with the scars of wounds and burns that he has inflicted on himself for hets or to astonish the onlookers. The author of the account in the *Lancet* tells of seeing him hold a burning match against the skin of his arm and then pick off the charred fibre. He has never suffered from headache, toothache, or pain of any other description.

The patient possesses no sense of touch. He can not feel the ground with his feet, and has to control his movements by sight. He

has a consequent difficulty in walking at night. There is a complete inability to recognize objects placed in his hand when his eyes are shut.

He can not distinguish between heat or cold, whether in the temperature of food or of the weather, and fever and chills cause him to perspire or shiver, but without any sensation of cold or heat.

No sense of muscular position seems present and the man says that he can not tell whether his arms or legs are moving or not. He has no sense of fatigue and the only way that he is made aware of failing strength after prolonged and violent effort is by his falling to the ground.

He is unable to find his nose without guiding his hands by sight and if he be moved about when his eyes are closed he is ignorant of the fact.

All notion of smell is absent. Even fuming nitric acid was ineffective when strongly inhaled.

The man is mentally sound and rather above than below the average of intelligence. As a child he appears to have had a slight sense of touch, and he dates its complete disappearance from the time when he had an attack of yellow fever in Sangal at the age of seventeen. His sight and hearing, however, seem to be normal.

For reviving gas victims a Frenchman has invented oxygen apparatus that can be carried in a man's pocket.



XXVI.

Perfecting the Schedule

It is doubtful whether there ever was a public utility rate that was perfectly fair to the company and to every consumer in the community.

Rate schedules, like the men who make them, are bound to be imperfect.

Yet the effort is, more and more, to make them as perfect as possible.

The water rate schedules of some years ago were crudely made as compared to the schedules of today.

The balance between the interests of company and consumer is being more and more delicately adjusted.

The various elements that enter into a fair rate are better understood and are being more fairly measured.

The equitable distribution of water charges had engaged much attention. Consumers have been relieved of burdens they should not carry.

The advantage to the consumer of having the cost of water and the cost of service separately determined is being better understood all the time.

Water consumers in San Francisco now have a well-balanced rate schedule.

When that schedule was put into force the rates were equalized and the method of billing was improved.

But the rates were not raised, as many people mistakenly suppose.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

SATURDAY, 7:30 p.m. SATURDAY, 7:30 p.m.

CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIES AND LAND SHOW

Auspices Home Industry League

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

Sixteen Festive Days---Greatest Exposition of California Products Ever Presented

COUNTY CELEBRATIONS

SPECIAL EVENTS DAILY

SUNDAY, 8 p.m., PROMENADE CONCERT

ORGAN RECITAL by Edwin H. Lemare on Exposition Organ

OPEN DAILY - - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

ADMISSION: Adults 25 cents. Children 10 cents

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

There is unusual interest in the forthcoming production of "Under Orders," the dramatic novelty which created a stir in New York last season, and which A. H. Woods will present at the Curran Theatre on Sunday night, October 5th.

"Under Orders" is a war play, but a war play of a very different order than has hitherto been proffered. It is said to appeal not only to the popular imagination, but to all those who are especially interested in the technic of the drama.

"Under Orders" was first presented in London. The English version was revised and elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue, whose "Tea for Three" was recently at the Curran. Curiously, the drama requires but two players in its interpretation, each of whom is called upon to play a dual rôle. Zeffie Tilbury and

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

SALE OF SEATS

FOR SINGLE CONCERTS

OPENS 9 A. M. MONDAY, OCT. 6

At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

First Pair of Symphonies

Oct. 10 and 12 at Curran Theatre

Crowded with power

Red Crown is straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline—every drop crowded with power. "Red Crown" has the full and unbroken chain of boiling points necessary for easy starting, quick and smooth acceleration, steady, dependable power and long mileage. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

The Gasoline of Quality

RED CROWN GASOLINE

Richard Tucker are the players selected by A. H. Woods for these parts.

The Alcazar.

"The Naughty Wife," a witty comedy that turns the problem of the eternal triangle into an absurdity, has first San Francisco interpretation by the New Alcazar company at next Sunday's matinee. Written by Fred Jackson and revised by Edgar Selwyn, the droll and delicately daring comedy obtained success for eight months at the Harris Theatre, New York. It was at once secured for London and is still being performed, in its second year, at the Playhouse, where it has passed its 700th performance. This quite eclipses, in length of run, any other American play that has reached the British stage within the last four years. A loving young wife, annoyed because she gets little attention from her busy husband, an abstracted novelist, quite frankly decides to elope with a more ardent admirer. The husband, who has a sense of humor, which most novelists lack, cheerfully agrees, but insists upon accompanying and chaperoning the lovers until a divorce can be obtained. In the cast are Belle Bennett as the fickle wife, Walter P. Richardson as the husband, Thomas Chatterton as the lover, Emily Pinter as a discarded affinity, Jean Oliver as the maid, Vaughan Morgan as the man servant, Rafael Brunetto as the chauffeur, and Al Cunningham as the Bishop.

In preparation is Eugene Walter's virile drama of emotional appeal, "Paid in Full," dealing with a tremendous domestic problem, that has not been acted in this city for nearly

seven years. It is even more timely now than when first produced. Many requests have been made for its restoration.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present a great new show next week in which there will be seven new acts and only two holdovers.

Amelia Stone and Arman Kaliz will appear in their latest triumph, "A Song Romance," by Edgar Allan Woolf and Mr. Kaliz. It constitutes one of the most delightful vehicles these delightful and refined stars have had for exploiting their exceptional talents.

Sybil Vane is a phenomenal coloratura. Her repertory includes several of the most difficult coloratura arias made famous by Melba, Sembrich, and Tetrazzini.

Mrs. Gene Hughes will appear in a new sketch written for her by Edgar Allan Woolf called "When He Came Back," a story of today.

The Seven Honey Boys, who belonged to the late George Evans' Honey Boy Minstrels, will present a combination of a first part and afterpiece, called "Honey Boys at Home."

Harry Breen is a clever rapid-fire song writer who from the stage takes the most trivial happenings, puts them into rhyme, and connects them with the melody he is singing.

Maleta Bonconi, a European violin virtuoso, who was a stellar feature of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Cologne and Berlin and was awarded the Mendelssohn and Joachim prizes at the Royal Academy, which in Germany is considered the highest tribute that can be paid to an artist, will perform several of the most noted compositions of the great masters.

Jean Bell and Ollie Wood, two talented and attractive girls, will be seen in a collection of attractive dance numbers.

The latest Hearst Weekly, Ralph Dunbar's Tennessee Ten, and Mme. Ellis, the Woman Who Knows, will complete a programme which can not fail to please even the most hypercritical.

Symphony Orchestra.

The most important of all annual events in this city's musical life is the series of concerts given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the ninth season of which will begin on Friday afternoon, October 10th, in the Curran Theatre.

That the new season will be financially successful is the assurance of Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham, who states that the board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's sustaining body, is very gratified with the results of the public sale of season tickets, just drawing to a close. While the sale has been the largest for the series of Friday symphonies, the demand has not been far behind for reservations for the Sunday symphonies (repetitions).

On Monday, October 6th, the sale of tickets for single tickets begins at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Those who anticipate attending the opening concert next Friday and Sunday afternoons are urged to make immediate reservations to avoid disappointment. The Sunday programme will be precisely the same as that offered on Friday, but the prices will be popular. All of the Friday concerts will begin at 3 o'clock sharp and the Sunday concerts at 2:30.

It should be remembered by concert-goers that the government has remitted the war tax on tickets to symphony concerts, so that the concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be the only local musical events the tickets to which will not be taxable.

Industries and Land Show.

The land and its products are to be exploited at the California Industries and Land Show which opens Saturday evening at the Exposition Auditorium in a manner which will attract the homeseeker, the manufacturer, and the potential Californian.

The population of California today, compared with its size, is noticeably small. There is room for millions more of people. From the days of the Spanish grants until recently the settlement of the great tillable lands of the state has been retarded, in some places entirely prevented by large holdings.

That condition exists no longer. The ranches of the early days are fast giving way to the march of the small and productive farmer. Manufactures are the complement of the land product.

A few years ago everything from the land was exported and manufactures were imported at a higher cost, but that condition, too, is fast disappearing. California is becoming a manufacturing centre. Factories are the backbone of commerce. Commerce is opening up from every side. Australia, New Zealand, India, Japan, China are knocking at the doors of California, requesting commercial affiliation with this state.

There is not a day, according to Baldwin Vale, president of the Home Industry League and Marshall Dill of the foreign trades department, that visitors from the East are



The Golden Pheasant

32-36 Geary Street

SAN FRANCISCO

The Restaurant Refined

Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

not looking up information on California's products.

German goods are hanned by the "Colonies." England and France can not supply them. The war has brought about many new conditions. California is known now the world over for her products. The state formerly was known, except to the manufacturing interests, as a vacation land—the Mecca of the wealthy traveler.

It was to focus upon the state's resources that the California Industries and Land Show was designed by the Home Industry League, which opens tonight. The Home Industry League has for its high purpose the development of the State of California.

The industries and land show is looked upon by the experienced league workers as the best post-war event that could be planned.

Experiments on wood as part substitute for coal in gas-making have been carried out in France. The wood used was sea pine in the form of billets cut from the middle of the trunk. The charge of the wood was about half the weight of that of coal, and carbonization occupied half the usual time. When running one retort with wood to every two with coal, no appreciable difference in the calorific power of the gas was noted. Of the two by-products—small coke and tar—the former amounted to 5 to 10 per cent.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Sat. night—GUY BATES POST in "The Masquerader"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5

A. H. Woods Presents

The Emphatic Dramatic Novelty

"UNDER ORDERS"

By Berte Thomas

Revised and Elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50

Best seats \$1.00 Wed. mat.

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—Argonaut.

This Week—Last times "POLLYANNA"

The Record-Breaking Glad Play

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., OCT. 5

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett - - - - Walter P. Richardson

First San Francisco Presentation

The Piquant and Hilarious Comedy

"THE NAUGHTY WIFE"

8 Months in New York—2d Year in London

NEXT—Eugene Walter's Famous Play

"PAID IN FULL"

Soon—"NOTHING BUT LIES"

Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

AMELIA STONE and ARMAN KALIZ in "A Song Romance," by Edgar Allan Woolf and Arman Kaliz; SYBIL VANE, "The Galli-Curci of Vaudeville"; MRS. GENE HUGHES in "When He Came Back"; SEVEN "HONEY BOYS"; HARRY BREEN, the Rapid-Fire Song Writer; MALETA BONCONI, European Violin Virtuoso; JEAN BELL and OLLIE WOOD, Fads and Fancies from Dreamland; RALPH DUNBAR'S TENNESSEE TEN; MADAM ELLIS, "The Woman Who Knows"

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

nee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and days), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Douglas

VANITY FAIR.

The London tailors who are trying to introduce colored costumes for men are doomed to disappointment. It can not be done. Not that the men would be in any way averse. Quite the contrary. Men are simply yearning for colors in their dress, as witness the pathetic interest that they take in their ties, the only oasis in the desert of their sartorial monotony. But colored clothing, and all that goes with it, is a caste mark, and this is not quite the day for caste marks. Colored clothing can be worn only by men of leisure, by men who are exempt from the work that soils and stains. At once it would be the mark of a social gulf, and the days are upon us when it will not be wise to show social labels. It is said, although it may be a lie, that the Russian who wishes to save his skin is careful not to wear a collar, nor even to wash his face, lest he shall be suspected of bourgeoisie. It is true that we do not live in Russia, but then—

But the London tailors intend to try the experiment. They propose to dress up a number of young men in the gorgeous raiment of yesteryear and send them out to perambulate the streets of London. They will wear yellow waistcoats and silver buckles and knee breeches, and we are reminded that knee breeches show off a shapely leg. No doubt they do, but suppose one has not a shapely leg. Personally we may have no apprehensions on this score, but there are them as has. Of course one could always pad.

The dreary nature of the male attire is not due at all to an increase in manliness. On the contrary. It is probable that men were never so effeminate as they are today, thanks to education and commercialism. It is due to democracy, and to nothing else; to an unwillingness to appear different from one's fellows. It is true that women continue to dress gorgeously and to indulge in open rivalries that are based wholly upon money. But then women are not democratic. They have not the faintest conception of democracy, nor toleration of it. They do not wish to avoid social labels. On the contrary they wish to wear them, and ever more and more glaringly.

The day when men dressed magnificently was also the day when men were bravest, physically speaking. And we may note that even now when men go upon the warpath they proceed to deck themselves out in colors and fine raiment. And we may observe also the perfect taste with which they do it. We may smile at the resplendent military uniforms of Europe, but no one has ever suggested that they are ugly. No matter how extravagant these uniforms may be they never seem to contain a jarring note. An international compact to the effect that all soldiers should henceforth and upon all occasions dress in black and without ornaments of any sort would do more to discourage war than any number of leagues of nations.

General Pershing was fortunate in evading the kisses thrust upon him by a number of idiotic young women on the occasion of his arrival in New York. One of these damsels managed to get her arm around the general's neck, and then there was a surge forward on

the part of dozens of others, but the victim made a dive for his automobile and so escaped an encounter probably much more dreadful to him than the battle of St. Mihiel.

A military reputation may easily be ruined by a few kisses. Who can say to what heights Captain Hobson might not have arisen but for the fact that he was eternally anchored to mediocrity by the kisses of his admirers? If Captain Hobson should live a thousand years he would never find oblivion for those few hectic days when the young women tried to reward him for doing nothing in particular. At that moment Captain Hobson sank to the level of a prohibition advocate, or whatever it is that he does. Let us all avoid being kissed—a quite easy job for most of us. No reputation can survive.

The dinner given February 25, 1890, by Andrew Carnegie to the Pan-American Congress, called together by Mr. Blaine, was an elegant affair, quite outdoing anything of the kind to that date (says Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Halford in *Leslie's*). The menu embraced mutton imported direct from Scotland for the occasion, and the wine-card "leader" was *Lachryma Christi*—"tears of Christ"—a special distillation from Italy. During the dinner the Laird of Skibo introduced a Scottish piper, who in full-kilted regalia skirted around the hall, blowing out martial and other airs from Caledonia, to the amazement and delight of the whole company, particularly of the Latin-American guests. It was a great night.

A Chinese puzzle is not more intricate than the maze into which one may be plunged who undertakes the task of seating an official or even a semi-official dinner. The niceties of distinction must be scrupulously observed or the Old Harry may be to pay. When a member of the cabinet, for instance, approaches a complaisant but bedeviled secretary in charge of an approaching dinner to be given by the President, with the suggestion that the said cabinet man would like to be assigned to escort Mrs. A. instead of Mrs. Z.; it is a somewhat delicate matter even if the dinner be only semi-official. And if it is the regular annual dinner to the Diplomatic Corps, to properly pair off the guests is a work requiring finesse, experience, and to be mentally pachydermatous. This duty had been in charge of Assistant Secretary Ade, whose knowledge of the intricacies of diplomatic precedence was supposed to approach infallibility. There was "a dummy table"; and for our first diplomatic dinner the model had been sent over to the White House, and notices sent the guests in accordance with its assignments. About noon of the fateful day the telephone rang, and the voice of one of the cabinet ministers said his wife had a severe headache and could not be present, but his daughter would accompany him. The daughter, of course, had no status. Instinctively I surmised a possibility; and going down into the state dining-room found that the Secretary's wife had been allocated to a gentleman of rank inferior to the one who was her proper *parti*. Taking up the dummy I went at once to Secretary Blaine—who was authority on such a matter—and showed him the setting of the table as arranged by Mr. Ade, and said it seemed a palpable error. Mr. Blaine agreed, and word was sent to the cabinet member of the change in seating. Before time for the dinner the telephone called me again, and informed me that the headache had disappeared, and the wife would be able to come. The remedy beat "Shac" out of sight.

On another occasion, after the march had started from the East Room word came of the sudden and serious illness of the wife of one of the leading South American ministers. This disarranged all the sittings below the husband's rank, and it required a cool head and a dextrous hand to readjust the place cards so as to avoid heart-burnings that might have resulted in a diplomatic upheaval. One presidential cabinet was disrupted because of social disturbance over "Peggy" Eaton, and it was and is quite possible for trouble to breed if the canons of precedence are violated at a state dinner. We Americans have much to say, at times, over these "trifles" in royal courts; but as a matter of fact the courtesies and conventions must be observed even in the democratically simple Republic of the United States. I have always felt a sense of genuine relief if a presidential dinner passed off without being followed by an electrical storm or an area of low barometer, at least, in or about the Secretary's office.

The rich men who lent their yachts to the government during the war are in no particular hurry to put them back in commission. One must be a very rich man indeed to indulge in yachting nowadays. Before the war a yacht cost from \$3000 to \$20,000 a month to keep up, and now it costs a great deal more than that. Sailors must be paid \$100 a month, and a big yacht must have about forty men as a crew. But it is not only the wages that have gone up. Everything has gone up, and as a result the millionaire is inclined to seek his pleasures ashore rather than afloat.

STALKING SEALS.

The seal's sun naps on the Arctic ice are continually disturbed by his dreams of his enemy, the polar bear, or at least that seems a reasonable way of interpreting his behavior, for after sleeping for thirty seconds or perhaps a minute, he will wake up, raise his head as high as he conveniently can, which is fourteen or sixteen inches, and make a complete survey of the horizon. If nothing suspicious is seen, this survey takes about ten seconds, after which he drops his head on the ice again and sleeps a minute more.

Sometimes the ice is a little rough in his vicinity and you can crawl up and shoot him from behind cover, but more frequently he has chosen a level expanse where no concealment is possible, and you must, therefore, approach him realizing that he is going to see you before you are near enough to shoot.

No mammal that is known has eyesight which at all compares with that of a man. A wolf can see you under favorable conditions a little more than half a mile away; a caribou at a little more than a quarter of a mile; and a seal commonly at about three hundred yards, if you are standing up, or one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards if you are lying down. You can walk unconcernedly toward a seal until less than four hundred yards away, after which you begin a careful approach. You crawl ahead on all fours while he sleeps and you lie flat and motionless while he is awake. It might seem that something could be gained by wearing white clothing to match the snow, but this is the reverse of wisdom, for the seal's one enemy that he fears is a polar bear, and the polar bear is white. If a seal sees anything that is suspicious and white he takes discretion to be the better part of valor and dives promptly into his hole. If the suspicious object is black he assumes that it is probably another seal that has come out of another hole to bask in the sun. It is therefore the task of the hunter to simulate a seal.

When the seal first sees you his actions are unmistakable. He turns so as to face you directly; he raises his head a trifle higher than before, and instead of bending his neck to survey the complete horizon he looks at you steadily and intently. You must be careful that his first view of you shall be a broadside view, for a man lying flat resembles a seal most in that position. It is best to lie still with one's head on the ice for about half a minute; but the seal knows the habits of his own kind as well as the careful hunter knows them, and if you were to lie motionless for more than a minute at a time he would strongly suspect that you were not a seal, and in two minutes he would probably be convinced and would go into the water. It is necessary, therefore, after about half a minute of quiescence, to raise your head seal fashion twelve or fifteen inches above the ice, keep it there about eight or ten seconds, and drop it on the ice again. By the time this has been repeated three or four times the seal is commonly convinced that you are one of his kind and will begin again to take his interrupted naps.

If he is more suspicious than ordinary it may be advisable to move your feet a little as well. Like many other animals, a seal is commonly lousy and scratches frequently with his hind flippers. If a man lying flat flexes his legs from the knee the motion is similar to that of a seal scratching with his hind flippers. These tactics nearly always convince the most skeptical seal, and when once his regular naps are resumed you move ahead snakewise while he sleeps and play seal whenever he is awake, watching you.

Approaching a seal in this fashion is tedious at best, for it takes an hour and a half or two hours to get within fifty to seventy-five yards.

Ten New Commandments.

Dr. Awnes von Harnack, a daughter of Professor Adolf von Harnack of the University of Berlin, one of the foremost German theologians and leaders of the so-called "new orthodox" school of religious philosophy, has compiled the following "ten commandments" for German women voters:

1. Thou shalt make of thy unexpected right to vote as a citizen a conscientious duty conscientiously fulfilled.
2. Thou shalt not, either from a false sense of superiority or from a narrow conception of "femininity," consider that the entire matter (of voting) does not concern you.
3. Thou shalt not shed tears over the good old time when women had it "so much easier," but you shall stand firmly and joyfully on the foundation of the present.
4. Thou shalt listen to the counsel of tried and faithful leaders; the right to vote does not exclude respect for authority.
5. Thou shalt not kill and hurry the high ideals of womanly grace and womanly dignity, but instead thou shalt adapt them in new forms to the needs of the new times.
6. Thou shalt determine what party thou

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art going to join, and once you have joined it stick to it; overlook the weaknesses of your party if you are in accord with its main principles.

7. Thou shalt not waste thy time or other people's time with politics, but dispense with it so that you may reach an independent conclusion.

8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the men and women who belong to a different party, but thou shalt firmly defend thy party against any and all calumny.

9. Thou shalt have the courage of thy conviction, but do not cultivate the egotism of a fanatic.

10. Do not seek in politics the right, property, or honor of thy neighbor; do not seek thine own honor in it. Direct all thy will and all thy strength to the well-being of thy country.

Vancouver Island in acreage is just under 10,000,000, including the adjacent smaller islands. But not more than one-third of this has been developed to any extent, and much of it has been entirely unexplored. It is said that the island is unsurpassed anywhere on the globe in point of existing sources of unexploited wealth.

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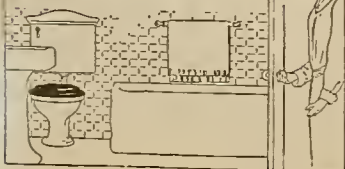
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Y. M. C. A. secretary had just finished a short talk to a group of soldiers in France about the story of David and Goliath in the Old Testament. "So you see, men, what a little thing it really was that brought about the defeat of the giant Goliath, just a little pebble from David's sling." "Aw, back up," came in disgusted tones from the rear. "I'll bet David chucked a hand grenade."

A weighty problem came up for discussion the other day when two British tars walked up the street and saw one of those scaled things that are popular among the patrons of certain drug stores. "I want to get weighed," declared one. "Ah, come on," the other protested. However, the first got on the scales, but immediately jumped off and pulled from his pocket a wallet. "What's the idea?" queried the second sailor. "I've got two five-pound notes in it," was the reply.

It was a cold and cheerless night. The wind blew in from the northeast, cutting down the veracity of the real estate men by 50 per cent. On the deck of a boat stood a female tourist. Her eye caught the glint of the breakwater lighthouse. For a long time she watched it. Then she turned to her companion. "How patient those lighthouse men must be," she said. "Patient! How so?" "The wind has blown that light out ten times and each time they've lighted it again. It's simply wonderful!"

A young American soldier had just finished painting a door panel in one of the halls of the Hotel Crillon in Paris. With his paint can in his hand he hurried around the corner and bumped into an officer in uniform who was hurrying in an opposite direction. As the officer brushed the splashed paint from his uniform the soldier made profuse apologies. "Oh, that's all right," replied the officer, "only he less speedy the next time you and your paint come around the corner." The officer was General Pershing.

When Theodore Roosevelt was President a man visited him who had a request to make. In his arms he carried a bundle of letters of introduction. He stated his request and closed his argument with these words: "Mr. President, I am sure that if you do this for me you will please the people of my state. In fact I could have brought with me a thousand letters more asking you to do it." "Oh, pshaw," was Roosevelt's blunt reply, "I could get a thousand people in your state to sign a petition to have you hanged."

"Ten days or \$5," said the magistrate, and the prisoner, a sullen-looking fellow, paid the fine and was discharged. He walked moodily out of the courtroom, but when he reached the door he turned and showered a wholesale tirade of profane abuse upon the magistrate. Then he ran into the corridor, but before he could reach the street an officer gave chase. He was captured and stood again at the bar. "Five dollars more," said the magistrate. The

money was paid. "If you had used more chaste and refined language," the magistrate continued, waving the fellow away, "you would not have been chased and refined."

When they were organizing the American Legion there were some heated debates on various organization points. One delegation had a membership idea that it wanted to put through. The majority turned it down on the ground that it was un-American. That was too much for one returned veteran. He came up on both feet with a roar. "Do I understand," he demanded, waving both arms, "that those of us that went across have died in vain?" He was assured that such was not the case. "Well, that's all I want to know," he said. "If I thought I had given up my life without result I would rise up in my grave."

Two piles of apples lay on the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small. "Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?" inquired the new assistant of his master, as he prepared to fill a harrel. "Certainly not!" replied the farmer, virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy. Put the little apples at the top, and the large ones at the bottom." The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit. "Is the harrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer. "Yes," answered the assistant. "Good," said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and lahel it."

A colored man driving a mule attached to a junk wagon meandered along the road. Suddenly the mule's foot took root. He "positively and absolutely" refused to budge. The darky with a sigh, dismounted and tried all the arts of his race, from persuasion with a shovel handle to downright cruelty. For half an hour he worked, but the mule only remained glued fast to the road. "Why don't you sell him and buy a Ford, uncle?" called a cop who had been enjoying the fun. "Huh!" growled the colored man. "That mule'd take that as a personal victory. He's been tryin' to shake me for a week. No, suh. Ah reckon Ah'll stick it out."

Descending at Nice from their open car, General Pershing and a party of officers were received by a French government official, who, noting the white coating of dust under which their uniforms almost disappeared, said: "You are very brave, general, to undertake to motor on our roads in their present state. Poor France! Her roads, once the best in the world, are now the worst. With their holes and dust they are really impossible. Yes, indeed, I repeat that you are brave." General Pershing politely disclaimed that it was a matter for bravery, but a staff officer, shaking from his cap a big dust cloud, remarked: "Well, if it is not a question of bravery, it is at least one of grit."

John Hassall was sketching a picturesque rabble of street boys from life when along came the proverbial dear old lady, who insisted on pouring some pennies into his astonished hands. What could a famous artist do but sweep off his hat with a low bow of thanks, and treasure the coppers as souvenirs of the day? All who sketch in streets are not so fortunate, as witness the case of that other great artist, whose name we forget, to whom a countryman addressed himself, after a prolonged stare at his masterpiece, saying, "So you he a painter?" The artist replied crushingly, but the countryman was not to be daunted. In the politest way in the world he put another question, "And do 'ee gild, too?"

"George," said a Florida man not long ago to an old negro in his employ, "I understand that you intend to give your son an education." "Dat's my intention, suh," responded George. "I know myself what 'tis to struggle along without learnin', an' I has determined my son aint goin' to have no sich trouble as Ise had." "Is your son learning rapidly?" "He shore is, suh. Las' week he done wrote a lettah to his aunt what lives more'n twenty miles from yere, an' afta while he's goin' to write to his aunt dat lives 'bout fifty miles from yere." "Why doesn't he write to that aunt now?" smilingly asked his employer. "He kaint write so fur yet, suh. He win write twenty miles fast rate, hut I tole him not to try fifty miles 'til he gets stronger wif his pen."

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a man's death, but such an instance is found in the history of France. In the time of the French Revolution one M. Condorcet, upon whose head as an aristocrat a price was set, sought refuge with a friend. Unhappily Condorcet, being unable to exist without tobacco, went into a tavern to buy some. Still prostrate from fatigue, he thought he would take advantage of this opportunity to get some dinner, and ordered an omelette. "How many eggs do you wish to be used?" inquired the landlord, who had been eyeing

him suspiciously. The innocent Condorcet was at his wits' end; he reflected upon the size of the ordinary omelette. "Twelve," he boldly replied. His fate was sealed; none but an aristocrat could be so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never emerged.

Lord Londonderry, who narrowly escaped being killed in an airplane accident recently, is fond of telling the story of a smart lad whom one of his keepers caught fishing one day in his private waters. "You mustn't fish here," he was told; "these waters belong to Lord Londonderry." "Do they?" said the hoy. "I didn't know that." And promptly laying aside his rod he took up a hook and commenced reading. The keeper therefore departed, but returning the same way about an hour or so afterwards, he found that he had started fishing again. "Didn't I tell you that this water belonged to Lord Londonderry?" he shouted. "Why, you told me that an hour ago," retorted the youngster. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him; his share went by long ago."

In summer time the Boy Scouts roll down their socks and follow the Scottish custom of cool knees. Down at Camp Kinneuma, in Sullivan County, New York, the Scout executive, who is both very tall and very hoyish, follows the costume of his boys. It is picturesque and the grown-up visitors understand it, but the other night a tiny girl did not. She stared at the executive most of the time of her visit. Then when the family started home she turned to her mother. "The chief of the Scouts is terribly tall, isn't he?" she asked. "Yes," answered mother. "I suppose other men's pants would be too short for him," she continued. "But don't you believe that if he saved up a lot of money, mother, he could find a pair long enough for Sundays, so his knees wouldn't show?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Corn Bill.

We ate him in the morning from out the shining cans.
We ate him, too, at Mittag from out the frying-pans.
We ate him in the evening before we sought our beds,
And woke up in the morning with him beside our heads.

We ate him in the dug-outs, we ate him in the trench.
We ate him in the box-cars, and swapped him to the French.
He's traveled with us everywhere, and tried to be a friend,
And spite it all, the doughboys will curse him to the end.

We ate him at Château-Thierry, while fighting *beaucoup* Huns.
We ate him at St. Mihiel beneath the roar of guns.
We ate him in the Argonne, where rations were but few,
But turned him down most cordially for good old army stew.

He went with us on every hike, in every battle fought.
He sure deserves the D. S. C. for assistance he has wrought.
He served in every country across the deep blue sea,
He even gave his timely aid to the Belgian refugee.

But now that peace has come to us, we're not so much in need.
So take him off our bill-o'-fare, and grant a change of feed.
We'll honor him as old-time friend, as one we can't forget,
But when we see him laid at rest, we'll shout "Hurrah!" you bet.

—Corporal Paul R. Gorman, Company D, Fourth Infantry, in "The Watch on the Rhine."

The Orkney Islands do not really belong to Great Britain in the sense that they were ever ceded by treaty or acquired by conquest. They were simply transferred by Denmark to Scotland in 1468 in pledge for the payment of the dowry of the Princess of Denmark, who was married to James III, King of Scotland. In the deed of transfer, which is still in existence, it is specially mentioned that Denmark shall have the right to redeem them at any future time by paying the original amount of the dowry with interest to date. There is no likelihood, however, that Denmark will ever attempt to exercise her right of redemption, because 60,000 florins, the original amount of the dowry, would amount to perhaps a trillion of pounds sterling, and that is a bit more than the islands are worth.

The traditional policy of the Popes since September 29, 1870, of never setting foot outside the Vatican was set aside by Benedict XV recently, when he left the Vatican twice in one month to visit his brother, the Marquis Giovanni Della Chiosa, who was dangerously ill.

"I just love to sit and watch the people dance." "Yes. I can't dance these new steps either."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Argonaut, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1919.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Argonaut and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

..... Alfred Holman
Publisher, 207 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal.
Editor and Managing Editor, Alfred Holman, ..
..... San Francisco, Cal.
Business Manager, Wm. J. Milliken, ..
..... San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owners are: The Argonaut Publishing Company, Alfred Holman, sole owner.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

WM. J. MILLIKEN,
(Signature of Business Manager.)
Swore to and subscribed before me this 23d day of September, 1919.

(Seal) JOHN McCALLAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires April 12, 1921.)



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman have announced the engagement of their niece, Miss Natalie Campbell, and Mr. Frederick Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia. Miss Campbell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell of Los Angeles. The marriage will take place in October.

A Fashion Show was held Thursday at the Palace Hotel for the benefit of the Home for Incurables and the Recreation Club for Girls Who Work. Among those who entertained box parties at the affair were Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mrs. Eugene Lent, and Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

Miss Maude Fay gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, and Mrs. Frank King.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin gave a dinner last Wednesday evening in San Mateo, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Mrs. James Keeney, Mr. Frederick Kohl, and Captain Lopez.

Mrs. John Johns gave a bridge-tea a few days ago in San Mateo, having among her guests Mrs. Arthur Redington, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. Francis Wilson of Santa Barbara, and Mrs. Harry Poett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Miss Marguerite Raas was the guest of honor at a tea given Monday by Miss Marmy Armsby in Ross Valley. Among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Sidney Ford, Mrs. Howard Allen, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Kenneth Davis, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mrs. Graeme MacDonald, Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Miss Alice Palmer, Miss Gertrude Byrnes, Miss Elsa Korbel, Miss Ruby Hale, Miss Kathleen Byrnes, Miss Gertrude Hunt, and Miss Rhoda Niebling.

Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., gave a dinner Friday evening, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, Mrs. A. L. Sayre, and Mr. Robert Burroughs.

Mrs. William Sproule gave a dinner Friday evening, her guests including Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Mary Donohoe, Mr. Stephen Parrott, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Vincent Butler, Mr. Clinton Jones, and Mr. Edward Hills.

Mrs. Butler Breeden entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in San Mateo.

Señora Rosario Ruano gave a tea Monday at the Fairmont, her guests including Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. Oliver Wyman.

Miss Elena Eyre and Mr. Marshall Madison were the guests of honor at a luncheon given last

Sunday by Mrs. Truxtun Beale in San Rafael. Those in the party included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Miss Eyre, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibblée, Mr. Madison, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Orel Goldarena, Mr. Roland Stringham, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mrs. Julian Thorne gave a luncheon last Wednesday, her guests having included Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Latham McMullin, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Mrs. Frank Holmes gave a tea Thursday at Stanford Court in honor of Mrs. William Shoemaker.

The Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart gave a luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, having among their guests Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Anne Dibblée, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, and Miss Elena Eyre.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last Thursday evening, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilcox, Commander and Mrs. Joseph Nielson, Captain and Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. K. F. McRae, Mrs. Ward Barron, Miss Pauline Howard, Miss Ethel Cooper, Colonel John Noble, and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Mr. Gardner Williams gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Fairmont, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Mein, and Mr. and Mrs. William Denman.

Mrs. Edward McClelland gave a tea Thursday afternoon at the Presidio Golf Club.

Mrs. William Denman entertained a group of friends at luncheon last Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Judge entertained a supper party at the Fairmont Thursday evening, having among her guests Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Lawrence McCreery, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Miss Helen Keeney was the guest of honor at a dinner given a few evenings ago by Mr. Francis Carolan in San Mateo. Among the guests were Mrs. James Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Austin Sands, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Miss Isabel Chase, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Douglas Alexander, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe gave a barbecue Saturday evening in Menio Park in compliment to Miss Barbara Donohoe.

Mrs. Samuel Trumper of Shanghai was the guest of honor at a luncheon given recently by Mrs. Thomas Williams. The guests included Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. John Polhemus, Mrs. Wallace Woods, Mrs. George Forderer, Mrs. John Breuner, and Mrs. Alfred Spalding.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Lilienthal gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont.

Mrs. George Newhall entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having among her guests Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and Miss Lillian McCarthy of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her home, complimenting Mrs. Otto Irving Wise, who expects to spend the winter in New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

Moir's Keening.

O mountains of Erin,
Your beauty is fled;
Beyond you, in Flanders,
My darling lies dead.

Through the dunes and the grasses
Bespattered with blood,
They hore him; and round him
Bareheaded they stood.

While the chaplain in khaki
Was reading a prayer,
And the wind for his keening
Was moaning an air.

A son of gray Connaught
No more shall we stand
By the dark lough at evening.
My hand in your hand,

And talk of a houseen
To hold you and me,
The scent of the heather,
The gorse on the lea.

Yet, bridegroom of mine,
You are waiting afar,
Past the peak and the blueness,
The shine of thorn star,

Where Mary the Mother
Is bending her head,
And you sleep at her crooning.
O boy of mine! dead.

—Norreys Jephson O'Connor.

In a Burying Ground.

This is the spot where I will lie
When life has had enough of me.
These are the grasses that will blow
Above me like a living sea.

These gay old lilies will not shrink
To draw their life from death of mine,
And I will give my body's fire
To make blue flowers on this vine.

"O soul," I cried, "have you no tears,
Was not the body dear to you?"
I heard my soul say carelessly,
"The myrtle-flowers will grow more blue."
—Sara Teasdale, in the Bellman.

Slumber Song.

Sleep; and my song shall build about your bed
A Paradise of dimness. You shall feel
The folding of tired wings; and peace will dwell
Throned in your silence; and one hour shall hold
Summer, and midnight, and immensity
Lulled to forgetfulness. For, where you dream,
The stately gloom of foliage shall embower
Your slumbering thought with tapestries of blue.
And there shall be no memory of the sky,
Nor sunlight with its cruelty of swords.
But, to your soul that sinks from deep to deep
Through drowned and glimmering color, Time shall
be

Only slow rhythmic swaying; and your breath;
And roses in the darkness; and my love.
—Siegfried Sassoon, in Today.

I Follow.

I follow the lure of the lips of the morn,
The breath of the pine bough, the call of the
corn,

The murmur of springs,
And the butterfly's wings
That flutter and fleet over height, over hollow,
The voice of the wind as it chants, as it sings,
I follow, I follow!

I follow the luminous light in the west,
The flickering shcen on the oriole's breast,
The beckoning fern,
And the hickering burn,
The kingfisher's dart, and the swoop of the
swallow,
Aspiration and impulse and all things that yearn,
I follow, I follow!

I follow, I follow, I follow afar
The path of the sun and the path of the star
To the secrets of birth
And the wonders of mirth;
While leaving behind me the empty and hollow,
I seek what makes sweeter and fairer the earth;
I follow, I follow!

—Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

California House Memorial.

The following additional donations for the memorial ward to be established in the Edith Cavell-Marie De Page Hospital and School for Nursing in Brussels, Belgium:

Previously reported	\$15,399.65
Mr. Arthur Winslow, New York	100.00
Mr. Abraham Rosenberg	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Blanev	50.00
Mrs. A. I. Eisner	20.00
Mrs. M. S. Eisner and friends	5.00

Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Bruce Porter, 944 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, secretary for California, or to the Central Trust Company of New York, Forty-Second Street, New York City.

Miss Rickoff's Class.

The class of Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff on Current Topics will open at the Fairmont on Friday morning, October 3d, at 11 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Teague are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

An airplane that actually lifts itself from the ground with flapping wings has been built by a French inventor.

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Fiftieth Anniversary of the Old Ladies' Home.

The directors of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home are making an effort to have this fiftieth anniversary a memorable one in the life of the home. They hope all the friends of the home will attend the annual reception on Friday afternoon, October 3d, from 3 to 5, and bring their friends.

It is their aim to increase the endowment fund and they are working to that end. It would be greatly appreciated if any one wishing to make a fitting memorial to a beloved mother now no longer here would remember the old ladies who are still with us and whose lives they are trying to make bright and cheerful.

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It is estimated that 5,500,000,000 bricks are needed to build the 300,000 houses required within the next two years in England. The average annual output for three years before the war was 2,805,000,000.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Frederick Sharon has arrived in New York from France and will return to California in November to spend the winter.

Mrs. Butler Breeden has returned to San Francisco from the Atlantic coast. She will spend the winter at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan have returned to town from Menlo Park.

Mr. Gordon Hitchcock and Mr. George Pope, Jr., have gone East to continue their course at college.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax of Portland, who are at present staying at the St. Francis, have taken the Kiersted house in Burlingame for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker will return today from a trip to Los Angeles.

Lord Anthony Ashley of England and Mr. Jeremy Pratt of St. Louis left Friday for the Atlantic coast, after a week's sojourn in San Francisco.

The Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart left Monday for Philadelphia to join Mrs. Charles Wheeler.

Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow of Fresno has taken a house in San Mateo for the winter months.

Major and Mrs. Henry Kiersted have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter season.

Mrs. Louis Parrott, who has been summering in Monterey, will spend the winter at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard left Sunday for Vancouver en route to the Orient. They will be away a year.

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Cheatham will leave within a few days for their new station at Fort Leavenworth. They will be accompanied by Mrs. James Denman.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker will leave this month for Sacramento, where they will reside during the winter. Their house in San Francisco has been leased by Mrs. Edgar Wilson.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arabella Schwerin, and Mr. Richard Schwerin left Monday for the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Volkmann have returned from New York.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham have returned to New York, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Matt Savage and her three sons have given up their house in town and have gone to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler on the McCloud River. They will return later in the year to Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Lawton Filer are spending a week at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Storey have left for their home in Chicago, after a visit here of several weeks' duration.

Judge and Mrs. George Crothers and Mrs. Mills have returned to their town house for the winter season.

Miss Isabelle Jennings has returned to Menlo Park from Tahoe.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin left this week for New York to remain two months.

Mr. Lawrence McCreery has gone East for a visit of several weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman and Miss

Natalie Campbell left today for Los Angeles, where they will remain until after the marriage of Miss Campbell and Mr. Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia.

Miss Betty George, who has been visiting Miss Anne Peters at the Fairmont, left yesterday for the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White and Mr. Walter White, who have been summering in California, left Monday for their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker of Minneapolis will return next week to San Francisco for the winter months. They have taken an apartment on Powell Street.

Mrs. Adolph Scheld has arrived from Sacramento and is staying at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have returned to Burlingame from Santa Barbara.

Miss Gertrude Minton of Trenton, New Jersey, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor returned Monday from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Cornelia Clappett spent the week-end in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr. Colonel and Mrs. H. L. Stillwell are guests of Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., in San Mateo.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood has gone south on an extended motor and hunting trip to Imperial Valley and Lower California.

Mrs. M. H. Hecht left October 1st for a visit to her daughter in Baltimore, to be absent several months.

Among Palace Hotel arrivals are Mr. J. W. Sanger, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Julian Hillman, Atlantic City, New Jersey; Mr. Stuart Harvey, Australia; Mr. R. B. Hall, Los Angeles; Mr. H. H. Brown, Reno, Nevada; Mr. Dan Morrison, Yokohama; Mr. A. Emory Wishon, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. John Ker, Scotland, Ontario; Mr. D. C. Eccles, Ogden, Utah; Mr. O. H. Johnson, Denver, Colorado; Mr. C. A. Heller, Philadelphia; Mr. E. R. Jones, New York; Mr. A. F. Haynes, Seattle; Mr. George H. Sexton, Mr. George M. Dickerson, New York City.

Whitcomb arrivals include Consul Ljungdahl, Stockholm, Sweden; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Norwood, Edmonton, Canada; Mr. Robert L. Schofield, Tacoma; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Epley, Memphis, Tennessee; Mr. and Mrs. H. McGhee, Portland, Oregon; Mr. George Bronen, Denver; Mr. John Beardsley, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. George N. Glass, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. Frank J. McHugh, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. H. A. Macaulay, Portland, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas White, Los Angeles; Mr. E. E. Campbell, Mr. R. D. McFarland, Sacramento.

SOME BABY KINGDOMS.

Little Islands Which Are Under One-Man Rule.

Scattered about the shores of the British Isles are a number of islands, large and small, whose proprietors are monarchs of all they survey. In many respects they possess greater power over their "subjects" than is possessed by King George himself. Although owing allegiance to the British crown, yet Parliament has no power to tax some of these island estates, nor can any one land on their shores without the permission of the owner.

Some of these islands are but a few acres in extent, while one of them is the largest island around the British coast, next after Ireland, and boasts of quite a large population.

The special privileges mentioned have been granted in times past by some sovereign to a favorite to whom he wished to give a mark of special favor. Like titles of nobility, these special privileges were made in perpetuity and still cling to the territories.

Those of us who have read "Westward Ho!" (says the New York Herald) will remember Lundy Island, which lies in the British Channel. Now Lundy is one of the best known of the tiny island monarchies. It is a delightful little jewel that was once the haunt of pirates and smugglers. It was at one time captured by French pirates and at another time fell into the hands of Turkish privateers. No one can dwell or even visit this bit of the earth's surface without the consent of the owner. It is exempt from taxation.

Lundy is probably not paradise, but it is actually the property of the Heaven family, and a clergyman by that name is the present owner. He rules over a kingdom of 1200 acres and fewer than a hundred souls.

Down near Land's End a great rock rises out of the bay which is known as St. Michael's Mount. It is an island and it is not, for at low tide a rough stone causeway connects it with the mainland. It is little more than a mile in circumference and is probably the tiniest of the island kingdoms. Perched upon the summit of the rock, which is about 200 feet high, is the famous old castle in which the "king," Lord St. Levan, resides. Clustered at the base, facing the land, is a tiny village composed of a score of houses where dwell the "subjects."

Just south of the Isle of Man is a little island called the "Calf of Man." The original owner received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of this island, which was declared to be forever free from taxation. No one can live there, or even on its shores, without the consent of the owner. It is in every sense of the word private. The late owner was so engrossed in his books and lived so retired a life that years would sometimes elapse between his visits to the neighboring Isle of

Man. Only a small part of the land is cultivated, and the whole is overrun with rabbits and rats, both of which are tailless. This little island kingdom was sold not long ago for \$100,000.

On the eastern coast of England is a tiny island called Osea. It is about a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is a delightful little retreat, covered with meadow land and charming old elm trees—an ideal place for bathing and sea fishing. This island has a history that dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, from which time it has always had a "king" and a small population. The present "king" is the son of a brewer who refused to continue in that business. In doing this he sacrificed more than a million dollars, so it is said, and has converted the island into a retreat for drunkards. His efforts have met with considerable success, for the isolation and the bracing sea air have worked wonders.

There are a number of these diminutive water-surrounded monarchies off the coast of Scotland. One of them is the Isle of Bute in the Firth of Clyde, which is owned by the Marquis of Bute. This kingdom contains almost fifty square miles and has a population of 11,000 people. There are as many as six little lakes in that monarchy, the largest of which, Loch Fad, is a quarter of a mile wide and about nine times that in length. The famous old home of the marquis, Rothesay Castle, dates from the year 1098. Arran is another of these sea-girt kingdoms in the same firth.

The ruler of this little principality is the Marchioness of Graham, and a wise ruler she has proven to her 5000 subjects. Although only nineteen miles long and ten broad, Arran has a romantic history. Robert the Bruce is said to have hidden himself there for some time in a cave and to have prepared one of his expeditions to recover the crown on the island. The ruins of a castle are shown which was one of the residences of Scotland's kings.

Another little kingdom is the Island of Rhum, whose potentate is Sir John Bullough. Nearly all the island is deep forest and moorland, and it is all mountainous. Only 300 acres are tillable. The subjects of Sir John number fewer than eight score. The whole island is one vast game preserve, where deer and other game roam to provide sport for the nobility.

The largest of these island kingdoms is doubtless Lewis Island, one of the Outer Hebrides group, off the west coast of Scot-



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land. It covers an area of nearly 700 square miles and has 37,000 people. It has several lochs where splendid fishing is to be had. Over the moors and forest land the red deer still roam.

This island has had a stirring history, for the people have always been fighters. Many times have royal troops been defeated by the islanders. Many members of the royal family of England have been entertained at Stornoway Castle, the residence of the owner.

The present "ruler" is a Major Matheson, and he desires to sell his kingdom. At present the people are peaceable enough and are principally engaged in fishing. The girls go all over Scotland to assist in packing the famous herring of that country. Next to fishing, cloth-weaving engages the attention of the islanders, who are a hardy and thrifty people, the majority of whom speak only Gaelic.

Norwegian government experimenters have succeeded in producing a bread containing 20 per cent. of fish.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She is working hard fishing for compliments." "But not with hated breath."—*Baltimore American*.

"What will you say to your wife, old man?" "Jus' 'Goo'-morning, Charlotte." She'll say the rest."—*Life*.

"Pa, when is a man a confirmed liar?" "When nothing he says can be confirmed, my son."—*Boston Transcript*.

Beggar—Mister, I'm in trouble and—*Pedestrian*—Don't hother me. I've got a second-hand automobile, too.—*Judge*.

"The steamer which was wrecked ran into the arms of disaster." "It must have been hugging the shore."—*Baltimore American*.

She—I'd like to ask you a question. *He*—Ask it, dear. *She*—Am I the only girl whose money you ever loved?—*New York Globe*.

"What broke off your engagement?" "Oh, nothing. His two weeks were up and he had to go back to the city."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Was the prima donna generous with her trills?" "Oh, yes; she gave us a great many runs for our money."—*Baltimore American*.

Artist—Yes, I had a narrow squeak when I was painting that picture of the Sphinx. An Arah came up behind me and nearly

stabbed me in the back. *Friend*—What! Are there art critics in Egypt, too, then?—*Passing Show*.

"Hello, Womhat. How's the world treating you?" "My friends are very stingy with what they have put away."—*Judge*.

"This letter is marked 'Dictated, but not read.'" "And that last part is a prophecy. Into the waste-basket with it."—*Judge*.

"Don't you have a lot of trouble keeping down expenses?" "Not so much as I have keeping up the revenue."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

"Then your dream-hook is a total loss?" "Seems so." "How's that?" "Can't seem to dream nothing that will fit it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Just one more question, uncle." "Well, well, what is it?" "If a hoy is a lad and has a stepfather, is the lad a stepladder?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's pet puppy)—Madam, I will replace the animal. *Indignant Owner*—Sir, you flatter yourself.—*London Blighty*.

"Do you think side-whiskers will ever come in fashion again?" "They're in fashion now," said Mr. Rufnek. "The girls are wearin' 'em over their ears."—*Washington Star*.

Hicks—Where did you spend your vacation? *Wicks*—I didn't spend it. My wife and daughter spent everything else I had and I thought I'd better save something.—*Dallas News*.

"Were you concerned in the actors' strike?" "No," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes. "What I want is some hindering arrangement that will prevent the audiences from quitting on me."—*Washington Star*.

"Isn't that wrap a little large for you?" asked the husband. "Yes," said the wife. "The cook is preparing to leave and I'm getting clothes near enough her size to keep her interested in lingering."—*Washington Star*.

Wife (complainingly)—You're not like Mr. Knagg. They've been married twenty years and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender. *Husband*—Tender! Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water all that time.—*Portland Telegram*.

"Women used to weep over novels." "Well?" "But they don't seem to cry over the vicissitudes of the heroine in the moving

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pictures." "Possibly the knowledge that she is getting \$10,000 a week has something to do with it."—*Pittsburg Sun*.

"No sales for brass footrails now, I s'pose?" "Oh, yes, business is good. We're putting them in cellars."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Employer—For this job you've got to know French and Spanish, and the pay is eighteen dollars a week. *Applicant for Job*—Lord, mister! I aint got no education; I'm after a job in the yards. *Employer*—See the yard boss. We'll start you in at forty.—*Life*.

A schoolteacher who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of the dis-

covery of America by Columbus ended it with: "And all this happened more than 400 years ago." A little hoy, his eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought: "Gee! What a memory you've got!"—*Toledo Blade*.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I bought one of those new contrivances to suspend a milk bottle against the side of the house instead of leaving it on the doorstep. *Mrs. Yeast*—How does it work? *Mrs. Crimsonbeak*—It proved a failure. My husband came home late the other night, and took our house for a new battleship just about to be launched, and in the morning we had no milk.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2220.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 11, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Herbert Hoover.

Of the many who in recent months have dealt with matters related to the crisis in world affairs, including the affairs of our own country, none has made so profound an impression upon this community as Mr. Herbert Hoover. There is no filigree work in Mr. Hoover's matter or manner—no generalizations of uncertain meaning, no appeal to emotion or passion. When he speaks in public or privately he goes straight to his subject. He knows his bearings and he holds severely to them. Upon the basis of definite facts of the world's situation and of our own interests and obligations in connection with them, upon assured actualities, he predicates conclusions of convincing force. No man knows better—perhaps none so well—the meaning of conditions and events. There is refreshment in the absence from Mr. Hoover's discussions alike of personal and political considerations. For "politics" he obviously holds a sovereign contempt; for actualities he has obviously a profound respect. Mr. Hoover's rejection of attempts to place him in the rôle of hero are likewise refreshing in their contrast with the attitude of those who have recently aspired to the character of public counselors. He will have none of it. Personal glorification is to him very obviously an impertinence and a weariness. Many times since Mr. Hoover's return, and in comment upon his presentments of fact and judgment, the question has been asked: Why can

not we have from those who speak on the part of the government similarly plain and illuminating discussion of matters of public interest? Answer lies in the fact that the President, Senator Johnson, and others who have recently been with us are politicians first and statesmen after. Their vision is sicklied o'er with the cast of political calculation. They are thinking less of vital considerations than of political effects. Even when possessed of significant information they are minus the courage to present it, if in any form or manner there may lie in it potentialities of politics. Hats off to Herbert Hoover—to a man who knows world conditions, who understands the forces which control in international relationships social and economic, who goes straight to the mark of pending issues great and small, hewing to the line, leaving political chips to fall wheresoever they may!

The Pending Issue.

In respect of the fact that the President's illness was not marked by "temperature," and that it was not accompanied by "heart symptoms," and that his recovery has been so rapid, there have been those to suggest that, to some extent at least, there was involved in it calculations of diplomacy. There is natural appeal to popular sympathy in the case of a champion of a great cause stricken down under stress of devotion to his work; and it is quite possible that Mr. Wilson's collapse won for him many wavering and emotional minds. But there can be no doubt that the President was in truth a very sick man, not so much in the sense of being in danger of his life as in that for a brief time he suffered acutely. His quick recovery is characteristic of the man, for while he is far from being rugged, he has apparently a fairly sound physical organization. His troubles appear to be functional rather than organic, mainly due to nervous reaction upon a sensitive stomach. For all his iciness of manner, Mr. Wilson is a passionate man; he lacks the ability to withstand rebuffs. He is unable to put himself in the place of the other fellow; and so, failing to get the other fellow's point of view, it irritates and angers him when he is unable to make the other fellow get his point of view. He was grievously disappointed when he failed to make the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations see the league of nations covenant in the light in which he sees it. He can not understand why they could not grasp and accept his view.

So Mr. Wilson went out to the country, thinking to work the public up to a frenzy of enthusiasm for the covenant. He was graciously received everywhere, and in places he succeeded in arousing something like enthusiasm. Everywhere he was heard with respect and attention. But he had no real success in working a change of sentiment in the country or in bringing pressure to bear on the Senate. Reports from Washington which reached him while on his tour were discouraging, the war cry of the opposition—"a Democrat a day while the President's away"—seemed in a fair way to be realized, for several Democrats went over to the reservationists. The final blow came to him in Colorado in the form of a telegram from Senator Hitchcock saying that four or five Democrats upon whom he had surely counted had joined the reservationists. Disappointment and anger reacted on his digestive apparatus; in a man of his type violent emotion always does. His nerve deserted him; for the time being he went to pieces; he could neither eat nor sleep. And under this stress his mental faculties lost their tone and power. But rest, cheerful surroundings, isolation from the cares of office, are restoring him to his normal condition. As we write on Wednesday he is practically himself again; and he seems to be a bit chastened. There are suggestions that he may adopt a

more conciliatory attitude. It is not unlikely that he may follow the advice of Senator Hitchcock and seek a compromise.

For all his stubbornness, Mr. Wilson can yield under pressure. It was noted after his last return from Paris that he was in a much more human frame of mind than previously. His attitude towards his cabinet then, for the first time in his administration, became actually friendly. He entertained several cabinet members at the White House in both formal and informal ways, an undeniable departure from his previous habit. He talked more with his cabinet, made more of a pretense of consultation, listened to advice with a greater degree of courtesy than ever in the past. Not that he took advice. Quite the contrary; but he assumed an attitude of consideration for his official associates that had been foreign to him in the years that had gone by. But for all this, the cabinet is, as usual, quite in the dark as to his future plans. If presumably intelligent reports may be believed, he has not given an inkling of his purposes in the matter of the Redfield succession. As usual the members of the cabinet have made suggestions, but with little faith that they will be considered seriously. Washington gossip has it that nobody knows the President's attitude towards Lansing, against whom in respect to the Bullitt disclosures he is grievously offended.

While the President's speaking tour, with that of Senator Johnson, has failed to develop an overwhelming popular sentiment with respect to the league of nations either one way or the other, it has very definitely brought out the fact that the country wants to see an end to controversy. The people want a settlement of the pending issue in good faith and upon the basis of conviction. It is broadly realized that issues of greatest importance are dependent upon the conclusion of formal peace. The country is weary of a discussion which seems to tend to nothing conclusive and exhibits on both sides as much of stubbornness as of conviction. In the meantime the President's position is weakened by his continued attitude of secrecy with respect to details as well as by the things that are happening to discredit his assertions. The situation at Fiume; the landing of an American naval force in Dalmatia without authorization from Washington for such action; the mystery connected with the presence of our troops in Siberia; the departure of more American troops to Silesia; Shantung; the secret treaties, and all the rest of the mess tend to destroy confidence in the President's judgment and in the result of his activities in Paris. Belief grows that Mr. Wilson in "matching minds" with Mr. Lloyd George and other associates in the peace conference was overreached at many points, that he was blind to many of the facts of the situation, and that even when he had the facts in his possession he did not adequately comprehend their practical meaning.

Another development of this long-drawn-out controversy is popular dissatisfaction with the timid attitude of many senators who seem to be without courage to line up either with the President or with the reservationists. The instinct of the American people, when important matters are in dispute, is for a clean-cut fight. The public is not edified by a stuffed-glove exhibition; when there is to be hitting, it wants the hitting to be hard. It has not passed without notice that while on his tour the President got his largest measure of applause when he struck at the Senate boldly. Likewise the secret of Senator Johnson's success in opposition has been in his vigorous attacks on the President and his works. Even while criticized on the score of crudeness and want of dignity, he has gained by his vigor. Mr. Roosevelt clearly defined the tempera-

of the country in his famous phrase—"the shots that hit are the shots that count."

After all the nuich that has been said on the platform and in the press with respect to the league of nations there has been no clear definition of popular sentiment. Whatever the final action may be, the country is likely, for the moment at least, to feel a sense of relief. In a political sense it is the after effects that will count most. But one thing is fairly certain, namely, should the President, following acceptance of the treaty with amendments or reservations, act upon his thinly veiled threat made at Salt Lake the outcry against him would surely be tremendous. Such action on the part of the Senate would undoubtedly anger him, but it is doubtful if he could find the nerve to make good his threat.

At Washington and elsewhere there has been a good deal of speculation as to why Senator Johnson suddenly broke off his tour and returned for a few days to Washington. For several days there was current a report that Johnson was recalled by Lodge and others of the old guard under the fear that he was gathering dangerous strength as a presidential possibility. All this was fiction, none the less so because it has been widely accredited by important newspapers and practically endorsed by the Democratic National Committee in its press sheets. The truth is that Senator Borah, who is Johnson's supporter, friend, and adviser, sent out the telegram of recall, but subsequently canceled it. Again, the truth is that Lodge and Knox, representing the radical group, urged Johnson to go on with his tour and later insisted upon his completing it.

The Dalmatian incident is causing grave embarrassment to the Administration in connection with the treaty controversy. It has a peculiar sting for Secretary Daniels, who just before the facts were definitely known assured the Washington correspondents that reports of the landing of American naval forces "could not possibly be true." The following facts are now well established: Secretary Daniels, who declared officially that it was impossible that American naval forces were being used in Dalmatia without orders from Washington, now confesses confirmation of the news. The orders under which the American naval forces in the Adriatic were landed in Dalmatia came from the British admiralty via the War Council and Rear-Admiral Knapp in London. The approval or disapproval of the American Navy Department was not asked. These facts constitute a serious embarrassment for the Secretary of the Navy. They present, too, an interesting suggestion in support of certain criticisms of the league of nations. Further, it is something more than disconcerting to the President to discover that upon the very heels of his declaration that American forces could not be employed in foreign warfare without direct authority from Congress such forces were actually being so employed, not only without the authority of Congress, but by order of the British admiralty and without knowledge on the part of the United States Navy Department. We are likely to hear a good deal of this matter later on.

The Issue in the Steel Strike.

The issue in the steel strike, curiously enough, is not between the steel corporation and its men, but between the corporation and an association which seeks to impose its authority both upon the company and its men. Judge Gary, head of the corporation, has been at all times and is now willing to consult with the men in his employ. But he declines conference with a group of labor exploiters having no connection with his business, but who seek to intrude themselves into and upon it, and to take an authoritative part in its administration. The contest now being fought out relates not to wages, hours, or other conditions or considerations as between employer and employee; it rests upon a demand for power on the part of certain leaders of organized labor. Their purpose is to establish a condition under which nobody may serve in the work of the steel corporation unless he shall join a union, submit to its discipline, and pay such taxes as it may impose. The demand is for monopoly of the work of the steel corporation by a private association which seeks to extend its authority, including its taxing power, over the employees of the corporation. The anomalous fact in

the situation is that a large number of the latter have been brought by cajolery or intimidation to cooperate with the agitators.

In resenting and resisting this demand Judge Gary and his associates of the steel corporation are fighting for a principle absolutely essential if the integrity of government, including the rights of citizens, shall be sustained. There are principles which may not be compromised without discredit and dishonor, and this is one of them.

In making this fight for the steel corporation Judge Gary is in fact making it for the whole country. Probably without pecuniary loss—certainly without immediate loss—Judge Gary might have yielded the point of principle in a weak compromise. He has chosen to stand for principle. Before a congressional committee the other day he declared in few words "*We shall not yield.*" Upon this declaration the fight is being waged and obviously it is in the way of being won.

A Notable Sign of the Times.

While the *Saturday Evening Post* is frequently the subject of criticism on the score of spinelessness, it has never been accused of lack of skill in sizing up the public mind. Its universal popularity, more particularly its vogue with the "plain people," bears evidence to the closeness with which it keeps its ear to the ground and to its judgment in appraising the currents of public opinion. It is therefore a matter of special significance that, in its issue of October 4th, the *Post* departs so radically from its habit of diplomatic reserve as to come out plainly, boldly, and in a carefully defined statement of what is required in the political life of the country. It says:

Three years ago, without full knowledge of what was ahead of us, we elected a professor President for the second time. An able man, sincerely anxious to work for the good of humanity, he made an admirable literary and educational record as President. But it happens that the problems that were presented to him during his second term were neither literary nor educational. His fine idealism ran up against brutal facts. In meeting them he made mistakes, because his training had not fitted him to understand the kind of action and the type of men that the situation called for. Not until events forced him did he call on men of affairs and practical understanding; and not until then did we begin to succeed in our undertaking. And these men were never his real confidants and advisers.

Coming down to concrete matters the *Post* declares that the people

have bowed their heads to taxation and have looked on unconcernedly while the money was wasted. There is a popular delusion that taxes come out of Scotty's Death Valley mine; that you can take more out of a business than you put into it; that you can hallow a nation's surplus and still have it; that you can get—and keep—high wages, cheap food, and short hours by passing a few laws. Every penny wasted by incompetent national government, every dollar grafted by dishonest state and city government must be raised by taxation, and in the end it inevitably passes on to the consumer and is added to his rent, his food, his clothes, and his amusements. National, state, and city governments that are wasteful are first in the long line of profiteers. The huck in the game of politics is always passed along to the people. The man who thinks that laws can make food plentiful, work light, and hours short might begin by asking why Europe, with eight or ten million fewer mouths to feed than it had four years ago, is hungry? Why Russia, having decreed all those things that red radicals say will bring us peace and plenty, is starving?

Proceeding, the *Post* points out that this past year has been marked by a series of anti-climaxes. Congress "between its stretches of piffle and gabble" is doing its best, but that best is not good enough. Its measures are "temporary and superficial, due to the fact that congressional ears incline towards the loudest noise." Interpreting the immediate conditions, the *Post* says:

The ideals for which men died have apparently gone stale and sour, for the governments that professed them are grabbing at shadows of empire. Half the world has been sulking and slacking, and the other half has been slacking and jazzing. Labor has been on a new joy-strike every morning. The railroad brotherhoods have been raising their wages and incidentally the carpenters' and bricklayers' costs of living. The carpenters and bricklayers have been boosting their own pay and incidentally the brotherhoods' rent. Capital has been tacking the new costs on to prices, and sometimes a trifle more for luck. Boothacks are making more than clerks, waiters more than professors, and cooks more than teachers. Every one has been letting down a little, wasting a little and saving mighty little. With the crowd accepting any new theory of society that disregards the hard facts of life, this is no year for rah! rah! politics and hush-league messiahs.

All of which is by way of leading up to definite sug-

gestions for the time immediately ahead. Looking to the next presidency, the *Post* says:

Emphatically this is an off year for professors. For some time we shall be concerned with making a living rather than with theories about life. Lawyers, too, are out of season. * * * A politician of any kind, breed, or business is *persona non grata*. * * * We need a business man for President. Our problems are first and last economic—that is, straight business problems—concerned with production and distribution—greater production, better distribution. Only a broad-gauged, sympathetic, common-sense, close-to-the-ground man, understanding farming and its problems, manufacturing and its problems, selling and its problems, will fit the issues. He must be a man who will play no capitalistic favorites for the sake of friendship, and no labor favorites for the sake of votes. He must be a man who will give short shrift to any one who plays it heads-I-win, tails-you-lose. He must believe in profit sharing and loss sharing, too. He must not be afraid to go after any one who tries to assume power without responsibility or accountability; who breaks his word or his contracts, individual or collective. Such a man's creed would be: A fair chance for all classes, and no looting of any one class for the benefit of any other. He would be an American of the Americans and concerned about what kind of men become Americans. He would give more attention to the quality of immigration than to its volume, and he would start a little involuntary emigration. * * * Our candidate must be one who will put duty above a second term. The right man can do more for his country's welfare in the next four years than an average President in three average terms. He must be the kind of man that as an employee gave a full day's work and was not afraid to heap up the measure; and as an employer was something more than a set of side whiskers, an impersonal Jehovah in a white waistcoat to his men. He could even have a single-track mind if the goods moved over it.

Professorial Salaries and Other Matters.

Public appreciation of the inadequacy of professorial salaries has taken the form of a practical relief movement. Harvard is leading the way and others are expected to follow. Assuredly it is high time for practical action when a street laborer is paid more than a geologist and when a longshoreman draws down a larger pay check than a professor of philosophy. One of the arguments for higher pay for college professors is based upon the proneness of ill-paid men, under the stress of necessity and chagrin, to sympathy with the radicalisms of the day. That there is something in this argument is the common observation of those who in recent times have observed the growth of socialistic and even Bolshevik ideas in our colleges. An ill-paid man is inevitably a disappointed and discontented man, and discontent is the parent of a multitude of mischiefs. Most important of all human functions is that of bringing up the oncoming generation, and there could be no greater mistake than to give over the youth of the land to instruction and inspiration at the hands of men disqualified for rational understandings and judgments under a sense of injustice and injury.

College and university administrations are not free from blame for the existing conditions. A common policy has been, not only to live up to the limit of college incomes, but to go a little beyond it. There has been universal passion for expansion of the work of the higher schools, and it has gotten far beyond the limits of rational response to the public interest. Our colleges have not been content to limit their work to sound requirements, scholastic and utilitarian; they have gone so far afield as to include a multitude of subjects incidental, ornamental, unnecessary, even incongruous. To a very considerable extent our universities have become entertainment bureaus with instruction in a hundred forms of superfluity so far removed from old and normal standards as to include æsthetic dancing, manteau-making, and a vast round of similarly trivial and questionable subjects. Thus college faculties have been expanded in numbers not only at the cost of college treasuries, but at cost of the dignities which should be sustained by schools of scholarship and general culture. Very much might be done towards increasing the salaries of those who do legitimate work by eliminating from college curriculums the many innovations which consume money even while they destroy consideration and respect for the real business of higher education.

Still another serious mischief has resulted from this feverish desire to expand the work of the colleges. At Berkeley certainly, and probably elsewhere, certain faddists have been permitted to associate themselves officially and partake of the name and fame of the college to no other end than to accredit and give a species of recognition to a kind of teaching which has no proper place in college courses. It is, for example, a

very serious mistake to permit cranks and specialists in the sphere of social and political innovation, though they may serve as "volunteer professors" for ridiculously small salaries or none at all, to accredit their activities under the name of the school. Here is a matter which should be brought to the notice of those to whom the state has committed its policies of education and which should have their immediate and interested consideration.

Again, in the apportionment of larger salaries now imminent, it is important that the men to whom they are to be paid shall be individually worthy of them. There could be no greater mistake than to give a \$4000 salary to a \$2000 man. There is no more mischievous factor in education, or in anything else, than an over-paid man—not even the under-paid man. In advancing salaries there should be scrupulous care that the pay should match the man, since only mischief can come of promoting or retaining under advanced schedules men whose value as professors or instructors has been measured by such salaries as have been or are now being paid. Along with reform at the pay office there needs to be reform at the other end of the line, including elimination of costly superfluities and of men lacking the qualifications worthy of advanced pay.

The craze for numbers of students is among the abatements specifically needed. It would be better for the state, far better all round, to reduce the numbers of ornamental or unnecessary subjects and so eliminate students whose interest is in merely ornamental or unnecessary things. Better far a thousand earnest seekers for knowledge than ten thousand seekers for entertainment and devotees of interest unrelated to the public welfare.

Editorial Notes.

The Industrial Conference called by President Wilson, and whose sessions began early in the week, will achieve nothing of consequence unless it shall define the things which labor may legitimately demand, likewise the principles for which government must stand. Every citizen has a fundamental right to the protection of government in whatever work he may undertake upon his own contract. No organization has the right to molest or disturb him in whatever legitimate work he may choose to do. Government may not meet its problems and maintain its integrity if it shall fail to sustain the right of the individual to any work of his choice upon his own contract. These considerations are fundamental; and they may not be compromised.

The arrangement under which British transportation workers have returned to their tasks has the appearance of a truce rather than that of a definite settlement. Just as the contention of last March has had to be fought over again in recent weeks, so this latest contention will have again to be fought over in a few months. The hope is that with definitely established peace and with the return of normal industry, the conditions may be so modified as to make the next adjustment an easy and a permanent one. While the immediate arrangement may keep the wheels of transportation in motion for the present it is only a stop-gap. An acute distress has for the moment been removed, but the distemper which affects British industry in general, and whose effects are beginning to be severely felt, still calls for radical cure. The great problem which confronts British industrial and social life still remains to be solved.

"SENATOR JOHNSON'S EXPLOIT."

The New York Times of September 29th, in a leading editorial article, has this to say about Senator Johnson and his campaign in opposition to the President:

The visible result thus far of the fight against the treaty is that Senator Hiram W. Johnson has run away with the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1920. He had a great opportunity and he seized it in a masterful way that leaves some of his party associates in Washington dazed and not a little alarmed. The great audiences that confronted him in his speaking tour through the Western States and the extraordinary enthusiasm with which they acclaimed him were not due to a sudden popular interest in the league of nations, in Shantung, or in the six votes of the British Empire. It was the man himself that drew the crowds and stirred them to emotion. Nature designed him for a great tribune of the people and she endowed him with appropriate gifts. He has a figure that speaks strength, a very presentable man, such as audiences like to see upon a platform. He has a fine face, that statesman face of which we see more examples in Washington than elsewhere. It is the face of a stern, resolute man; the glowing eye and the firmly modeled features seem to tell of an ever-burning inward fire of indignation against public wrong, some wrong about which an aroused people ought to do something, with him as their

leader. But his true quality is revealed in his speech. His manner is that of a man tremendously earnest; he drives his thought into the minds of his audience with sledgehammer blows of utterance; he moves, rouses, and controls men who listen to him.

His first tour in the West was much too successful and arousing to suit the plans and purposes of the more conservative leaders of the party in Washington. They were deeply disturbed. They recalled him on the plea that his amendment was urgently in need of the support of its proposer. He returned to the Capitol, but now he is off again, leaving his amendment to that fate which has already been recorded. Ostensibly, he is "trailing" the President in the Pacific States; really, he goes to repeat the triumph of his former tour and to complete the work he then so successfully began. Regarded from the beginning by other aspirants for the Republican nomination as dangerous, they now see that he will become unconquerable if his career is not checked. To the older, conservative wing of the party his slashing way of going out and seizing upon the hearts of the people almost before they have begun to organize for next year is, as we have said, alarming. He does not suit them at all; he is not of their type; he is very far from their ideal of what the candidate should be. He is of the Progressive school, and that condemns him. They never know what he is going to do. As a Progressive, he necessarily acquired an astonishing facility in improvising lifelong convictions, in discarding principles that had served their purpose and become embarrassing. He studies his public, lest as Rufus Choate would have put it, he dilate with the wrong indignation. He is ready to promise the people anything they want, if only he can find out what they want. All this is abhorrent to a Puritan politician like Henry Cabot Lodge, who adores fixed principles, who is moved always by the profound convictions, whose chief sorrow is that the people are too dull to respond to his own loftiness of aim. Too unselfish and disinterested to seek the honor of next year's nomination for himself, Mr. Lodge is deeply desirous that a Republican of the dependable sort shall be chosen. Naturally, he feels that upon Senator Johnson no dependence whatever can be placed; it is certain that in the campaign and in the White House a man of the California senator's political views would make ducks and drakes of all those principles and policies that endeared the hearts of Mr. Lodge and his group.

Senator Johnson is not very deeply concerned about the Republican convention. He probably feels that he has already won control of it, but if he fails in that control he will be a candidate just the same—on his own hook, following the Roosevelt example of 1912. In addition to the great popular support which he has won by his own efforts, it is understood that he has entered into an alliance quite outside the Republican party, from which he expects effective aid. This only increases the alarm of the conservative or "stand-pat" Republicans, who have hoped, by destroying the treaty, to put an end to the Democratic chances of victory next year. With so formidable a personage as Johnson in the field, summoning to his support all the old Progressive strength and those elements of society that fondly desire the immediate coming of the political millennium, and with his fertility of promise and fecundity of principles, they foresee the Republican organization rent and parceled again as it was in that dreadful year when it carried only two states of this Union. The eagle who noted with surprise that the dart which pierced his breast had been feathered with a selection from his own plumage was an exultant bird compared with the Republican senators at Washington, compelled to remark that the league of nations issue which they had chosen to make an end of the Democratic party next year has, instead, borne to imminent triumph in their own convention the very man of whom they were most afraid.

MR. BULLITT'S MISSION TO RUSSIA.

The news that Mr. William C. Bullitt and Mr. Lincoln Steffens had gone on a confidential mission to the Soviet government of Russia was received at the time with perplexity and even with consternation in America. There seemed to be no reason why any mission should be sent to the Soviet government, implying as it did a practical recognition of that government. Still less could we understand why such an extraordinary selection of emissaries should have been made. But we were allowed to know no more than the bare facts, and it was not intended that we should know even them. Mr. Bullitt, giving evidence before the Senate committee, tells us that his mission was kept a profound secret from the other members of the peace conference with the single exception of Mr. Lloyd George. He tells us that he was sent to make a plea for peace, to ask for terms, very much as a beaten army asks for terms from its victors. It is not pleasant to say such a thing, but then it is Mr. Bullitt who says it. Here are his words, taken from Page 1246 of the "Hearings Before the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate":

It was decided that I should go at once to Russia to attempt to obtain from the Soviet government an exact statement of the terms on which they were ready to stop fighting. I was ordered to obtain that statement and have it back in Paris before the President returned to Paris from the United States.

A few minutes later Mr. Bullitt repeated his statement in other words. He said:

I was instructed to go in and bring back as quickly as possible a definite statement of exactly the terms the Soviet government was ready to accept. . . . I was sent to obtain an exact statement of the terms that the Soviet government was ready to accept.

Be it remembered that this was the second time the Soviet government had been approached. The first proposal was for a conference at Prinkipos, the Rev. Mr. Herron of free love fame being the American delegate upon that occasion. The proposal was rejected contemptuously by the Bolsheviks. Now we have the second proposal, with Mr. Bullitt as its spokesman. But the proposal has become a plea, one might almost say an abject plea. No wonder it was kept from the knowledge of the other members of the conference.

Mr. Bullitt accomplished his mission. He saw Lenin, Tchitcherin, and Litvinoff. In collaboration with them he drew up a memorandum of peace terms. It is too long to quote here, but it implies a full recognition of

the Soviet government. The trade blockade is to be removed, all *de facto* governments to remain in control and power and Soviet citizens to have full rights of travel and residence in other countries, "provided they do not interfere in the domestic politics of those countries." But there is one clause in the agreement that should be quoted in full. It is as follows:

Immediately after the signing of this agreement all troops of the Allied and associated governments and other non-Russian governments to be withdrawn from Russia and military assistance to cease to be given to anti-Soviet governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire.

That is to say the Czecho-Slovaks were to be abandoned. Kolchak was to be abandoned, and Denikine. They were to be left to the mercy of the Bolsheviks. America was to ally herself with the Soviet government and to become the tacit and passive enemy of its enemies. But Lenin stipulated that the proposal must take official form by the Allies not later than April 10, 1919, and the Allies, with the exception of Lloyd George, had not even been informed that such a project was under way. It had been carefully hidden from them.

Mr. Bullitt was in Russia for one week, but the brevity of his visit did not prevent him from making a voluminous report on the political, military, social, and domestic conditions of Russia that would have taken a residence of very many years to justify. Colonel House seems to have the power to confer upon others some of the omniscience and omnipotence that in earlier days had caused him to be mistaken for God. But with Mr. Bullitt's report upon Russia we are not at the moment concerned except to say that it paints a sort of modern Garden of Eden, an earthly paradise, a millennial foretaste. Let us confine ourselves for the moment to the *apologia et confessio* of Mr. Bullitt himself. He says:

On reaching Helsinki I sent a telegram to the mission at Paris "most secret for the President, Secretary Lansing, and Colonel House only," in which I said that in handing me the statement which I have just read Tchitcherin and Litvinoff had explained that the Executive Council of the Soviet government had formally considered and adopted it, and that the Soviet government considered itself absolutely bound to accept the proposals made therein, provided they were made on or before April 10th, and under no conditions would they change their minds. I also explained that I had found Lenin, Tchitcherin, and Litvinoff full of the sense of Russia's need of peace, and that I felt the details of their statement might be modified without making it unacceptable to them. . . . I felt that in the main this statement represented the minimum terms that the Soviet government would accept.

It will be observed that Mr. Bullitt was under no illusions as to the nature of his mission. He defines it again and again. He was sent to Russia to plead for peace. He carried the white flag. He brought back with him "the minimum terms that the Soviet government would accept."

Now let us see what happened to the report. As soon as Mr. Bullitt returned to Paris he had a two hours' interview with Colonel House, and "Colonel House was entirely and quite decidedly in favor of making peace, if possible, on the basis of this proposal." Then the matter was laid before Lloyd George, who laid it before General Smuts, saying that it was of "the utmost importance and interest." General Smuts said that he was of the same opinion. Mr. Lloyd George said that the report ought to be published. Every one said that it ought to be published, but of course nothing could be done without the consent of the President. And here we will quote Mr. Bullitt again, so that we may have the exact facts:

Well, to cut the story short, first the President referred the matter to Colonel House. He left his decision on the matter with Colonel House, as was his usual course of procedure in most such matters. . . . I prepared a statement for the press based on my report, giving the facts, which I submitted to the commission to be given out. No member of the commission was ready to take the responsibility for publicity in the matter, and it was referred to the President. The President received it and decided that he did not want it given out. He thought he would rather keep it secret, and in spite of the urgings of the other commissioners he continued to adhere to that point of view, and my report has never been made public until this moment.

We are not told why the President was unwilling that the Bullitt report should be published except on the general ground of an unwillingness that anything should be published, or that there should be any infraction of a general and all-inclusive law of secrecy. Apparently every one else wished that it should be published, although we are not told definitely with regard to Colonel House. Also we are not told what the French had to say about it, although this may be due to the fact that they had not been "approached formally on the matter." Mr. Bullitt seemed a little aggrieved that his report should blush unseen and that the world should be deprived of an opportunity to applaud his diplomatic triumphs. He seemed aggrieved also by the neglect of the President, and once more this may best be expressed in his own words, which are here given in their almost incredible significance:

The first night after I got in, Colonel House went to the telephone and called up the President right away and told him that I was in, and that he thought this was a matter of the utmost importance and that it would seem to be an opportunity to make peace in a section of the world where there was no peace; in fact, where there were twenty-three wars. The President said he would see me the next evening down at Colonel House's office, as I remember it. The next morning, however, the President had a headache and he did not come. The following afternoon Colonel House said to me

that he had seen the President and the President had said he had a one-track mind and was occupied with Germany at present and he could not think about Russia, and that he had left the Russian matter all to him, Colonel House. . . . I used to see Colonel House every day, and indeed two or three times a day, on the subject, urging him to obtain action before April 10th, which, as you will recall, was the date when this proposal was to expire.

Nothing was done. The President's mind ran steadily on its single track. There were no switches. Russia was handed over to Colonel House, and even Colonel House, moving, like the other Providence, in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, could do nothing final, definite, decisive, without the sanction of the President. And the President had a headache, or was thinking about something else, about Germany. Imagine the picture. The President in supreme command from the Atlantic to the Vistula, and Colonel House airily assigned to the region from the Vistula to the Pacific, and with the inspiration of a Philadelphia newspaper reporter who would naturally be a sufficient authority upon that unimaginably vast region after spending a whole week on its frontier. It is a picture of such incredible and fatuous ineptitude as to stagger the imagination. Dante might do it justice from its infernal aspect; Gilbert and Sullivan its humorous phase. And—as poor Bullitt pathetically remarks—with twenty-three wars going on!

No, Bullitt never saw the President at all about Russia. He was asked definitely about this by the chairman of the committee. Had he any knowledge of the President's attitude?

None whatever, except as it was reported to me by Colonel House. Colonel House, as I said before, reported to me that he thought in the first place that the President favored the peace proposal; in the second place that the President could not turn his mind to it, because he was too occupied with Germany, and finally—well, really, I have no idea what was in the President's mind.

Once more, poor Bullitt. He had done what he could according to his dim Bolshevik lights. He had almost succeeded in securing the recognition of the Soviet government, in making a pact that would go down in history, and now at the eleventh hour he was foiled, not because his pact was disapproved, but because the President had a headache, because at the moment he happened to be thinking of something else and had a one-track mind. And so the days of grace expired, just expired because there was no one to do anything—expired, one might say, of headache. And the twenty-three wars go merrily onward.

Obviously there was nothing that poor Bullitt could do but to resign, and he puts his letter to the President upon record. Here it is:

I have submitted today to the Secretary of State my resignation as an assistant in the Department of State, attaché to the American commission to negotiate peace. I was one of millions who trusted confidently and implicitly in your leadership and believed that you would take nothing less than "a permanent peace" based upon "unselfish and unbiased justice." But our government has consented now to deliver the suffering peoples of the world to new oppressions, subjections, and dismemberments—a new century of war. And I can convince myself no longer that effective labor for "a new world order" is possible as a servant of this government.

Russia, "the acid test of good will," for me as for you, has not even been understood. Unjust decisions of the conference in regard to Shantung, the Tyrol, Thrace, Hungary, East Prussia, Danzig, the Saar Valley, and the abandonment of the principle of the freedom of the seas make new international conflicts certain. It is my conviction that the present league of nations will be powerless to prevent these wars, and that the United States will be involved in them by the obligations undertaken in the covenant of the league and in the special understanding with France. Therefore the duty of the government of the United States to its own people and to mankind is to refuse to sign or ratify this unjust treaty, to refuse to guarantee its settlements by entering the league of nations, to refuse to entangle the United States further by the understanding with France.

That you personally opposed most of the unjust settlements, and that you accepted them only under great pressure, is well known. Nevertheless it is my conviction that if you had made your fight in the open, instead of behind closed doors, you would have carried with you the public opinion of the world, which was yours; you would have been able to resist the pressure and might have established the "new international order" based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice" of which you used to speak. I am sorry that you did not fight our fight to the finish and that you had so little faith in the millions of men, like myself, in every nation who had faith in you.

Mr. Bullitt explained to the Senate committee that he was fishing for trout in Maine when the summons for his evidence reached him. He would now go back and resume his fishing. Here, at least, was something that he could catch. Whether we may now inscribe the *hic jacet* on Mr. Bullitt's political activities remains to be seen. Who knows? He deserved well of the Bolsheviks, and at some time it may be in their power to reward him. Once more, who knows?

We may even express some sympathy with Mr. Bullitt. Doubtless he went to Europe believing, and with good cause, that he could render substantial service to the Soviet régime. He believed confidently, many others believed, that the President would make a trumpet call to the "oppressed peoples" of Europe to throw off the coercion of their governments and to proclaim the new order of things. He believed that there would be a "just peace" with Germany, and we know exactly what a "just peace" meant. This is shown by his references to Danzig, to East Prussia, and to the Saar Valley. He believed that it would be possible to establish some sort of glorified Bolshevism throughout Eu-

rope, a pretty, gilt-edged, drawing-room, deckle-margin Bolshevism, a Bolshevik rose by another name that should smell just as sweetly. Lincoln Steffens thought so, too. Most of them thought so. They openly said that the President would appeal to the peoples of Europe over the heads of their governments. They believed it. Why they believed it is another story, and not a very obscure one, nor one difficult to read. For there are the records before our eyes. It is easy to understand the confidence of these men. When Bullitt was sent to Russia he believed that it was his mission to whitewash the Soviet government. He believed that he was sent to Russia for that purpose. He accepted whatever was said to him with the credulity of a village maiden with her first lover. It was the law and the gospels for him. It is true that Bolshevism and a German peace had not met fair weather in Paris. Clemenceau had been too strong for that. The President had been "jockeyed" from point to point. He had done a little in the way of "appealing to the peoples over the heads of their governments," but the ground had begun to rock and crack in a terrifying way. The people of eastern and southern Europe had interpreted democracy and freedom to mean street barricades and massacres. The situation was explosive, terribly so. It was not parlor Bolshevism, perfumed Bolshevism, that threatened, but the real thing, the Russian variety. But the wind had been sown and it is a law that the whirlwind must be reaped. The President was frightened by the reports of Bolshevism that came from America. Lloyd George was frightened. They were all frightened. To whitewash the Soviet government would be oil upon the flames. Hence the cold shoulder for Bullitt. Hence the suppression of his report. None the less it was hard upon Bullitt.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 8, 1919.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Princess Napoleon is one of the notable Belgians who will continue to live in Great Britain. She is very fond of England, but especially of London. She is the third daughter of the late King Leopold of the Belgians. Prince Napoleon, her husband, is quite without imperialistic ambitions, and means to settle down for good as an English county "squire."

John Galsworthy is very typically English, scrupulously polite, well-bred, and pleasant in manner. Yet he strikes one as cold, even in his sympathy. He is very objectively observant. One meets his steady eyes and feels that no feature is overlooked, no possible unconscious revelation of character ignored. His expression is one of sympathetic scrutiny, as of judgment reserve, but incessantly at work.

Dr. George E. Morrison, political adviser to the Chinese government, and who is in attendance at the peace conference, was long familiar to newspaper readers as Far Eastern correspondent of the London Times. Few men have had a more adventurous life. When only twenty he tramped across Australia from north to south, a journey occupying a year. Shortly after he captained an exploring expedition to New Guinea, where he was speared by a malevolent Papuan, and since then has undertaken all manner of hazardous adventures, from shipping as a common sailor in a Kanaka recruiting schooner in the Pacific to tramping through China and riding from Peking to Russia.

Mrs. Will Crooks, wife of the labor leader in the British House of Commons, is active in a propaganda for reducing the drudgery of housework. Apropos of this, she said recently: "In all the talk we hear about shorter hours of labor one might easily imagine that the world consisted of men only, or at least that women's hours were already so short that any relaxation for them was of no moment whatever. The facts are exactly the opposite. Not only does the number of women exceed that of men, but her hours are as indefinite as the number and character of her household duties. Tens of thousands of mothers have next to no leisure at all, and their work is exacting, worrying, trying, and exhausting."

Chaplin Eugene E. McDonald of the United States transport *Leviathan* has been chaplain in the American navy for fifteen years. He was educated at Seton Hall, at St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and was ordained to the priesthood in the cathedral in Baltimore on June 17, 1897, by Cardinal Gibbons. He held rectorships for a time at Bayonne and Bernardsville, New Jersey, before entering the navy. Before his assignment to the *Leviathan*, he was at Paris Island, South Carolina, with the marines and before that was chaplain at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, his duty on board the several battleships preceding these services. He has a sister who is an army nurse and several members of his family have been in active service.

Arrived at Topeka, soon after midday, Arthur Capper found a cheap hotel and wrote his name in the register. He was eighteen years old. In his pockets were \$1.50 in money and a Waterbury watch. Another item of his liquid assets was an antique valise, nearly empty. Now, after thirty-five years of "good luck," as he modestly phrases his generation of toil and achievement, he is a senator in Congress and the owner of a morning newspaper and seven other publications, the

combined circulation of which numbers more than 2,000,000 copies. He employs 700 persons. His printing establishment is the largest in the country west of Chicago. Besides, he has twice been elected governor of Kansas. And banks and trust companies have voted him into their boards of directors. A self-made man, so called, yet he seems to be almost diffident. Calm, low-voiced, and leisurely, and very serious, except when a fleeting smile brings momentary sunbeams into his countenance, he has none of the common and visible signs of mastery and success.

OLD FAVORITES.

Morte d'Arthur.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the hold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom King Arthur replied, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as heseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?"

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should he to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spake King Arthur, heaving heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the hold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That how'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious bilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-heds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing thickly breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the hold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, bere or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, heaving hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And hear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

—Lord Tennyson.

China is estimated to maintain one chicken to every inhabitant of that country, or about 400,000,000.

THE BEACH OF DREAMS.

H. De Vere Stacpoole Tells a Story of High Adventure On Kerguelen Land.

Good stories of adventure are so few and far between that they deserve the welcome given to a fine poem or to the more usual form of fiction, the novel. It is probably true that no novel written during the last twenty years will live so long as "Treasure Island," nor need we stay to ask if such rewards of longevity are always justly bestowed. They are usually conferred by time, and not by men, and there is no appeal.

There is no story of adventure that can wrest the palm from "Treasure Island," but H. De Vere Stacpoole has written a yarn that comes at least within sight of doing so. It is a large improvement on his earlier stories of the same kind, admirable as they were. It is more direct, more elemental, and its incidents are more cleverly handled.

Cléo de Broomsart is a guest on the ocean yacht *Gaston de Paris*, cruising in the vicinity of Kerguelen Land and engaged in scientific research. The yacht collides with a sailing ship carrying no lights, and at once there is the usual scene of chaos:

To starboard and stern of the *Gaston de Paris*, a great ship, within pistol shot of the deck, and with her canvas spilling the wind and thrashing and thundering, was dipping her bows in the sea. Men were fighting for the boats, and the stern was so high that more than half of the rudder showed like a great door swinging on its hinges. On the counter in pale letters the word

"ALBATROSS"

showed, and to the mind of the gazer all the horror seemed focused in that calm statement, those commonplace letters written upon destruction.

Clinging to the hatch combing she saw, now, as a person sees in a dream, sailors rushing and struggling aft along the slanting main deck. The engines had ceased working, but the dynamos were running on steam from the main boilers, and through the noises that filled the night the sewing machine sound of them threshed like a pulse. What had happened, what was happening, she did not know. The great ship to port seemed sinking, but the *Gaston de Paris* seemed safe, but for the horrible slant of her decks; she called out to the sailors, now clustered here and there by the boat davits, but her voice blew away on the wind; she saw Prince Selin; he was struggling aft along the slippery sloping deck, clutching at the bulwarks as he came; he seemed like a man engaged in some fantastic game—an unreal figure, now he was on the deck on all fours, now up again, clutching men by the shoulders, shaking them, shouting. She could hear his voice. The starboard boats were unworkable owing to the list to port. She did not know that; she only knew, and now for the first time, that the *Gaston de Paris* was in fearful danger. And instantly the thought came to her of the old woman below in her hunk and, on the thought, the mad instinct to rush help and save her.

The only survivors are Cléo herself and two French sailors who manage to keep their little boat afloat and to land on Kerguelen. The sailors, Bompard and La Touche, are heavy and incapable, and La Touche has a touch of the malign about him. Cléo attempts to control and inspire them, and for a time she succeeds by force of character.

The savage and implacable nature of Kerguelen Land is admirably pictured, and in such a way as to convey an impression of its almost weird terrors. It is only the penguins and the sea elephants that supply a suggestion of friendliness:

The penguins formed line, broke into companies, drilled a bit, and then began to move up the beach.

The figure of the girl did not seem to disturb them in the least.

One company passed to the left, one to the right, whilst that immediately fronting her halted a few feet away and saluted her, hoving like little old-fashioned men in black swallow-tail coats and immaculate shirt fronts, little old-fashioned men with sharp quizzical eyes, polished, humorous, polite, and entirely friendly.

The company on the right wheeled to examine her as did the company on the left, so that she found herself almost in a hollow square. Wherever she turned there were birds howling to her or things in the semblance of birds, absolutely fearless, so close that she could have touched them had she carried a walking-stick.

She rose up to allow them to pass and they went on like mechanical things wound up and released, forming line again and seeming to forget her.

She remembered the guillemots and their rudeness and the way they had stormed and jeered at the boat—did all that mean more than the politeness and friendliness of the penguins? If she were lying dead would not the guillemots pass her without enmity and the penguins without friendliness, as indifferent to her fate as the wave of the sea or the blowing wind?

Cléo's position with regard to the two men becomes more and more perilous. Bompard is stupidly honest, but La Touche becomes insolent and aggressive. Cléo avoids the two men as much as possible, and even seeks solace among the herds of sea elephants that crowd the beach. They are terrific-looking monsters, but with a certain placid benevolence that reassures the frightened and defenseless girl:

She drew closer still. The great brutes were now watching her steadfastly, but seemingly without fear. She had left the boat back behind a mile away, dropping it because of its weight, and with the exception of the knife in her belt she was unarmed. Perhaps they knew this. Vague in their brains must have lain memories of great hurts when they were hunted and men the hunters; but this vision evidently stored up no antagonistic feelings. Possibly they knew her sex and possibly the instinct which never failed them told them that she was friendly.

Less than ten yards away from the nearest hull she sat down on a piece of rock, and no sooner had she taken her seat than they seemed immensely closer and her own position one of absolute helplessness. With a sudden rush, moving with that swiftness with which she had seen them moving on first landing, the bull could have reached her, but the hull did not move; his lordship from the sea, filled with abso-

lute and complete contentment of the male at rest, moved only his trunk; he seemed sniffing her, and the momentary fear that had seized her passed utterly away.

She could sniff him, too. Just as cows fill the air with the fragrance of milk the herd filled the place with the scent of fish and fur and a tang of deep sea like the smell of beach, only sharper and fresher.

Then, just as people talk to horses, and dogs, leaning forward a bit she began to talk to him.

The effect of the sweet soothing voice was magical, and for a moment not in the least soothing. The near bulls moved, evidently deeply disturbed in their minds. The majority, including the biggest and nearest hull, turned half away as if to get off, then turned again as if to renew their astonishment.

The crowning catastrophe comes with the disappearance of Bompard, who wanders off by himself and who has probably been lost in one of the quagmires that lie in wait upon every hand for the unwary. When Cléo tries to persuade La Touche to go in search of his companion he breaks out into revolt and menaces:

Bompard that morning had left his tinder-box behind him in the cave, and she heard the strike of flint on steel. La Touche was lighting his pipe. She waited ten minutes or more, then she came to the cave mouth.

"Are you not coming to look for Bompard?" asked she.

"I'll go when I choose," said he, "I don't want orders."

"I gave you no orders," she replied, "I asked you, are you not coming to look for Bompard, who may be in difficulties, or lying perhaps with a broken limb—and you sit there smoking your pipe. But I give you orders now; get up and come and help to look for him. Get up at once."

He sprang to his feet and came right out. It seemed to her that she had never seen him before. This was the real La Touche.

"One word more from you," he shouted, "and I'll show you who's master. You! Talk to me, would you! A woman more trouble than you're worth. Off with you, get down the beach—clear!"

He took a step forward with his right fist ready to strike, open-handed. Then he drew back. She had whipped the knife from its sheath.

The boat hook, which she had brought back with her, was propped against the cliff behind her and out of his reach; he had no weapon.

She did not add a word to the threat of the knife. He stood like a fool, unable to sustain her gaze, venomous, yet held, as a snake is held by a man's grip.

"Now," she said, "get on. Go search for your companion and if you dare to speak to me again like that I will make you repent it. You thought I was weak, being a woman and alone. You were going to strike. Coward!—Get on, go and search for your companion."

He turned suddenly and walked off towards the Lizard rocks. "I'll go where I choose," said he.

It was a lame and impotent end of his rebellion, but she held no delusions. This was only the beginning—if Bompard did not return.

Cléo knows that she is now at death grips with La Touche and that the matter must be finally settled in one way or another. When she retires to her own cave for the night it is in expectation of an attack, and she lies awake with her knife in her hand in order to meet it:

As she lay, listening, through the black darkness and the singing of the sea came a faint sound as of something dragging itself along the sand at the cave entrance. She clutched the knife and sat up. A waft of wind brought with it a tang of stale tobacco and rain-wet clothes. It was La Touche.

She drew up her feet and sat crouched against the sailcloth, the knife half-held in her lap, her fingers nerveless, her mind paralyzed with the knowledge that now, immediately, she would have to fight, that the Beast was all but upon her. She knew.

She could hear him breathing now and the faint sound of his hands feeling gently over the floor of the cave. He was searching for her, the fume of him filled the place, he was almost in touch with her, yet still she sat helpless as a little child, paralyzed in the blackness, as a bird before a crawling cat. Yet her right hand as though endowed with a volition of its own was tightening its grasp upon the hilt of the knife.

She had no longer any reasoning power. Reasoning power and energy seemed now in the possession of the knife.

Then something touched her left foot and at the touch her hand struck out into the darkness, blindly and furiously, driving the knife home to the hilt in something that fell with a choking sound across her feet. She forced her feet from the thing that had suddenly fallen on them, rose, sprang across it, and passed through the cave entrance with the surety of a person moving in broad daylight.

Then the pouring rain on her face brought her to her full senses and recognition of what had happened.

The knife was still in her hand and her hand was sticky and damp.

She said to herself: "That is his blood." The thought that perhaps she had killed him did not occur to her. The fear of him was still so intense that it made him alive, alive somewhere in the surrounding darkness, and waiting to seize her. Then she began to steal off towards the sound of the sea. Twice as she went she stopped and turned, ready to strike again, then when the water was washing round her feet she came up the beach a few paces and crouched down.

The sea was at her back and the haunting dread of being followed vanished.

Cléo is now alone. Bompard lies dead in the quagmire and La Touche has been slain by her knife, so she abandons her terror-haunted cave and seeks refuge in another cave in the vicinity of the sea elephants, whom she looks upon as protectors and friends. And then she is the witness of the tremendous battle between the bull elephants on the island and the invaders that come in from the ocean to dispute the possession of the females:

The invaders drove in from the sea like the sweep of a curved sword. They struck the beach first a mile away and the battle ran towards her like fire along timber, loomed towards her ever loudening till it broke to right and left where the sea hulls flung themselves on the rocks and the land hulls charged the oncomers like hattering rams. Some were hurled back, only to return again, others held their ground. Then the real business began whilst the ground trembled and the air shook and the rocks poured blood.

Round her, and for a mile away, they fought like rams and they fought like dogs and they fought like tigers, and over the roaring siren sounds of the fight the gulls flew like the fume of it, screaming and swooping and circling in

spirals, and through everything like the continuous thud-thud of a propeller came the dunch of tons of flesh meeting tons of flesh head on, shoulder on, or side on.

She saw hulls ripped beyond belief, with shoulders slashed as if by the down strokes of a sword, yet still fighting as though untouched, with rumps raised and tails up and teeth in the necks of their enemies, one had his eye torn out, yet tremendous and victorious he was literally punching his antagonist back into the sea.

The foam broke red and suddy; she saw that, just as she had seen the name of the *Albatross* in the tremendous moment of the great ship's eclipse, and, just as the name, the red-breaking foam seemed to concentrate in itself the whole terror of the business.

Then, standing like a person helpless in a dream during the full hour that the battle raged, she saw the females break bounds and spread over the rocks carrying or pushing their young as if to get closer to the fight, and then she saw the battle beginning to break. Here and there hulls beaten and done for were taking to the sea and over all the beach the fight had spread inwards towards the cliffs. The sea hulls were heating the land hulls as a whole, interpenetrating them, getting closer to the females, herding the vanquished out.

The real hero of the story does not arrive on the scene until the story is half told. Raft was a sailor on the *Albatross*, the ship that had caused all the trouble. He and two companions had also succeeded in reaching Kerguelen. His comrades had been accidentally killed, and now he finds Cléo in her cave slowly dying from a terror and despair that have made her insensible to hunger and indifferent to life. It is the sight of a beef tin that attracts his notice:

He struck up towards it, took it in his hand, examined it inside and out, and then cast his eye at the cave before which it had lain. He saw something in the cave; it was a woman; a woman lying under the sand with a rolled-up blanket under her head. She was lying on her back and he saw a thin white hand, so small, so thin, so strange that he drew slightly back, glanced over his shoulder, as if to make sure that everything was all right with the world, and then glanced again, drawing closer.

Then he called out and the woman moved. He could see her face now, white, and thin and drawn, and great eyes, terrible eyes, fixed on him.

Away out at sea, terribly near the coast of Death she saw him, a living being, as the castaway sees a ship on the far horizon.

He saw her hold out her arms to him and then, throwing his huddle aside, he was down on his knees beside her, holding the hands that sought his and with those terrible eyes holding him, too.

He saw her lips moving, saw that they were dry and parched. Then he knew. She wanted water.

An empty haling tin was lying near her. The sight of the river close by was in his mind; he released the hands, picked up the tin and scrambled out of the cave. As he ran to the river heedless of sea elephants or anything else he kept crying out: "Oh, the poor woman. Oh, the poor woman." He seemed like a huge thing demented. The baby sea elephants scuttered out of his way and as he came running back he split half the contents of the tin. Then he was down beside her again, dipping his finger in the water and moistening her lips.

She sucked his finger as a baby sucks, and the feel of that made him curse with the tears running down into his beard. The size of the haling tin seemed horrible beyond words; he couldn't get it to her lips. Still he went on, not knowing that it was his finger that was giving her back life; the blessed touch of a human being that had come almost too late.

Raft is of the roughest type of sailor. He can neither read nor write. None the less he is a fine gentleman, delicate, chivalrous, and of an unconquerable courage. He nurses Cléo back to life, and then they undertake the terrible journey to the other side of the island, where Raft believes they may find a whaler. His hopes are justified, but it is a Chinese ship and its captain refuses aid. Then Raft meditates on the situation, arms himself with a harpoon, and returns to plead with the heartless Oriental:

He approached Chang, who turned on him again with the anger of a busy man importuned by a beggar. The most heart-sickening thing to the girl was the way in which, after the first driving off of Raft, the great Chinaman and his crew had gone on with their work as though they were alone on the beach. Pity and humanity seemed as remote from that crowd as from the carcasses they were handling. Active hostility would have been less horrible, somehow, than this absolute indifference to the condition of others.

Chang did not wait for Raft to speak, this time; he began the speaking, or, rather, the shouting, advancing on the other who began to retreat. Chang, as if wishing to have done with this matter for good, followed him up and at every step the devil in him seemed to rise higher whilst his voice filled the beach.

What a voice that was! Half-singing, half-booming, the "whant-whong-goom-goom" of the running coolie chanting as he runs seemed mixed with it, till, his anger breaking bounds, he let fly with the strap in his hand, catching the other across the shoulder of the arm that held the harpoon.

Then Raft killed him.

The girl who saw the killing was less appalled for the moment by the deed than the doer of it. The howl of the harpoon that sent Chang's brains flying like the contents of a smashed custard apple was like a flash of lightning, it was the thunder that terrified.

Roaring like a sea bull, he sprang from the body of Chang towards the crowd, who faced him for a moment with their flensing knives like a herd of jackals. The girl, who had sprung to her feet, plucked the knife from her belt and came running, terror gone and a wind seeming to carry her over the shingle; zoned in steel blue light she saw the harpoon flying from right to left destroying everything in its way, knives flying into the air as if tossed by jugglers, a yellow greasy hack into which she struck with her knife, a yellow Chinese face falling backwards with eyes wide on her, as if the Chinese soul of the creature she had stabbed to the heart were trying to cling to her.

Then she was sitting on the shingle very ill and Raft was coming back to her, running.

We are grateful to the author for the creation of Raft. He is unique, a modern paladin. We are grateful for the story as a whole. It is the best thing of its kind for many a long day.

THE BEACH OF DREAMS. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 4, 1919, were \$169,295,194.30; for the corresponding week of last year, \$114,390,564.50; an increase over last year of \$56,904,629.80.

There was a gain of nearly \$11,000,000 in the gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco as shown by its report for the past week. Bills discounted showed a slight gain, with heavy gains in total resources.

During the month of September the security market was dull with gradually declining prices, particularly in rails and utilities. Foreign government bonds were steady, but the outstanding feature of the month was the activity in United States government bonds. During the early weeks of the month prices on the Liberty and Victory issues fluctuated through a narrow range of quotations, but during the last half of the month these issues became very active with substantial advances being recorded in practically every issue.

The advance in the Liberty issues was sensational. The First 4½s during a period of about one week advanced from 94.90 to 95.30; the Second 4½s, from 93.16 to 94.28; Third

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4½s, from 95.16 to 96.06; Fourth 4½s, from 93.18 to 94.04, while the 3½s broke through par for the first time since October, 1918 reaching on September 23d, 100.08. The banking houses report a large investment buying of these issues, but the real strength of the market is credited to the activities of the Treasury Department, said to have been buying. According to the official figures issued by the Treasury Department, the supply of Liberty Bonds has been reduced about \$717,500,000 as the result of purchases for the 5 per cent. sinking fund and payment of estate taxes. It is estimated that by the end of the current bond purchasing year, May 9, 1920, the supply of outstanding war issues will be reduced by over \$1,000,000,000. The official figures show that of the four Liberty Loans, amounting to \$16,936,995,367, on August 31, 1919, there were outstanding \$16,219,457,817. By adding the total amount of Victory issues, \$4,500,000,000, to this figure the total war loans of the government reaches the figure of about \$20,700,000,000. For some time past bankers have been commenting upon the attractive yield of the government issues, which have ranged from 3½ per cent. to 4.90 per cent., and investors are apparently beginning to realize that these bargain prices will not continue for an indefinite period.

New issues during the month have been in

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restricted volume and for the greater part in the form of preferred stocks. The larger preferred stock issues include \$9,866,100 Proctor & Gamble 6 per cent. stock at 100; \$10,000,000 Firestone Tire and Rubber 7 per cent. preferred stock at 100; \$15,000,000 B. F. Goodrich Company 7 per cent. preferred stock at 104½, and \$15,000,000 Willys Corporation 8 per cent. preferred stock at 100. From September 1st to September 24th about twenty issues of preferred stocks in the amount of \$1,000,000 or more were offered to the public. The total par value aggregating \$75,000,000. The large corporate issues of bonds or notes were \$50,000,000 American Telephone and Telegraph Company 6 per cent. notes at 99½ and interest to yield over 6.25 per cent.; \$15,000,000 New York Central 6 per cent. notes due September 15, 1920, which were largely oversubscribed at 99½ and interest, to yield 6.40 per cent., and \$5,500,000 Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific one-year 6 per cent. notes.

The municipal market during the early weeks of the month was inactive with a narrow fluctuation in prices. Toward the close of the month, however, the activity in the United States government market seemed to be reflected in municipals and dealers generally reported a wider interest in tax-exempt issues. The principal offerings of the month were \$500,000 Chester County, Pennsylvania, 4 per cent. bonds on a 4.20 per cent. basis; \$5,025,000 Cleveland, Ohio, 5 per cent. bonds on a 4.60 per cent. basis; \$995,000 El Paso, Texas, 5 per cent. bonds on a 4.75 per cent. basis; \$1,092,000 Essex County, New Jersey, 4½ per cent. bonds on a 4.40 per cent. basis; \$3,450,000 San Antonio, Texas, 5 per cent. bonds on a 4.80 per cent. basis; \$3,575,000 South Dakota 5 per cent. bonds on a 4.70 per cent. basis; \$807,000 Tehama County, California, 5 per cent. bonds on a 4.80 per cent. basis; \$1,097,500 Yonkers, New York, 5 per cent. bonds on a 4.30 per cent. basis.

The combined average of forty active issues as reported by the *Wall Street Journal* on September 24, 1919, was 81.56, compared with 82.21 on August 24th, and 81.96 on September 24th, 1918.—*The National City Bank of New York.*

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$18,000 Calgary School District 6 per cent. gold bonds in denominations of \$500 and \$1000, dated May 1, 1919. The assessed valuation for taxes is \$76,448,118 and total bonded debt \$2,417,749.

Calgary School District includes the entire city of Calgary, Alberta, and adjacent area, a total area of 25,920 acres. These bonds are the direct primary obligation of the entire school district. In addition to heing the tax obligation of the district the school district receives an annual grant from the Dominion government for school purposes.

Calgary is the largest city in the Province of Alberta and is the chief manufacturing and business centre between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast, serving the immense and rapidly developing Canadian Northwest. The city is located on two transcontinental railways.

The International Nickel Company now controls 70 per cent. of the nickel production of the world. Recently the company has added to its holdings the assets of the Canadian Copper Company and also owns the International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Oxford Copper Company, Anglo-American Iron Company, Vermilion Mining Company, and has a controlling interest in the Nickel Corporation, Ltd., of Great Britain.

The company mines, smelts, and refines nickel and copper ores and markets the same in the form of ingots, shot, and electrolytic; also manufactures cobalt and nickel salts.

The company owns large smelting plants at Copper Cliff, Ontario, Canada, having a daily capacity of 3000 tons, and a refining plant at Port Colborne, Ontario, Canada.

The mining property is extensive, containing ore sufficient to supply the company's requirements for fifty years.

The company passed its dividend May 5, 1919, in order to make extensive improvements, as follows: "During the fiscal year \$3,480,210 was expended upon additional plant extensions and to complete construction already under way at the beginning of the year, all of which was completed except the dam serving the hydro-electric plant of the company in Canada. The Port Colborne refinery and additions to the Copper Cliff smelter were completed and placed in operation, thus providing an added 20,000,000 pounds of refined nickel to the company's annual capacity, which is now about 80,000,000 pounds."

The company now has 16,058 stockholders, in 1917 only 9252. The stock is fully paid and non-assessable and no personal liability attaches to stockholders.

I have reliable information that the common stock of this company has been accumulated on a scale down from 57½ to 24½, which is the lowest price it ever sold at. Now that all improvements are completed production will be increased greatly and I predict that dividends will be in order again in the near future. The technical condition of this

stock is so strong at present levels, 27½ (October 6, 1919), that it looks like the best low-priced stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange today.

The demand for nickel to be used in alloy steels and for other purposes is increasing daily, and as this company practically controls the world's output the value of this stock is easily seen.

In connection with the general market, I will point to a few hush factors which traders overlook in their anxiety over the strike situation and the President's illness: first, the resultant effects in basic industries which will accrue when the steel producers' victory is announced; second, the moral effect generally caused by the repression of the radical element in labor; third, the agricultural prosperity and extraordinary business outlook; fourth, the probability of the peace treaty being signed in the near future. The optimistic mental attitude of such capitalists as Morgan, Du Pont, Duke, Whelan, Reid, Durant, and Schwab, all financial giants with constructive plans on hand that will surprise the world by their magnitude. Watch these big leaders of men and follow them. The advance in such stocks as Crucible, General Motors, Mexican Petroleum, American Tobacco, Baldwin Locomotive, American Locomotive, American Can, and Retail Stores forecast prospects of new financing and plans for expansion undreamed of by the average investor. The decision in the stock dividend cases is at hand, and when this is finally settled stockholders will receive their just rewards. "To him who hath shall be given."—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

The October number of the *Sperry Family*, under the editorship of Norman F. D'Evelyn, is one of the most interesting yet published. Under the caption "Loyalty Comes First," on the front cover, Mr. S. B. McNear, vice-president and general manager of the company, addresses their employees as follows: "Today, as never before, there is need in industrial America for a spirit of unswerving loyalty and whole-hearted cooperation, lest the poison of unrest and selfishness undo all that was won at such bitter cost in the world war. First and foremost, it should be the fixed purpose of every one of us to achieve success for the Sperry Flour Company, for as it grows and prospers so will we individually grow and prosper."

A prize is to be awarded for the best recipe for macaroni or spaghetti. The recipe must be sent to the Macaroni Contest Editor, California Industries and Land Show, Exposition Auditorium. The contest will close October 15th, and the prize-winner, who must be present at the California Industries and Land Show, will be announced on Macaroni Day, which will be held on October 17th. The contest is limited to housewives. The recipe must not be over 200 words each and must be written on one side of the paper only.

It was some time after this country had entered the war that Secretary McAdoo wrote President Wilson regarding the sad plight of public service companies, with fixed rates on the one hand and rising costs of operation on the other. The President's reply, expressing a full appreciation of the situation and pointing out that it should be met by the local regulating bodies in accordance with the conditions of each community, had considerable effect in relieving the difficulty as far as certain classes of public utility companies were concerned. Since then the various commissions have generally allowed increases in rates. These have benefited all classes of public utility companies except street railway companies where the rates are fixed by local franchises.

Since the middle of last year the full effect of these increases have been felt; the earnings of gas and electric light and power companies for the year ended June 30, 1919, and subsequent current earnings, both gross and net, are again showing the steady growth that has been the feature of public utility earnings for many years past. The result is that these public utility companies, which weathered the 1907 panic better than most other concerns, with less disturbance to their earnings and securities, have now come through a still more critical period, caused by the declining purchasing power of the dollar, and retain the high place that their underlying securities have held in the investment field in the past.

Just before the outbreak of the war in 1914, the statistician of a New York public utility house made a comparison between the security holdings of a prominent educational institution—largely the highest grade railroad bonds, purchased between the spring of 1906 and the fall of 1908—and a similar amount of high grade public utility bonds which he theoretically substituted for the others. The face value of the total investment remained the same, \$737,000; the cost price of both lists on the same dates of purchase would have been practically the same, \$698,500. The interest rate on the public utility bonds, however, was 5 per cent., while

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on the railroad issues the average rate was slightly less than 4 per cent. As great a diversification of risk in the number of different issues and in the geographical distribution of the investment would have been secured in the public utility as in the railroad bonds.

The point made in 1914 by this statistician was that the net return on his list of public utility bonds, being the interest from the dates of original purchase plus the advance in the market price of the bonds, would have been \$286,467, while on the railroad bonds the net return was only \$181,213, or \$105,252 less. The average annual interest return on the investment in railroad bonds if they had been sold April 30, 1914, would have been slightly less than 4 per cent. On the public utility bonds it would have been more than 6 per cent.

But this comparison was based on hindsight, which is always better than foresight. It is more interesting to note what these same bonds would have done in the five years since this substitute list was made. It should be said that it was a representative list, con-

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taining such high grade issues as California Gas and Electric general mortgage 5s, Denver Gas and Electric first mortgage 5s, Detroit Edison Company first mortgage 5s, Niagara Falls Power first 5s, Westchester Lighting first 5s, and other similar public utility bonds.

Since these bonds were selected in 1914 they have lost all the gain in market price that was shown in the comparison then made, and more. But the railroad bonds have also continued their decline of the earlier period and are now further below their original purchase price than the public utility bonds. To be specific, from the dates of purchase to April 30, 1914, the public utility bonds gained \$31,440 in market value, while the railroad bonds lost \$19,268. The aggregate decline in the utility bonds from April 30, 1914, to December 30, 1918, was \$50,533; in the railroad bonds owned by the institution it was \$41,095. This shows a more rapid decline in public utility bonds for that period, following their advance of the previous seven years. The

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average annual net return on the utility bonds for this later period of about five years, after allowing for this decline, was 3½ per cent. on the April 30, 1914, price, and 3¼ per cent. on the original purchase prices. The average return on the railroad bonds for this period, despite their smaller decline in market value, because of their lower interest rates, was only 3 per cent. Between December 30, 1918, and July 31st last the public utility bonds advanced \$2000 in market price and the railroad bonds declined \$12,000 more. This steady decline in these high grade railroad bonds has taken place in the face of the fact that several of the issues mature in a few

seems likely to be the one that will ultimately bring the best results.

Street railway bonds have never been entitled to as high investment rating as gas and electric light and power company bonds. Some investment houses do not even classify them with public utility issues. There is not one of them in the list mentioned above, but nevertheless the present difficulties of the street railways, with which the public is closely familiar due to local traction situations like that in New York, have cast a shadow over all public utility investments. This makes for opportunities in certain classes of these securities that might prove well worth the investor's attention. Like nearly all other securities, however, except Liberty Loan bonds, these issues can not be bought indiscriminately. Unless the investor is in a position to analyze the bonds for himself, he should be very careful to secure the recommendation of an investment banking house of high standing and of experience in the examination of public utility issues.—*World's Work.*

Statement of condition of the Morris Plan Company of San Francisco, issued at the close of business September 30, 1919:

ASSETS.	
Loans	\$391,046.72
Furniture and fixtures	\$6861.60
Less depreciation	1040.94—
Miscellaneous items	5,820.75
Cash on hand and in bank	6,174.15
	16,067.77
	\$419,109.39

LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid in	\$202,870.00
Other liabilities	168,160.00
Investment certificates	1,800.00
Received on installment certificates un-	
hypothecated	626.00
Discounts collected—Unearned	20,020.63
Surplus and reserves	25,632.76
	\$419,109.39

The Spring Valley Water Company has asked the railroad commission to raise water rates as follows:

The service charge for a ½-inch meter to be increased from 65 to 75 cents per month.

The rate for the first 3300 cubic feet of water drawn each month to be increased from 24 to 28 cents.

The rate for the next 30,000 cubic feet, from 21 to 24 cents.

The rate for all larger quantities, from 18 to 21 cents.

The company declares that these rates are necessary to enable it to secure additional capital with which to make necessary additions to its plant and to increase its service. It points out that it will probably be necessary in the near future for the company to spend some \$12,000,000 to increase the water supply, and that outstanding obligations in excess of \$21,000,000 will soon mature and will have to be refunded.

The company declares further that operating expenses have increased enormously during the past five years, that its net revenue is less this year than during 1917 or 1918; so low, in fact, as to be confiscatory. The company says it is getting a net return of about 4 per cent., whereas it is entitled to 8 per cent.

Threatened competition from Hetch Hetchy is mentioned as one reason why the safety of the company's projected investments must be protected.

The company declares that if it can not get the rates it asks for, which are based on adequate protection for the proposed \$12,000,000 investment, it can perform the obligations which it owes to its customers on a smaller increase, provided conditions remain as at present.

"It is apparent," the company adds, "that in the present unsettled condition of business affairs it is impossible to determine, with complete accuracy, a schedule of rates to be depended upon to be adequate, and not more than adequate, during a term of years. It will be proper and necessary that revisions of the schedule which your petitioner now proposes, either upward or downward, should be contemplated from time to time as conditions change."

Conveyances are few in number in Nepal. Foot, elephants, and palanquins are mostly used. Palanquins as a rule are meant for women. The shape of the palanquins is similar to the old-styled coach carriages. They are made of light wood, and the bottom is often of netted strings which serve the purpose of springs. For the comfort of the rider, mattresses and cushions are used. The rider may sit in a half-reclined position, or may lie down. There are two strong heavy poles attached to the two ends of the palanquin, which is carried over the shoulders by two or four bearers, who often sing folk songs to break the monotony of the tiresome job.

The manufacture of soap from sewer fats has been begun in Stockholm by a company that also will try to make it from native vegetable fats, including beech mast and horse chestnuts.

ENDS SNAKE HUNTING.

Dry Law Breaks Up Rattlesnake Club.

More than any of the "dry" fanatics of the nation, the rattlesnakes whose habitat is the Indian reservation in Litchfield, Connecticut, wiggle with glee at the ban of hard liquor. For prohibition means the end of the famous old Schaghticoke Rattlesnake Club (of which Byron H. Newton was chief hunter) and the annual massacre of Connecticut snakes.

It is obviously ridiculous to attempt to hunt rattlers into their rocky dens and give battle unless the hunter has enough sagwah in him to act as an antidote against the poisonous fangs of the snake (says the *New York Tribune*). The hite from a deadly cobra is but a passing irritation when the hunter has a sufficient quantity of the sagwah antitoxin in him, and often a snake finding his poison glands filled with sagwah rolls over in a merry jag de luxe at the first nip.

Sagwah, by the way, was discovered to be the most effective antidote in 1903, when Dick Howell, editor of the *Bridgeport Herald*, George Cogswell, one of the few surviving Schaghticoke Indians, Shang Wheeler, a snake hunter of old, and Undertaker Sammie Scozer brewed a couple of gallons of home-made red wine, another of gin, a couple of pounds of sassafras, a half-pound of wormwood, and a half-pound of snakehark in a caldron on the Cogswell reservation farm in Kent, Connecticut.

That was the time Chief Jim Pan, a full-blooded Indian, and his daughter, Princess Alice, showed the hunters that, given enough sagwah, one could go harefooted on snakehunts.

Of course there are a lot of people in Connecticut and some in Manhattan who still believe that the annual hunts were only jokes and served as the one excuse by which Connecticut business men, writers, officials, and followers of big game could obtain liquor in the Nutmeg State on Sunday.

As a matter of fact on the last hunt a whole hurlop hagful of rattlers and polkadotted adders were caught by Cartoonist Dad Barhour, Shang Wheeler, Pete Bellew the inventor, and Lindsay Denison, a Park Row curator. They were all alive. It was against the humane principles of the Schaghticoke Snake Hunters to kill a snake unless it became unheavily obstreperous.

Such a one Lindsay Denison was forced to slaughter. After halancing it with his chop suey forked snake stick he carefully removed the fangs (Lindsay has a collection of snake fangs for fancy scarf pins) and the curator slipped it into his trouser pocket. Later he discovered that the rattler, not content with his comfortable place in the Denison trousers, slipped down his right leg and acted like a common variety of garter snake.

The snakes make their abode on a granite shelf 400 feet above the Housatonic on one of the Litchfield humps, and to reach it the hunters are forced to climb an almost perpendicular path. The weight of the sagwah drags them back five yards for every yard of climb and Editor Joe Shea, Jim Keegan, and even George Cogswell himself found misery in their legs after the first hundred feet of ascent and remained below giving encouragement to the chase.

The only casualty that resulted from the last of the snake hunts was the strangling of Editor Dick Howell. His cartoonist, Dad Barhour, heard a big fellow rattling like a Sixth Avenue "L" in one of the caves and dared him to come out. The snake stuck its nose far enough out for Dad to sink his fingers into its epiglottis, and the fine specimen would have been hagged for sure, but it cunningly curled its tail and tickled Dad under the armpit. With a hysterical scream he let go and like a flash the rattler disappeared in a rock crevice. It so happened that at precisely that spot Editor Howell was sunning himself, stretched on a mossy bed, and furthermore Editor Dick was wearing a cobra snakeskin suit that had been presented to him by a Texan when he was president of the Schaghticoke Club. With a yell of triumph, Dad saw the form of Editor Dick hasking in the warm sunshine, and mistaking him for the rattler he had just hagged, shot his forked stick somewhere just south of Editor Dick's chin. It was some four hours later, after everybody's share of sagwah had been poured down the crushed throat of Hunter Howell, that he showed some evidence of slight intimacy with his whereabouts.

With appropriate ceremony the prescription hearing the ingredients of sagwah was burned on the mountain-top, for with the passing of its chief constituent, alcohol, there no longer exists the excuse for sagwah or the Schaghticoke Snake Club.

Horse Lere.

It is found that there is a very definite connection between the coat color of horses and the frequency with which white markings occur. Thus the latter are by far the most commonly associated with the chestnut color. And not only are they the most prevalent

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in chestnut horses, but it is also, of course, a well-known fact that the markings are apt to be more extended in nature in the case of this color than in that of any other. Chestnut, therefore, apparently possesses, so to speak, a special affinity for these markings. Bay ranks next as regards the degree of frequency with which white markings appear in horses of this color, although it comes a good way behind chestnut in this respect. Then follows brown, while the white marks are met with less frequently among black and roan-colored horses.

In a recent issue of the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* the following figures are quoted from a report made by the Statistical Bureau of Berne, Switzerland, which represent the increase over pre-war prices in certain countries: Italy, 481 per cent.; France, 368 per cent.; Switzerland, 257 per cent.; England, 240, and the United States, 220 per cent.

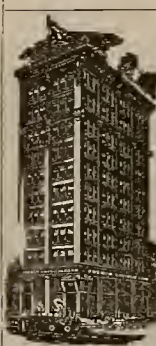
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Modern Germany.

We are glad that a new and greatly enlarged edition of Mr. J. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" should have made once more available a work that had extraordinary value in its earlier form and that has now been brought up to date with the same lucid and comprehensive accuracy. Mr. Barker has not only the necessary knowledge for his task; he has also a happy facility in preserving an unbroken thread of narrative that leads, so to say, direct to culminations, and that includes everything necessary to the attainment of a comprehensive vision. Mr. Barker justifiably reminds us that he predicted the war, and that his was one of the few voices raised in warning. At that time the world was narcotized with a pacifist commercialism. Prophets of disaster were unheeded. Mr. Barker's writings were admired for their information, but not for their foresight, and if we are still somewhat disposed to demand predictions of smooth waters ahead, it may be well to remember that the law of cause and effect still holds good in human affairs, unaffected by our hopes or fears.

Mr. Barker does not foresee a rehabilitated Germany, nor does he believe that she can escape the revolutionary furies that she invoked upon Russia. She may be the first country that has produced a bloodless revolution, "but the greater probability seems to be that the birth of German democracy will be by no means a painless and bloodless process." It is not easy to realize that the Turks once made all Europe tremble. Coming generations may find it hard to realize that Germany did so. The outlook for Austria is still darker. Extinction seems to be ahead of her.

It is not easy to apportion the praise to the various parts of a work of such uniform excellence. Those intent upon the political situation will find here a narrative, direct and

forceful, of the events that followed the deposition of a pacific Bismarck and the steady holding of the German helm toward aggrandizement and world conquest. But events are no more than the externalization of the human mind, and we may confess to a special admiration of those parts of Mr. Barker's book that deal with German education, with the German social system and the molding of the German consciousness into shapes of aggression and egomania. German minds were much like minted coins, all exactly alike, all equally responsive to the die. The emperor stamped them with the war design and obliterated the pacific pattern that Bismarck in his later days had given to them. Here we have the real causes of war, the establishment in that direction of a national mental automatism.

Many admirable books have been written on the many phases of the war—political, social, and economic. Here we have a combination of all, one that is admirably balanced and that is alike retrospective and anticipatory.

MODERN GERMANY. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

My "Little Bit."

Marie Corelli, unable to fight with a rifle—and one surmises that she would have much liked to—fights instead with her pen, and she proves herself a stout warrior. During the course of the war she wrote innumerable articles for newspapers and magazines, and some fifty of these articles are here reprinted in volume form. Miss Corelli fought all sorts of foes, and not only Germans. Stupidity was her pet aversion, and we need no deep acquaintance with governmental activities to believe that her targets were numerous and near. She herself, for example, was accused of hoarding sugar, and we have an amusing account of the legal proceedings. She denounces the stupidity that permitted Germans to remain in England, the stupidities of relief work, and the stupidities of hate. We may think that the personal note is sometimes a little emphatic in these vigorous essays, but perhaps it is just the personal note that gives to them their charm. In any event we are glad to have the book. Miss Corelli as novel writer we know well. Now we make her acquaintance as patriot and critic, and we are inclined to think that her "hit" was not so very little and that the British public owes much to her clever and vigorous pen.

MY "LITTLE BIT." By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Fishing.

There is no man in America who knows more about fishing and all pertaining thereto than Dixie Carroll, no man whose advice may be taken more unhesitatingly. In this large volume Mr. Carroll tells us, not all that he knows—that would take many large volumes—but enough to insure that the tyro shall become a good fisherman, and that he shall pit himself with success against the gamiest of fish to be found in river or lake. Mr. Carroll tells us, not only how to fish, but he sees to it that we shall have the right equipment.

The pleasure of reading his book is second only to that of putting his counsel into practice.

FISHING TACKLE AND KITS. By Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

Agriculture and Reconstruction.

The various countries of the world, solicitous for the welfare of their discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines, have looked hopefully toward agriculture for the solution of their problem. Very many of the men have been drawn from agricultural pursuits, and it should be comparatively easy to restore them to their wonted occupations. But how about the others? Will it be possible to settle them, or any large number of them, upon the land? Will they be willing? And in what way can they be taught, financed, and helped through the twilight zone of inexperience?

Mr. James B. Morgan, A. M., assistant secretary of the Federal Farm Loan Board, tries to answer some of these questions. He explains what is being done in Great Britain, France, and Canada, and then he unfolds a progressive scheme for America with a suggested scheme of credits. It is simple, and it seems to be practical. If it contains a weak point it is to be found in its relative failure to consider what may be called the psychological factor. Will it be sustained by its proposed beneficiaries? Upon this point we are by no means sure. Nor are we sure that the world crisis is so near to its final phases as to leave only the problem of reconstruction for our consideration.

THE PLACE OF AGRICULTURE IN RECONSTRUCTION. By James B. Morgan, A. M. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

A capital book for small children is "Orchard and Meadow," by Zoe Meyer (Little, Brown & Co.). Some of the most delightful of our animal friends are introduced and the numerous illustrations are quaint and original.

"Gone West," edited by H. M. G. and M. M. H., is a collection of post-mortem messages purporting to come from a surgeon who was killed in the war. The reader must supply his own comments and interpretations. The book is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Elaine G. Eastman has collected some of the legends of half a dozen Indian tribes, put them into language suited to children and issued them under the title of "Indian Legends Retold," with good illustrations. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co.

An admirable story for girls will be found in "The Little Acrobat," by Janie Prichard Duggan (Little, Brown & Co.). It describes the adventures of a little Italian hoy with a traveling circus and his adoption by a charitable lady who thinks he will be better off at school.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published a volume of Lafcadio Hearn's essays under the title of "Fantasies." Hearn himself says of these writings: "These fantasies are my impressions of the strange life of New Orleans. They are dreams of a tropical city. There is one twin idea running through them all—Love and Death." The book is attractively printed and bound.

The John Lane Company has published a revised and enlarged edition of "What Pictures to See in Europe," by Lorinda M. Bryant, with 138 illustrations. The chapters devoted to German pictures have been omitted in this new edition, and the art treasures of Spain have been substituted. It need not be said that Mrs. Bryant is extraordinarily competent for her task and that the traveler can find no better art guide than hers.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The death of Leonid Andreyeff, the noted Russian writer, was announced in a cable from Finland last week. He died of heart failure as a result of a Bolshevik bomb explosion. Andreyeff's four greatest plays are published in this country by the Scribners.

Nina Wilcox Putnam is the author of several novels and of numerous short stories for the *Saturday Evening Post* and other periodicals. She has been interested in motion pictures and had charge of the reading staff of a large picture production concern in the West. Her unusual and humorous insight into the life of the stage and the screen is reflected in many of her best stories.

Philip Gihhs, the famous war correspondent, who is well known in America, both from his recent lecture tour here and his war books, notable among which is his latest book, "The Way to Victory" (Doran), is revisiting the Continent in order to describe the changes wrought by war and peace. He will go over the battlefields and districts which he saw laid in ruins and also tour the principal towns of the Allies and their late enemies.

Winston Churchill has for the time being deserted the field of fiction and turned his attention to the writing of a play. "Dr. Jona-

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than," it is called, and it is to be published within the next few weeks. It is pretty certain to be of general interest, when it is known that it deals with the subject of industrial democracy, a theme which Mr. Churchill has handled in some of his novels, notably "The Inside of the Cup" and "The Dwelling Place of Light."

There are more motor-cars on the streets of Calcutta than any other kind of vehicle. The number of privately-owned cars is said to be about 4000, and there are approximately 500 taxicabs. While this number of automobiles seems very small for a city of a million, the novelty of automobiles and the purchasing power of the people must be taken into account. It is thought that American cars will soon predominate on the streets of India, and it is interesting to note that all the motor-cars imported into the city of Calcutta since the signing of the armistice and the removal of the import embargo have been of American manufacture.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Organization for War.

The government may be said to have assumed entire control of the productive and transportation systems of the country upon the declaration of war. The whole nation may be said to have been mobilized, and not only its human fighting forces. It is an account of this vast mobilization that Mr. William Franklin Willoughby gives us in his "Government Organization in War-Time and After." As director of the Institute for Government Research he is well qualified for the task that he has undertaken and that he has performed so skillfully.

It is in no sense a contentious work. Mr. Willoughby explains the war powers of the government by citations from the special laws conferring those powers and by an interpretation of their scope. In this way he deals with finance, industry, trade, shipping, transportation, food, fuel, and insurance. He devotes two chapters to labor, a chapter to science, a chapter to alien enemies, and a chapter to aircraft construction. Failures and successes are pointed out with moderation and impartiality, and we are well disposed to agree that the record as a whole is a creditable one, and that the delay in entering the war found full compensation in the energy with which it was conducted.

GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION IN WAR TIME AND AFTER. By William Franklin Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

One-Act Plays.

The Little Theatre and the one-act play have come to stay. At least we may hope so. There is no other way to counteract the increasing corrosions and corruptions of the standard theatre.

In this volume we have a collection of twenty-four representative one-act plays by American authors. They have been chosen from all the available materials and grouped under descriptive headings. Competent biographical notes have been supplied by Margaret Gardner Mayorga, M. A., to whom chief credit must be given for a collection that will certainly be welcomed and that must have a definite and abiding value.

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS. Selected by Margaret Gardner Mayorga, M. A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Four Roads.

Many novels have already been written to show the reaction of the various countries under the strain of war. Probably we shall now have other novels descriptive of the various parts of these countries. And it is only natural that the Londoner, for example, should react toward war in a way quite different from the native of Sussex.

It is a story of Sussex that Sheila Kaye-Smith has given us. We are introduced to a farmer's family and to the village community in general. It must be admitted that it is not a very enticing picture. The farmer himself is a drunkard and would "stop the war to get a piece of cheese." His daughters seem to spend their time in evading calamity by narrow margins. The eldest son is drafted and goes quite unheroically to war, although he makes a good soldier. No one seems to

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know what the war is about, but every one regards it with alternating resentment and resignation. There is no one who commands our whole-hearted respect except Thyra, the young widow who keeps the village store and who marries Tom. But the story is most competently told, one might say inexorably told. We may reasonably believe that it is a portrait and so welcome it for its fidelity.

THE FOUR ROADS. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mufti.

We do not know if "Sapper," more conventionally known as Cyril McNeile, intended primarily to write a war novel or a social and economic treatise. But he seems to have given us a combination. So far as the novel is concerned we have the love adventures of Captain Derek Vane, who resumes an old flirtation with Margaret Trent when he finds that she is his nurse, and becomes practically engaged to her. Derek then goes back to England and makes violent love to another girl, one of the volunteer attendants at a convalescent home in the country. We do not think much of Derek Vane, although he thinks a good deal of himself as a member of the socially elect. Sometimes he wonders if he is a cad. The reader will not wonder at all.

But the real value of the book is to be found in Vane's amazement that there should be something like civil war in England and that the collapse of class lines should have produced something like chaos. In France, he tells us, men love and serve each other, and quite often die for each other. But at home they seem to hate each other and to be actuated by passionate rancors and resentments. On the same day Vane meets a labor leader and an aristocratic profiteer and he compares them, not unfavorably to the labor leader. He has to ask himself if there are any rights that can take precedence of elemental human rights, if there can be any actual proprietorship of human being. The old order, in very truth, changeth, and Vane looks out upon the new order with bewildered eyes. As a novel the book can not be highly praised, although all war novels must have a very real interest. But it is valuable as an apparently faithful reflection of the perplexity of a young officer who finds that a new world has come into being while he has been fighting on foreign soil.

MUFTI. By "Sapper." New York: George H. Doran Company.

New Books Received.

DARING DEEDS OF GREAT PATHFINDERS. By Edgar Sanderson. London: Seeley, Service & Co. True stories of intrepid pioneers.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MOLLIE, WADRY AND TONY. By Paul Waitt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. For children.

THE BEACH OF DREAMS. By H. De Vere Stacpole. New York: John Lane Company. A novel.

BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Solomon Eagle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A volume of essays.

CHALMERS COMES BACK. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. A novel.

A TREASURY OF ANIMAL STORIES. By Lilian Gask. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. For children.

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE. Washington, D. C.: Headquarters of the Endowment. Year Book, 1919.

BODY AND RAIMENT. By Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A volume of verse.

MY ITALIAN YEAR. By Joseph Collins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Observations and reflections.

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Selected, with biographical notes, by Margaret Gardner Mayorga, M. A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Twenty-four representative one-act plays that have been produced in Little Theatres.

THE LITTLE ACROBAT. By James Prichard Duggan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. For children.

ORCHARD AND MEADOW. By Zoe Meyer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. For children. Illustrated.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PLAYMAKING. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A new volume of dramatic papers.

INIAN LEGENDS RETOLD. By Elaine Goodale Eastman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. With illustrations.

LEADERS TO LIBERTY. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Stories of Allied military leaders.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. An intimate biography.

MRS. PETER RABBIT. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. For children.

OLD ENGLISH INTERIORS. By C. J. Charles. New York: John Lane Company. A descriptive and historic treatise on the de-

velopment of English decoration with regard to the different periods.

THE WILDERNESS OF THE UPPER YUKON. By Charles Sheldon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A new edition, revised, with new preface, maps, and appendix.

SEVEN PEAS IN THE POD. By Margery Bailey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Fairy stories.

POEMS. By J. C. Squire. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A first series.

COMEDIANS ALL. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. American criticism of the drama.

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN EUROPE. By Lorinda M. Bryant. New York: John Lane Company. New edition, revised and enlarged.

ONE WOMAN ONLY. By Caroline Beecher. Chicago: Britton Publishing Company. A novel.

THE FINE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Paul L. Anderson, E. E. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. With illustrations.

JOAN AT HALFWAY. By Grace McLeod Rogers. New York: George H. Doran Company. For girls.

PICTURES OF THE FLOATING WORLD. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. A volume of verse.

TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Issued in Children's Classics. Illustrated.

BILL SEWALL'S STORY OF T. R. By William Wingate Sewall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Roosevelt's early life in the West.

SQUARE PEGGY. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A novel.

ARTEMUS WARD. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Brothers. Biography.

LIFE OF DANTE. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Biography.

LITERATURE WITH A LARGE L. By MacGregor Jenkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Essays.

FANTASTICS. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Impressions of the strange life of New Orleans.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NICHOLAS BIDDLE. By Reginald C. McGrane. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. From 1807 to 1841.

A STORY OF LIZA LEHMANN.

An incident occurred while we were in Cromwell Road, by which I shall always remember that house. My parents gave one of their celebrated music parties, of which Rubinstein, an old friend of theirs, was to be the bright particular star. Stanley, of "Darkest Africa," was also present, rather smileless, but paying much attention to a pretty widow; and the ill-starred Oscar Wilde, then at the height of his popularity, was among the guests.

After dinner Rubinstein played divinely, and several distinguished singers of the day sang. Then, by a kindly meant but evil inspiration, Rubinstein, who knew I had been studying, asked me to sing. Knowing perfectly well, as I did, that I was still far from being ready for such an ordeal before the cream of artistic London, and prompted by my mother, who, seized with panic, whispered something to the effect of "Refuse—and don't give way!" I did refuse, with such grace as I could muster. Poor papa! It was too much for him. I suppose he thought it was going to be a case of my mother's lack of courage all over again with me—all study and no results—and instantly he made up his mind to make a firm stand. In an ominous sentence he declared: "Unless you sing, I go to bed." This was, of course, in an aside to me, and it never entered our heads that he would dream of carrying out his threat and leave his guests. But as I, quite limp by now, still hung back. I suppose he thought that, having threatened me, he must act up to it; so he left the room and walked upstairs. The bulk of our guests knew nothing, happily, of the tragedy-comedy being enacted, and the buzz of a successful soirée went on without intermission in the big drawing-room. Our dear old friend, the Russian singer, Raimond von zur Mühlen, offered to act as intermediary, and, with characteristic enthusiasm, rushed upstairs in the hope of inducing the head of the house to relent. He was followed as far as the hall by myself and a small coterie of intimates who had got an inkling of what was in the wind; and who, at the foot of the staircase, awaited Von zur Mühlen's breathless bulletins from the upper region.

This is how it went: Voice of R. v. z. Mühlen from above, in a stage whisper: *Espresso:* "He will not listen—he takes off his coat." *Più espresso:* "Now he takes off his waistcoat!" *Crescendo:* "He takes off his collar."



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Doloroso: "He puts on his pyjamas."

Desperato: "He is going to get into bed!"

Sgridato: "HE IS IN BED!"

I can still hear Maude Valerie White's laughter punctuating the messages, and her wild shriek as the climax was reached.—From "Life of Liza Lehmann," by herself, shortly to appear.

England Selling War Towns.

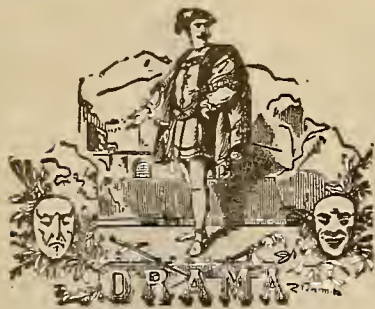
While the United States is selling its war towns and industrial centres intact, England is disposing of her surplus from the war with a double purpose in view, first to realize as much as possible from these accumulations, and second to assist the rent-payer to solve the increasing rents, which have become a problem in that country as vexatious as here. Thus when the English landlord approaches and announces that the rent for the coming year will be jumped, the rent-payer is expected to follow the new slogan and "Buy a War Hut."

The disposal board of the ministry of munitions has taken the double task of selling the surplus war huts and assisting the gouged tenants. The board has placed on exhibition in London a war hut made into a peace-time abode. This type is sixty feet by fifteen feet and approximately eight feet high. Partitions have been made in the hut and it provides a living and dining-room combined, three bedrooms, kitchen, pantry, bathroom, and space for storing coal. The hut sells for \$500 and will accommodate a family of six. A similar home, if built new, it is estimated in England would cost \$1625.

The war hut can be taken to the country and made into a home there, the salesman of the disposal board says, but explains that the cost will be greater, for an asbestos lining as proof against fire and dampness must be provided. Then roofing and other materials must be purchased at an increased cost of \$1500. But with these additional expenditures the war hut in the country can be made into a home which would cost approximately \$3500.

Sociologists estimate that among every thousand bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals, whereas married men produce eighteen per thousand.

In the Kotzebue Sound region, Western Alaska, there are asbestos deposits said to rival the richest in the world.



"UNDER ORDERS."

The play of the week is at the Curran Theatre. It is truly, as claimed, a dramatic novelty, since but two players are necessary to render the four characters, for the very good reason that the two women characters—who are twin sisters—are physical duplicates, while a similarly strong resemblance, for an almost equally cogent reason, exists between the two men characters. The play bears upon the war, and is charged with patriotic sentiment—not, however, of the spread-eagle or loudly protesting order—although we see no actual sight and almost hear no sound suggestive of war.

It is a play that the mothers and fathers of soldiers will feel as a very strong tug on the sympathies. It could not have failed to have made a tremendous appeal to the emotions if it had been produced during war-time, and, as it is, the strength of its appeal is based upon its quietly tense foundation of truth. Such conditions as are depicted must have been duplicated many, many times during the war, we know well. It is quite true that many and many a mother smiled good-by, with a breaking heart but a brave front, to her soldier son. And that touch of nature by which the mother and son amused themselves by measuring each other's height during their last heart-breaking ten minutes together is one of the little ways by which people glide over tragedies which they feel but dare not express. It is true also that the American wives of German husbands living in Germany were generally regarded with covert suspicion, and obliged to repress the slightest indication of sympathy with their native land or its allies. We have had many evidences also that quite a proportion of these wives Germanized themselves, or at least their convictions, but it is doubtful if even they escaped from suspicion and hostility.

In fact, the play, without reviving all memory of the heartless din, the soulless suffering, and the unmitigated cruelties of war, recalls its psychology. We need during these troublous times to recall, as a perpetual warning, many things that we are willfully and flippantly trying to forget; and one of them is the unquestioning heroism of the men and the long waiting agonies of the women.

However, do not conclude that "Under Orders" is entirely a play of heartbreak. It is a tense, well-knit, admirably constructed drama in which the element of suspense is so successfully invoked in three of its four acts that the spectators are kept in a state of anticipatory tension during the entire action of those three acts. The opening act is a simple, sincere, sympathetic depiction of the devotion existing between a mother and son, who are seen sharing their last moments together—each striving bravely for cheerfulness preceding the departure of the young officer for the front.

What follows the possible spectator had better find out for himself. It is the sort of play whose intensity of interest or the excitement of whose unexpected happenings one would not for the world lessen by giving away any of its situations or surprises; which limits the

reviewer in the line of comment on the piece, but discussion and comment, before seeing it, really should be almost taboo.

Zeffie Tilbury is a comparatively familiar figure to us. We have seen her in a number of rôles, most of them of a comedy complexion. This rôle of the mother she probably considers one of the best, if not the best, she has had during her maturer years. Miss Tilbury is a player of such intelligence, well-balanced technique, and poise that she satisfies perfectly in the rôle, both in the lighter scenes and in those of the last act in which the emotions depicted partake of the nature of tragedy. Also she differentiated the natures of the two women so thoroughly, the stern repression of the one, the tender, clinging dependence of the other, that never for a moment did we confuse the two characters or blend them into one.

Richard L. Tucker, a man of imposing height and build, was also unusually successful in playing a double rôle, conveying an impression of two men of entirely dissimilar character. He strengthened the impression by voice and speech, by movement and gesture, as well as by the altered psychology expressed in the countenance. In fact he is an exceedingly expert actor, and probably there will be few dissents or none from the general verdict that this pair of players are about as thoroughly satisfactory a selection as could be made to carry the burden of a striking and unusual play.

THE ORPHEUM.

We came away from the Orpheum agreeing that our pet act for the afternoon was that offered by Harry Breen. And yet I almost blush for myself in making such an admission. Never would I have believed that I would be so tickled over a nut comedian. I am not sure, though, that Harry Breen would consider himself a nut. But what I found particularly amusing in his act were the evidences of a real observation of human nature. The comedian has observed the ways of children, their line of tactics when they approach the parent bird, their strategic changes of subject, and the masterly manner in which they wear away maternal denial of a solicited boon by their persistency. Also this singer, nut comedian, monologist, satiric observer has inclined a genially sardonic ear to the gossip discourse of knitting or crocheting ladies, and he knows well of the devious ways by which they locate a neighborhood date or extract the meat of a social fact from a mass of verbiage. Really, I almost believe that the man actually extemporized that rapid patter song about various individuals in the audience, in spite of his being so pat in indicating to our amused observation and rhyming about the various people of whom he sang and joshed.

If it hadn't been for him many people would have chosen "When He Came Back," a playlet with Mrs. Gene Hughes in the principal rôle. He sings in a funny voice that makes you want to clear your throat, and is merely a noise, but he is freely endowed with the gift of humor. It is a gift that Mrs. Gene Hughes shares to some extent, and she has a hearty, pervasive way with her that takes with audiences. The play treats of the return of a young soldier with a French bride and the maternal inability to conquer self and meet and greet the newly wedded pair. For the mother indulges in that same old maternal delusion that it is her maternal right to choose a wife for her son. Giddy grandma, however, intervenes and finally establishes a good understanding all around.

Estelle Thebaud endowed the smartly gowned French wife with an appropriately foreign flavor, although the playwright—Edgar Allan Woolf—did put in her mouth the Ollendorfian greeting "Comment vous portez vous?"

following which a glad thrill of recognition surged through the old stagers in the audience who had once patterned schoolroom French. Mahel Wright was suitably dense and literal as the mother, and Benton Ressler—who, it seems, is or has been a real soldier—is a dear little youthful warrior in khaki with an ingenuously youthful, springlike, and entirely lovable countenance.

I am, I must admit, a little tired of noting the uniform and unvarying success which attends the psychics of the Mme. Ellis order, who read one's mind and describe the contents of one's pocket-book. It gets monotonous and would be more exciting if they would only miss once in a while. But I did enjoy Mme. Ellis. It was really delightful to hear her say, "Yes, Mrs., you sure will find that diamond ring"; or, "You want to know, girlie, if you will marry the man you have your mind on? Sure you will, some time next week."

Sihyl Vane is a very small prima donna with a very large-sized, clear, and ringing voice, which she has not yet learned to hold in reserve or to shade to due expressiveness. The lady has a nice, unsparking countenance, but she dresses like a flirty little vaudeville beauty. As she has neither the manner nor the temperament of one we find ourselves desiring to see her costumed without crinoline, fallals, and chiffon pantalets coming down to her ankles; or in something that would better express her personality.

Malta Bonconi is a handsome brunette gowned in a "shiny" dress, as the children say, that glittered aggressively. She plays with technical skill, but without much depth of sentiment.

A very well set, handsomely costumed, and neatly and provocatively played act entitled "Romance" was presented by Amelia Stone and Arman Kaliz, the latter very distinctly a find. He is a good-looking Frenchman, in spite of his Oriental name, and plays and sings with artistic finish. Miss Stone has an attractive countenance, a provocative smile, an agreeable voice, gorgeous clothes, and a deft and pleasing line of attack. The piece is a mixture of singing, dancing, and dialoguing, and veers from the sentimental toward frolicsome burlesque.

There is also an acceptable dance act, a fragment of old-fashioned minstrelsy given in blackface by "Seven Honey Boys" who won a welcome for themselves, and a characteristic specimen of darky humor presented by Ralph Dunbar's "Tennessee Ten," genuine "colored folks" these, who dance and play jazz with native exuberance.

"THE NAUGHTY WIFE."

After all we discover that she wasn't really naughty, being one of those impossibly innocent young matrons who, from pique, consents to elope with a gay Lothario without realizing what she's getting herself in for. When it dawns upon her, coincident with the moment that Lothario seeks to share her nocturnal howler, then Naughty Wife hazes out at him with honest indignation. And it dawns upon us that Naughty Wife isn't naughty; or, at least, not in the sense that we had taken her to be. Rather, she is naughty like a willful child who is disgusted with things in general and tries to break them to smithereens without realizing the consequences.

The piece is a cross between farce and comedy, and is reminiscent of several plays hearing upon marital ructions. One is "The Concert," that most successful of Leo Deitrichstein's various vehicles. As in that piece the eloping couple and the deserted pair are all four brought together at the country hungalaw belonging to the prettily complaisant husband. It was, it will be remembered, the wife in "The Concert" who strategically made pretense of saying "Bless you, my children," to the elopers. It also recalls a much older French piece, "Divorçons," in which the wily husband, feigning a benevolent interest in the plans of the elopers, robbed the sentimental enterprise of all its romance in the eyes of his butterfly wife by endowing it with his dull and unexciting blessing.

However, there are new sidelights to the piece, which is treated with a certain freshness, is provided with brisk, snappy dialogue, and which tickles the married folk in audiences by its numerous slaps at the marital partnership. The piece is by Fred Jackson, "elaborated," it is stated, by Edgar Selwyn, and as it is now in its second year in London I do not doubt that Messrs. Jackson and Selwyn feel a tender attachment for Eloise, the hairless little charmer that sought such a drastic remedy for her marital woes.

Belle Bennett conveys successfully the idea of a pretty doll who loves her husband, likes her lover, and is very frivolous and fluffy about clothes. She gives to the young wife a golden-haired doll aspect mixed with childishness and pretty vanities; just the sort of being that some men marry and then proceed to take altogether too calmly.

Walter Richardson plays agreeably the part of the ingenious husband who understood the psychology of his special doll, as well as that

of the lover. He happened to be a novelist. Messrs. Richardson and Chatterton, Emily Pinter as a semi-cynical, semi-warm-hearted widow, Jean Oliver as a maid, and Al Cunningham as a gaitered hishop did good service in conveying the general intentions of the play, although a piece of this kind can have its comedy effect greatly heightened by receiving more intensive treatment than is possible in the necessarily speeded-up work done in the hazy precincts of a one-play-a-week stock house.

ANOTHER LITTLE THEATRE.

A movement toward the establishing of another Little Theatre seems to be taking shape. Mr. Norbert M. Cills, late of the "Eyes of Youth" Company at the Curran, is heading the movement. It is the aim of Mr. Cills and those who are hacking him to produce plays of superior or unusual quality; the kind of which the ordinary producing manager is shy, for fear his wares may be caviare to the general.

The new theatre is to be called "The Polk Community Theatre," and is to be housed in the Sequoia club house. It is to have a small company of professionals, and there may be occasional opportunities for the experienced amateur. Artistic unity will be sought in the general performance, to which end several young artists, experts in varying lines of art, will pledge their time, their talent, and their enthusiasm. Among them will be Mr. Homer



XXVII.

The Happy Medium

Water rates must be nicely balanced and fairly distributed.

If they are too high the public is prevented from using the water it needs. This is intolerable.

If they are too low the company can't maintain its credit. Extensions can not be financed. This leads to confiscation.

Between rates that are too high and rates that are too low there is a happy medium—rates that are fair to both parties.

Fair rates make the public pay value for the water used. They let the company earn an adequate profit. They enable the public to use all the water good health requires. They leave the company no excuse for poor service.

If rates are so high that the city suffers—building operations bandicapped, gardens and lawns discouraged, etc.—then the rates have crippled the city.

If rates are so low that the company can not horrow the money it needs to extend the service for the growing city—again the rates have crippled the city.

In both instances they have crippled the company.

If the company is badly managed, it is pretty sure to ask for excessive rates, but if it is well managed, it will be content with fair rates.

Assuming good management, we must not ask too much, you must not pay too little.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

BIGGEST SUCCESS OF THE YEAR
THOUSANDS OF VISITORS DAILY

CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIES AND LAND SHOW

Municipal Auditorium, San Francisco

TODAY—ELECTRICAL DAY

(F. D. Fagan, General Electric Co., Chairman of the Day)

—AND—

ALAMEDA COUNTY DAY

Be sure and visit the livestock department and see the moving pictures

EVERY DAY A GALA DAY

ADMISSION: Adults 25 cents. Children 10 cents

OPEN DAILY - - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Theatre Francais

A. FERRIER, Director

SATURDAY, Oct. 25, at 8:30

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
(Van Ness and Sutter)

La Noce du Poilu Lepinard

Musical Farce in 3 Acts (on the prohibition)
Third Act—Grand Costumed Ball

Reserved seats, \$2, \$1, 75c, 50c. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Sts. (one week before the performance) and now at the French Book Store, 324 Stockton St., and Ferrier Studio, 1409 Hyde St. Phone—Franklin 3322.

Henley, who has consented to select and arrange music that will be in artistic harmony with the line of plays presented, while Mr. Voisin, a young Frenchman trained in the exacting art school of Europe, is to design the sets and get them into shape.

Mr. Cills, whose experience of the theatrical world has largely lain in the East, where he has figured successfully as stage director for several well-known stock theatres, has had part of his training under David Belasco. Nevertheless all of his artistic sympathies incline in the matter of stage setting toward the modern and progressive school of artistic suggestion. Mr. Cills has worked out a system of finances for the new theatre, the salient feature of which will be the weekly payment by each member of \$1.50, which is to entitle him to one ticket for himself and three additional guest tickets. The flexibility of this arrangement will allow for private purchases between friends and continual accessions to the ranks of spectators, who will thus be able to see spoken drama for 37½ cents a seat; which will be a desirable state of things if the enterprise works out well.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The clock of Beauvais Cathedral is said to be composed of 92,000 separate pieces.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

1st SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

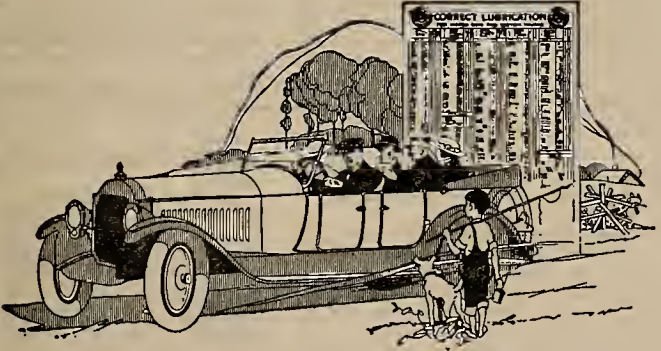
CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., OCT. 12, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis," Gluck; Symphony No. 2, D major, Brahms; "Fetes," Debussy; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner.

Prices—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre on concert days only.

Next—Sun., Oct. 19, 1st "POP" Concert.



Adds years to the life of your car

Correct lubrication with Zerolene means better performance and longer life for your car. By exhaustive study and actual tests the Standard Oil Company Board of Lubrication Engineers has determined the correct consistency of Zerolene for your make of automobile. Their recommendations are available for you in the Zerolene Correct Lubrication Charts. There is a chart for each make of car.

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Get a Correct Lubrication Chart for your car. At your dealer's or our nearest station.

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A grade for each type of engine

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

On Sunday, October 12th, A. H. Woods' dramatic novelty, "Under Orders," will enter upon the last week of its engagement at the Curran Theatre. "Under Orders" was written by Berte Thomas, an English playwright, and was revised and elaborated for the American stage by Roi Cooper Megrue. It is delightfully handled by two capable players, Zeffie Tilbury and Richard L. Tucker. Mr. Tucker first takes the rôle of the American officer. Then he becomes a German officer of the Imperial Guard, and finally he appears as the German disguised as the American captain. Never before in the course of his brief but highly creditable career has this young actor exhibited an art so clearly reasoned, so finished, and so fine. Miss Tilbury's work, too, is admirable throughout.

On Sunday, October 19th, comes popular Trixie Friganza in a new and scintillating comedy with music, "Poor mama!"

The Alcazar.

This week's New Alcazar farce, "The Naughty Wife," will be followed at next Sunday's matinee by Eugene Walter's American drama, "Paid in Full," not acted here in seven years, and more vital under today's world conditions than when it was inspired by the dramatist's prophetic vision. Its exposition of the domestic problem of living beyond one's means to keep up social appearances is of enormous importance to the young home-builders of today. Belle Bennett personates Emma Brooks, one of the loveliest types of true American wifehood ever depicted; Walter P. Richardson the whimsically humorous philosopher Joe Smith; Thomas Chatterton the weak, vacillating, passionate husband, "Jimsy"; Henry Shumer the diamond in the rough, Captain Williams; Vaughan Morgan the Japanese valet; Edna Shaw the frivolous mother; Jean Oliver the extravagant debutante.

To follow is Mark Swan's motor-car farce, "A Regular Feller," a sensational hit at the Cort Theatre, New York, less than a month ago. It deals with the funny side of automobile salesmanship, tire competition, speed mania, and garage troubles.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present a new show next week headed by "Not Yet Marie," a brilliant little musical comedy produced by C. B. Maddock. It introduces a company of fifteen people, which includes such prominent principals as William Edmunds and William Cotton, late features with legitimate musical comedy; Hazel Boyne, heretofore vaudeville headliner, and Dorothy Shirley, who has achieved success in prima donna rôles. "Not Yet Marie" is from the prolific pen of Frank Stammers, while the lyrics and music are by

Lieutenant Ballard McDonald and Nat Osborne respectively. The action takes place in the studio of an Italian artist, who has a dozen handsome models posing for him.

Farrell Taylor, who is unrivaled as a black-face comedian, will appear in a musical farce called "The Black Duke." It introduces Edith Swan, the celebrated lady trombonist, and Carlena Diamond, vaudeville's youngest harpist.

Martelle, who with the exception of Julian Eltinge, is the best impersonator of the opposite sex, will present a decidedly clever act.

Jack Sidney and Isabel Townley, clever and popular comedians, will appear in a comedietta, "A Subway Flirtation."

Donald E. Roberts, who styles himself "The Strolling Tenor," possesses a splendid voice of wide range.

Billy Fern and company will present a wordless play entitled "A Quiet Evening."

Harry Breen, the rapid-fire song writer, and Amelia Stone and Arman Kaliz in "A Song Romance" will be the only holdovers in the bill.

Frivolity for the French.

Mr. André Ferrier was obliged to turn many people away from his last entertainment, which included a French play and a dance for a wind-up. On October 25th the talented French soldier will furnish his appreciators further evidence of his versatility, as he intends to put on a lively piece about prohibition written by himself, entitled "La Noce du Poilu Lepinard." Following this lively farce there will be a costume ball, to which the audience is bidden to stay, and, indeed, it is suggested that they all come to the play in costume. It is probable that M. Ferrier will have need of all the space in the big Scottish Rite ball to accommodate the frolicsome public that is willing to take prohibition as a joke, and at present the local French as well as Americans are only too willing to enjoy the kind of frivolity offered at Mr. Ferrier's entertainment.

New Symphony Season Opens Brilliantly.

Alfred Hertz' skill as an interpreter of Brahms was again demonstrated Friday afternoon, in the Curran Theatre, in his reading of that master's Second Symphony in D major as the outstanding feature of the opening concert of the 1919-1920 season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

The concert in its entirety will be repeated on Sunday afternoon, October 12th, at the Curran, the entire orchestra participating, although popular prices will then obtain. Tickets are to be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the symphony conducts a permanent box-office. On concert days tickets are to be had at the theatre.

The series of "Pop" concerts will be opened on Sunday afternoon, October 19th, in the Curran Theatre. The "Pop" series has been most successful in the past and vast interest is being shown in it this year, for the demand for season tickets was greater than ever before. Following is the programme for the first "Pop": Overture, "Fra Diavolo." Auber; Larghetto from Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Ballet Suite from "Henry VII," Saint-Saëns; overture, "Phedre," Massenet; Minuet, Boccherini; Moment Musical, Schubert-Stock; March Slav, Tschaiakowsky.



The Golden Pheasant

32-36 Geary Street
SAN FRANCISCO

The Restaurant Refined

Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

during this period of sixteen days at the California Industries and Land Show.

For many years it has been known that various forms of dust when mingled with air in certain proportions are capable of producing destructive explosions when brought into contact with flame. This danger sometimes exists in flour mills, an instance being the explosion of three flour mills at Minneapolis in 1878. It was then demonstrated by experiment that two ounces of flour in two cubic feet of confined air, when ignited, would cause a violent explosion, and it was calculated that the contents of a flour sack distributed through 4000 cubic feet of air would cause an explosion capable of throwing a weight of 2500 tons to a height of 100 feet. An instance is known where sugar dust in a confectionery factory caused an explosion and in another case dry soap proved equally dangerous.

The Chinese break a saucer in court as part of their oath of symbolism. The meaning of this is that if they do not tell the truth their souls will be cracked like the saucer.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

LAST WEEK STARTS SUN. EVE., OCT. 12

A. H. Woods Presents
The Emphatic Dramatic Novelty
"UNDER ORDERS"
By Berte Thomas
Revised and Elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue
Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mats., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

Next—Sun., Oct. 19, **TRIXIE FRIGANZA** in "Poor Mama!"

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE NAUGHTY WIFE"
Greatest Farcical Comedy in Years

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., OCT. 12
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett - - - - - Walter P. Richardson
In Eugene Walter's Tremendous Drama
"PAID IN FULL"

Graphic, Gripping Play of Domestic Life—Vibrant with Laughter—Quivering with Emotion
Oct. 19—Mark Swan's New Motor-Car Farce
"A REGULAR FELLER"

Up-to-the-Minute Automobile Absurdity—Hits on Every Cylinder—San Francisco Sees It While New York Is Still Roaring Over It
Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day

"NOT YET MARIE," a Musical Comedy
Written and Staged by Frank Stammers, with William Edmunds, William Cotton, Hazel Boyne and Dorothy Shirley; FARRELL TAYLOR COMPANY in a Musical Farce, "The African Duke"; MARTELLE, a Gleaming Personality; JACK SIDNEY and ISABEL TOWNLEY, a Subway Flirtation; DONALD E. ROBERTS, "The Strolling Tenor"; BILLY FERN and Company in His Pantomimic Comedy, "A Quiet Evening"; HARRY BREEN, the Rapid Fire Song Writer; AMELIA STONE and ARMAN KALIZ in "A Song Romance."

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Douglas 70.

Every day is a gala day at the Auditorium

VANITY FAIR.

The women physicians who recently assembled in New York directed their attention to one of those convulsive problems that confront our glorious and millennial civilization. What, asked the lady doctors, shall we do with our babies? Called upon by the voice of the ages to minister to the physical needs of humanity, urged by our own higher natures to seek that self-expression that has for so long denied to our sex, we are still unable wholly to liberate ourselves from certain pre-emptive tendencies that have become to some extent habitual. In other words we still have babies. What shall we do with them? How shall we combine the so-called duties of maternity with that regularity of office hours demanded of the physician? For the moment we are staggered by this new demand on our inventiveness. Moreover, we foresee extensions of the problem. Pretty soon the woman soldier will be asking us what she shall do with her babies. The woman sailor will be asking what she shall do with hers. It is strange that an obdurate nature should be so insensitive to the needs of the new age and to the sacred principles of sex equality. If it could only be arranged that men should have some of the babies, or that babies should be self-supporting from birth. But nature goes placidly on her way, and with no signs of a change of heart.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman did what she could to comfort the women doctors. She said the remedy was the "hired mother." We do not know exactly what she meant, seeing that the report of her epochal speech was unaccountably abridged by cynical newspapers who wanted to reserve a few inches of their space for the war in Europe. She could not have meant that women should be hired to become mothers, so that the wife should be left wholly free for the more congenial duties of self-expression or for her search for a misplaced soul. We have not quite reached that point yet. Did she mean that actual mothers should be hired to take charge of children not their own? If so, who shall care for the children of the hired mothers? Or did she mean that just ordinary women should be hired as substitute mothers, in other words

nurses? It is a pity that Mrs. Gilman did not take the bull by the horns, so to speak. She should have told the women physicians that three courses are open to them. They might cease to be physicians. Or they might cease to be mothers. Or they might kill their babies. Either way would be alike effective and final.

For there are no "hired mothers" to be had. One of the women physicians had been trying to hire a mother and had dismally failed. She had advertized, and had asked for nothing more than that aspirants should be "reliable and refined." She said she had been overwhelmed by freaks and fakirs from Coney Island. They claimed to be reliable on the ground that they were not then in jail. They were refined because they were not actually brandishing a whisky bottle. No one of them was of the kind to be entrusted with a guinea pig—not if one thought anything of the guinea pig. So the problem remained exactly where it was. Indeed it has no solution except as above indicated. Women can not earn their own living and at the same time have babies. And so far as women physicians are concerned we may frankly express the opinion that the world would be none the poorer if they were all to go out of business.

Mr. Remsen Crawford, writing in the New York Times, tells us that this has been the most extravagant season ever experienced on American soil. What are we to think of the fact that we are importing seven million dollars' worth of diamonds every month, that millions of dollars are wagered every day on the race-tracks, that automobiles are being sold far in advance of production, that summer hotels charging from \$7 to \$25 a day have reaped the richest harvest of their existence, and that all forms of amusement production have simply been coining money. And there seem to be no caste distinctions in this saturnalia of extravagance. Laborers are buying the diamonds, clerks are betting thousands on the races, farmers who have had no automobiles are buying them now, and those who already had automobiles are buying better ones. Mr. Crawford asks where all the money comes from and he tells us that millions of people are selling their Liberty Bonds, and that this is partly the explanation of "the rivers of gold which have been flowing about the pedestals of pleasure."

The race-tracks are a convenient barometer of national extravagance. The attendance at Saratoga, for example, is over 25,000 a day. Admission prices range from \$8.80 for the club seats to \$1.10 for the field. This will give us a daily total of from \$65,000 to \$100,000. But these sums are almost insignificant compared with the sums lost and won in bets. A well-known operator says that \$2,000,000 a day change hands in this way. But the betting on the track itself is only a small part of the total. Every important track is connected by wire with the great cities, and feverish betting goes on all over the country. The total can not be ascertained, but it must be of incalculable magnitude.

And there are poor silly reformers in the country who believe that race-track gambling has been suppressed. Mr. Crawford says: "The extent to which gambling on races has grown during the last summer would shock the reformers responsible for having racing 'outlawed.' There is scarcely a skyscraper, or office building, or store of great size in the largest cities of the country that is not visited every day by agents of the unseen and unseeable bookmakers. By the thousands, clerks and stenographers who can not go to the track place their wagers with these visiting agents of the betting ring, and sometimes the trick is turned by telephone. A true sport's word is as good as another man's writing. There never has been any way of definitely estimating the amount of money that is bet on the races daily."

The hotel trade is booming all over the country. More than 350 hotels of the first class are now under construction, or are about to become so, and all at a cost ranging from \$7,000,000 down. Mr. Ball, editor of the *Hotel Review*, after a long tour of the country, says: "Although the hotel rates have been steadily advancing to keep pace with the high cost of living, the leading hotels of the country have found it difficult to find rooms for the tens of thousands of guests that have been coming in an unprecedented stream all summer long in every section of the country, and particularly at the summer resorts." Mr. Crawford says that in many parts of the country the overflows of motorists have resorted to a plan of accommodation over night which is a novelty in the hotel business, known as "the auto-camp." On pleasure bent, they take with them tents and cots for themselves and families, and, finding no rooms at the hotels of a resort, they are directed to the nearest auto-camp. There they find a shed built in the woods for their automobiles, and a secluded place for pitching their tents. They sleep in their tents and use the hotels for their meals and other necessities and pleasures like regular guests.

It would be impossible to estimate the for-

tunes that have been spent at the American summer resorts during the season. The profits would be so bewildering if put in strings of numerals they would be well nigh unbelievable. Let it go at this—American hotels have experienced their highest records of receipts and profits, despite the high cost of living.

Now there may be persons of weak minds who identify this saturnalia with prosperity. And there may be others, wiser ones, who can see in it the sinister prediction of unmeasured catastrophe.

ADVENTURES OF A SINGER.

When Dinh Gilly said "Au revoir" to his friends in the summer of 1914 he little thought of war and internment. Strangely enough, I remember his telling me (writes a correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*) that he meant to work hard at sports in order to reduce his weight, which was becoming rather ponderous. His object has certainly been accomplished, although not by voluntary means. It was a very different Gilly from that of five years ago who shook hands with me and flashed those wonderful eyes of his a few days since. He is very much thinner than he wished to be, and there are a few gray streaks in a head of jet black hair. The famous baritone, it should be explained, is of French-Arabic origin, a warm French patriot and a most delightful companion.

At the outbreak of the war Gilly was enjoying a holiday, fishing and shooting in Straz, in Bohemia. Being a French soldier and a young, powerful man, he was quickly seized by the Austrian military authorities and interned in Central Bohemia. "The name of the place," said Gilly, with a grin, "is Hindjikhvradec." He had nothing to do, and, being possessed of a fair quantity of money, most of which was skillfully concealed, he managed for a year to get a share of tolerably good food. The military authorities wished him to sing, but Gilly's terms were not acceptable. If he were allowed to sing "La Marseillaise" at the end of the first part of the concert they might hear his voice. That was too much, and although the musical Austrian officers were keen to hear Gilly, they dare not at the cost of permitting the French national anthem. He refused to sing in Prague—although offered a handsome fee—so long as that city was in the hands of the enemy.

Bad times began in 1915, when Gilly left Bohemia for Raab, in Southern Austria, there to suffer the worst form of internment for a period of three years. It is the oft-told story of very scanty food of the poorest quality, no fuel in the winter, and many other horrors. But Gilly is in a way grateful to Raab. There he met a British prisoner-of-war, who taught him English, which he now speaks with remarkable fluency. He is very proud of his acquaintance with such authors as Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Kipling, Macaulay, and Carlyle. Gilly is even bold enough to criticize the people of this country, who, he says, do not speak their own language well. "Why," he asks, "is there a special accent associated with Oxford and another with Cambridge?" He thinks that hitherto British singers have not studied their speech as carefully as actors, but what puzzles him most is the absence of a national theatre for opera in English. "Surely," he exclaimed, "it is necessary to the well-being of the people, and a government that appreciates the value of art would not hesitate to build and subsidize a theatre for the purpose."

This, from a foreign singer, came as a surprise. "I am going to sing in English," said Gilly, "in an opera by an English composer." Further questioned, he revealed the fact that he is to learn an Arabian part in Isidore de Lara's "Nail"; and he anticipates the experience with unfeigned delight. It is due to the war that Gilly has been converted to the belief that English is a suitable language for opera. He does not go to the extreme of saying that operas are improved by translation, "but," he said emphatically, "if opera is to be a national plant, and not an exotic, it must be grown in native soil. As for performing operas by British composers in foreign tongues, it is ludicrous. How do you expect to found national opera by such means?" The singer explained that he was not joining in a popular movement. He, though a Frenchman, was compelled to learn Italian in order to achieve operatic success; he spoke German also, and has even sung in Czech, but before the war he had never troubled to learn English. Now he is of opinion that internment was not wholly unprofitable, because it caused him to become acquainted with our language.

In April, 1918, Gilly was invalided to Switzerland, where he found employment at the British consulate at Geneva as translator. The emoluments were small but grateful, especially as most of his money had been spent in bribes. Those bribes were paid to guards in Raab. Gilly and other prisoners disguised themselves as advocates, carrying portfolios, and on several occasions went to Vienna, there to bear Wagnerian opera. Having se-

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cured a little temporary liberty by means of doles that consisted of small sums of money and much tobacco, a party of prisoners traveled frequently between the internment camp and Vienna. At the Austrian capital they heard Adler, the Socialist leader, when he addressed the people just before the peace between the Ukraine and Austria. He spoke in German, and was so badly received that he exclaimed piteously: "Must I speak in Russian to be understood?"

The Estonians are noted for their practical turn of mind. A favorite pastime among them consists of conversing in verse. They cling tenaciously to their language, the study of which is actively maintained throughout the land. Two main dialects are in use. A northern form, known as the Reval Estonian, is recognized as the literary language. Writers have succeeded in maintaining its perfection and beauty. Through their efforts literature that instills vigor into the national consciousness has sprung into being around the legends and folk-tales of the region.

A special chapel will shortly be installed in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in memory of Lord Kitchener. It will cost \$50,000.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York he asked an applicant for a position on the force: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?" "Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.

During the examination at the close of school, the fourth-grade teacher asked her history class to name the five most important men of the recent war. One boy, in all seriousness, answered the question thus: "General Pershing, President Wilson, General Foch, my big brother Tom, and Andy Sullivan's brother Pat."

The daughter of the house was engaged in a desperate endeavor to drag conversation from the silent young man, when the pianola in the lounge began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas. "Don't you love Meyerbeer?" she asked hopefully. "I have never touched intoxicants in my life," replied the young man coldly.

"Robert," said the teacher sternly, "did your father whip you for what you did in school yesterday?" "No, ma'am," said Robert, "he didn't. He said it would hurt him more than it would me." "Nonsense!" replied the teacher, "your father is entirely too sympathetic." "Oh, I don't know," said Robert; "paw's got rheumatism in both arms."

One reason for the success of Charley Schwah lies in the fact that he thinks and acts quickly. Once an acquaintance approached Schwah and the conversation went like this: "Say can you tell me have five or ten—" "No—" "—minutes? I think I can show you how to make some money,"—"objection, old chap. You can have twenty, if you want."

"Judge," said the man at the bar, "there's no use of your trying to square this thing up. My wife and I fight just so often and just so long and we can't help it. So there you are." "And about how long do you keep it up?" asked the judge. "About two weeks, judge." "All right. I'll give you fifteen days in jail; in other words, you are interned for the duration of the war."

Natural history had been the subject of the day's lesson in school and the teacher asked: "Now who can tell me what an oyster is?" A small hand, gesticulating violently, shot up into the air and a shrill voice called out, "I know—I can tell, teacher." "Well, Bobby," said the teacher, "you may tell us what an oyster is." "An oyster," triumphantly answered Bobby, "is a fish built like a nut."

"The French," said Dr. Sidney E. Mezes of New York, the brilliant director of the American peace delegation's experts, "the French are terrible cynics about love. They don't believe in its durability. They claim that it never lasts. Two French poilus were

discussing love in an estaminet. 'I hold,' said the first poilu, 'that if you fall in love with some ravishing beauty, the only way to cure yourself is to run off.' The second poilu took a sip of wine. 'Yes, that'll cure you, all right,' he agreed, 'provided you run off with the ravishing beauty.'"

"The Senate has become a joke," said Senator Borah. "It is the laughing stock of the country. Only the other night I heard a young lady say to her father: 'What do you think about my engagement to Harold?' 'I think,' replied her father, 'that I am getting to be the senatorial branch of the family. My advice and consent are considered only when it is too late for them to make any difference.'"

When mother went into the kitchen she found six-year-old Arthur standing before the table with his eyes fixed thoughtfully on a dish of jam tarts. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "I was just thinking, mother," replied the youngster. "Thinking?" "I hope you haven't touched those tarts." "That's what I was thinking about," came the truthful answer. "I was thinking whether they were good enough to be whipped for?"

A newspaper reporter, who was inclined to be lazy in his method of picking up news, met a brother reporter, who was as keen as the other was lazy. "Anything doing?" asked the lazy one. "I have a report that a man was choked to death in a restaurant, but I haven't learned his name yet," replied the other. "How did it happen?" asked the reporter, eagerly scenting copy. "He was eating a piece of horse meat," was the reply, "and some one said 'Whoa!'"

Mollie, the Irish domestic, was one afternoon doing certain odd bits of work about the place, when her mistress found occasion to rebuke her for one piece of carelessness. "You haven't wound the clock, Mollie," she said. "I watched you closely, and you gave it only a wind or two. Why didn't you complete the job?" "Sure, mum, ye haven't forgot that I'm leavin' tomorrow, have ye?" asked Mollie. "I aint goin' to be doin' anny of the new gurl's work."

Little Anne was very fond of ripe olives, and her mother had to watch her to see that she did not indulge too freely. One day there was company, and Anne managed to have the olive dish stopped near her plate. After the dinner her mother pointed to the pile of pits on Anne's plate and asked: "How could you make such a pig of yourself? I should think you would be ashamed to see so many pits, and ashamed to have others see them." Anne hung her head and replied: "I was. That's the reason I threw all the rest of them on the floor."

A stranger dining at a foreign hotel was accosted by a detective, who said to him: "Beg your pardon, we are in search of an escaped convict, and as a matter of form you will oblige us by showing your passport." "Do I look like a convict?" "Possibly not. In any case I shall require to see your passport." The stranger, feeling annoyed, presented the officer with the bill of fare and the latter commenced to read: "Sheep's head, leg of mutton, pig's feet." Very good," he observed, "the description tallies. You will please come along with us."

In the course of one of his lecture trips Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barbershop to be shaved. "You are a stranger?" asked the barber. "Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here," "You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?" "Oh, I guess so." "Have you bought your ticket?" "Not yet." "But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand." "How very annoying!" Mark Twain said, with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."

The setting for the tale is La Jolla, a small town near San Diego. It is a place that boasts of great swimming, and many other attractions, besides a museum. A little maiden, whom we will call Nellie, was passing the museum with her mother. Both were newcomers in the town, and were taking their first sight-seeing tour. She glanced up at the sign in front of the museum: "Man-eating shark. Fifteen cents admission." So the two passed on. Two or three hours later they came back by the same route, and again passed the museum. The sign, of course, was still there. Nellie could not be silenced. "Is that man still eating the shark?" she asked. "I should think he would get tired."

A woman recently received a notice from the medical inspector of a certain school that "after careful examination it develops that your small son's tonsils are infected and must

be removed at once." To which she made reply: "Dear Doctor—I have received your note in regard to the removal of my young son's tonsils, which action, I gather, must be taken immediately. I assure you that I am ready and eager to follow your advice, and would do so instantly but for the fact that you have neglected to state where you wish them removed. The tonsils you speak of are now, I believe, in a bottle in Dr. Blank's office, having been held in trust by him for me since the spring of 1915. Do you wish them removed to the school building, or your office, or elsewhere? Yours very truly, Mrs. J. B."

"I read in the paper," declared Walter P. Richardson, leading man of the Alcazar company of San Francisco to Henry Shumer, director and actor with the versatile organization, "about a Los Angeles man who is to inherit part of \$700,000,000." "Gosh," said Shumer happily, "I'd like to be in on a fortune like that." "What would you do if you had \$100,000,000?" "I have always wanted a lot of money, and I know just what I'd do." "Well?" "I'd go to the highest hotel in New York City—" "Yes?" "And I'd say to the waiter, 'Bring me the best planked steak you have in the house.'" "Uh, huh." "And after I'd eaten, I'd tell the waiter to bring me the check." "Of course." "I'd pay the check with my money, and then I'd take the 30 cents change to tip the waiter."

Chief Justice Harry Olson of the Chicago municipal court has a keen wit. Unlike most people he lets fire with repartee at the precise moment when it is apropos instead of conceiving it on the way home afterward. He is quick to see through the inventions of attorneys and witnesses, and delights in knocking down their card houses of invention. Once when the great drought was approaching, a plaintiff with a cerise nose was prosecuting a case before Judge Olson. It was a weak case, as full of holes as a sieve. But the plaintiff's attorney was a suave talker. "My client, your honor," he said, "is a man of important achievement; he is entrusted with large affairs by big financiers. His position is an exceedingly responsible one. He is manager of a huge water works which supplies several of our suburbs with that most necessary beverage." Judge Olson surveyed the plaintiff carefully. "Yes," he said, "he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Old Neighborhood.

In the place where I was born,
One bleak November morn—
Where, a child, I used to play
My childhood hours away—
Where I learned the Golden Rule—
The M. E. Sunday-School—
Where the livery stable stood.
Last in the neighborhood—
Where the blacksmith used to bring
Sparks out of everything—
Where the hall field used to be—
Where'er I look I see
A new garage!
—Harry Hamilton, in Judge.

The River.

"Like some strayed petal is her face,"
I thought, and punted on apace;
"Her eyes have some new mystery found—"
She said: "I think we've run aground!"

"Her hands to little elves compare
As she lays out the frugal fare,"
I thought. She said: "Did you put in
The opener to undo the tin?"

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,"
I sang, the moon rose high behind;
Then she remarked: "I'm sorry, dear,
I think we're running on the weir!"
—Helen Dircks, in M. A. B.

Not only is it thought that the long talked of tunnel between England and France will be constructed at no remote date, but there is also talk of a tunnel between England and Ireland. This would restore to a slight extent the geographical union that existed between the two countries in one geological age thousands and thousands of years ago. Great Britain and Ireland were then separated only by a great valley. It is proposed to carry the tunnel from some point on the coast of Lancashire to the nearest point in Antrim or Down on the Irish coast, a submarine length of twenty-four miles. One of the great benefits of the tunnel would be that it would shorten the transatlantic journey by at least forty-eight hours. It would also help the Irish cattle trade and the shipping of perishable goods, especially fish, to English markets. Estimates of the cost of the proposed tunnel vary from \$35,000,000 to \$80,000,000.

Bill—Did you see that story about doctors making soldiers cough bullets from their heads? Gill—Yes, I saw it in the papers. Bill—Isn't it ridiculous? Gill—Why no. I've known a doctor to make me cough up a couple of "bones" from my person.—Yonkers Statesman.

India Raises Most Cattle.

Contrary to popular opinion, the United States is not the world's greatest cattle country. India has one hundred million more than America, though this country is second, and there are twenty-nine countries that have more than two millions each.

In the last thirty-three years Guernseys led by far all other breeds in numbers of purebred cattle imported into this country, and of the five breeds leading the importations four were distinctly dairy types.

More than 8750 Guernsey cattle were imported; Jerseys ranked second in number, with Durhams, including Shorthorns, third; Holsteins fourth, and Ayrshires fifth. The volume of purebred cattle importations has been extremely variable.

These facts are brought out in a recent publication of the Department of Agriculture, which shows the trend of the industry in this country and its relation to the world trend.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Francis Lawrence of Paris has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Frances Lawrence, and Prince André Poniatowski, son of Prince and Princess André Poniatowski, who have resided in France for several years. The bride-elect is the niece of Lady Ribblesdale of England. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. George Watson Kittredge of Yonkers, New York, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Kittredge, to Mr. Denman McNear, son of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear of Petaluma. The wedding will take place in the Eastern city during the winter.

Mrs. Edward McCutchen gave a dinner-dance Friday evening at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Amanda McNear and Miss Elena Eyre. In the party were Miss Eyre, Miss McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., and Mr. Robert Bowles.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner Thursday evening at the St. Francis, with her guests later attending the Fashion Show. Those in the party included Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Selby Hayne, Commander W. C. Van Antwerp, Mr. Mizner, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Mrs. Ezra Stimson gave a luncheon Thursday at the Palace in honor of Miss Alice Palmer. The guests were Mrs. Fritz Henshaw, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Percy Walker, Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. William Johnstone, Mrs. Oliver Dibble, Miss Doris Bornemann, Miss Georgia Catts of Stockton, Miss Rhoda Niehling, and Miss Mary Armshy.

Mrs. Mortimer entertained a group of friends at the Fashion Show Thursday, her guests including Mrs. A. L. Gerstle, Mrs. J. B. Levison, Mrs. Louis Samuels, and Mrs. James Gerstle.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford gave a dinner Friday evening at their Jackson Street home.

Dr. and Mrs. Alason Weeks gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. William Porter gave a luncheon Thursday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. F. G. Barrows of Los Angeles, Mrs. Butler Breeden, Mrs. Frank Johnson, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filler gave a dinner a few evenings ago in Burlingame, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Hayes Smith, Mrs. Frank Judge, and Commander William Van Antwerp.

Miss Dorothy Crawford was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Miss Josephine Moore at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Among the guests were Mrs. Harvey Brown, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Lucy Hanchett, and Miss Alice Hanchett.

Miss Hildreth Meiere gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Frederika Otis, her guests including Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Mrs. Wilder Bowers, Miss Maria Ainsa, Miss Coralja Mejia, and Miss Elvira Mejia.

Mrs. Butler Breeden gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Hayes Smith, and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. Horace Morgan gave a luncheon Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Eleanor Morgan. Among the guests were Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Isabelle Sherman, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Nancy Davis, Miss Marjorie Davis, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Frances Ames, and Miss Jane Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet gave a bridge party Thursday evening.

Mrs. George Barr Baker gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guest including Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mrs. Daulton Mann, and Mrs. Roy Pike.

Mrs. Morse Erskine gave a tea Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Florence Burleson.

Mr. Charles Field gave a dinner Saturday evening at his home in Los Altos in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armshy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Wilbur, Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mrs. Anson P. Hotelling, Miss Mary Dunham, and Mr. Richard Hotelling.

Mrs. William Ede gave a dinner Saturday evening in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike gave a dinner Sunday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild gave a dinner Saturday evening in Burlingame. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger.

Mrs. James Flood gave a luncheon last Monday in Menlo Park. Among her guests were Mrs.

George Marye, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, and Miss Lillie O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr entertained eighteen guests at dinner last Tuesday evening. The affair was given at their San Mateo home.

Colonel Sydney Cloman gave a stag dinner Tuesday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia.

In Memory of Josephine Redding.

In memory of Miss Josephine Redding, *Infirmière Militaire* of the *Croix Rouge* of France, the *diplôme* with *Medaille de Guerre* has been conferred *en honneur de dévouement* for the poor soldiers of France, and to commemorate her beautiful work during the first seven months of the great war. The young girl made the supreme sacrifice at the age of twenty-two—on the 7th day of October, 1915. The decoration was conferred August 10, 1919. She was the only and idolized child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding of San Francisco.

For Serbian Relief.

More than three hundred women are devoting their energy toward raising funds for the relief of Serbia and Northern France by maintaining a refreshment booth at the California Industries and Land Show, Exposition Auditorium.

There are three refreshment booths in various parts of the Auditorium, one in charge of the members of the California Committee, the second under the guidance of the Women's Board of the Masonic Association, of which Mrs. D. E. F. Easton is president, and the third in charge of the South Slav people who live in the vicinity of San Francisco, with Mmes. Chris Millisch, Milan Stanisich, and Catherine Zicovich as hostesses. The last group will be assisted by helpers dressed in the costumes of Central Europe.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

On the night of September 3, 1887, while an American scientist, F. M. Chapman, was observing the moon through an astronomical telescope, he suddenly became aware of a number of birds passing in front of the lens, silhouetted against the glaring light of the moon's face. For more than two and a half hours—from 8 p. m. to 10:50 p. m., to be precise—an intermittent stream of migrants flowed southward across his field of view, and among these Mr. Chapman was able to recognize the outlined forms of Carolina rails, grackle, snipe, and ducks. These, roughly estimated, were traveling at elevations varying from 6000 to 14,000 feet.

Until the advent of airplanes, nearly a quarter of a century later, this observation formed practically the sum total of our knowledge of the height at which birds traveled to and from their summer quarters. It was realized, of course, that certain passerine species—e. g., swallows, wagtails, pipits, larks, rooks, etc.—usually migrated at a comparatively low height; but of many birds, and especially of the larger species, we knew next to nothing. True, we occasionally obtained a distant view of a skein of geese moving in orderly formation across the gray background of an autumn sky, but it was always difficult to compute their height, and one could only guess at the direction and force of the upper air currents through which they were passing.

It is hoped that in course of time aviators will be able to throw a flood of light upon this obscure but intensely interesting branch of ornithology. Already a number of observations have been recorded, but these are generally lacking in detail, and no very definite conclusion can as yet be formed. Up to the present the greatest height at which a bird has been seen from an airplane is 15,000 feet, when Lieutenant J. S. Rissen of the Fifty-Seventh Squadron observed "two large birds" over St. Omer in August, 1917.

Probably the majority of species seldom travel under normal conditions above 10,000 or 12,000 feet, but, of course, the height at which they fly on any given day depends very largely upon the weather. When the air is thick or heavily charged with moisture, if birds are migrating at all under such conditions, they are inclined to keep low, and it is only in clear atmosphere that they rise to the higher strata. Wind is another and a very important factor. What appears to be a contrary wind on the ground will almost certainly veer to shoulder wind at 2000 or 3000 feet; while if it happens to be blowing from the east a complete reversal of direction may occur before 15,000 feet is reached.

There is every reason to believe that the power of a bird's flight is reduced as it ascends to more rarefied atmospheres, on account of, among other things, a loss of buoyancy, an insufficient supply of oxygen, and too thin, unresisting medium for wing propulsion.

From the few records available it may be assumed that the majority of high-flying day migrants—such as plovers, ducks, geese, cranes, etc.—prefer to travel between 4000 and 8000 feet, but, as already stated, more

data and precise information are required before any definite conclusions can be arrived at.—*Toronto Globe.*

CURRENT VERSE.

The Long Hill.

I must have passed the crest a while ago
And now I am going down.
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know—
But the brambles were always catching the hem
Of my gown.

All the morning I thought how proud it would be
To stand there straight as a queen—
Wrapped in the wind and the sun, with the world
Under me,
But the air was dull, there was little I could
Have seen.

It was nearly level along the beaten track
And the brambles caught in my gown—
But it's no use now to think of turning back,
The rest of the way will be only going down.
—*Sora Teasdale, in Poetry.*

How Samson Bore Away the Gates of Gaza.

A Negro Sermon.

Once, in a night as black as ink,
She drove him out when he would not drink.
Round the house there were men in wait
Asleep in rows by the Gaza gate.
But the Holy Spirit was in this man.
Like a gentle wind he crept and ran.
("It is midnight," said the big town clock.)

He lifted the gates up, and post and lock.
The hole in the wall was high and wide
When he bore away old Gaza's pride
Into the deep of the night:
The bold Jack-Johnson Israelite—
Samson, the Judge, the Nazarine.

The air was black, like the smoke of a dragon.
Samson's heart was as big as a wagon.
He sang like a shining golden fountain;
He sweated up to the top of the mountain.
He threw down the gates with a noise like judg-
ment.

And the quails all ran with the big arousement.

But he wept: "I must not love tough queens,
And spend on them my hard-earned means.
I told that girl I would drink no more.
Therefore she drove me from her door.
Oh, sorrow,
Sorrow,
I can not hide!
O Lord, look down from your chariot side!
You made me Judge and I am not wise;
I am weak as a sheep for all my size."

Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.

The moon shone out, the stars were gay—
He saw the foxes run and play.
He rent his garments, he rolled around
In deep repentance on the ground.

Then he felt a honey in his soul;
Grace abounding him made him whole.
Then he saw the Lord in a chariot blue.
The gorgeous stallions whinnied and flew;
The iron wheels hummed an old hymn-tune
And crunched in thunder over the moon.
And Samson shouted to the sky:
"My Lord, my Lord is riding high."
Like a steed, he pawed the gates with his hoof;
He rattled the gates like rocks on the roof,
On the mountain-top;
Danced in the deep of the night—
The Judge, the holy Nazarine,
Whom ropes and chains could never bind.

Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.

Whirling his arms, like a top he sped;
His long black hair flew around his head
Like an outstretched net of silky cord,
Like a wheel of the chariot of the Lord.

Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.

Samson saw the sun anew.
He left the gates in the grass and dew.
He went to a county-seat at night,
Found a harlot proud and high,
Philistine that no man could tame—
Delilah was her lady-name.

Oh, sorrow,
Sorrow—
She was too wise!
She cut off his hair,
She put out his eyes.

Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.
—*Vochel Lindsay, in Poetry.*

Steel and Bronze Bells.

The Bochum Verein, the well-known German steel works which specializes in the manufacture of bells, has taken exception to a statement by one Professor Dethleffen that steel bells were merely a "war substitute" for bells of bronze and that their disadvantages outweighed the advantages. This assertion, the Bochum Verein states, is nothing but a repetition of old statements which have already been disproved.

So far from the use of steel for bell founding being a "war substitute" industry the Bochum Verein has made steel bells for sixty years, and before the war had made over 7500 church bells. In Berlin alone there are more than sixty peals of steel bells. They are more durable than bronze bells and with an equal

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volume of sound can be heard at a greater distance. Under normal conditions, with steel about one-third the price of bronze, steel bells are at least 50 per cent. cheaper than good bronze bells.

Exception also is taken to his statement that the cost of maintenance of steel bells is greater than that of bronze bells owing to their being so much heavier. Up to one ton apiece weight steel bells are not heavier than bronze, and above that weight they are considerably lighter; hence it is incorrect to say that they require specially constructed belfries or an increased staff of ringers. The bronze bells in the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church at Berlin, which weigh thirty and a half tons, would only weigh twenty-four and three-quarters tons if they were made of steel.

Natives of Jerusalem declare that the biblical prediction of a day when the lion and the lamb would lie down together has about reached that quarter of the globe. For the first time in the history of the Holy Land Christians, Moslems, and Jews are working side by side in industrial workrooms which were opened by the American Red Cross Commission to Palestine. Racial and religious hatred and suspicion are being forgotten by the men and women, refugees of the war, who are toiling there together.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richard Hammond is in Montreal, where she is visiting Mrs. Arthur Heuard. Mrs. Hammond will return to San Francisco next month to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne.

Mrs. Ralph McCurdie left Wednesday for Medford, Oregon, to join Mr. McCurdie, who has been in the north for several months. Mr. and Mrs. McCurdie will make their permanent home in Medford.

Miss Frances Mathieu returned Tuesday to town, after a sojourn of several weeks at the Mathieu ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have closed their country home and will spend the winter season in town.

Miss Lucy Hanchett has left for Santa Cruz to spend a fortnight.

Miss Josephine Parrott has returned from a brief visit in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker, who have been summering in Burlingame, left Thursday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond have arrived from Santa Barbara and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton have come from their country place at Mount Diablo and are spending a few days at the St. Francis.

Miss Betty George is in St. Louis visiting Miss Frances Garrison. She will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Chatfield-Taylor in Chicago before joining Captain and Mrs. George in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. K. Armsby has gone to New York for a brief sojourn.

Captain Frederick von Schrader has arrived from Seattle and is at the St. Francis.

Mr. Stephen Parrott, who has been spending the summer in San Mateo, left last Monday to resume his studies at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill and Miss Evelyn Barron left Friday for New York to be gone a month.

Mrs. James Keeney and Miss Helen Keeney left Friday for Philadelphia to spend the winter with Mrs. George Harding.

Miss Anne Peters spent the week-end at Mare Island with Commander and Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. Herbert Allen and her children are spending several weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop and his house guests, Mr. and Mrs. David Fairchild of Washington, have gone south on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers have taken an apartment at Laurel and Clay Streets.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell is passing a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin returned last week from a sojourn at Paso Robles.

Baron and Baroness J. C. Van Eck have returned from Southern California and have taken temporary apartments at the Fairmont.

Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Cloman are in Los Angeles, where they will remain until after the marriage of Miss Natalie Campbell and Mr. Wilson Pritchett. Miss Helen Garritt accompanied them south.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh has gone to New York for a month's visit.

Commander and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden will pass the winter in San Francisco.

Miss Helen Dean returned last week from a sojourn at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard sailed Wednesday for the Orient, to be gone a year.

Mrs. Louis Sloss has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont, after a summer spent in San Rafael.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel include Count de Fayalls, Marseilles, France; Mr. S. S. Norton, New York; Mr. Andrew Chaffey, Los Angeles; Mr. G. Benjamin and family, Shanghai, China; Mr. E. O. McLaughlin, Mr. Robert Marsh, Los Angeles; Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Julius H. Barnes, New York; Mr. W. N. Moyer, Philadelphia.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Berry, Atascadero; Mr. A. R. Zeller, Portland, Oregon; Mr. W. O. Johnson, Firestone, Ohio; Mr. E. C. White, Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Pugh, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fleharty, Sacramento; Colonel and Mrs. George W. Van Dusen, U. S. A.; Mr. J. J. Murphy, Portland, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Henderson, Sacramento; Dr. J. L. Taylor, Pomona; Captain and Mrs. J. C. Hawkins, U. S. A.

APPROACH TO THE THRONE.

The "right of approach to the throne," which dates back to the days of William and Mary, is seldom exercised in England at present, although it was invoked recently when a delegation of thirty called at Buckingham Palace with all the ceremony that marked similar events in the ancient days. The party consisted of Free Church leaders who presented to the monarch an address of congratulation and rejoicing on the coming of peace.

The delegates represented the general body and the dissenting deputies, twenty ministers and ten laymen. After assembling at the memorial hall they donned their robes of office, their university hoods and college caps, and drove to the palace. Cordiality marked the king's reception of the well-wishers.

Before freedom of religious thought and action had been generally conceded in England the "right of approach" was used often by those who believed their rights were being trampled upon, and in many cases their contentions were well grounded. History tells also that the dissenters on various occasions failed to receive the affable treatment accorded to them by King George.

Non-Conformist bodies, according to the "right," have the privilege of approaching the sovereign and of laying before him the facts regarding any curtailment of civil or religious liberty which may threaten them because of their faith. A general body was formed for the purpose of carrying this right into operation. It was composed of representatives of three great Non-Conformist churches—Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian.

"Dissenting deputies" were appointed in 1732. They were laymen and were chosen originally to consider an application to Parliament for the repeal of the corporation and the test acts. The deputies became a permanent body later, with the object of looking after and safeguarding the civil concerns of the dissenters.

At present their duty is to see that the civil and religious rights of the Non-Conformists are not infringed. In conjunction with the general body they possess the right of personal approach to the king.

Notwithstanding that liberty of conscience has now won general recognition in England, as in most countries of the world, the old right bestowed upon the fathers of Non-Conformity is still exercised upon important occasions. Previous to the offering of peace felicitations recently the last time the right

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was invoked was when King George ascended the throne.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Can you see as well with one eye as with the other?" "Better, sir."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why is it your mother trusts us so seldom alone?" "She knows me better than you do, John."—*Yale Record*.

"Is she a classical player?" "Most classical what is. She can play Beethoven in jaz."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Why have you never married, Mr. Tomkins?" "I suppose it's because I took the bachelor's degree at college."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did you have a fine time on your motor trip?" "I should say so. Fifty dollars and costs everywhere we stopped."—*Baltimore American*.

"Now, Ezra, you be mighty keeful when you git tew the city. The papers is all the time tellin' of men bein' arrested fur bein' drunk and disorderly. I know you never tech a drop of lick, but you do be powerful disorderly."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"Now," said the instructor in the school of anarchy, "we will proceed with our dancing lessons." "What's that for?" inquired the pupil. "To give you accurate command of your feet, so that you won't stumble when

carrying a suitcase full of TNT."—*Washington Star*.

"You know they are looking for an appropriate resort to which the Kaiser may retire. How would Battle Creek do?" "Not bad, but French Lick would be more to the point."—*Widow*.

"Oh, shut up, smarty," said the well-dressed boy. "I don't need washing as often as you do." "Maybe not," replied the boy who lives in the street, "but you get washed oftener."—*Toledo Blade*.

Conductor—Do you mind if I put your bag out of the way, sir? People coming in are falling over it. Traveler—You leave it where it is. If nobody falls over it I shall forget it's there.—*Toronto Saturday Night*.

"Quick, hand me that bag!" yelled the physician. "A man has just telephoned me in a dying voice that he can't live without me." "Wait," implored his wife, who had taken up the receiver, "this call is for Edith."—*London Blighty*.

First Maid (bragging about a party given the day before by her mistress)—And they all came in limousines, and had on the grandest clothes, and wore the biggest diamonds. Neighbor's Maid—And what did they talk about? First Maid—Us.—*Life*.

"They are still talking about trying old Bill Hohenzollern," said Three-Finger Sam. "Well," commented Cactus Joe, "that jest shows the difference between Berlin and Crimson Gulch. In this town they couldn't find a lawyer with nerve enough to take his case."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes, pastor, I am glad that my son, Ola, is now safely provided for for the rest of his life." "Indeed! How is that?" "Well, I don't know how. I only know that we heard from him yesterday from Christiania telling us that some judge had just given him a life term."—*Christiania Vikingen*.

"After all," remarked Methuselah, "my long life has been a good deal of a failure." "Merely because you kept out of politics?" "No. But it does seem to me that I've been at least entitled to an occasional interview as to whether or not I attribute my longevity to abstinence from strong drink and tobacco."—*Washington Star*.

"You are suffering from brain fag and ennui," announced the specialist. "You should take more interest in your business." "I would like to," replied the patient. "Then

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why don't you?" demanded the specialist. "The law won't let me," replied the patient. "I'm a pawnbroker."—*Journal of the American Medical Association*.

"Yes, I was fined \$200 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter." "Well, didn't you deserve it?" "Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the magistrate who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—*Milestones*.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks indignantly to the hosier of whom he had bought his suit that morning. "Yes, sir, that's what I said," returned the hosier. "Well, every wretched stripe on the thing has come off on my back,"

retorted Binks. "Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the hosier suavely. "Then you'll see."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Instructor—Did Caesar's disposition change much during his life? Student—Well, he had more Gaul when he died than he had when he was born.—*Columbio Jester*.

Postor—I rejoice to see you have such a large family, Brother Brown. Children are like arrows. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." Brown—Parson, the wife and I have thought so much about that text she makes all the girls wear feathers; but for the life of me I can't understand why all the boys are bowlegged.—*Judge*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2221.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 18, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. W. M. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Sans Peur et Sans Reproche.

It is usual to speak of the King of the Belgians as though he were some new kind of king, an innovation in kings, so to speak. On the contrary he seems to belong to the old order of kings, a reversion to type, if one may be allowed such an expression. It is only in comparatively recent time, at least in Europe, that kings have held themselves apart from their people, that they have hedged themselves around with a sort of impassable exclusiveness. In older days we find that the kings were usually careful to be accessible to the "common herd," and that in times of war they fought with their own hands at the head of their armies, risking their lives like any private soldier. The kings who have died on the battlefield would make quite a respectable list, Serbia alone, for example, having lost three of her monarchs in war against the Turks. Richard I of England was the finest fighter of his day, if we may trust the records, many times wounded and a prisoner of war. It was with the close of the heroic days that the kings ceased to be hand-to-hand fighters and became either politicians or nonentities, and usually both.

The present King of the Belgians belongs, therefore, to the old order, not to the new. When his country was invaded he placed himself, literally and actually, at the head of his army, not only directing its move-

ments, but fighting with a rifle in the trenches and sometimes at the imminent risk of death or capture. He was the only king who reverted to the ancient practice and became at the same time both leader and private soldier, setting to all ranks a practical example of right behavior on the battlefield.

To attempt to predict the future of any of the world celebrities would be futile with a vista of chaos ahead of us, but we are by no means sure that the race of kings is necessarily doomed, nor that the human instinct for a more or less autocratic leadership is permanently on the wane. The pendulum swings to and fro and there may be strange things in store for the world and beyond the reach of augury. In the meantime we may congratulate the Belgian people on their possession of a king of the old breed—*sans peur et sans reproche*.

The President.

The sympathy of the nation, indeed of the world, is extended to President Wilson in the malady that has so suddenly, so dramatically, interrupted his political activities. And with that sympathy goes the hope, no less sincere, for a restoration to health that shall be speedy and permanent.

None the less we must know the facts and we must face the facts. The medical bulletins seem to tell us much, but actually they tell us nothing that is vital or conclusive. Every one knows that complete disability is compatible with normal temperature and pulse. It is not clinical details that are wanted, but a definite and competent statement as to the existing disability, and the scientific probabilities as to its duration. Medical bulletins concerning the maladies of rulers are notoriously unreliable. In many historic cases they have been diametrically untrue. They have been dictated by statecraft and the supposed needs of public policy. If there is to be a continuation of bulletins composed of vague generalities and irrelevancies the public will be certain to believe that the gravity of the case is being concealed. There is only one wise course, and that is a course of frank candor. The public has a right to know the exact facts and the exact prospects.

The Constitution of the United States is as definite as it need be. Section 6 of Article II provides that

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may, by law, provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability is removed, or a President shall be elected.

The Constitution says nothing as to the way in which the fact of disability shall be ascertained or established. There is no reason why it should. Something, at least must be left to intelligence and common sense. Disability means physical or mental disability. It can not mean anything else. And the facts of such disability, and the probabilities of its duration, must necessarily be matters of medical judgment, seeing that they are beyond the scope of any other judgment.

It is for Congress to ascertain the exact medical situation and to act accordingly. And the exact medical situation is not expressed by medical conventionalities emanating from physicians who are—quite properly—servants first of the patient and only in a secondary sense of the public. If the President is unable to carry out the duties of his position we know precisely upon whom they devolve. They devolve on the Vice-President, whose function it is to discharge them until the disability of the President shall be removed. Most certainly they do not devolve upon the President's son-in-law, and we resent even the most irresponsible assertion

that they have so devolved. The office of the President is not hereditary.

It is to be hoped that the present state of painful suspense will be removed. Most sincerely we hope that it will be removed by a complete restoration of health. But we want to know the facts, the real facts. We have a right to know them.

The Unions and the Adamson Law.

The Argonaut has been so unfortunate as to fall under the displeasure of the New York Globe for calling attention to the evidence of Mr. A. B. Garretson before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and for drawing certain inferences therefrom. Mr. Garretson explained that his lips were sealed so long as he held office in the Order of Railway Conductors. That disability being removed, he informed the committee that "the four brotherhoods in being forced into Congress regarding the passage of the eight-hour act were unwilling participants. Only the influence, the power, and the personal prestige of the President of the United States ever got us there. We came there on his demand that we should come there for adjudication of the question that we desired to settle by our own methods. * * * No living senator or representative ever heard a demand from one representative of the four brotherhoods as to what they should do." The Argonaut thereupon asked, and quite pertinently, why the President should have taken such action as this, why he should have incited the men to make an appeal to Congress, an appeal that was so like a threat. Was it in order that he might then seem to be the benefactor and the pacifier?

The question infuriates the Globe to the point of bad manners:

What Mr. Garretson said the other day before the House committee was true, though the inferences the Argonaut draws are all wrong. The brotherhoods didn't show any interest in the Adamson bill. Their fighting blood was up; they felt sure they could win their demands within a short time after a general strike had been called. The railroad managers were equally firm in their refusal. The President urged the passage of the Adamson bill and thereby averted the strike, which may or may not have been a public service in the long run. To imply that he egged the unions on in order to take the credit for saving the nation is little short of idiotic.

The Argonaut remains impenitent and unchastened. The facts speak for themselves. The country was given to understand that the railroad unions had once more demanded that Congress should enlist itself upon their side and should coercively interfere as their agent in the regulation of wages and of hours. They were rebuked by a large section of the press for their supposedly dictatorial action toward the government of the United States. We were reminded of the exemption of labor unions from the operations of the Sherman Act and of other aggressive deeds that pointed to the domination of Congress by labor influences. And now it seems that the labor unions were wholly innocent. They made no appeal to Congress until the President forced them to do so, and with the understanding that the appeal would be granted. It was not they who inspired the Adamson Act. It was the President himself. They had been blamed unjustly.

It may be that the Adamson Act prevented a strike. What of it? It is a mere truism to say that all strikes can be prevented by the simple process of surrender. But in this case it was Congress that surrendered, and by prearrangement. In other words the railroads were sandbagged, not by the brotherhoods who took the blame for it, but by Congress acting under orders from above. Mr. Garretson did no more than his duty in making it known that the Adamson Act was not demanded by union labor. The Argonaut did no more than its duty in making that disclaimer widely known and in withdrawing the charges against the brotherhoods.

that it had previously brought under a misapprehension. They made no effort to coerce Congress. It was the President who first coerced the brotherhoods and who then coerced Congress.

Armies But Not Governments.

The world's battlefields—for as battlefields we must still regard them—are now occupied by three armies that are disowned by their own governments and that recognize no authority save that of their commanders. There is a German army of 400,000 men under Von der Goltz in the Baltic provinces and advancing toward Russia. There is a Turkish army of 300,000 men under Mustapha Kemal in Asia Minor making war against the Greeks and possibly the Italians. And there is the army of D'Annunzio in occupation of Fiume and breathing defiance against the Yugo Slavs. The German government says that it has no control over Von der Goltz. The Turkish government professes to have ordered Mustapha Kemal to keep the peace, but he pays no attention. The Italian government disowns the action of D'Annunzio. The German government is unquestionably lying. The Turkish government is probably lying. The Italian government is telling the truth. It is impotent.

The armchair diplomats can, of course, settle these troubles with the utmost ease. If Germany can not be brought to book by a Baltic blockade, then there must be a renewed pressure on the Rhine and a further invasion of Germany with a reimposition of the North Sea cordon. Germany, we are told, will at once succumb to starvation.

But who will do these things? Upon whose shoulders shall we place the burden of a new war with its grave attendant risks of Bolshevism in Germany, in France, and in England? Nothing so easy as to order other men into battle. But suppose they will not go? Von der Goltz is in the Baltic provinces by practical invitation of the Allies, who thought he might be useful in driving back the wave of Bolshevism. The old story tells us of the man who found it quite easy to raise the devil, but not at all easy to exorcise him. In this case the devil has an army of nearly half a million men without counting his Russian allies. Conceivably he might be exorcised by starving the poorer classes of Germany, but in that case we might raise another devil much worse than Von der Goltz.

There is no apparent or practical way in which we can control the Turkish army which threatens to exterminate the Armenians. The Turkish government is irresponsible and indifferent. Nothing worse can happen to it than its apparently certain doom. To talk of sending an Allied army into Asia Minor competent to deal with a Turkish army of 300,000 men is mere nonsense. What army shall we send? Doubtless we are sorry for the Armenians, but are we sorry enough to send a large army into Asia Minor? Is England sorry enough? Or France?

There still remains the Italian problem. Italy could probably be starved in a very few weeks, but what would she be starved into? Bolshevism? The Italian people and army seem to be solidly behind D'Annunzio. The government is powerless, and the country is admittedly on the brink of revolution, and would instantly be pushed over the brink by coercion. Moreover, what is the use of coercing the helpless? Coercion, if applied at all, must be against D'Annunzio, and this again would mean revolution. Moreover, who is to apply it? Who wants to go to war with Italy? Who wants to throw the match into that powder magazine?

There are a great many other wars being fought, but here are three wars being fought by armies that are disowned by their governments. Let us thank heaven for the league of nations which is now in existence.

Labor and the Red Flag.

Without fully sharing in the optimism of the New York Times, whose summary of the strike situation is to be found in another column, it may be conceded that there is a distinct improvement in the temper and policies of the contestants. It is evident enough in the local disputes that have either been temporarily settled or that are on an open road to adjustment. The transbay strike has come to an end pending further negotiations, and now we are told that the longshoremen are putting themselves of a violent and irreconcilable minority and will conduct their dealings through their

own representative chiefs. It is a happy augury and one from which everything may be expected.

Elsewhere we see the same mollifying influences at work. The movement to unionize the police was still-born, and this shows that the relatively conservative influence of Mr. Gompers has still the upper hand of a difficult and turbulent situation. The leaders of the steel men and of the printing trades unions are hastening to deny any sympathy with the revolutionists who have been using them as catspaws, and to realign themselves on the side of legitimate agitation. Everywhere there are signs of a cleavage between the extremists, who care nothing for wages or hours so long as they can advance the cause of anarchy, and the regular unionists, who were momentarily overborne by the clamor and insistence of a minority. To demand higher wages and shorter hours is one thing. To move toward revolution is quite another. Strikes and agitation are likely to be with us for a long time to come, for as long as human nature remains what it is. But there is no reason why fundamental disloyalties should be allowed to use them as a cloak.

It is an open secret that Mr. Gompers has had a hard fight to maintain his position against the attempts of the radical element to displace him. He disapproved of the attempt to unionize the police, although he gave a half-hearted support to the strike after it had occurred. There is nothing of the radical, in the larger sense, about Mr. Gompers, nor indeed about any genuine labor man. Why should there be? Labor in America is just as much an aristocracy as is the titled caste in Europe. It must keep its fences intact and its privileges protected. Admission to its ranks is usually by favor, and a refusal to admit implies disabilities and the label of an inferior rank. Union labor has everything to gain by the preservation of the existing order of things and everything to lose by its destruction. There can be nothing tempting about a Bolshevism that puts the reins into the hands of incapacity and dirt, and that levels all distinctions by the simple expedient of destroying the best.

Radicalism, curiously enough, is always domineering and autocratic in spite of its democratic pretensions. It is perhaps the least democratic of all human movements, and the most vociferous in support of minority rule. If we could see the inwardness of most of the recent strikes we should find a sullen and resentful majority momentarily dragooned and bullied by a few extremists who care nothing for labor interests in their devotion to red flags and wildcat changes in the fundamentals of government. These firebrands are being found out and in some cases they are being extinguished. But it would be too much to expect that we have heard the last of them. We have not. They may yet be strengthened by the high cost of living, by unrest, and by misgovernment. But at the moment they seem to be weakening.

Editorial Notes.

We need not be agitated, not even the oldest among us, by the stories coming from Paris of a new elixir of life. We have heard those stories before. They always come from Paris, and they are never true. They never can be true. In this instance it seems that we must have a portion of a monkey added to our existing anatomical systems in order to secure the dubious blessing of rejuvenation. But the remedy seems worse than the disease. Most people have too much of the monkey about them already. Why add to it?

Perhaps it would be well for the missionaries to keep away from questions of international politics. Bishop McKim of Tokyo told the missionary convention at Chicago the other day that China is corrupt and untrustworthy and ought not to be trusted with Shantung. He also said that Japan always kept her word and he wished he could the same thing of America. Thereupon Bishop Graves, who happens to come from Shanghai, espoused with equal energy the cause of China, and another clerical luminary rebuked them both for discussing political questions while "the greatest man in the world, perhaps the greatest Christian the world has ever known," is on a sick bed. These worthy gentlemen had better stick to their *metier*. Outside of it they are apt to become ridiculous and mischievous.

European Bolsheviks will not be kept out of America

by a continuation of our passport system. On the contrary it is only honest people who would be excluded. The Bolshevik and the spy know exactly how to evade the regulations that are now in force. They would invariably slip through the net, just as they slipped through all nets that were spread to catch them during the war. The only effective way to exclude the undesirable is to exact a certificate of suitability, such certificate to be issued by the nearest American consul to the immigrant's place of origin, the consul being responsible for its accuracy. The present passport system is an aid to the Bolshevik and the spy, not a hindrance. The European passport systems, that are practically the same as ours, broke down lamentably during the war. The people they were intended to catch were just the people who knew how to escape them. It was their business.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Paramount Issue.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the discussion over the Shantung provision and the covenant of the league of nations the people of this country have overlooked a matter which is more vital than either of them. It is, How shall our treaties be made?

There is no provision of the Constitution of the United States which received more care than that which relates to the treaty-making power. In England and all monarchical countries foreign relations are entirely in the hands of the sovereign, and the representatives of the people have no control over them, except indirectly, by tightening the purse strings. He appoints ambassadors who negotiate the treaties; these are signed by his ministers, and that is the end of it.

When the Articles of Confederation were adopted by the thirteen colonies they were unwilling to intrust any portion of this power to an executive, reserving it entirely to the Continental Congress. However, by the time the Constitution was adopted in 1787 it had become manifest that a legislative assembly can not effectively negotiate treaties. Therefore these matters were committed to the President, but with careful restraints placed upon him, the ultimate form of the provision being that he could negotiate treaties "with the advice and consent of the Senate."

The Constitution is composed in classical English. There are no tautologies, repetitions, or unnecessary words. Every word must be taken into account in construing it. Therefore when it says "advice and consent" it means two different things must happen—the President must take the advice of the Senate, and later secure its consent to what he has done.

To advise is to offer an opinion, as worthy or expedient to be followed; to counsel. Obviously this must take place before the act has been performed. Advice is superfluous as to that which has already been done. To consent is to agree to that which has already taken definite shape—something which has been done. It is the same thing as to approve. For instance, business contracts are frequently made subject to the approval of the home office—in other words, are subject to its consent.

Washington presided over the convention which framed the Constitution, was our first President, and his practice accorded with the above definitions. It was his habit to go to the Senate in person and consult with that body as to the propriety of entering into negotiations and as to the scope of a treaty to be made. After it had obtained the consent of the contracting parties it was submitted again to the Senate for ratification. From the beginning that body exercised its power to amend, and had done so in sixty-eight instances down to the year 1902.

The practice of Washington was ultimately changed into a consultation between the President and the Committee on Foreign Relations and the appointment of plenipotentiaries, confirmed by the Senate, who were to negotiate treaties which were afterwards to be presented to that body for ratification. That it was always treated with the greatest respect is a matter of history, and no President before Mr. Wilson was ever known to take exceptions to any action it might take.

It has remained for him to adopt the royal method of negotiating treaties. After the signing of the armistice, in one of the most momentous crises of our history, without consultation with the Senate, or even the Foreign Relations Committee, with the possible exception of its chairman, he departed from this country to negotiate the treaty in person. It is within the range of possibility that the constitutional majority of that body might have preferred some one else to do this work. At any rate the Constitution required that its advice on the subject be taken. Instead of that, however, Mr. Wilson went to Paris, exercised the royal prerogative of selecting Colonel House, Mr. White, General Bliss, and Mr. Lansing—all of whom are named in the treaty as acting for the United States. Not one of these gentlemen had any more authority to do this than would the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to assume the command of a squadron at sea or an army corps upon land.

We have in the uniform policy of previous Presidents and the acts of Mr. Wilson two radically inconsistent theories of the powers of the President. They can best be seen by printing them in parallel columns:

LINCOLN, THE CONSTITUTIONAL RULER:

The action of the Senate is of course conclusive against the acceptance of the treaties on my part. I have, nevertheless, thought it just to our excellent minister in Mexico and respectful to the government of that republic to lay the treaties before the Senate together with the correspondence which has occurred in relation to them. In performing this duty I have only to add that the importance of the subject thus submitted to the Senate can not be overestimated, and I shall cheerfully receive and consider with the highest respect any further advice the Senate may think proper to give upon the subject. (1862)

THE ABSOLUTIST'S CONSTRUCTION:

One of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken of at all: his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation. The initiative in foreign affairs, which the President possesses without any restriction whatever, is virtually the power to control them absolutely. The President can not conclude a treaty with a foreign power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy, and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties must be made, if the faith and prestige of the government are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when in any critical matter it is completed the government is virtually committed. Whatever its disinclination the Senate may feel itself committed also. (1907)

The Constitution provides that it "and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and

all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." In view of this provision it is manifest that Mr. Wilson is introducing a dangerous innovation upon our form of government.

If, as Mr. Wilson says, the President's power be well nigh absolute, and the Senate is to be virtually committed when he has made a treaty, it will be difficult to assign limits to the things which he may do. He may "commit" the Senate by a treaty with Japan which shall admit into the United States subjects of that empire; may commit us to the maintenance of the boundaries of all countries on earth; plunge us into all quarrels, participate in all the dynastic intrigues of the future, and drain the life blood and treasure of our country to the point of exhaustion. His is a startling construction of the carefully chosen words put into the Constitution by the convention, that the President may conclude treaties by and with "the advice and consent" of the Senate. We speculate upon the degree to which his supporters would relish a similar assumption by a President of the opposite party.

GEORGE CLARK SARGENT.

THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

(From the New York Times of October 24.)

In spite of many superficial signs to the contrary, there has been in the last few weeks distinctly visible and growing every day a general tendency both in the United States and in Great Britain toward a more conservative and constructive feeling and action in the relations between labor and capital, toward a larger, sounder, and old-fashioned view of the relations between the state and all classes and orders of its citizens. The Boston police strike, an imported imitation of the partly conscious and partly unconscious Bolshevism displayed in similar manifestations at London, and more particularly at Liverpool, turned out to be a great triumph for the ancient ideas of law and order and the discipline of public functionaries charged with their maintenance and administration. The American Federation of Labor, the labor unions generally, made but the faintest platonic gesture in the way of supporting a movement whose inevitable anarchism was evident even without the instructive object lessons to which Boston and the rest of the country were treated for a few days.

The Boston lawlessness, at a heavy expense, demonstrated the substantial unanimity of Americans of all sorts in supporting orderly liberty and government by and according to the laws. It must have shown even many innocent amateurs of foreign theories that the old way, the American way, was best. In Great Britain the strike of some 500,000 railway union men, a strike forced by a few leaders for their own purposes upon a body of followers not consulted, has served to prove with what readiness of resource, what a cordial spirit of cooperation, what a sense of common interest the British public, exposed to great economic inconvenience and peril by the uncompromising will of a few labor leaders to enforce that will to the general detriment, acts in a sudden emergency. Sympathetic strikes, further hopeless attempts to bolster up a failing cause, there may yet be; but the unmistakable result of a class movement, made to enforce autocratic control and resting on no strong actual grievances can be seen already.

The Bethlehem steel strike, imposed for the same reasons, a strike for control, made without the consent of the men who were to strike, teaches the same valuable and fruitful lesson. In the United States, as in Great Britain, the mass of the union men are moderate and sensible and patriotic. They can not be divided far or permanently from their fellow-citizens. If for strategic or tactical reasons certain leaders go too far, in so far they weaken their power over their followers, so far as they are followed unwillingly and against conviction. Since our politics is full of glaring instances of the excessive power of a determined minority; since not only in the statute books, but in the Constitution itself, can be found examples of unscrupulous, successful minority rule, it is only just to the great body of trade unionists to say that, whatever of unwisdom or injustice has been attempted or accomplished by a few powerful leaders in their name, they seem to be less patient in swallowing such injustice or unwisdom than the general body of the public.

Right before our eyes we see the conservative elements of the pressmen's and feeders' unions of New York rebelling against radical ascendancy and killing a strike made for control by revolutionary leaders whom the head of the international union doesn't hesitate to call "acknowledged Bolsheviks." There are plenty of other instances of this strong feeling among the labor men against autocratic methods and revolutionary theories and practices. Disputes and controversies for cause or supposed cause there must always be. What is good and gratifying, what promises an orderly and progressive future, is the right Americanism of the men. Eminent philosophical anarchists like Mr. Secretary Foster and his more numerous British analogues or superiors in the doctrines of social disaster and the ruin of free democratic states; inebriates of Marxian theory and the desire for power who seek to autocratize industries in the name of "democratization"—these men can not make much headway with Americans and Englishmen of common sense and sober mind brought up on the traditions of American and English liberty. Hotheads, persons of violent opinion and speech, sincere doctrinaires, seekers of power for the good or evil they hope to do with it, there must always be. In our recent and present procession of strikes and troubles, however, the strong presence and continuing authority of conservative and patriotic principles is the noteworthy and redeeming thing; the good omen and hope.

The crater of Mt. Katmai in Alaska is said by Professor Robert A. Griggs to be the largest on the globe and that near Katmai lay a great valley whose floor was dotted with thousands of mouths vomiting gray vapory gas and smoke. This valley Professor Griggs named "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." Instead of ten thousand, there are literally millions of smoking vents. Congress recently set aside "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes" as national property and it is believed that some day it will be a second Yellowstone geyser field. Steaming springs, it is said, will eventually take the place of the present smoking vent.

A recent bulletin of the Bureau of Standards indicates that no treatment of wood after erection can be expected to be an effective fire resistant.

The oldest artesian wells in Europe is found at Lillers, France. From its mouth water has flowed uninterruptedly for more than 750 years.

AN OFFICIAL REPORT ON RUSSIA.

No apology should be needed for a further glance at the Bullitt-Steffens mission to Russia, and at the disclosures made by Mr. Bullitt before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. For this is in no way whatever a matter of ancient history, nor one that we can relegate to the lesser annals of the war. Mr. Bullitt himself made it clear to us by his revelation of the secret memoranda of the peace conference that the spread of Bolshevism was the uninvited but perpetual guest at the Versailles deliberations, and that the threat of a Bolshevik veto overhung every debate and every decision. Bolshevism at that time was dominant in the east of Europe and it was a menace in the west. It is still dominant in the east of Europe, and it is still a menace—and now a much greater menace—in the west. Its dark hand is outstretched over civilization, and there is hardly a corner of the modern world in which it has not become a terror. Italy is in imminent peril, and who shall say that France and England are able to breathe freely in an assured safety? A great and irresponsible German army on the eastern front owes its existence and excuse to Bolshevism. Boston, Washington, and Chicago are warnings that even in America there can be no folding of the hands in slumber if we are to evade a threat that is indifferent to frontiers and to boundaries. Whence comes the energy of Bolshevism? Might it have been stayed or lessened? May we suspect the presence at Versailles of some strange and furtive power so intent upon the reforms of an aggressive radicalism that it smiled upon anarchy and coquetted with the unmasked powers of chaos, so mesmerized by "democracy" and a "new age" that it invoked and strengthened the whirlwind of the Russian terror? That Mr. Bullitt was an insignificant young man, almost incredibly mischievous and incompetent, does not mean, unfortunately, that we may now forget him. We do not forget the monkey that throws the wrench into the machinery, nor can we repair the machinery by a realization that it was only a monkey.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bullitt was sent to Russia under instructions from Colonel House, and that his mission was kept a secret from all the other members of the peace conference with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Bullitt was known to be a sort of parlor Bolshevik. He is said to have made incendiary speeches in Washington, and he was at once attached—*post hoc* or *propter hoc*—to the office of the Secretary of State as a sort of duckling diplomat. He was sent to plead for peace with the Bolshevik government. He was sent as a supplicant and with the white flag, perhaps the most humiliating mission upon which an American was ever dispatched. He had no experience of diplomacy nor of European politics. He had not credentials of any sort, unless we may regard his revolutionary opinions as credentials, as probably they were. And here we may ask what effect this must have had, must now be having, upon the world-wide nervous organization of the world-wide Bolshevik movement. We ourselves may have allowed the incident to pass without notice, but that is because we are not Bolsheviks. If we were Bolsheviks we should have hailed the dispatch of the Bullitt-Steffens peace mission to Russia as a triumph for the cause. It would have been a proof that we had friends at court, and coadjutors in high places. That is precisely how the news was received in Bolshevik quarters throughout the world. That is how it was received by Lenin. It was meat and strong wine for Trotzki and Tchitcherine. It put new blood into their veins, a new determination into their hearts. In no small measure we may ascribe the present vehemence of the Bolshevik propaganda throughout the world to the fact that Colonel House, presumably representing the President and certainly representing America, sent Mr. Bullitt to Russia to flirt with the mammon of unrighteousness and tacitly to convey to the Bolshevik leaders that America was on their side, no matter how much Clemenceau might rage against them.

But Mr. Bullitt was instructed not only to sue for peace, but to make a report on the situation in Russia. He told the Senate committee that he did not think a report was necessary, but that the President asked for it. Imagine the situation. A young newspaper reporter, with practically no knowledge of Russia, nor of anything else in particular, with no experience and with no credentials, a sort of Bolshevik, sent to Russia as the emissary of the United States, first of all to plead for peace, and secondly to make a report on the situation in Russia. He was there for exactly one week. He made his report upon Russia. Dr. Dillon with his lifelong residence in Russia, his minute and prolonged study of everything Russian, would hesitate to pretend to such knowledge as Mr. Bullitt is supposed to have acquired during one week in Moscow. His precious report now becomes a state document, and presumably a sort of guide to American policies. It occupies many printed pages. It deals with the economics, the politics of Russia, with her transport, food, sociology, army, education, revolution, and *morale*. It is a sort of condensed encyclopædia of Russian conditions. Nothing is omitted, and for the moment we are disposed to stand amazed at the prodigious genius that amassed this all-inclusive compendium of things Rus-

sian in the course of seven days. Mr. Bullitt was wasted in Russia. He should be invited to make a report on the universe. He could do it in about a month. Why trouble ourselves any more with the stories of Russian refugees and Russian patriots when all we need is to read the report furnished by Mr. Bullitt at the request of the President, whom we may picture as sitting in cimmerian darkness as to events in Russia until Mr. Bullitt should return with authentic illumination.

But let us look at the report itself, with all its marvellous powers of condensation and summary. Here is the second paragraph in its entirety:

The destructive phase of the revolution is over and all the energy of the government is turned to constructive work. The terror has ceased. All power of judgment has been taken away from the extraordinary commission for suppression of the counter-revolution, which now merely accuses suspected counter-revolutionists, who are tried by the regular established legal tribunals. Executions are extremely rare. Good order has been established. The streets are safe. Shooting has ceased. There are few robberies. Prostitution has disappeared from sight. Family life has been unchanged by the revolution, the canard in regard to "nationalization of women" notwithstanding. The theatres, opera, and ballet are performing as in peace. Thousands of new schools have been opened in all parts of Russia and the Soviet government seems to have done more for the education of the Russian people in a year and a half than Czarism did in fifty years.

Now how does Mr. Bullitt know these things? Who told him? He can not conceivably have acquired the facts for himself during a stay of one week. Is he aware that the "schools" are no more than assemblages of children for the purpose of singing communist songs and instructions in the ferocities of Bolshevism? Is this the sort of garbage solemnly presented for the direction of American policies? Why send to Russia at all for such stuff as this? The corner orators of our cities, any member of the I. W. W. could supply it in greater quantities and much more persuasively.

The Soviet form of government, says Mr. Bullitt, is "firmly established." For the Russian people it is "the symbol of their revolution." It has laid so strong a hold upon the common people that "the women are ready to starve and the young men to die for it." But Mr. Bullitt might just as well have written this without going to Russia at all. Certainly he could not have derived this vast knowledge of the "common people" in the course of a week. But perhaps Lenin told him, and of course that would settle it.

There was a division of opinion between Lenin and Trotzki, although not of so acute a nature as to break up the happy party. Lenin is represented as a benevolent old gentleman exuding kindness at every pore and with an admirable sense of humor. Trotzki, on the other hand, has some of the exuberances of youth, and, as we all know, boys will be boys:

Within the communist party itself there is a distinct division of opinion in regard to foreign policy, but this disagreement has not developed personal hostility or open breach in the ranks of the party. Trotzki, the generals, and many theorists believe the red army should go forward everywhere until more vigorous intervention by the Entente is provoked, which they, too, count upon to bring revolution in France and England. Their attitude is not a little colored by pride in the spirited young army.

Lenine completely won the heart of Mr. Bullitt. They must have had some rare good times together exchanging notes. East and West are not so wide apart as Kipling supposed. Bullitt can bridge them with that suave diplomacy that one learns in a Philadelphia newspaper office:

The hold which Lenine has gained on the imagination of the Russian people makes his position almost that of a dictator. There is already a Lenine legend. He is regarded as almost a prophet. His picture, usually accompanied by that of Karl Marx, hangs everywhere. In Russia one never hears of Lenine and Trotzki spoken of in the same breath as is usual in the Western world. Lenine is regarded as in a class by himself. Trotzki is but one of the lower order of mortals. When I called on Lenine at the Kremlin I had to wait a few minutes until a delegation of peasants left his room. They had heard in their village that Comrade Lenine was hungry. And they had come hundred of miles carrying 800 poods of bread as the gift of the village to Lenine. Just before them was another delegation of peasants to whom the report had come that Comrade Lenine was working in an unheated room. They came bearing a stove and enough firewood to heat it for three months. Lenine is the only leader who receives such gifts. And he turns them into the common fund. Face to face, Lenine is a very striking man—straight-forward and direct, but also genial and with a large humor and serenity.

Well, we must try and mend our manners when speaking of Lenine and Trotzki. We must speak of them in the "same breath," as they do in Russia. But fancy those poor villagers carrying those 800 poods of bread for "hundreds of miles." And the stove, too. But then they did the same sort of thing to Rasputin.

It is the geniality of Lenine that won Mr. Bullitt's heart. There they were, those two great men, hobnobbing together in the Kremlin, Bullitt telling Lenine of what they say about him in the west, and Lenine making the welkin ring, so to speak, with his Homeric mirth:

I have never heard more genuinely mirthful laughter than when I told Lenine, Tchitcherine, and Litvinov that much of the world believed that women had been "nationalized." This lie is so wildly fantastic that they will not even take the trouble to deny it. Respect for womanhood was never greater than in Russia today. Indeed, the day I reached Petrograd was a holiday in honor of wives and mothers.

The Russian terror has been greatly exaggerated, says Mr. Bullitt, and of course we accept his

clusion. Doubtless it was given to him by Lenine himself, and Lenine must have known the facts:

The red terror is over. During the period of its power the extraordinary commission for the suppression of the counter-revolution, which was the instrument of the terror, executed about 1500 persons in Petrograd, 500 in Moscow, and 3000 in the remainder of the country—5000 in all Russia. . . . It is worthy of note in this connection that in the white terror in southern Finland alone, according to official figures, General Mannerheim executed without trial 12,000 workmen and women.

Now what are we to say to such a statement as this? Mr. Bullitt is either egregiously credulous, or—he is a plain liar. He asks us to put aside the facts given to us by a veritable cloud of witnesses of unquestionable veracity who spoke of what they themselves had seen and heard and whose horrid testimony has been burned into our hearts and minds, testimony of fiendish massacres and of hecatombs of victims, of tortures, outrages, and shames. All this we must forget. He himself has been in Russia for a week. He has conversed with Lenine and he now prepares this lying report for the President of the United States and for the American people. He hides its lies under a veneer of cunning words. He tells us how many have lost their lives by order of the extraordinary commission which has now been deprived of its powers. He infers that there have been no other killings except the semi-official killings of the commission—"5000 in all Russia." He tells us nothing of the bands of roving murderers acting under the tacit sanction of that commission. He tells us nothing of the massacres that turned whole towns into shambles, of the irresponsible blood lust instigated by the terror and sustained by it. As well might he count the heads that fell on the Place de la Concorde during the French revolution and assure us that they represented the price of that revolution.

But enough has been quoted from this complacent and disgusting document. We will pass over the ecstatic description of the "crusading enthusiasm" of the Soviet army or the silly nonsense about Russia's new educational system and its remarkable measures for "defective and over-nervous children." The children are being taught to "compose music, paint pictures, sculpt, and write poetry." What an Elysium. How unfortunate that we do not all live in Russia under the Soviet government.

It is a humiliating document, a shameful document. It would be humiliating and shameful if it had been written by a private person. But it was written by a special emissary of the United States, and after a visit to Russia of one week. It might have been known that Bullitt would write just such a report as this. With his record he could hardly write any other. Was it intended that he should write this report? And if so, why was it intended? And need we marvel at the continued spread of Bolshevism while its baleful embers are thus industriously fanned in the name of freedom and democracy? SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 15, 1919.

There is as much technic in the making of the bonnet of the olden pattern for the Friends as there is in the Japanese art of drinking tea, according to a recent writer. In Ohio there is a section that wears the Quaker garb with the bonnet; there is another in Iowa that still keeps to the characteristic costume; in New York on both sides of Lake Cayuga are Friends who follow the simple, historic fashion; and in Fairhope, Alabama, a single-tax settlement very largely settled by Friends, are others. Much importance is attached to what is called the "expression" of the bonnet. In the very simplicity there is quite as much room for the manifestation of a particular taste as in the more elaborate millinery of "the world's people." Even to half a hair things must be right. The finished product comes in for a close critical scrutiny at every possible angle. The true Friend abhors display and self-advertisement, and, therefore, she does not care to have it known when a fresh bonnet is bought. That is why each must be the same as the one that preceded it.

The women of Nepal have no purdah system, the false modesty of covering the face with veil. They freely move, and share the burden of responsibilities of maintenance of the family. The women often wear a kind of short skirt and bodice, made of the cloth woven in their family loom. They also put on "Sari" made of silk or fine cotton. Sari is a long piece of cloth, which is artistically draped over the body. The clothes are gorgeously striped. They do not decorate or beautify their bodies with ornaments. The hair of the women is parted in the middle, braided and bound in a knot in the back of the head, and it looks just like the wings of a butterfly; or sometimes they raise the hair over the ears and decorate with flowers to appear as the crown.

Shortly before his abdication King Ludwig of Bavaria presented to the wine museum at Speyer several bottles of wine dating from 1540, 1633, and 1822. The museum contains a bottle dating from the days of Rome, found in a Roman grave, believed to be the oldest bottle of wine in the world.

The British Foreign Bible Society issues the Scriptures in upward of 370 languages and dialects.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marie Corelli has been analyzed recently as follows: There seem to be two sets of ancestors fighting for the control of her soul. One set is Latin; the other Puritan. From her Latin controls she receives her ecstasy, her eroticism, her mysticism, her power to fling words riotously from her pen. From her Puritan controls she receives her moral straitjacket. "Good" and "evil" to her are not matters of geography. A good man is a saint; a bad man is a souse—or worse. She divides human beings and classifies them as inexorably as Dante.

Among the British nobility who have come to the United States to look over the investment field is the young Marquis of Bute, who has brought his wife and son with him. The marquis is often referred to as the "King of Wales" in consequence of his being the largest landholder in the principality. He is the only member of the House of Lords who can speak Welsh fluently, and can thus exchange confidences with Premier Lloyd George in that language. His palace in Cardiff, known as Cardiff Castle, is likely to become the Welsh residence of the Prince of Wales.

Charles Sumner Burch, newly elected bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York, is a big man physically. He stands 6 feet 3½ inches and his figure is proportionately massive. So is the drawing of his head; it is square and full featured, with a chin indicative of decision of character. His large eyes are gray and they smile simultaneously with his lips and when the latter part they show a set of firm white teeth. A cleric in dignity, but not in austerity, with a deep rich voice, in appearance and manner Bishop Burch is exactly the figure a novelist like Anthony Trollope liked to picture in his cathedral town chronicles.

Gordon Hewart, the English attorney-general, is one of many men who owed their first chance of making a living as journalists to the *Star*, the newspaper which T. P. O'Connor founded in the latter 'eighties. Like so many young barristers with small means, he had to mark time by newspaper work until the briefs came and he became a leading writer on the *Star*, remarkable even among the vigorous contributors to that radical journal by the intensity of his radicalism. But the coming of briefs released him from ill-paid journalism, and soon, while still little more than a youth, he rushed to the front and obtained a big income.

There are some better-known men on the list of Mr. Carnegie's beneficiaries than the Right Hon. Thomas Burt, P. C., but there is perhaps not one who has had a more interesting career or a career better calculated to engage the sympathetic interest of the great "self-made" ironmaster. Mr. Burt is now so old that the present generation scarcely remembers him and the time when he was one of the most conspicuous men in Great Britain. But it is worth while to recall that he was the first laboring man that ever entered Parliament, the first that ever worked his way up from a coal pit to a place in the Privy Council of the King of England.

United States Senator Calder of New York, in explaining how he came to be elected, says: "When I had 17,000 written promises of support I knew that I would be elected. I wrote letters of thanks to the 17,000, real letters, and made a further request that each member of that great army of men ask three of his friends to give me their help on election day. I received 21,000 votes, as against 12,900 for the Democratic candidate and 10,000 for the Progressive Republican nominee. President Wilson got 17,000 votes in the district. Colonel Roosevelt polled 15,000 votes and Judge Taft was given 11,000 votes. I have always believed that the people are willing to take part in the activities of politics if they think their work is needed and will be appreciated."

H. F. Worley, who was for twenty years in the United States diplomatic service and is now in America as personal adviser to the President of Liberia, first entered public life when he served in the charity and hospital work in Cuba in the days of Weyler. Mr. Worley remained in Cuba after the island had been freed from Spain and during the period of American occupation, serving in the American customs service under Major (now General) Tasker H. Bliss, who was the American collector of customs at Havana while Uncle Sam remained in charge of the island's destinies. By a strange coincidence General Bliss was one of the American delegates at the recent peace conference at Versailles, representing the largest republic in the world, while Mr. Worley was at Versailles, representing Liberia, the smallest republic on earth.

Glenn E. Plumb, whose official title is general counsel for the organized railroad employees of America, is a lawyer—and looks like a lawyer. Mr. Plumb is not dramatic, which a man with so ambitious a plan might be expected to be. There was not a bit of sensationalism in his attitude before the congressional committee when advocating his proposal. He is fifty-three years old. For thirty years he has practiced law. He has appeared for and against the big traction interests of the country. He has been an employee of a street-car company and he has been president of a railway corporation. Plumb was born in Clay, Iowa, in 1866.

His family soon moved to Streator, Illinois, where he spent his boyhood. He was graduated from Oberlin College, where he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1891. He spent one year at Harvard Law School, but decided to complete his legal education in the Middle West. He was graduated from the law school of Northwestern University in 1893.

Like Lloyd George and most Welshmen, J. H. Thomas, the British labor leader, has a special fervor of language and speech. There is often underneath the apparently reckless language of Thomas a shrewd and adroit Welsh mind leaving open the doors of retreat to apparently impossible, extreme compromises. T. P. O'Connor says of him that he always knows Mr. Thomas is going to adopt a moderate course when he puts forward with tremendous energy, bellowing voice, and dramatic gesture a particularly strong demand. It isn't that Mr. Thomas is not quite honest, but he grasps the proposition that in order to lead the democratic forces he must now and then seem to be more extreme than he is and allow his followers some hot air for the relief of their feelings while remaining himself cool, self-controlled, and ready for the compromise which he thinks is the only possible proportion of victory he can attain at the moment.

OLD FAVORITES.

Bride-Song.

Day is over, the day that wore.
What is this that comes through the door,
The face covered, the feet before?
This that coming takes his breath;
This Bride not seen, to be seen no more
Save of Bridegroom Death?

Veiled figures carrying her
Sweep by yet make no stir;
There is a smell of spice and myrrh,
A bride-chant burdened with one name;
The bride-song rises steeper
Than the torches' flame:—

"Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!
You loitered on the road too long,
You trifled at the gate:
The enchanted dove upon her branch
Died without a mate;
The enchanted princess in her tower
Slept, died, behind the grate;
Her heart was starving all this while
You made it wait.

"Ten years ago, five years ago,
One year ago,
Even then you had arrived in time,
Though somewhat slow;
Then you had known her living face
Which now you can not know:
The frozen fountain would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked
To melt the snow.

"Is she fair now as she lies?
Once she was fair;
Meet queen for any kingly king,
With gold-dust on her hair.
Now these are poppies in her locks,
White poppies she must wear;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face
And the want graven there:
Or is the hunger fed at length,
Cast off the care?

"We never saw her with a smile
Or with a frown;
Her hed seemed never soft to her,
Though tossed of down;
She little heeded what she wore,
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
We think her white brows often ached
Beneath her crown,
Till silvery hairs showed in her locks
That used to be so brown.

"We never heard her speak in haste;
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet:
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street.
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her,
That she might run to greet.

"You should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her hed:
But wherefore should you weep today
That she is dead?
Lo we who love weep not today,
But crown her royal head.
Let be these poppies that we strew,
Your roses are too red:
Let be these poppies, not for you
Cut down and spread."—Christina Rossetti.

God and the Universe.

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?

"Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate."
—Tennyson.

In an English treatment for rheumatism and certain other diseases of the muscles and nerves patients are massaged while immersed in baths of liquid peat.

THE AMAZING CITY.

The Essays of John F. Macdonald Recall Some Aspects of Paris Before the War.

At a time when we are being urged, more or less wisely, to visit devastated France it is well that we should be reminded of the France that existed before the war. It will be remembered that there were many ways in which we studied that ancient France, for already it seems ancient. There were many colored glasses through which we looked at her. Usually we were censorious, not to say pharasaical. We proclaimed her naughtiness, and reveled in it. Sometimes we frankly admired, and adopted the conviction that we should go to France when we died, as to a paradise. But very seldom were we content to look and to record as by the photograph of the moving picture or with the fidelity of the phonograph. This is what was done by Mr. John F. Macdonald, whose glimpses of life, first written in the years immediately preceding the war, have now again been given to us under the title of "The Amazing City." To those to whom Mr. Macdonald's writings appeal as to a memory there will come a touch of sadness, and of a wonder if the temperament of a people can be restored like its buildings, if the "amazing city" will ever again be quite so amazing.

Mr. Macdonald has no moralizings to give us. He wanders through the streets, the market places, the law courts and the theatres, and smilingly tells us what he sees and hears. And what things there were to be seen and heard. How miraculously the Parisian touch transforms the commonplace. We have all of us seen—and even purchased—the tablet that removes all stains until we try it for ourselves, but we have never before been so pleasantly, so humorously swindled as by the Paris street vendor:

How simple, how easy it is to stain your coat, he cries; then proceeds to point out stains on various coats. Fear not, however. Be not cast down. He is here, he, the enemy of stains—he with "The Miraculous Tablet."

And "The Miraculous Tablet" is held on high and flourished to and fro, ready to render old clothes new, and soiled hats fresh, in exchange for two vulgar sous.

"Seize this surprising opportunity," shouts the man. "Take out your stains, all of you. The Miraculous Tablet will away with them all . . . except stains on your conscience. I swear it, and I am honest."

And then, continuing, he announces that the "Miraculous Tablet" has made him famous throughout the land; that clients return to him in thousands to express their gratitude; that a certain mother once shed tears of joy when he took an ink-stain out of her little boy's white suit; that only yesterday, in Orleans, the inhabitants cheered and cheered him, and, rushing forward, begged leave to shake his hand. "And," he concludes, "believe me, ladies and gentlemen, I had not hands enough."

The French strike has its humorous and sentimental aspects, although its practical results are as serious as elsewhere. For example, there was the postal strike and the author's effort to send his letters by carrier pigeon, although he confesses that he knows nothing of carrier pigeons and can not understand how one tells the pigeons where to go. And there was the electrical strike which plunged Paris suddenly into darkness. We are told something of the storm at Villeneuve-St-Georges:

Down here at Villeneuve-St-Georges, the sandpit district ten miles away from Paris, there has been a savage collision between the soldiers and the strikers. The sandpit men—some five or six thousand powerful navvies in all—raised barricades in the narrow, cobbled streets. When the dragoons and cuirassiers advanced, they were met with shower upon shower of flints, bottles, bricks. Revolvers, too, were fired at them. From windows, guns were discharged. Rising in his stirrups, an officer at last shouted forth the terrible official ultimatum: "Retire! Let all good citizens withdraw, for we are about to use force and arms." Then, three bugle calls: the final warning. But still the officer hesitated to give the order to open fire. Again the three bugle calls; and yet again. The horses plunged and reared; now and again a soldier, struck by a huge brick, was thrown from his saddle to the ground. Fierce shouts of execration from the strikers, the captain of the cuirassiers unsaddled by half a paving-stone. For the last time, the three bugle calls. And immediately after them the command: "Fire!"

There were yells of agony, there were frightful oaths—and there was a frantic retreat. The strikers fled to the open fields, a few hundred yards away. The troops demolished the barricades, and occupied every street. When darkness had descended upon Villeneuve-St-Georges it was known that three strikers had been shot dead, and nearly a hundred more or less seriously wounded. Four officers and a number of soldiers had been injured. At 9 o'clock a group of strikers, pushing a barrow containing the body of the dead striker, stopped before the general commanding the troops, and said: "Salute your victim." The general gravely saluted. Away went the strikers with their barrow. All night long the cuirassiers and dragoons patrolled Villeneuve-St-Georges and the surrounding open country. In the town itself no one could sleep for the clatter on the cobblestones of the horses' hoofs.

The author goes from wine-shop to wine-shop and hears bitter complaints against Clemenceau. But the troops and the strikers are drinking together, fraternizing, with their hands on one another's shoulders. It is all eminently emotional and French:

Another wine-shop, and the same scene: strikers and soldiers fraternizing. Says one of the former: "Let us have another coffee; for tonight we may be fighting again." Replies a cuirassier: "One never knows. But remember we are the stronger." Officers passing down the street glance into the open doors of the wine-shops; and smile indulgently at the strange spectacle. "The General!" suddenly cries a navvy. And the General it is: a tall, slim man, keen-eyed, gray-headed, dignified. After looking up and down the street, he enters a café with three officers. Coffee and a liqueur for M. le Général. A penny cigar for M. le Général. A dozen

navvies crowd into the café, sit down, and scrutinize M. le Général. He smiles, then resumes his conversation with the officers. But he rises all of a sudden to shake hands warmly with the captain of the cuirassiers who was thrown off his horse by half a paving-stone in yesterday's conflict. The captain's head is bandaged; one sees only his nose and his ears, and his left hand is in a sling.

"Ca va mieux?" asks the General.

"Ce n'est rien, mon Général," replies the captain.

"It was not his fault. And he saluted the body of our comrade," says a navvy, of the General.

"He must suffer, but he does not show it. And he looks sympathetic," says another striker, of the captain.

Amazing this good-fellowship! Only in France could it be witnessed, and for the reason that in France every man is, or has been, a soldier. The officers call their men "my children." The officers also call the strikers "my children"; how often, down at bleak, tragical Courrières, did I hear them implore the miners to retreat, whilst the flints and bricks were flying savagely about them; and how often were the three bugle calls sounded, when, according to stern military law, they should have been sounded but once! "My children," cried an old colonel at Courrières, "for the love of heaven, retire. It will break our hearts to shoot. Once again, for the love of heaven, retire."

A thousand pictures have been drawn of the Latin Quarter and of the strange characters that it has produced. For example, there was Mère Casimir with her tray of matches and her memories. Mme. Casimir would have been arrested as a vagrant elsewhere, but not in Paris. There she becomes an institution, one might almost say an honored institution:

Many years have elapsed since I first saw Mère Casimir in the Café Procope—"Le café de M. de Voltaire," now, also, no more. It was 1 o'clock in the morning. The olive-man and the nougat-merchant had paid their last call; the flower-woman had said good-night; the next visitor was Mère Casimir. So feeble was she that she could scarcely push open the door; and when a waiter let her in, she curtsied to him, then curtsied to the customers. No one sought her matches: but she was given *bock*. Sous were collected on her behalf by a student; they were to persuade her to dance. But Mère Casimir had grown stiff with time. She could do no more than hop and curtsy, bob and bend, smile and crouch, kiss and wave her withered old hand.

"Il était une fois," she protested, at the end.

"Once upon a time." Invited to seat herself at my table, Mère Casimir told me how she had shone at the Opera; how she had attended notorious, extravagant suppers and balls; how she had broken hearts; how Napoleon III himself had noticed her; how she used to sing Béranger ditties. . . . She would sing one now . . . one of her favorites. . . .

"Listen." Rising, she piped feebly again.

Ah, the Elysée! Mère Casimir compared it contemptuously to the Tuileries, and sighed. What was a president to an emperor? What was the Opera today? and the Bois? and the Jockey Club? "The vulgar republic has changed all that," she complained. "It disgusts me—this republic."

Suddenly the old woman became silent. Bent in half behind the table, she was scarcely visible. Minutes went by, but she remained motionless. And at last the waiter, thinking her asleep, called out:

"Eh bien, la vieille?"

Then, Mère Casimir started, and nodded her head, and rose, and thanked the customers with a last curtsy, and told them she hoped to dance to them on another occasion; and, before going out into the darkness, murmured again:

"Il était une fois."

A few nights later I met her on the Boul' Mich' whilst she was passing from table to table on the terrace of the Café d'Harcourt.

The students were kind to her; so were Mürger's daughters, Mesdemoiselles Muscette and Mimi. And she was given olives and nougat, and a number of sous, and even a rose. And the waiters were friendly also; and so was the stout, black-coated proprietor.

In return, Mère Casimir sang her song and danced her dance, and was applauded and encored—even by the policeman at the corner.

At 2 o'clock in the morning, when the Latin Quarter cafés close, the old woman disappeared.

The whole world remembers the trial of Mme. Steinheil, the "tragic widow" who was associated with the death of Félix Faure and who seemed unable to keep away from the baleful spot light of crime. The author gives us a glimpse of the court scene where French legal procedure excited, not for the first time, the wonder of the world:

A change in M. de Valles on the third day of the trial. Respecting her tears, refraining from shrugging his shoulders at her repeated protestations of innocence, the judge treated the "Tragic Widow" as a human being; even with courtesy and compassion. This metamorphosis was due, I believe, to a hint received from high quarters, where (so I have since been assured) the strong protests of the Paris correspondents of the English and American newspapers against the French judicial system had made an impression. But in the opinion of Henri Rochefort, Mme. Steinheil's savage assailant in the columns of the Nationalist *Patrie*, the "judge had been bought." With his gaunt, yellow face, tumbled white hair, angry gray eyes, the ruthless old journalist and agitator was the most conspicuous figure in the press-box. To his colleagues and to the barristers around him, he also accused Mme. Steinheil of having murdered the late Félix Faure. "She was in the pay of the Dreyfusards," he said in his hoarse voice, "and the Dreyfusards knew that so long as Faure lived there would be no revision. So they commissioned the woman Steinheil, his mistress, to assassinate him." After which he sucked lozenges (ferce old Rochefort is always and always sucking lozenges in order to ease the hoarseness in his throat), and next proceeded to begin his article for the *Patrie*, in which he referred to Mme. Steinheil as the "Black Panther"! I fancy, too, that it was Rochefort's bold design to magnetize—even to mesmerize—the jury! At all events, when not writing or accusing, he kept his angry gray eyes fixed hard on the foreman. A good thing the "Tragic Widow" could not see him from her seat in the dock. Henri Rochefort's gaunt yellow face, when lit up luridly with hatred and vindictiveness, is enough to make any one falter and quail.

Modern Paris never produced a more striking figure than that of Lépine, chief of police. For twenty years he had practically governed Paris, living in its streets and watching the feverish beat of its heart. It was he who "reformed" the nervous, excitable Paris police in the delirious Dreyfus days of 1899. "You charge the

crowd for no reason. You thump the innocent bourgeois on the back and tear off his collar. You exasperate the Latin Quarter. You are making an inferno of the boulevards. You are bringing ridicule and discredit on the force. In future I myself shall direct operations":

Dreyfus riots every day and every night, and M. Lépine in the thick of them. Short and slender, he was swept about and almost submerged by the Anti-Dreyfus mob. He lost his hat, his umbrella, but never his temper. He was to be seen swarming up lamp-posts, that he might discover the extent of the crowd and whether reinforcements of agitators were coming up side streets, and from which particular window stones, bottles, and lighted fuses were being hurled. His orders he issued by prearranged gesticulations. Not only the police, but the Municipal and Republican Guards, had been taught to understand the significance of his signals. A wave of the arm, and it meant "charge." But it was only in desperate extremities that M. Lépine sent the crowd flying, battered and wounded. Pressure was his policy; six or seven rows of policemen advancing slowly yet heavily upon the manifestants, truncheon in hand and the formidable horses and shining helmets of the Republican Guard in the rear. When, upon a particularly tumultuous occasion, the "pressure" was resisted, and a number of boulevard kiosks were blazing and heads, too, were on fire, M. Lépine implored assistance—from Above.

"Send me rain," he begged audibly of the heavens, "send me torrents of rain." And the heavens responded, so people affirmed. A few minutes later the heavens sent M. Lépine thunder, lightning, and a deluge that reduced the blazing kiosks to hissing, sodden ruins; cleared the frantic boulevards; allowed police, soldiers, and even M. Lépine to go to bed. But, on the other hand, caused Jules Guérin and his fellow outlaws and conspirators against the republic to exult wildly and grotesquely on the roof of Fort Chabrol. For Guérin was short of water. The supply had been cut off and Guérin's only salvation was surrender or rain. And it rained, and it poured and it thundered. The heavens were equally kind to rebel and chief of the police. Up there on the roof of conspiring Fort Chabrol assembled Guérin and his companions with baths, buckets, and basins; with jugs, glasses, and mugs; all of which speedily overflowed with the rain. Down there in the street, the soldiers in occupation of the besieged thoroughfare stared upwards, open-mouthed, at the amazing spectacle on the roof—Guérin and Company joining hands and dancing with glee amidst their multitudinous rain-catching vessels; Guérin bending perilously over the parapet and roaring forth between the explosions of thunder and the flashes of lightning: "We have got enough water for months. Tell Lépine we defy him." Another jig from Guérin et Cie. Guérin once again at the edge of the parapet, mockingly drinking the health of the soldiers below, and then emptying baths full of water into the street and bellowing: "Voilà de l'eau," and performing such delicious, dangerous antics that it was deemed necessary to telephone an account of the scene to the chief of the police. "Let him dance his jigs all night in the rain; it will cool him," replied M. Lépine. "Je le connais: he is too clever to fall over the parapet."

The concluding essay of the book is devoted to Clemenceau. Who now remembers that there was bitter enmity between Poincaré and Clemenceau, and that on the very day of the presidential election, and in the Palace of Versailles, M. Poincaré appointed seconds to demand an explanation from M. Clemenceau? A duel was in sight, but the affair was arranged, although to the last moment it was Clemenceau who campaigned against Poincaré:

And, according to many a reliable French politician, the fall of M. Barthou, the actual prime minister, is near. A kindly, admirable man, M. Barthou; but no "leader." I remember him, as minister of the interior, attending the funeral of the victims of the Courrières mining catastrophe—eleven hundred lives lost. Tears ran down his face; he was literally a wreck, pale, red-eyed, almost inarticulate, when the special train took him back to Paris. Six weeks later, during the subsequent strike, down to Courrières came M. Georges Clemenceau, the new minister of the interior. Not a trace of emotion about the "Tiger." He spoke sharply to the strikers. He promised that, if order were preserved, the troops would be withdrawn. Next day three—precisely three—windows of an engineer's house were broken. Then traitful after traitful of troops, until there were ten soldiers to every striker—and that broke the strike.

A man of iron, M. Clemenceau—when in power. No pén so eloquent, so stirring as his in French journalism, and his pen he has now taken up in favor of M. Poincaré and the new Army Service Bill. Throbbing, thrilling phrases, as always. Here is a passage of his appeal to the French army: "Athens, Rome, the greatest things of the past were swept off the face of the earth on the day that the sentinels hesitated as you are beginning to do. And you—your France, your Paris, your village, your field, your road, your stream—all that tumult of history out of which you come, since it is the work of your forerunners—is all this nothing to you?"

All this may be very sound, very lofty, very noble. But all this, by arrangement with President Poincaré, will lead to the next premiership.

Such glimpses of France before the war have an extraordinary value. Poincaré and Clemenceau, ancient enemies, have been united in the struggle of the ages. Each has played his part to perfection. An inscrutable fate ordained a union from which their country has so vastly profited.

THE AMAZING CITY. By John F. Macdonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The plate-glass industry in Japan has greatly expanded since the world war. Before the war about 550,000 boxes of glass were consumed annually, 420,000 boxes of which were imported from Belgium and Germany, the remainder being of home manufacture. In the past year 850,000 boxes were manufactured in Japan, of which 600,000 boxes were consumed in Japan, and the remaining 250,000 boxes were exported.

A projectile weighing 1400 pounds which is fired in fourteen-inch guns leaves the gun at a speed of almost half a mile a second. At three miles the speed has but slightly slackened.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 11, 1919, were \$158,145,663.41; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), \$103,088,839.91; an increase of \$55,056,829.50.

A gain of five and a half millions in the gold reserves held by the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank was the chief feature of the weekly report.

The prices of railroad bonds in many cases are now at the lowest levels in twenty years. Issues protected by abundant stock equities and the obligations of companies receiving rentals from the government largely in excess of fixed charges are nevertheless selling at prices to yield from 7 per cent. to 9 1/2 per cent. Even these yields do not attract many buyers, although industrial stock issues are being currently placed on the market and rapidly absorbed.

The present price level of railroad securities reflects in large measure the apprehension of investors regarding the future. The President has announced that the roads would be returned to their owners at the end of the year. If no legislative action is taken before that

financing requires that there shall always be a proper ratio between bonded debt and capital stock, and the railroad problem will not be solved in a sound financial way if it merely restores the ability of the railroad corporations to borrow money more freely. New partners are needed more than fresh creditors.

In 1900 the capital stocks of the railways were in excess of the amount of their debt, but in 1917 60 per cent. of the capitalization was in the form of debt and only 40 per cent. represented by stock, the excess of bonds being no less than \$3,200,000,000. For a number of years this increasing preponderance of debt in railway capitalization has been noted with apprehension. As the railroad situation has become increasingly involved there is danger that, in any adjustment, the importance of establishing a proper financial structure may be ignored.

During the decade terminating in 1910 the level of security values was generally high and railway credit was good. Twenty of the leading railroad systems issued in that period more than \$1,500,000,000 of new stock for cash at par or higher. The public probably little realizes what a large volume of stock was issued during this period of expansion. Following is a table showing the amount of new stock sold for cash, and the ratio of such stock to the total present outstanding common stock issues. This table, it should be clearly understood, shows stock sales since 1900 only and is by no means a complete list, nor does it include stocks which we believe to have been legitimately issued against adequate property values:

	Stocks Issued.	Ratio.
Baltimore & Ohio.....	\$107,300,000	71 pct.
Boston & Maine.....	11,800,000	30 pct.
Chicago & Northwestern.....	116,000,000	80 pct.
Chic., Burlington & Quincy.....	12,600,000	11 pct.
Chic., Milwaukee & St. Paul	69,200,000	60 pct.
Delaware & Hudson.....	8,800,000	21 pct.
Great Northern.....	118,000,000*	56 pct.
Illinois Central.....	49,200,000	45 pct.
New York Central.....	132,700,000	55 pct.
N. Y., New Haven & Hart.....	146,200,000	82 pct.
Pennsylvania.....	350,000,000	70 pct.
Southern Pacific.....	75,700,000	28 pct.
Union Pacific.....	126,000,000	57 pct.

* Preferred stock. No common outstanding.

These figures will doubtless surprise those who assume that railroad stocks are mostly water. In a recent discussion of the value of railroad property we expressed the belief that the carriers as a whole are not overcapitalized. A similar belief was voiced in the hearings last month before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce by one who served twenty years with the Interstate Commerce Commission and later as a member of the Public Service Commission of the State of New York, Mr. Martin S. Decker:

"Personally, I think very few roads, as they stand today, are overcapitalized.

"The Erie road used to be called a horrible example. That road has made so many contributions from income to the capital account in the past dozen years, paying, of course, no dividends, that it may be said to have practically changed the water in its capitalization into actual tangible property.

"We know that roads like the New York Central and Pennsylvania are not overcapitalized. The commissioners who have dealt with those roads know that they are not overcapitalized. I know that the New York Central line from New York to Albany alone, on the east side of the Hudson River, with all its great terminal properties in New York and its three and four tracks to Albany and its Albany terminal—I know you could not reproduce that property today for the total capitalization of the New York Central, before it took in the Lake Shore. I make that statement advisedly, and I am sure it can be proven. It would take ten years to build it in the first place."

Stephens & Co., investment bankers, have increased their capital stock from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. According to the president, Mr. G. C. Stephens, the increased capital is preparatory to handling the enlarged volume of business since the return to peace conditions and the imminent commercial expansion of the Pacific Coast.

The company began business in 1910. It has a comprehensive organization covering the State of California, with correspondents in the principal Eastern and European money centres, with private telegraph wire connection to New York.

Another purpose of the increase in capital is to enable the company to take into its business as partners a number of its managers and department heads. The officers of the company will be as follows: President, G. C. Stephens; vice-presidents—R. D. Spicer, Howard W. Baker, Ross Thomson, B. M. Wotkins; secretary-treasurer, E. A. Jones; assistant secretaries—T. A. Hutchinson, Fred T. Hill, Jr., F. M. Farrar; cashier, G. T. Jeakins; general sales manager, Gassaway Brashears. Mr. Ross Thomson will continue in charge of the San Francisco offices, with Grove C. Eddy as local sales manager and Fred T. Hill, Jr., as assistant secretary and cashier.

With the steel strike unsettled, it is natural

that the various base metal markets should be found marking time. The undertone is exceptionally favorable, however, and as the strike news continues good optimism grows.

There has been considerable copper in the market for sale by those who sought only with the intention of making a turnover in the raw material, so that prices have shown a weakening tendency there. This, however, would seem only a surface development, for with wheels turning normally in our industries we would soon find a dearth of the red metal.

Silver has been enjoying a pronounced boom and the underlying trend of silver prices is still strongly up, due to the inexorable influence of the laws of supply and demand. Production is still far behind requirements and of surplus stocks there are none.

The cotton market has been advancing to discount a hullish government report. When its influence has disappeared temporarily we may look for a considerable reaction. The trend of cotton prices is hullish and new high record levels may be expected as soon as the world is firmly on a peace basis and international commerce is unhindered.

Grains have been holding better and at times have shown sharp advances as the bear interest has covered. Corn and oats will likely continue to enjoy wide fluctuations.—*The Investor.*

On account of the necessity for more room to accommodate their growing business in all lines of insurance the general agency of Miller, Henley & Scott has removed its office to more commodious quarters on the ground floor of the Royal Building, 201 Sansome Street. Miller, Henley & Scott are general agents for the Western Assurance Company, British America Assurance Company, Firemen's Underwriters Agency, and Tokio Marine and Fire Insurance Company, Ltd.

In its October monthly the National City Bank of New York has the following to say about the steel strike: "The statement of the labor leaders that they were forced into this strike, that they had no alternative, is in conflict with the facts of common knowledge. They were clearly the aggressors. They disturbed a status in which there had been no change for many years, except changes that were favorable to the employees. Moreover, existing conditions are very favorable to the employees. Wages have been increased since 1914 by about 130 per cent, which is more than the increase of living costs by any authoritative calculation. The lowest rate of pay for unskilled, inexperienced employees of the United States Steel Corporation is 45 cents per hour, and the average actual earnings for all the corporation's employees, exclusive of officials, salesmen, and salaried office force, for the month of December, 1918, after the last advance went into effect, was \$6.23 per day. There have been no reductions since. The employees of the steel industry were conspicuous in the class of wage-earners who had profited by the war, as contrasted with many thousands of people in other occupations whose pay or income has not been increased at all, or not enough to meet the increase of living expenses."

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering \$45,500 Lewiston, Montana, 6 per cent. municipal bonds in denominations of \$500 and \$1000, dated October 1, 1919, and due October 1, 1927.

Lewiston is one of the principal cities in Montana, situated in the central part of the state on the Great Northern and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railways. It is the county seat of Fergus County and is the centre of the famous Judith Basin, one of the greatest wheat-producing sections in the United States. Lewiston has four banks, numerous churches, good schools, good hotels, and is an old, substantial, well-built, and prosperous city, the centre for a great and prosperous agricultural area.

The Anglo and London Paris National Bank and the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company are among the firms offering \$1,500,000 Imperial County, California, highway 5 per cent. coupon bonds in denominations of \$1000, dated August 4, 1919, and due serially August 4, 1929-58.

Imperial County, which has an area of 4414 square miles, is situated in the southeastern section of the state. The entire population of the county is conservatively estimated at 60,000. The six largest cities are El Centro, which is the county seat and has a population of 7000, Brawley, Calexico, Imperial, Holtville, and Calipatria.

The county is at the present time served by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The San Diego and Arizona Railroad is now nearing completion, which will make the valley very accessible, and enable its products to be delivered to the seaport of San Diego at a very low cost.

The development of the Imperial Valley has been one of the most remarkable achievements of the century. Agriculture is the prin-

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cial industry and the diversity of crops is very large. There are 125,000 acres planted to alfalfa, which is the largest single crop. The other main products are barley, cotton, cantaloupes, milo maize, and wheat. The cantaloupes shipped from the valley this season alone amounted to 8400 cars. Practically all of the vegetables and fruits indigenous to the north temperate zone thrive in Imperial Valley, vegetables and early fruits ripen far in advance of any other section of the United States. This has made Imperial Valley famous throughout the entire country. The 72,000 head of cattle, 29,000 hogs, and 107,000 sheep indicate to some extent the scope of the live stock industry.

The Colorado River, with the second largest drainage area in the United States, furnishes the irrigation supply, which has never failed. Over 400,000 acres are intensely cultivated, which places Imperial County at the head of all California counties in point of agricultural production.

A widow with four children recently wrote

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to a New York newspaper: "My husband left me a small property of \$30,000, partly from a life insurance and partly from his savings, which I aided him to accumulate by thrift and self-sacrifice. The principal was invested in Pennsylvania Railroad stock safely, and the income of 6 per cent, which it gave me. The income of \$1800 will now purchase only \$900 worth of the necessities of life; in other words, my income has been cut in half. The Big Brothers of the Railroad Combination now demand that this shall be cut from a 6 per cent. to 4 per cent., a further reduction of one-third. Why should I alone suffer and they, by their threats, be allowed to hear none of the common burden?"

She does an injustice to the leaders of the railroad brotherhoods. They don't propose that her dividends be cut from 6 per cent. to 4 per cent. What they want is for the government to take over the railroads at valuations to be fixed by the courts. In the case of the Pennsylvania, which has put a large amount of money back into the property from

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earnings, it might well be that this valuation would exceed the amount of its bonds and stock outstanding, and the stock might get more than its par, or face value in government bonds. As the Liberty Bonds sold to win the war are now selling to yield more than 4 1/2 per cent, it is evident that the government would have to pay a higher rate of interest than that on bonds sold to take over the railroads; and it is therefore conceivable that the widow might get in exchange for her Pennsylvania Railroad stock an amount of government guaranteed bonds that would pay her a larger income than she is now getting from her stock.

But widows whose savings are invested in the stocks, or even bonds, of railroads that have not "plowed" earnings back into the property as has the Pennsylvania, might not fare as well. And this widow was probably correct in assuming that it is the intention of the brotherhood leaders to cut her income from 6 to 4 per cent., should they give her a government bond in exchange for her stock. They have expressed a belief in the heavy over-capitalization of the railroads as a whole, and it would be to their advantage under their plan to have this borne out by the valuations fixed. If this widow did not suffer a loss of income, it would be due only to the good judgment shown by her husband in the choice of a well-protected railroad stock for her investment.

But the reader must not think from all this that there is imminent danger of the Plumb plan for nationalization of the railroads going through. It would place operation of the roads in the hands of the brotherhoods; that is what the plan reduces to. The public has decided completely against government operation of the railroads, and is not likely to sanction a plan to turn them over to these high-women who three years ago held up the President and Congress at the point of a strike in order to get higher wages, and who started out this time with threats of similar action. Higher wages is labor's sole aim. If it could control the purse strings and have the government fill the purse, its situation would be ideal. But the public will be difficult to deal with if properly informed.

The widow, when she asks, "Why should I alone suffer and they, by their threats, be allowed to hear none of the common burden?" speaks for all investors throughout the world; for those who have been thrifty and have saved, those who have made our railroads possible. It is the savings of the past that make the jobs of the present. Without the investments of our widows, which are the savings of our workers, there would not now be work for two million railroad employees. Yet the capital of these widows is only worth half what it was in purchasing power; the income from it will only buy half as much to eat and wear. In an equitable adjustment of railroad rates why should not the plight of these widows be taken into consideration as much as that of the railroad employee who says he can not live decently on what he is getting, although it is twice what he got before the war.

In the case of an industrial company it raises the selling price of its product and pays not only higher wages to its employees, but larger dividends to its stockholders. Witness the number of increased and extra dividends of such companies in the past three years. But the bondholders of these companies are in the same position as the stock and bondholders of the railroads. The true investor, who has laid the foundation for our national development and our present pros-

perity, is today reaping a bitter reward for his or her thrift.

Yet the jobs of the future depend on the savings of the present. If those who are receiving high wages today and are spending extravagantly would stop to think this over, they might put on the brakes and adopt a more sober pace. Their own jobs in the future may depend on their saving and investing now. A concrete case in point is in our foreign trade. Unless we grant the credit so urgently needed abroad, by investing in foreign securities, foreign countries must stop huying here and this support to our prosperity may be lost and a business depression may find many laborers out of work.

For the widow there is a ray of hope in the knowledge that the purchasing power of money has always swung back from an extreme like the present. If the economies now necessary can be met, there are happier days ahead. For the one who is earning good wages today, and who will save some part of them for the future there are sunny days ahead, when the dollar saved today will be worth two dollars in purchasing power. Poor Richard's saying can now be revised to A Penny Saved Will Be Two Pennies Earned.—*Century Magazine.*

In an address delivered before the Buffalo Convention of the American Water Works Association, Leonard Metcalf, the famous hydraulic engineer, gave the following figures showing the number of cases in which state utility commissions increased water rates: 1915, increases granted to four plants; 1916, increases granted to twelve plants; 1917, increases granted to fifteen plants; 1918, increases granted to sixty-seven plants. Metcalf commented on these figures as follows:

"It is important to note that increases were few until the latter part of 1917, or early part of 1918, whereas the marked increase in cost of construction and operation to water works occurred in the latter part of 1916 or early part of 1917.

"A reading of many of the decisions affecting water works and other public utilities seems to indicate that it was the effort of the commissions to maintain the financial credit of the corporations, without attempting to make good the entire loss due to the war and abnormal conditions resulting."

Automobile manufacturers are looking toward the adjustment of their engines to the less volatile but more powerful gasoline now being supplied by petroleum refiners. Refiners, in order to meet the increasing demands upon petroleum stocks, have cut deeper into the crude oil and are producing a fuel considerably more powerful than that of former years. The problem of engine adaptation to the supply of petroleum and its refined parts is one expected to come before the statistical research bureau which the American Petroleum Institute, with headquarters in New York, intends to establish. In this institute producers, refiners, and consumers of oil may join in coordinating their efforts for the improvement of the industry.

Dr. Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines, is also chairman of the improvements committee of the institute. He has recommended to the institute directorate that the new bureau be established with an appropriation of \$1,000,000 a year to be raised on a production basis from refiners and producers. A special committee to consider this recommendation has been appointed by President Thomas A. O'Donnell. A favorable report on the Manning proposal is expected by individual members of the institute.

It is significant to note the spirit of co-operation between petroleum producers, refiners, and automotive engineers. A satisfactory solution of the future of the gasoline problem is expected, and one which will not cause automobile owners to suffer serious loss in the adaptation of their engines to the more powerful fuel.

George B. Forrest, for the past several years manager of sales promotion, export, and other departments of the H. W. Gossard Company, Chicago, has resigned to become sales promotion manager for the Acme Packing Company, Chicago, packers of Red Crown pure food products. In this connection he also becomes editor of the *Red Crown Magazine*, a publication issued by the company in the interests of the wholesale grocer. Mr. Forrest is a Californian, educated and business trained in Eastern States. Some five or six years ago he returned to California, and for about two years he was employed as advertising manager of the *West Coast Magazine*, then published in Los Angeles. In his earlier experience he was ten years in the packing industry

That such plants as "Venus' fly-trap" actually catch and squeeze to death flies and other insects alighting on their leaves has long been known, but the discovery is comparatively recent that the plants digest the softer parts of their prey by means of peptic ferment secreted by the leaves. These are real instances of plants feeding upon animals.

IMMORTALS NEGLECTED.

We constantly hear it said that there are at present no very great men. Especially in literature is their dearth lamented. Where, then, are the immortals?

Alas! they live in very few hearts. The few still devoted to their memory long for a revival of literature, not for a revival among writers, but among readers. When philanthropists foresaw the coming of universal education they dreamt that the national heroes of the pen would be worshipped by every fireside. What was to prevent it? The key of knowledge was to be given to all. Who has hindered them from entering? No one knows. The door is still open. There is still some hope. What a different world it would be if Englishmen—not an intellectual circle or group of circles—cared for English literature. There is no sign that they are going to do so. The tombs of the prophets are not neglected, and that is all.

Never, we suppose, was there a time when literary criticism was so completely distanced. There is no lack of time given to print. No one sits alone with idle eyes. Everybody reads, but the most widely read authors are ignored by the critics, and most of what is read has, so to speak, no author at all. It is anonymous intentionally ephemeral, constantly insincere, almost always written with an immediate but momentary purpose, and with no literary pretension whatever.

Suppose all this were to change tomorrow and a public which is beginning to take an interest in the national treasures of art should turn its attention to the far greater treasure of literature. The effect upon the national character would be incalculable. Suppose, for instance, that the marvels of Old Testament prose once more fascinated the English world, so that men read it because they must read, not as a specimen of Elizabethan English, not to find the matter for controversy, not to increase their historical knowledge of the ancient world, not above all to enable them to sneer at past ignorance, but because they longed to find for their own religion, their own patriotism, their own aspiration, the highest expression of the ages. It would be difficult to imagine a more ennobling influence.

Suppose, again, that the thoughtful man in the street, of whatever class he may come, the man who desires to read some criticism upon life which shall enlarge and clarify his own power of observation, were to become familiar with Boswell's Johnson. How immeasurably his mind would be strengthened! There is an immense deal of Johnsonian trenchancy already in the English working man. At present he reads, when he wants help in his thinking, papers which give him matter for consideration, but no assistance in justly considering it. The odd thing is that his judgment is as little vitiated as it is.

What would happen if Englishmen crowded to see Shakespeare as they crowded once, as they now crowd to the cinemas? If they studied in his pages the heart of man, seeking under his guidance the soul of England, the soul of this great people, should we not gain in mental robustness and moral stature till we stood head and shoulders above Europe?

If when men wanted rhetoric—and they do want rhetoric as they want wine—they read Milton, looking for liberty in the *Areopagitica* and for its symbol in London, should we not behold as true the wondrous vision of the blind man?

"The ship of war hath not there [in London] more anvils and hammers working to fashion out of the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction."—*London Spectator.*

Sentenced to Hymns.

The Twelfth Lancers observed, until 1914, a regimental custom which was said to have its origin in the Peninsular war (says *London Tit-Bits*). According to regimental tradition, certain members of the Twelfth found themselves, after an engagement with the French, detached from the main body, and, there being no officer with them, they decided to go a-looting.

Unfortunately for them and for the high reputation of the regiment, the first building they came to was a convent. How much looting they did is unrecorded; but when their offense was discovered not only were they condemned to be shot, but the whole regiment was sentenced to have hymn tunes played to it every night for one hundred years.

This custom was continued until the outbreak of the war; and we hear that, although the alleged sentence expired some years ago, it will be revived as soon as the Twelfth once more gets to its peace footing.

Evidently, whatever stigma originally attached to the regiment on account of the

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Peninsular incident has long been forgotten, in the splendid achievements of the Twelfth in almost every war cavalry has been engaged in since, and the custom is regarded nowadays as an honor rather than as a punishment. This is a good example of the way in which regular regiments cling to their old traditions and customs, no matter what may be the origin of the latter. The effect which such old customs have on the *esprit de corps* of a regiment can not be overestimated, and the Twelfth is, therefore, to be congratulated on its decision that the hymn-playing custom shall be revived.

Stacy J. Edson was the man who in 1857 invented the green ink that Uncle Sam uses on his bank bills. The ink, which was patented, is anti-photographic—that is, it can not be photographed, nor can counterfeiter in trying to get a facsimile of the notes move it with alkalies. The secret of the ingredients of the ink is of course carefully preserved.

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Assets - - - - - \$60,509,192.14
Deposits - - - - - 57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - 2,387,011.92
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The First Gas Regiment.

General Order 108 of the War Department, dated August 15, 1917, authorizes the formation of a "Gas and Flame Service" for use against the German forces. It was a terrible weapon and one that was brought into play reluctantly, but there was no alternative. It was necessary to fight the enemy with his own instruments.

In this volume the author tells the story of this first gas regiment. It is written with thoroughness and detail. We are told of the composition of the regiment, of the preparation and methods of projection of the gas, and of the battles in which it was used. The regiment was at Château-Thierry, San Mihiel, and the Argonne, and in many lesser engagements, and the exact measure of its participation and its tactical functions are made clear by maps of the fields. It is a chapter of the war written without sensationalism and deserving unstinted applause for its accuracy and scope. Its extensive appendices contain the personnel of the force, casualty lists, awards, citations, and recommendations.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST GAS REGIMENT. By James Thayer Addison, Regimental Chaplain. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Hill of Vision.

In the year 1907 Mr. Frederick Bligh Bond, F. R. I. B. A., was put in charge of certain excavations at Glaston for the Somersetshire Archaeological Society. His chief object was to find the site of the lost "Edgar Chapel," but he was wholly baffled in his search until he had resort to what is known as "automatic writing." The result, to quote the words of Ralph Adams Cram, who supplies the preface, "was in the shape of a rough plan showing the Abbey, the Chapel of St. Joseph, and the 'Edgar Chapel' occupying the traditional place of the Lady Chapel at the east,

the drawing being clearly signed 'Gulielmus Monachus.' Exact and detailed information followed as to dimensions, design, authorship, together with explicit directions as to what remained and where the digging should begin. Thereafter Bond began his excavations, and at the point indicated, six inches below the trial-pits sunk by Mr. St. John Hope in his earlier experiences, he struck squared stone. At the time he came to Erdington he had cleared the complete footings of the chapel, nearly all *in situ*, and the figures given in the automatic writings were proved almost to an inch."

This was the beginning of a long series of experiments in automatic writing, and of communications that were by no means confined to archaeology, but included the progress of the war and the convulsions that are to follow the war. That their authenticity is vouched for by Ralph Adams Cram gives them an importance that can not be overlooked, but the reader must supply his own interpretation in the light of the facts and of his own judgment.

THE HILL OF VISION. By Frederick Bligh Bond, F. R. I. B. A. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

The Sea Bride.

Stories of adventure, good ones, are few and far between, but we have one here, and of the best. It is a story of the New England whaler and of the hardy men who comb the sea for their harvest and who stay afloat until it is reaped.

But it is also a novel, and with the usual elements of the novel. Faith Kilcup, still a girl, marries Noll Wing, captain of a whaler, and sails with him on her honeymoon. Noll is much older than Faith, but in some strange way he has fascinated the girl and doubtless means well by her. But Noll changes under the stress of the voyage. The captain of a crew of brutal men is not quite the same as the devoted lover, and Noll seems suddenly to grow old. Always a drinking man, he now drinks to excess. He brutally assaults a sailor and kicks his eye out, and is then tortured by a morbid dread of the man's vengeance. He loses his grip on himself and on his crew, and we see the beginnings of a rapid process of degeneration, physical, mental, and moral. We see also the pitiful efforts of Faith to sustain her husband's manhood and to preserve a loyalty and a devotion that had been misplaced.

All this is admirably told, and it is in no way a disparagement of the love story to say that the greater interest of the book is in its description of the whale fishing. Perhaps it is the best thing of its kind that has been done. Here we see the life of the whaler from day to day, the spells of idleness when there is nothing to do but watch and wait, the feverish excitement of the pursuit, the combats that are fought between the hunters and the hunted, the many tragedies, the bitter failures, and the triumphant victories. The author evidently knows the life of the whaler, and he seems to know it from intimate experience. Moreover, he has the gift of narrative and

description to no ordinary degree. Let us hope that he has the material for other stories of a like kind, and he need not doubt the welcome that is always given to work so competent and so thorough as this.

THE SEA BRIDE. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Deep Waters.

It is a long time since we heard from Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and we were almost afraid that the Watchman and Sam Small might have gone hence. But not so. They are still at the post of duty, so to speak, although their peregrinations in search of liquid refreshment are as numerous as ever. The sailorman, says the Watchman, is like a fish. He is safest when at sea. There is sure to be trouble when he comes ashore.

But not all of these stories concern the Watchman and his maritime acquaintances. There are two exceptionally good stories in which sailor folk do not figure at all. "The Convert" relates the sufferings of the pugnacious Joe Billing, who gets converted and finds the usual difficulty in turning the other cheek. In "Striking Hard" we learn how Mr. Porter goes on strike and how Mrs. Porter promptly follows his example with dire results to the domestic ménage. Mr. Jacobs should write more of these stories. He has a line of humor distinctly his own and it is not likely to lack a welcome.

DEEP WATERS. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Unconducted Wanderers.

This is the story of two young Englishwomen who escaped from the desolations of war by a journey half around the world. They crossed the Atlantic and sailed from California to Hawaii, thence to Samoa and Fiji and on to Australia, returning home by way of New Guinea, Siam, Cochinchina, South China, North China, Korea, and Japan.

We may doubt if this is quite the time for travel books, and particularly travel books that cover familiar roads. But this one is undeniably well written, although the author has a certain tendency toward the snap judgment. And the illustrations are good.

UNCONDUCTED WANDERERS. By Rosita Forbes. New York: John Lane Company.

Small Craft.

We became familiar with the war verse of C. Fox Smith during the course of the struggle. Most of it was published in English magazines and newspapers, but it found its way across the water and received the applause due to an energy and rhythm sometimes suggestive of Kipling. Among the better-known poems is "The Ballad of the Dinkinbar" and "The Open Boat." There are fifty-four ballads and poems in the volume of nearly uniform excellence, a distinct contribution to the literature of the war.

SMALL CRAFT. By C. Fox Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company.

New Books Received.

HOMING WITH THE BIRDS. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. The results of a lifetime of personal study and observation of bird life.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright. New movements in India.

THE STORY OF OUR NATIONAL BALLADS. By C. A. Browne. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Origins of famous ballads. A SAILOR'S HOME. By Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company. Short stories.

THE RAIN GIRL. By the author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster." New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE HEALTH OF THE TEACHER. By Dr. William Estabrook Chancellor. Chicago: Forbes & Co. Advice on hygiene.

DANGER SIGNALS FOR TEACHERS. By Dr. A. E. Winship. Chicago: Forbes & Co. New conditions that have arisen in the profession of teaching.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MONROE TAYLOR. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Biography.

THE CHILDREN'S LIFE OF THE BEE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. With illustrations.

LIGHT. By Henri Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. A novel.

THE GROUND SWELL. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. A novel.

CALIFORNIA DESERT TRAILS. By J. Smeaton Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. The Colorado Desert of Southern California.

FIELD, FOREST AND FARM. By Jean Henri Fahre. New York: The Century Company. Farming, gardening, and fruit raising.

THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER. By H. H. Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. A novel.

THE SECRETS OF ANIMAL LIFE. By J. Arthur

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Thomson, M. A., LL. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Natural history.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHINA AND JAPAN. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

New political relations.

THE SEA BRIDE. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. A novel.

COMRADE ROSALIE. By Mary Constance Du Bois. New York: The Century Company. A war story.

WATTY AND CO. By Edward Hall Putnam. New York: The Macmillan Company. For children. Illustrated.

THE TALES OF CHEKHOV. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The Bishop" and other stories.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA. By Herbert Adams Gibbon. New York: The Century Company. Eminent domain in the continent of Asia.

JURGEN. By James Branch Cahell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. A novel.

MAETERLINCK'S DOGS. By Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Dogs that have played some part in Maeterlinck's life.

BUSINESS INSPIRATIONS. By Christian D. Larson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. New Thought.

TRAOITION AND CHANGE. By Arthur Waugh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Studies in contemporary literature.

TROUPEING FOR THE TROOPS. By Margaret Mayo. New York: George H. Doran Company. The story of a tour unique in theatrical history.

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The Glory of Going On.

The author hases her novel upon an admirable text. She shows us a young girl in easy circumstances who decides to put the conventional life on one side and to make her own career through the agency of music. She fails in her singing because she has been badly taught. She marries the wrong man and lives an unloved and rather ignominious life. Eventually she frees herself, but only to meet with fresh calamity, and when we leave her she is still holding her head high and as resolved as ever to go on. The idea is an inspiring one.

But unfortunately the modern novelist so rarely thinks it necessary to picture real human beings, or to show motives as they really exist. We can hardly admit that Hilda, the heroine of this story, is a real human being. We are quite sure that Peter, whom Hilda ought to have married in the first place, is not a human being. Why did he desert Hilda when she told him that she was going to have a second baby? She was married, and she had a right to have as many babies as she pleased. If Peter had been a real human being he would have compelled her to marry him early in the story. In point of fact he is a rather effeminate muf and not a man at all.

THE GLORY OF GOING ON. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Co.

Field, Forest and Farm.

Jean Henri Fahre is a perpetual surprise. One might also say that he is a perpetual humiliation when we remember that he was allowed to live his long and beautiful life practically without recognition, and that his extraordinary powers did little more than cover him with the obscuring veil thrown by scientific jealousy. For probably there was never such an observer of nature as this, nor one whose sympathy and love for nature were so rewarded with reciprocal confidences.

Fahre's reputation in English-speaking countries has been mainly based on his studies of insects, surely the most fascinating that were ever given to the world. But here he takes a somewhat wider ground. He tells us of soils and their constituents, of fertilizers, of the operations of the farm, such as pruning, seeding, grafting, and drainage. We have chapters on the insects and birds of the farm and on agricultural pests and helpers. The book is described as "things interesting to young nature-lovers, including some matters of moment to gardeners and fruit-growers." It is a modest description and one hardly adequate to a work that is almost magical in its insight and that seems so clearly to reflect the wise and kindly mind that gave it birth. The translation from the French is by Florence Constable Bicknell, who deserves our thanks for the fidelity and grace of her work.

FIELD, FOREST AND FARM. By Jean-Henri Fahre. New York: The Century Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Dr. Emory R. Johnson, author of "The Panama Canal and Commerce," co-author of "Principles of Ocean Transportation," etc., has been appointed dean of the Wharton School

of the University of Pennsylvania. He will, of course, retain the teaching position which he has long held at the university, that of professor of transportation and commerce.

Miss Amelia Josephine Burr returned from an interview with General Pershing during which he had expressed his appreciation of her book of war verse, "The Silver Trumpet" (Doran), and told the elevator girl in her hotel that she had just shaken hands with General Pershing. "Is that all?" said the elevator girl. "Why didn't you kiss him?" Miss Barr, it seems, hadn't thought of that.

The English version of Edmund Gosse's "Some Diversions of a Man of Letters" (to be published on this side by Charles Scribner's Sons this month) was brought out by Heinemann on September 21st, the seventieth birthday of the venerable essayist and critic. A number of leading men and women of letters joined in presenting him on his birthday with a hush of himself by Sir William Goscombe John, R.A., and an address of congratulation signed by more than a hundred of his friends as a "mark of appreciation of the work he has done for English literature."

A news dispatch from Paris this week states that Raymond Recouly's biography of General Foch is arousing wide and favorable comment because it presents for the first time the originals of disputed dispatches hearing on crucial points in the war. Recouly, who was on the French general staff in close contact with Foch, has been permitted to search the files of the French army headquarters in the preparation of this volume on the Allied commander-in-chief. His book will be published in this country by the Scribner's.

The John Lane Company has gone to press with the second edition of H. de Vere Stacpoole's "The Beach of Dreams" and announce the second edition of William J. Locke's "Far-Away Stories" as just ready.

Captain Alfred Johnson, a Gloucester fisherman of Danish birth, was the first man to cross the ocean unaccompanied even by a dog. His dory, the *Centennial*, built in Gloucester, was sixteen feet long, twenty feet over all, five and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep. Captain Johnson sailed in her from Gloucester on June 13, 1876, and arrived at Liverpool on August 21st, sixty-seven days from Gloucester. Captain Howard Blackburn, another Gloucester fisherman, known as the fingerless navigator because of the loss of all his fingers, made his first lone voyage across the Atlantic in his thirty-foot boat, the *Great Western*, leaving Gloucester, Massachusetts, on June 18, 1899, and reaching Gloucester, England, in sixty-two days. Two years later he sailed in the twenty-five-foot boat, *Great Republic*, from Gloucester to Lisbon, Portugal, in thirty-nine days. Captain Joshua Slocum sailed from Boston in April, 1893, in the forty-foot sloop *Spray*, in which he made a voyage around the world, occupying three years.

From the Metropolitan tower, New York, on a clear day can be seen the homes of one-sixteenth of the entire population of the United States.

OBSERVED AMONG CZECHS.

What an American Salesman Saw.

Occasionally a bright, observant American writes a letter from abroad to a government department on a subject in which it is interested, but it is so interwoven with comments on political and internal affairs that for reasons of state neither the department nor the writer may be mentioned in connection with it. Such a communication has just been received (says the *New York Herald*) from a commercial traveler sent to the Czecho-Slovak territory by a Western firm to find a market for tractors. He says in part:

"I am sorry that there is little hope at the present time of disposing of our machines here. Exchange is unfavorable as well as unstable, and the new republic has no purchasing power. No industries are running and no effort is being made to set them going, not even to the extent of producing enough to live. Like all the new governments in Central Europe as I find them today, politics seems to be the one industry in which any one is interested. Most of the influential men, who realize the importance of production and have criticized the government for its non-interest, have been silenced by being handed a nice fat job under the existing régime.

"I have talked my head off advising big manufacturers, bankers, government officials, and even workmen to get down to business and produce things with the aid of American manufacturers, money, and up-to-date machinery. To this suggestion only the workmen seem open. Apparently they realize that production is necessary in order to live and pay debts. And they also want American methods. At first this seemed strange, but I found out that many of them have brothers or other relatives who live in America and in a style that seems to the average man in Czecho-Slovakia the greatest luxury and something he is willing to work for.

"The financial interests resent my ideas very much. They do not think the workman should have as high wages as we pay; they are bitterly opposed to his having any share in profits. In fact they are a very greedy lot and very keen about horrowing money from the United States. They remind me of the little fellow without a penny to invest who wants to start a new and risky business with some other fellow's money and pocket all the profits.

"The Austrians, by the way, are still smuggling money into Bohemia. They have in Austria all their old machinery for making money and are losing no opportunities of getting rich quick. This smuggling of paper money is very bad for Czecho-Slovakia, as the present metal currency there is very scarce. It is largely composed of gold and silver jewelry, gifts from patriotic citizens. The deficit is about three billion crowns. There seems no way to even estimate the losses to the country's treasury involved in the great amount of smuggled Austrian paper money, some of which has bought valuable real estate in Prague as well as in other parts of Czecho-Slovakia. The Germans realize that there is less risk in property in that country than there is in paper money in Austria.

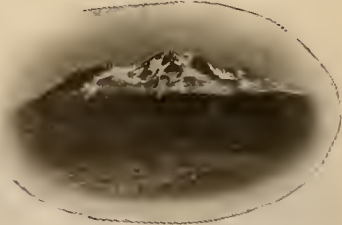
"It seems to be a race to ruin between two factions—the Agrarians and Socialists on the one hand and the so-called bourgeois party on the other—to see who can get out from under the first and leave the shattered remains of the government on the shoulders of the less fortunate party. President Masaryk seems to be the only man in Czecho-Slovakia who understands what should be done. He is of broad international experience, but the wrangling factions have tied his hands by curtailing his power. I learn that he is really a prisoner, but denies that, while admitting that he has no power of administration. A naturalized American minister here says the trouble is that while the United States, with 110,000,000 people, has only two big parties, Czecho-Slovakia, with only 12,000,000, has ten big ones and God knows how many small ones. I guess that's right.

"I greatly fear that their import and export business is to be left to the mercy of German efficiency, as it was before the war. The Germans already have been quite frank in that they intend to cover themselves with Czecho-Slovak citizenship and, despite the popular hate for the Germans and everything German, the Czecho-Slovakian officials still think that the Germans should do business for them, saying that the Germans have had so much more experience.

"For example, there is now in the United States as representative of the Poldi Steel Works of Bohemia a German, who was sent there notwithstanding the fact that there are capable men for the position who are real Czecho-Slovaks. I advised strongly against sending to the United States any man who speaks English with a German accent to represent a Czech house.

"Here is another evidence of their simplicity in doing business: During the war there was a Bohemian Hebrew who was expelled from the United States for espionage. After the war he returned to the United

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States with a passport of the Czecho-Slovak Republic and formed a corporation for export and import for Bohemia. He raised a capital of \$30,000,000 and is today doing business under the protection of the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

"Perhaps this should be more of an industrial report. You must realize that one can not report any matter from Central Europe today without touching on politics, which is the bread and butter of the few at the expense of the many. I do not hesitate to say that within a very short time there will be Bolshevism in Central Europe. That is, you will tell it is Bolshevism. But when the economic collapse that the country is heading for comes the present government will throw the reins to the workmen and say to the world: 'They made Bolshevism.'

"The only idea the workers have of Bolshevism is that they are united against it. They are too near Russia and know too much about Bolshevism. They have had plenty of opportunity of starting it long ago if they wanted it. They have an ideal of making their little republic like America, but it seems their present set of politicians have too great a heritage from Austria. When the country is absolutely shattered and these politicians have escaped, they will leave it for the workers and cry 'Bolsheviks.'

"It is unnatural for the people themselves to try Bolshevism in Bohemia. They have just had a revolution to gain their independence. They have too much to hope for. If hegging the government to start the factories and give them work is Bolshevism, then Bolshevism has come in Bohemia.

"I could write pages about the demoralizing effects of the system of paying for unemployment in Czecho-Slovakia. I am convinced that the sooner these people are made to realize that the position of the United States in relation to them is not that of a fond and foolish mother who indulges every whim of the child to its detriment, but of a willing friend who is able to help only those who help themselves, the better it will be for them."

The rate of mortality the life insurance companies had to meet in 1918 was about 32 per cent. greater than in 1917 and 14 per cent. greater than the average death rate for a score of years. This great advance was due mainly to the influenza epidemic, the ravages of which continued during several months of the current year. Thirty-eight life insurance companies reporting to the New York Insurance Department were called upon to pay for death claims and endowments about \$93,000,000 more than in 1917. The increase in death losses paid by legal reserve companies was approximately \$123,000,000 in the United States and Canada—mainly due to the influenza, on lives under age fifty. To meet the exceptional mortality the surplus funds of legal reserve companies as they stood at the end of 1917 were depleted more than \$37,000,000. Normally the increase of surplus should have been about \$40,000,000, indicating a direct draft on surplus of about \$77,000,000, owing to the abnormal mortality. Fraternal orders having limited surpluses and small reserves suffered very severely.

There was a sensational moment at the Brighton meeting of the British Association in 1872. Stanley had just returned from Africa, and was relating the story of his meeting with Livingstone at Ujiji. Livingstone had asked for news of the outside world. "I told him," said Stanley, "that Europe had been convulsed, dynasties overthrown, and that Napoleon is at this moment a refugee in England." A thrill ran through the great audience, for among them was sitting Napoleon, with the Empress Eugénie by his side. The ex-emperor was seen to start and turn pale, and he did not recover composure for some minutes.

A thief alarm invented in Europe is small enough to be carried in a vest pocket and explodes a cartridge when any object is moved.

The Ranchman

By Charles Alden Seltzer

He heard two men talking

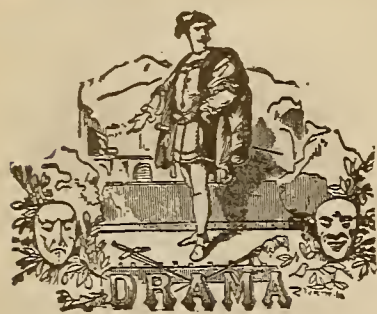
on the train, about Marian Harlan—and he knew the girl with them was she whom Larry Harlan had begged him to protect. His job was cut out for him even then, though neither he nor she knew it.

It is a rapid-fire story of thrilling fights, close calls and hand-to-hand battles with politicians, crooks and "bad men" for the mastery of a town and the love of a girl.

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"PAID IN FULL."

This well-known play of a well-known author still has considerable drawing power. The Alcazar was just about full Sunday night, the audience testifying the keenest relish in the situations developed between the wedded pair. For if there is anything more interesting than a wedded pair to Mr. and Mrs. Average who are steady theatre patrons I defy you to produce it. The day is over when romances closed with the engagement of the pair whose course of true love had not run smooth. The turbulent breakers and the hidden reefs begin, we now realize, after marriage, and as the world, or the younger proportion of it at least, is always tending toward matrimony, it is enormously interested in knowing how the other fellows steer their frail barks over the boiling waters.

The waters do bubble and seethe considerably in "Paid in Full," and the procedures of Joe Brooks, the seething in particular, are viewed with scornful reprobation by the women, and a sort of good-natured, tolerant contempt by the men.

The play shows the company to advantage. They have something firm and stable to take hold of. There is plenty of genuine human nature, drama tense and human, and a considerable admixture of discerning humor. The company played it simply: the best way. There is something enigmatic in the character of Captain Williams, as first propounded, and in the visit of the wife to him to plead for her erring husband. I think, too, that the dramatist is, or was, we should say, as the play is getting quite hoary, guilty of some disingenuousness in respect to this same visit. For did he not seek to cloud the wife's motives and intentions somewhat, not to be artistically insistent, but in order to stimulate our interest? The same disingenuousness is apparent in Emma's insistence that she dislikes and distrusts the burly captain; a dislike that the dramatist fails to stress in any way, in the things she says to him.

However, these are but minor faults or foibles in a play which is constructed out of real stuff and which shows the American tendency to exalt the value of the mighty dollar to undue limits. Perhaps that fault of ours is not so great since the war. Perhaps. But who knows anything about any of us nowadays in this changing world.

I was immensely tickled to observe the sympathetic absorption of the Young Wedded in the audience in the household tasks performed by the Brookses as they did up the nightly after-dinner dish-washing stunt. Really, considering what a yellow mongrel Joe Brooks was, Mrs. Joe did wonders in getting as much out of him as she did. Probably the dramatist, besides wishing to indicate the poverty and frugal living of the pair, wished also to intimate that Joe Brooks loved, so far as he was able, the wife that he did not know how to guard and cherish.

The piece, besides giving Henry Shumer an excellent opportunity to show his capable stage directorship, also furnished him with the meaty rôle of Captain Williams, to which he did full justice, giving to that well-salted character all the appearance, tone, and manner which best expressed his masculinely dual nature.

Walter Richardson improved on merely good and kindly Jimsies I have seen in the past by artistically suppressing the sentimentality and laying emphasis on the tolerant observation and comprehension of human nature, the loyal dependableness, and the manly instinct of the fighting male to guard the purity of the woman he respects and loves. Also the humorous tone and deliberate speech with which he ended the character of Jimsie lent it individuality.

Thomas Chatterton, who is becoming quite valuably versatile, was extremely satisfactory in the part of Joe, the good-looking yellow dog whom Emma had loved and married.

Belle Bennett, of course, was Emma, bestowing upon that constant priestess of the hearthstone an aura of gentle womanliness most suitable to the character. Miss Bennett did the emotional scenes particularly well, for they were not any too easy, demanding the quiet expression of poignant feeling. The

remaining rôles were in good hands, and the general performance was most commendable.

"THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

When Forbes-Robertson was here in San Francisco on his last acting tour preceding his retirement from the stage he was longing for rest. He gave "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and no one could more beautifully look the part than did he. With his beautiful spiritual countenance, his gentle, graceful dignity, he embodied our conception of the Paserby who introduced into the sordid London lodging the spirit of Christ. And yet I felt that his wearied spirit was absent. I felt it, too, in other plays that he gave. He was ready to leave the stage, and when a player ceases to enjoy the exercise of his art he can not cause the receptive imagination to flower out to its fullest response. In "Problems of the Actor," by the well-known English actor, Louis Calvert, the author tells of Forbes-Robertson's explaining to him that the constant, endless repetition of the rôle finally caused him to recite his lines with an absent spirit, and that "once or twice he had actually forgotten what act he was in at the moment; and then, on coming to himself, had been amazed to find that his tongue was faithfully repeating the proper lines!" A most convincing testimony to the deadening effect of long runs on the histrionic imagination of the player.

Forbes-Robertson was enough of an artist to take such experiences as a warning that his artistry was fading, and I do not doubt that they influenced him to resolve on his retirement. It was a wise decision, for an art that ceases to give pleasure to the artist who exercises it is bound to deteriorate.

Mr. Keller said, in one of his curtain speeches, that he loved his work. Although his youth is over, his spirit of enjoyment remains. I believe it from my own experience, for he made me feel the beauty of Jerome K. Jerome's play more than did Forbes-Robertson. And this in spite of the superior ability of the more famous player and the poor quality of Keller's company. When I saw the play before I was out of it, surveying it coldly and questioning the probabilities. This time I was in the spirit of it, and enjoyed the heart-softening effect of a gentle, wise, soul-searching spirit clearing away the tangle of hard suspicion and selfish calculation from poor, straying souls worth the saving. Mr. Keller's recital of the lines was admirable. They came as a clear and gentle music that lingered pleasantly on the ear, soothing away doubt, criticism, and incredulity. The company, too, appeared to better advantage than in the Shakespearean drama, their entire lack of poetic charm being unremarked in a play which is meant to display the petty vices and potential virtues of poor, pathetic, everyday human nature.

For his last week Mr. Keller was lucky enough to be able to offer the Fanny and Frederick Hatton play, "The Great Lover." It was a chance for us here in San Francisco to see it, for many of those metropolitan successes never reach us out here. But Mr. Keller was not as fortunately placed as in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and, as his support is poor, the need of a company of metropolitan distinction properly to assume the diverse rôles in the play was altogether too palpable.

Mr. Keller, without being a brilliant actor, is a very capable one, and this is the first time one could not feel in his work a certain suggestion of the authority of, well, in some degree, a master in his craft. The Great Lover, however, is a French opera singer, a polyglot cosmopolite who has sung and loved all over the world. An actor of more flexible methods than Mr. Keller, who is a serious, long-legged, rather ungraceful Englishman of the mastiff type of countenance, is needed for the rôle. He does nothing badly; and so he did not fail, but neither did he succeed. He was rather slipshod in his pronunciation of the various scraps of foreign tongues with which the tenor garnished his discourse, and as there is rather a subdued flavor of sex in his love-making he scarcely could shine as a persistent and consistent wooer of lovely woman. It was merely in externals that his acting told in the rôle, and as for the company, their deficiencies were very very apparent. They were obliged to depict temperamental singers of various nationalities, an impresario, several conductors, stage managers, press agents, and the like. There were French, Italian, and German accents to struggle with, and physiognomies to match. There were forests of musical hair and beards. Poor company! It looked like Mme. Tussaud's wax works, although two or three of the number came out pretty well.

As for the play itself, it offers an interesting sidelight on the lives of opera singers. The first act is full of bustle and change, of the comings and goings of the weird-looking child-like beings that compose a grand opera troupe. In this act comedy holds sway, with just a touch of romance. In the second romance and drama are more to the fore, and

in the third the final failure of the great tenor's voice projects upon the scene an element of pathos. Yet it is on a note of comedy that the play ends, for the tenor, true to himself, having just lost one sweetheart turns with ever reviving interest, to the pleasures to be experienced in making a new conquest.

With such a company we have only about half seen the play. But we have half seen it, and, imaging it as presented by a star and company of metropolitan flavor, can easily conceive how great are its normal possibilities to please.

LEADERS.

In a recent article in an Eastern periodical William Allen White lifts the curtain that has been intervening between an interested world and Great Britain, revealing, to our amazement, that a sort of economic revolution has actually taken place in the tight little island. The labor party is the party in the saddle; yes, even though the government denied the plea of the miners for governmental ownership of the coal mines. But what made us realize how thoroughly the power of the conservative, aristocratic class is broken is the picture he painted of the lowly estate of the nobles living on allowances from their own property limited by a labor-controlled government; on sufferance, as it were, forced to put up with very limited service from attendants who are no longer at the call of a bell, and obliged to do some of the work themselves. Titles, he tells us, are to be extinct; all except those of the king, who is to be left undisturbed because the workingmen's party is so busy accomplishing its economic revolution that it will not be diverted from the task to anything not closely connected with economics.

What is particularly interesting, however, is the discovery that the workingman's class have competent leaders and the helpless aristocrats have none. Their natural leaders became officers in the army seeking to inspire the men under them to deeds of bravery by their reckless valor, as a result of which they are dead by the thousands.

Romance has seemed dead, too, in these war-seared times, and all the picturesqueness of life. And then some one reminds us of D'Annunzio?

Well, what about D'Annunzio? Romance was there and picturesqueness in plenty when the poet and orator of Italy took the bit in his teeth, and, with his valorous young followers, broke through all governmental and military restrictions and seized Fiume for Italy.

There was a leader for you, you may well say. And indeed all Italy has been looking to him to furnish it the patriotic thrill when the war grew tedious, spirits faltered, and purses and larders were equally empty.

A review of D'Annunzio's career, however, is not reassuring. The poet is undoubtedly a fervent patriot, but he is also a self-advertiser and a poseur. His instinct for the spectacular is so strong that the Italian general staff, during the war, took advantage of it, and used D'Annunzio and his speeches and his exploits to stimulate the flame of the war spirit when it burned low.

But he is, in spite of his æsthetic bent, not a man of natural dignity of character. The D'Annunzio of pre-war days was an extremist, a denier of all good, a man given over to sampling all the sense savors that life can offer. He over-cultivated his æsthetic sensibilities and didn't pay the bills for the process, and his love affairs were conducted in a spotlight, as it were. All Europe and a pretty considerable proportion of his readers in America knew who was the real woman whose unslaked passion for him made up the story of "Fusco." It seemed a cruel thing to do to drag into publicity the personal dignity of the gifted woman artist whose instinct was to guard and preserve it.

To the discerning mind the real truth about D'Annunzio, as plainly evinced in his books, is that he was suffering from satiation of both soul and body. He had tasted, experienced, enjoyed too much. He was perpetually seeking new sensations, generally of a super-æsthetic nature. In the meantime youth was going, going, gone! D'Annunzio is only four or five years off from being a sexagenarian. Before the war he had lost nearly all of his illusions and all his hair. Some of his friends believed that he was contemplating suicide before 1914. That theory may account for some of his deeds of reckless daring, although their more immediate impulse sprang, no doubt, from his ardent patriotism.

But the war was his opportunity. It provided him with a motive for living—or dying. It revived his zest for life, his interest in the affairs of his fellow-men. A thousand brave deeds are credited to him. It can not be doubted, when this man of fifty-odd, became one of the most daring fliers of Europe, that he was brave, very brave. His eloquence made him a valuable aid to the Allies, for he waged war against the Central Alliance with voice and pen. His is one of the most picturesque personalities of the war, and yet,

after all, D'Annunzio's life has tended to make him more notorious than famous. His books are beautifully written, but the spirit in them is that of a sated voluptuousness. His style, his phraseology is beautiful, but he leaves ugly, inharmonious, and sometimes sordid images on the mind. Think of the house caked with bird dirt in "The Intruder," recall the unpleasant futility of the story of the unwelcome infant, remember the dreadful tyranny of the wholly voluptuous bond between the rebellious man and the persistent woman in "The Triumph of Death." Hideous, hideous! No; while it can not be denied that D'Annunzio has made notable contributions to literature, has inspired his countrymen to attain to loftier heights of renunciation and endurance by his own courage and patriotism, has made all Europe marvel at the skill and intrepidity of his air flights, yet we are entitled to doubt if a bored and aging voluptuary who has contemplated suicide as a means of escaping from the ennui of life is the right kind of leader for ardent, generous youth. D'Annunzio threw himself and his followers into the Fiume situation with inspiring words which gave courage to the more doubtful: "I will answer for you with my head, my spirit, my whole self! . . . To have participated in this most audacious enterprise will be the surest title to glory. . . . I take upon myself every accusation, all the blame and the glory therein, and I answer for your immunity." But can he? In this sad time when



XXVIII.

The Single Exception

We all know families which have the same income today that they had before the war.

These families can not possibly live as they lived before, unless they run into debt.

If they live within their income, they must deny themselves many things to which they were accustomed.

A dollar doesn't go as far as it used to go. Some experts say that compared to five years ago a dollar has the purchasing power of about 60 cents.

The price of everything, from rent to shoe shines, has gone up in San Francisco.

That makes it awfully hard for the families whose income has remained the same.

But wait a minute!

The price of one thing has not gone up—water!

Water sells for the same price in San Francisco today that it did before the war, though it costs a great deal more to produce.

So we are in the same boat as those families of fixed income.

Everything costs us more than before, but we derive our income from the single commodity that has not advanced in price.

Like those families, we feel the need of more money to meet our increased expenses.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

Theatre Francais

A. FERRIER, Director

SATURDAY, Oct. 25, at 8:30
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
 (Van Ness and Sutter)

La Noce du Poilu Lepinard
 Musical Farce in 3 Acts (on the prohibition)
 Third Act—Grand Costumed Ball

Reserved seats, \$2, \$1, 75c, 50c. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Sts. (one week before the performance) and now at the French Book Store, 324 Stockton St., and Ferrier Studio, 1409 Hyde St. Phone—Franklin 3322.

so many striplings of the coming day and generation lie dead it was too perilous an enterprise to venture more of the precious lives of youth. No matter what the outcome may be, it was a rash leadership to which those young men yielded, and one too aesthetically aware of the picturesqueness of it to be as selfless as it should be. And is it not yet another instance of age's prodigality with the generous lives of youth?

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

An estimate was made by Mr. Bonar Law recently that every question put in the British House of Commons costs a guinea, for many of them involve the collection of local information and a series of telegrams before the department concerned in the matter can frame a reply. Besides this there is the expense of typewritten copies, the printing of the question in the Orders of the Day, and the final report of question and answer in Hansard.

Artificial arms and legs were, it is believed, used in Egypt as early as 700 B. C. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians and surgeons of those days in the land of the Nile.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

OPENING "POP" CONCERT

Of the 1919-1920 Season

CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., OCT. 19, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Fra Diavolo," Auber; Larghetto, Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Ballet Suite, "Henry VIII," Saint-Saens; overture, "Phedre," Massenet; Minuet, Boccherini; Moment Musical, Schubert-Stock; March Slav, Tschaiakowsky.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.) Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre on concert days only.

Next—Oct. 24 and 26, 2d Pair Symphonies.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

Trixie Friganza comes to the Curran Theatre for a single week, beginning Sunday night, October 19th, in a new comedy with music, "Poor Mama!"

The hook of "Poor Mama!" was written by Elmer Harris, co-author of "So Long, Letty," and "Canary Cottage," while the catchy lyrics and music are the work of Jean Havez.

The irresistible Friganza personality has been fitted with a rôle that is as becoming as the Friganza smile. She portrays a rather kittenish widow, encumbered with five children, who have the habit of hobnobbing at the most inopportune and therefore embarrassing moments. For the plot divulges several admirers of the male persuasion who believe her childless, and Trixie, or Grace Pine, as she is known on the programme, endeavors to keep up the illusion.

The action is dotted with bright song numbers handled in a novel way. The supporting company furnished by Producer Thomas O'Day is worthy of the popular star.

Saturday night's performance will conclude the engagement of the dramatic novelty, "Under Orders," with Zeffie Tilbury and Richard L. Tucker.

The new edition of the Fancho-Marco 1919 Revue follows on Sunday, October 26th.

The Alcazar.

"A Regular Feller," by the popular farceur Mark Swan, has its first production west of the Great White Way by the comedians of the New Alcazar company next week, commencing at Sunday's matinee. It is crammed full of the humors of car salesmanship, tire exploitation, wayside garage vicissitudes, and everything that makes the wheels go round. "A Regular Feller" recklessly breaks the laughing speed limit, hits on every fun cylinder, and does no skidding. Even New York could not provide a better cast than that of the Alcazar, with Walter P. Richardson as the auto salesman; Thomas Chatterton as the dreamy inventor of the non-puncturable tire; Belle Bennett and Emily Pinter as their sweethearts; Henry Shumer as the fat, convivial mechanic; Vaughan Morgan as the rural horse fancier, whose purchase of a scrap heap "bus" transforms him into a speed maniac; Jean Oliver as the hotel waitress with no lines, but much comic pantomime; Al Cunningham and Graham Earl as the scheming magnates; Edna Shaw as the haughty tourist; Nate Anderson as the village hotel-keeper, and Rafael Brunetto as the scheming secretary.

Early Alcazar offerings will be Laurette Taylor's newest success, "Happiness," "The Country Cousin," "The Little Teacher," "Stop Thief," "Nothing But Lies," and John H. Blackwood's installment plan drama, "A Dollar Down." The Belasco and Mayer playhouse

is scoring hit after hit, and its present season is rich in up-to-date releases.

The Orpheum.

Albertina Rasch, the Polish dancer, and her company will head the Orpheum bill next week, appearing in interpretative dance creations conceived and arranged by her. Albertina Rasch has established herself as the best classical dancer of today, not only for her perfect technique, but for her genius in her interpretation of every sort of dance.

"Sweeties" is modern American for one's best het in "Sweethearts." William Friedlander and Will M. Hough have used the expression as a title for an exceedingly amusing one-act play which might be described as an "International Matrimonial Alliance."

Comfort and King thoroughly fill the demand for negro characterizations. They will appear in the laughable skit, "Coontown Divorçons."

Harry Norwood and Alpha Hall in "Sense and Nonsense" emphasize the old proverb, "There's many a true word spoken in jest." It is a singing and talking novelty.

Kharum, the Persian pianist, is undoubtedly a virtuoso. He appears in his national costume.

The Melnotte Duo, clever gymnasts, will introduce an original balancing act called "A Night Out."

Jack Morrissey and his company of Australian ropers and whipcrackers, will manifest their skill in an unusual but interesting manner.

The successful musical comedy, "Not Yet Marie," will be the only holdover in a remarkable and novel bill which will have as a special added attraction the celebrated humorist, James J. Morton, who is appropriately styled "An Animated Programme," for he facetiously announces each act in the bill, apparently unconscious of the fact that he himself is the life of the party.

The "Pop" Series of Concerts.

Alfred Hertz will open the "Pop" series of concerts of the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, October 19th, in the Curran Theatre.

He aims to present music that is light, but not trivial, at these concerts. He devotes great care in the preparation of his programmes, which are designed to appeal to the lover of the more melodic forms as well as to the technical musician. The entire orchestra of eighty musicians appears at the "Pops."

The first "Pop" concert will embrace compositions by Auber, Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Boccherini, Schubert, and Tschaiakowsky. Beethoven's Larghetto from the Second Symphony is programmed. The ballet suite from Camille Saint-Saens' opera, "Henry VIII," will prove a most diverting number. Graceful in the parts relating to Phedre, and brilliant and effective in its tragic moments is Massenet's overture, "Phedre."

Boccherini, that unique figure among the Italian composers of his time, in that he devoted himself almost wholly to instrumental music instead of operatic composition, will be represented by a Minuet.

Schubert's "Moment Musical" will be played, Frederick Stock's orchestral arrangement being used. The programme will be opened by Auber's overture to "Fra Diavolo," and it will be closed by the "March Slav."

The second pair of regular symphonies scheduled for Friday and Sunday afternoons, October 24th and 26th, will be devoted to compositions new here. The important number will be Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor; Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute," and Busoni's Symphonic Suite, Opus 25.

Rudolph Ganz.

Writing of Rudolph Ganz, the eminent pianist, who will appear in recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday evening, November 14th, at 8:15 sharp, one of the foremost authorities on music and musicians in the United States says:

"As Switzerland is a healthy country, so Ganz is a healthy pianist; not only physically, but mentally, and we also add morally. His playing gives one the impression of a clear and beautiful day among the Alps; it is unaffected playing without morbidity; it is clean-cut, perfect in technique, sane in interpretation. It reflects the highness of the mountain country. At the same time it is not lacking in dramatic force, or in soothing, singing tenderness. Rudolph Ganz is a many-sided and well-balanced artist. Technique and temperament are his in happiest combination. He has plenty of feeling, controlled, however, at all times by a fine mentality. Technically, his playing is marvelous. His active work is wonderful; he has great power; he makes the piano sing or storm at will. His light playing is like sparkling sunlight and there seems to be no limit to his speed."

A Syncopated Concert.

The American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers, under the conductorship of George Edmund Dulf, formerly leader of the famous



The Golden Pheasant

32-36 Geary Street
 SAN FRANCISCO

The Restaurant Refined

Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

overseas Black Devils Band, will give a performance at the Exposition Auditorium, under the local management of Frank W. Healy, on Monday evening, November 10th, at 8:15.

Its instrumental combination is anything but orthodox. Its numbers are vastly different from the classic music which is heard at the concerts of our leading orchestras. But these differences and their own particular kind of music have an instant appeal to those who consider music purely as a diversion.

Tickets will go on sale Monday, October 20th, at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

The first barbarians to settle permanently in the Balkan peninsula were the Bulgars, a Finnish people, whose home was the middle Volga districts. The Slavs are said to have begun to pour into this region as early as the third century, but they were not established until some time after the Bulgarian invasion.

The blanket was first made and used by Thomas Blanket, a poor Flemish merchant, in 1340.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Saturday night—"Under Orders"

One Week—Starting Sunday Night, Oct. 19

Thomas O'Day Presents

TRIXIE FRIGANZA

In a new and scintillating comedy with music

"POOR MAMA"

Book by Elmer Harris, co-author of "So Long, Letty" and "Canary Cottage"

Lyrics and music by Jean Havez

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

Next—Com. Sun., Oct. 26th, FANCHON-MARCO REVUE.

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"PAID IN FULL"

Eugene Walter's great domestic comedy drama

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., OCT. 19

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett -- Walter P. Richardson

Demonstrating a honeymoon joy ride in Mark

Swan's high-speed motor-car comedy

"A REGULAR FELLER"

First production outside of New York

100 per cent. fun—Hits on every cylinder

Next—The hurricane farce "STOP THIEF"

Soon—John H. Blackwood's Comedy

"A DOLLAR DOWN"

Every Evening prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

ALBERTINA RASCH and Her Dancers; SWEETIES, a New Frill in Farce by William B. Friedlander and Will M. Hough; COMFORT and KING in "Coontown Divorçons"; HARRY NORWOOD and ALPHA HALL, "Sense and Nonsense"; The Persian Pianist, KHARUM; MELNOTTE DUO in "A Night Out"; JACK MORRISSEY and Company, Australian Ropers and Whipcrackers; "NOT YET MARIE," the Great Musical Comedy Hit.

An Additional Feature JAMES J. MORTON "An Animated Programme"

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Douglas 74

Always reliable

You can RELY on "Red Crown" for steady, dependable power and long mileage. It is high quality gasoline—every drop.

"Red Crown" is straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline, with the full and continuous chain of boiling points necessary for easy starting, quick and smooth acceleration, steady, dependable power and long mileage. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
 (California)



The Gasoline of Quality

VANITY FAIR.

It seems that a special branch of the War Community Service has been deputed to look after the war brides who are now arriving in America by battalions. We all hoped that the American soldier would not fall a victim to the wiles of the European girl, but he did. Resolutions were passed by various associations of American women imploring the dough-boy to have a care, to patronize home industries, and to see the American girl first. But the warriors were undeterred by the resolutions of the patriotic associations mainly composed of belated virgins who had no oil in their lamps and who hated to see a narrowing of the market. They went to Europe and they fell in love. Many of them got married then and there and brought their wives back with them on the same ship. Of course there was no trouble about them, or at least only the domestic trouble inseparable from such events. The War Community Service was not called upon for aid in the case of actual wives who came in company with their actual husbands. But a very definite problem was furnished by the young women who were only engaged to be married, and who crossed the Atlantic in the expectation of meeting the men of their choice who were in the various stages of demobilization.

They are coming by hundreds, all sorts of girls. There are English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Dutch girls. The soldier is nothing if not international. Love laughs at frontiers and it seems also to laugh at languages, seeing that there are very many instances where the lovers are practically unable to say a word to each other. One wonders how they did it. If they will only refrain from learning each other's languages they will get along first rate. But where did the Dutch and Spanish girls come from. We were not aware of American soldiers in either Holland or Spain. Were we at war with either of these countries or in either of these countries? One never knows in these days of open diplomacy. But anyway there are the girls, and the Community Service has to meet them all at the ship, sort them out, find their lovers see that they are satisfactorily and thoroughly married, and send them off to their new homes with what must pass for a parental blessing.

The lover, be it said to his credit, is nearly always on hand, although there may be delays due to uncertainties of ships and dates. Every ship is met by discreet women officials, clearly badged, who offer their services to girls who seem to be alone or bewildered. She has probably been commissioned by a dozen different men to look out for certain girls and help them forward to their destinations. If the man is there himself then it is the duty of the official to see that the marriage is duly and quickly performed, and this makes a considerable demand upon her tact. A correspondent of the New York Times says:

"Take a group of French war brides just arriving; they keep close together, evidently feeling their strangeness. They are a rather odd, conglomerate lot, peasants as well as Parisians, some good to look upon, others not so beautiful. Here is a widow, with a couple of young children clinging to her skirt, here a very young girl, looking as if she wished her mother were there to cling to.

"Some of the men come long distances to meet their brides at the pier. It is a funny and yet pathetic sight to see the happy couples meet. The girl can speak about ten words of English perhaps, the boy eleven of French. But that is no handicap.

"To safeguard the girl the workers insist that the wedding ceremony be performed before they leave for the groom's house. So there is a general scrambling about for a license, wedding veil, and bouquet. The French bride in particular does not feel properly married if she has no veil. As for the bouquet, there is a florist whom the Travelers' Aid has simply to call up and announce a 'marriage

case.' Ten minutes later there appears a bouquet.

"The girl invariably takes it all calmly, but the groom fairly dances about in excitement and nervousness over the approaching ceremony."

The brides are not struck off the books, so to say, even after they are duly married. There may be difficulties of adjustment to be smoothed away by a little sage advice, and so addresses are exchanged and correspondence invited.

Probably we shall some day get some official statement as to the number of these war marriages, although there can hardly be any record of the weddings that take place after demobilization. And no doubt the belated brides will be turning up for a year or more.

The New York Evening Post gives us some useful information on the career and training of the King of Belgium. He became heir to the Belgian throne in 1891 through the death of Prince Baudoin, his eldest brother, who was a nephew of Leopold II. His formal education began at the age of twelve, when he was given in charge of Captain Jungblut for his military training and M. Godeffroid, the present secretary of the King's Orders, for his primary and secondary studies. Later he studied Latin, political economy, and law with M. Bosmans, while Baron Mambermont taught him diplomacy and politics. His higher education was in the hands of M. Cigogne, who furnished the cultural polish of a course on literature and elocution. The court legend affirms that King Albert was an exemplary student in all these subjects, as a prospective king ought to be. It notes that as a school-boy in the military institute he insisted on being hazed as a freshman and on being punished for infractions by his class. He was known also as "Short Coat" among his comrades, because his tailor could never keep the styles in line with the growth of Prince Albert's legs.

It is clear, however, that if Albert of Coburg had not been destined to be a king, he would have finished as an engineer or a labor leader. As a boy he was always breaking away from his books to run down to the palace basement and help the engineer manage the steam boilers and the dynamos. More than once he had the whole plant dismantled just for the pleasure of putting it together again with his own hands. He came finally to build locomotives, trains, and boats of his own; and while he was going through the military grades from subaltern of the grenadiers to lieutenant-general, he was most proud of his standing as an expert railroad locomotive driver. He was just as passionately devoted to electrical mechanics, spending all his available time visiting the factories run by electric power and attending, for his own pleasure, the electric courses at the Montefiore Institute at Liège. The court legend sees the working of this royal interest in King Albert's special fondness for aviation and automobile branches of the military service.

Gossip attributes the king's socialistic tendencies to the influence of M. Maxweiler, who at the time of his death in London in the course of the war was director of the Solway Institute for Sociology at Brussels. When Professor Cigogne's book on sociology appeared several years ago many people insisted that the volume was really the expression of Prince Albert's own ideas. In actual fact, the king has sided during the last thirty years with every effort of the working classes which aimed at bettering conditions of work and living. This defense of the workers has brought upon the king several times from conservative papers the epithet of the "Socialist King." When Charleroi went Socialist in one of its elections, the king was criticized for choosing that particular moment for a royal entry. The Socialist societies, however, sent their children to throw flowers before the king and queen, and the Socialist officials congratulated him on his visit. A group of a thousand

workmen asked the king's permission to draw the royal carriage through the streets. This offer King Albert refused as not being to his democratic taste, and the *Peuple*, a Socialist daily, commented "that the king had shown a higher sense of dignity than the workmen."

"The Perfect Gentleman," from the *Westminster Gazette*, by R. M. Freeman:

(Selected definitions.)

Define me, some one, if you can,
The elusive term of gentleman.

Says Vere de Vere, "A man is he
Of pure-blooded ancestry."

Says Newman Prig, "He's best defined
As one who has a cultured mind."

Says Midas, "Culture? Blood? Pooh! Dash!
The true criterion is cash."

Says Priest, "He is in thought, deed, word,
A Christ-like person—Church preferred."

Says Books, "Whoever in he lets,
He never fails to pay his bets."

"'Tis clear enough he's one," says Shirk,
"Who for his living doesn't work."

"A real gent," says Ikey Chink,
"Don't know the price of anythink."

Between these various views they voice,
Come, pay your cash and take your choice.

THE ANCIENT PROFITEER.

Death was the penalty for profiteering in ancient Rome. Hoarding and "cornering the market" likewise were made capital offenses.

That picturesque old warrior-emperor, Diocletian, who rose from a peasant's hovel in Dalmatia to the throne which made him master of the world, issued an edict in the year 301 A. D., the preamble of which portrays a state of affairs almost identical with conditions existing at the present time. The people, groaning under a load of taxation, were in addition compelled to pay prices for food, clothing, and other necessities which must have made living well nigh impossible.

"If the raging avarice," on the wording of the Diocletian preamble, "which, in utter disregard of humane principles, continues to increase as it has been doing by leaps and bounds, not only from year to year, month to month or even day to day, but, so to speak, from hour to hour, nay, from minute to minute—if this avarice could be held in check by an ethical regard for moderation; or if the condition of the people were such that they could bear the burden of this mad license, there might be justification in trying to wink at the situation and saying nothing."

"But, inasmuch as this money-making madness appears to be beyond control and is entirely heedless of the needs of the many, it has seemed good to us, the people's parent, having a regard for the future as well, to intervene with impartial justice to remedy that for which we had long vainly hoped to find a relief in a common sentiment of humanity."

"It is our pleasure, therefore, that those prices which the subjoined summary specifies be held as the prevailing rates throughout our empire, and know all that license to exceed these prices is forbidden."

"And likewise we ordain that if any shall violate this law he puts his life in jeopardy." The lists fixing the maximum prices included about 800 articles, covering virtually the entire range of human needs.

Meats are the subject of Schedule No. 4. Taking a pound as the unit of measurement, the list, in part, follows: Pork, 7.3 cents; beef, 4.9 cents; ham, 12 cents; fowls, 26 cents; lamb, 7.3 cents; veal, 7.3 cents.

Butter, by a curious misplacement, appears as item No. 50 on this schedule, and its maximum prices looks almost incredible to the present-day eye—9.8 cents.

Fish, the chief subject of schedule No. 5, ranged from 4.8 cents a pound for season quality river fish, to 14.6 cents for "sea fish with sharp spines." Oysters were 43.5 cents a hundred. And another unaccountable misplacement, "dry cheese," figures in the same schedule at 7.3 cents a pound.

In schedule No. 6, which is rather variegated, cabbages (best) are rated at 1.7 for five; the same price being permissible for ten small ones. Five large artichokes cost 4.3 cents; five heads of the best lettuce, 1.7 cents, and ten large turnips, 1.7 cents.

Item No. 43 on this schedule is something which modern restaurateurs will shudder to think that only 1616 years lie between them and the statute which would have made them pay with their lives for the present-day charges. The item in question is eggs. Four large ones for 1.7 cents is the maximum price at which Diocletian of blessed memory assessed them.

Labor was paid pre-union scales. Seventy-five kinds of toilers figure in schedule No. 7. Among them are not only manual laborers, at 10.8 cents a day, and bricklayers, at 21.6 cents, but also writers, at 10.9 cents "for 100

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lines best writing," and "8.7 cents for 100 lines ordinary writing."

The same schedule allows lawyers to charge "for presenting a case," \$1.09. For "finishing a case" a lawyer's fee was not allowed to exceed \$4.35.

Barbers got nine-tenths of a cent under this law for every shave or haircut. This was munificent compared to sheep-shearers' wages, which were nine-tenths of a cent for each sheep sheared.

Tailors were allowed 8.7 cents for trousers or a small cowl; 10.9 cents for a large cowl, and 26.1 for "cutting and finishing an overgarment of the first quality."

Tradition has it that all the calamities which dog the footsteps of the ill-fated Austrian royal family are foreshadowed by the appearance of a raven. When the Archduke Maximilian departed for Mexico—and execution—a raven followed him on the path; and when the Archduchess left for her unhappy life in Spain a raven hovered over the carriage. A whole flight of ravens is said to have hovered over the crowning of the late Francis Joseph, and one of the ill-omened birds dashed a peach from the hand of the Empress Elizabeth the day before she was murdered at Geneva.

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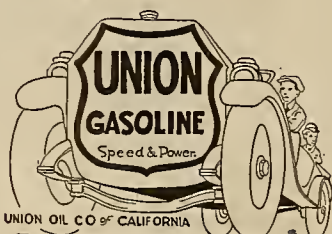
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STORYTETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

St. Peter looked with wonder at the two rusty coppers which the passing soul had dropped into his hand. "Why, my good man," he asked, "what is this for?" "War tax," murmured the soul gloomily as it passed through the heavenly gates.

The civilianized lieutenant, who was the odd male in the mixed veranda party of seven, was not getting anywhere near so much attention as the three discharged bucks. "But, you know," he confided at last to the blondest of the hero-worshippers, "I could have been a private if I'd wanted to."

"The way Japan plays politics with America reminds me of the story of the Jap and the jar," said Senator Phelan recently. "An absent-minded Japanese went into a store to buy a jar, and, noticing one turned upside down, blurted out: 'How absurd! The jar has no mouth.' Turning it over, he was once more astonished. 'Why, the bottom's gone, too,' he exclaimed."

Mr. Danforth had just been telling his wife of an old friend. "And he said he knew me when I was a little girl?" she asked. "No," replied Danforth, "he didn't say anything of the sort." "But you just said he did." "No, I didn't." "Why, Jim!" exclaimed the wife. "What did he say then?" "I said," explained the brute, "that he said he knew you when he was a little boy."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marriam, who had buried her third husband six months before, as she talked to the rector, a hale and hearty bachelor of fifty, "it is very lonesome for me now, for I've always been used to having a man around the house." "Oh, you must cheer up, Mrs. Marriam," said the rector, who was getting a little nervous, "we know that the wind is tempered to the lorn sham."

A newcomer in Los Angeles smacked his lips longingly and conjured up visions of a glass of foaming lager. "Say," he said finally to a passer-by. "I'm simply dying of thirst. Isn't there any place in this forsaken town where I can get a drink?" The native eyed him for a moment, and then leisurely pointed his finger. "See that millinery store across the street?" he asked. "Uh-huh." "Wal, that's the only place in town you can't."

One phenomenon of war-time America was quite unknown to the men of three gold chevrons. These were the women's auxiliaries, who got into uniform and wore Sam Browne belts and had the time of their lives. One of these embodiments of the war spirit

greeted the eyes of a battered old overseas campaigner the first hour he hit the new-old country. He was much startled when she brought her heels together and snapped out a salute worthy of a Canadian sergeant-major. For just a second he was nonplused. He couldn't think of what to do. Then an inspiration came to him. He curtsied.

A Member of Parliament called another an ass in the sacred precincts of the House. Unparliamentary language being forbidden, the offending M. P. had to apologize and withdraw his statement. He didn't like doing it. "I withdraw," he said very stiffly; "but I maintain that the honorable member is out of order." "How am I out of order?" asked the other man heatedly. "Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," was the retort.

An Englishman and two Scotchmen were sitting in the smokeroom when there entered another Scot. "Ah, ha," said the Englishman, "another Scotchman has arrived." "Weel," said another of the Scots, "I don't see what you've got to complain about. We always treat the English natives well." "What worries us," said the Englishman, "is that you don't treat us often enough." Then there fell a silence which led the waiter to turn to and polish his glasses.

When the returning troops of the Twenty-Ninth Division were received with acclaim in the streets of their own Baltimore, one four-year-old daughter of that community was not only impressed, but puzzled. "Where have they been?" she wondered. "In France." "And what were they doing there?" "Fighting, my dear." There was a long pause, during which she shook her head disapprovingly. "Well," she said finally, "they look to me like pretty big boys to fight."

Lights and noise were tabu, but there was some verbal expression of thought in undertones. The column was slogging forward the night before the attack on the St. Mihiel salient. "Wonder where we're bound for now?" spoke one doughboy during a momentary check. "I dunno," replied a voice in the dark, "but I heard an officer say it was Metz." "Huh! Metz?" "Sure—and he said the general meant to take it if it cost a hundred thousand lives." Silence for about five seconds; then: "Liberal son of a gun, aint he?"

"You Americans are too frank; you do not look before you leap. That is why you are poor diplomats," said Lloyd George at a dinner in London recently. "In fact, your diplomacy calls to mind the conversation I once overheard between two American gentlemen at a house party. 'Beastly bore, isn't it?' said the first. 'Yes. It is anything but exciting.' 'I say, old chap, added the first, 'why not get away from the infernal place? What say if we jump into my car and take a run down to the club?' 'Sorry, dear boy, but I can't. You see, I'm the host.'"

Uncle Ted came to town one evening and went to the theatre with his wife. In the first act a woman was shot, and when the curtain went down a good many men left their seats and went out. Uncle Ted fidgeted awhile, and then he took his hat and started out in his turn. "Where be you goin'?" his wife asked. "Look here, Hannah," said Uncle Ted, "I've stood this thing just as long as I can and now I'm goin' out like the rest to see how that pore woman is gettin' along that was shot. The unfort-nit wretch may be dead by this time, and if she is this aint no place for us."

The assistant manager of a popular hotel asked a country visitor—who was seeing hotel life for the first time from the mezzanine floor—how she liked it. "Wal, it's purty nice. But I didn't know your women were so conceited." "Conceited?" gasped the assistant manager. "Why, some of the finest women in the country are staying here." "Wal, maybe they are. But I don't like a woman that sends a little boy around to tell folks she's missed her car," replied the country dame. "Impossible!" said the assistant manager. "Why I never heard of such a thing." "Wal, you'll hear it now, for here comes that pore little feller again." And down in the lobby came a page boy calling: "Mrs. De Vere—Mr. Carr—Mrs. De Vere—Mr. Carr."

"Governmental extravagance! When I consider how the public funds were wasted during the war I shudder to think of the extensive governmental ownership advocated by some people." The speaker was President Franklin of the International Marine Company. The occasion was a banquet in New York. He continued: "The experience of a pretty typist I know is illuminative. In search of a position, she called on a man in whose office she had worked before the armistice, an ex-director of an essential war in-

dustry. 'I can only expect \$30 a month!' she exclaimed. 'Why, Mr. Blank, when you employed me at the Khaki Shirt Control I had \$100 a month.' 'Yes, I know,' Blank replied suavely, 'but this is my own money I'm spending now.'"

How an American serving in the British army gave a London valet the shock of his life was related by a soldier returning from England. A ragged, penniless American, worn by a year's fighting with the British in France, wandered into a Y. M. C. A. Eagle Hut, London, and seemed so forlorn and needy that Mrs. Gowers, head of the Y. M. C. A. Hospitality League, and wife of Lloyd George's secretary, took him into their home for his leave. After a good night's rest the American put the valet "over the jumps," ordering his uniform pressed and generally bossing the houseman in a manner far from what that factotum thought a humble soldier should assume. Finally the servant went to Mr. Gowers to ask who the American was. Mr. Gowers did not know why the valet asked. "Hif I may say so, sir, 'e's makin' 'imself very much at 'ome, sir, makin' us all jump about a bit, an' 'e told me to send this cablegram," said the valet, handing over a message which read as follows: "Dad, I'm busted. Send another thousand. War is hell." The ragged soldier was a California millionaire's son.

The *Gangplank*, published by the American soldiers in the embarkation camp at Saint Nazaire, France, recently printed the following: She was one of those girls everybody is sure to like, and the smile that played about her lips made all the boys who visited the Y hut feel satisfied that she was the right girl in the right place. But there was one buck who had taken advantage of the situation and had become quite friendly. Of course all the other boys noticed this and different opinions arose. Some thought that it was just another of those instantaneous affairs, while others were convinced that he and she had been friends back in the States. One afternoon, while she sat in her usual place in the reading-room of the Y hut, he approached her, and the following conversation ensued: "I got off for a few minutes because I had something important to ask you." She lifted her eyes to his, and found his face had taken on a crimson hue. Her face changed color also. "Really now," she said, "you haven't come here to talk confidentially, have you?" "Well, I don't care who knows it, but I shouldn't like any one to hear me ask you," he replied. "But you have only known me a month, and—" "Yes, I know that, but I thought that you wouldn't refuse me, because I—I." "Hush," she said, "don't let all those boys hear you talk foolishly." There was a moment of silence and then she said as she looked into his crimson face: "Well, if it's so important whisper in my ear." His hands trembled and his face grew redder as he leaned over and whispered: "I wanted to ask you if—if you would—er—sew a button on my trousers for me."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Mason and the Carpenter.

With apologies to the *Walrus* and *Lewis Carroll*.

The Mason and the Carpenter
Were walking on the sand;
They wept to see such quantities
Of work on every hand.
"If this were only stopped at once,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If all the unions, large and small,
Should strike for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Mason said,
"Our Cause would be made clear?"
"I think so," said the Carpenter,
And never shed a tear.

"O Workmen, come and strike with us!"
The Mason did beseech;
"What fun 'twill be to fight and break
Up everything in reach!
We'll ask for double pay, and get
A limousine for each."

The eager Workmen hurried up,
And carefully took pains
To look intelligent, the while
They heard about their gains.
But this they couldn't do, because
They hadn't any brains.

"The time has come," the Mason said,
"To talk of many things—
More pay, less work, and how to be
In industry the kings,
And why we ought to gather all
The fruits our labor brings."

"O Public, dear, I weep for you;
I deeply sympathize,"
The Mason said, and called a strike
Of most amazing size.
He could not see the other side,
Because he'd shut his eyes.

"O Workmen," said the Carpenter,
"We've had a lot of fun!
Let's all go back to work again:
The victory is won!"
But those who owned the factories
Had shut down every one.

—Donald C. Kerr, in *Life*.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Natalie Campbell and Mr. Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia was solemnized Friday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell, in Los Angeles. Miss Helen Garritt was the only attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Pritchett have already left for the Atlantic coast and will reside in Philadelphia.

The marriage of Miss Florence Bandmann and Mr. Harry Dodge took place Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Charles Bandmann on Van Ness Avenue, Rev. Edward Morgan officiating. The bridesmaids were Miss Doris Kilgariff and Miss Marie Louise Winslow. Mr. Charles Beringer was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge have gone East on their wedding trip, but will return to make their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Richard Girvin gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Elena Eyre, the affair taking place at the Town and Country Club. Among the guests were Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Miss Marion Leigh Mailiard, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner-dinner Thursday evening at the St. Francis. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Philip Westcott.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Julia Cutler of Detroit. Among the guests were Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Anne Diblee, Miss Amanda McNear, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Miss Cullen Welty and Miss Eleanor Welty gave a tea Saturday afternoon. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. William Wood, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Marie Welty, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Florence Welch, Miss Katherine Corbin, and Miss Gladys Waterhouse.

Colonel and Mrs. William Jones gave a dinner a few nights ago at the Presidio in honor of General Richard Blatchford, U. S. A.

Miss May Colburn gave a tea last Monday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Marguerite Raas and Miss Mary Armsby. Among the guests were Mrs. Hamilton Murray, Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Geraldine Storey, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Marie Rose Dean, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Ethel Shorb, and Miss Marion Anglotti.

Mrs. Alfred Reynolds gave a luncheon Thursday at the Presidio Golf Club, complimenting Mrs. Hunter Liggett. The guests included Mrs. William Butler, Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Mrs. William Burnham, Mrs. Henry Casey, Mrs. William Jones,

Mrs. Edward McClelland, and Mrs. John McDonald.

Mrs. Arthur Lord gave a luncheon Friday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. A. P. Whittell, Mrs. George Whittell, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Celia O'Connor, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Miss Margaret Scheld gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Francisca Club in compliment to Miss Elena Eyre. The guests were Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Donohoe, and Miss Helen Pierce.

Mrs. Evan Williams gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Miss Elena Eyre was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Paul Fagan. Among the guests were Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Isabel Jennings, and Miss Margaret Madison.

Miss Mary Armsby gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Marin Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Rhoda Niehling. The guests included Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Harold Fletcher, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. E. T. Stimson, Mrs. Hoard Allen, Jr., Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Mrs. Hamilton Murray, Miss Elsa Korhel, Miss Marguerite Raas, Miss Freda Smith, Miss Alice Palmer, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mrs. Butler Breeden entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having among her guests Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Cora Smith gave a tea Thursday, her guests having included Mrs. Felix Smith, Mrs. Hansom Grubb, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Warren Perry, Miss Hannah Dubois, Miss Gertrude Creswell, Miss Lupita Montcalgre, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Olive Craig, and Miss Margaret Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn gave a dinner Monday evening at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Diblee gave a supper-dinner last Thursday at the St. Francis, their guests having included Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Julia Cutler, Miss Anne Diblee, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Mr. Joseph Moody, Mr. Warren Clark, Lieutenant Frank Fechtel, Mr. Frederick Beaver, and Mr. Kenneth McIntosh.

Mrs. I. W. Weil gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Peter McBean entertained a group of friends at dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont.

Miss Katharine Burke gave a dinner on Wednesday night at her school, 3065 Jackson Street, the following being among her guests: Mrs. Lewis Kennedy Morse, Mrs. J. L. Jayne, Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Dr. Aurelia H. Rinehart, Miss Julia Morgan, Mrs. Bert Lum, Mrs. W. F. Burke, Mrs. Morse Erskine, Miss Irene Ferguson, and Miss Barbara Burke.

One train left Monte Vista, Colorado, recently loaded with hogs and potatoes with a market value of \$82,450. It consisted of eighteen cars of fat hogs from the Monte Vista sections, six more cars of hogs brought in by the San Luis Central, and nineteen cars of potatoes. The hogs were worth about \$3000 a carload and the potatoes \$550 a car.

New in the agricultural implement line is a machine to cover a field of growing grain with straw to protect it in winter.

In 1777 the Continental Congress decided to recommend to the legislatures the enactment of laws against distilling.

CURRENT VERSE.

Song for a Blind Man Who Could Not Go to War.

*You who have no eyes to see
You were spared what shaketh me.*

Houses ribbed against the sky
Where the storm of steel went by;

Barbed wire rusting in the rain,
Still unwashed of human pain;

Children's eyes grown black with fear;
Grief too dead for sound or tear;

Earth with clotted death for yield;
Crows above a battlefield;

Brains like paint spilled on a wall,
And flesh that has no form at all;

And after nights when souls have gone
The lovely, heedless, heartless dawn.

*You who have no eyes to see
You were spared what shaketh me.*

—From "Body and Raiment," by Eunice Tietjens.
Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

I Heard a Soldier.

I heard a soldier sing some trifle
Out in the sun-dried veldt alone;
He lay and cleaned his grimy rifle
Idly, behind a stone.

"If after death, love comes a waking
And in their camp so dark and still
Then men of dust hear hughes, breaking
Their halt upon the hill.

"To me the slow and silver pealing
That then the last high trumpet pours
Shall softer than the dawn come stealing
For, with its call, comes yours!"

What grief of love had he to stifle,
Basking so idly by his stone,
That grimy soldier with his rifle
Out in the veldt, all alone?

—Herbert Trench.

Fireworks.

You hate me and I hate you,
And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you, I hurt apart
And scatter the sky with my blazing heart.
It spits and sparkles in stars and balls,
Buds into roses—and flares, and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green disks,
Silver spirals and asterisks,
Shoot and tremble in a mist
Peppered with mauve and amethyst.

I shine in the windows and light up the trees,
And all because I hate you, if you please.

And when you meet me, you rend asunder
And go up in a flaming wonder
Of saffron cubes, and crimson moons,
And wheels all amaranths and maroons.

Golden lozenges and spades,
Arrows of malachites and jades,
Patterns of copper, azure sheaves.
As you mount, you flash in the glossy leaves.

Such fireworks as we make, we two!
Because you hate me and I hate you.

—From "Pictures of the Floating World," by Amy Lowell. Published by the Macmillan Company.

A Prayer.

I heard a Yankee doughboy pray
In the dawn of the woods of Fère,
And I doubt if he knew he spoke out loud,
If he knew that I was there,
And I doubt if ever a chaplain heard
Such language used in prayer,
But I know that the good Lord God smiled down
On that boy in the woods of Fère.

"O God of Hosts, I ask thee now
To make me strong to fight;
We've chased the — from the woods,
An' they're startin' in to kite,
Hell aint a thing to these — shells,
An' I lost a heap of friends,
But give me strength to follow on
Till this — hattle ends!"

I heard a Yankee doughboy pray
As we halted a moment there,
And the Lord of Hosts smiled down on him
In the dawn of the woods of Fère.
—Robert W. McKnight, in the Home Sector.

Hylethen.

Methought I stood by the mountain grand,
And the sea crept up to its flinty strand.

I heard no sound in that region lone
But the waves and their weary monotone.

The mountain moved, as it were in sleep,
And stir'd the waters of all the deep;

And a surge swang mightily to and fro,
And now rose louder, and now sank low.

Then floated the ringing tones between
Of a lyre, swept by a hand unseen.

Sweet and solemn they seem'd to glide
From caverns dark in the mountainside,
Till the billows ceased to heat at the shore,
And warily murmur'd the waves, as before.

But long in my ear an echo rang
Of the throe, and the surge, and the lyre's clang.
—From "Hylethen," by Isaac Flagg. Published by the Stratford Company.

According to stock raisers and farmers, especially in Kansas, the coyote seems to be fast becoming extinct. The fencing up of big pasture districts where practically every acre is stocked with cattle has robbed the coyote of his once free and open range.

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Palace of Fine Arts.

The joint piano, violin, and dance recital to be given in the Recital Hall of the Palace of Fine Arts next Sunday afternoon, October 19th, at 2:30 o'clock, promises to be one of the most interesting events ever given in the Palace. A special programme in celebration of the newly opened Oriental Department of the Museum has been arranged for this occasion by the interpretative dancer, Ingeborg La Cour, in collaboration with the pianist, Leone Nesbit, and the violinist, Jan Mykus, each of whom will appear individually as well as in concert.

The underlying idea of the programme which these artists have prepared is to emphasize the intimate relationship of music with the dance, and nothing could better illustrate this view than the group of Chopin numbers which Miss La Cour and Miss Nesbit will interpret. This sense of close collaboration is further illustrated in the Brahms and Fritz Kreisler groups, to which Jan Mykus will lend the added interest of his violin. In addition to his participation in the concert numbers, he will play the rarely heard "La Ronde des Lutins," by Bazzini, with which Heisetz astonished New York last season.

Miss Nesbit will open the programme with one of Edward McDowell's most beautiful piano compositions, the well-known "Etude de Concert, op. 36," in addition to which she will play Moskowski's "Caprice Espagnol."

The recital, which is free to the public, will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock.

According to official figures the total number of Americans who have taken up residence in the Province of Alberta, Canada, since 1905 reaches 275,093. The largest immigration into Alberta from the United States came in 1909-10, and numbered 34,563; the smallest in 1918-19 numbered 5613. Hundreds of Americans have taken up government land and have become naturalized.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clover and Miss Eudora Clover, who have been staying at the St. Francis, left the first of the week for their home in Washington. They passed the greater part of the summer at their ranch in Napa County. Mr. and Mrs. John Drum and Mrs. Warren Spieker are in New York at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mrs. William Alvord of Portland has gone north, after a fortnight's visit with Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond have returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin have returned from a trip to New York.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright have returned from Southern California.

Lieutenant Frank Fechteler, U. S. N., has arrived from Astoria and is with Judge and Mrs. Morrow at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear returned Friday from the Atlantic coast.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman returned Saturday from Los Angeles and are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Sands Forman, who recently spent several weeks in town with Mrs. Daniel Jackling, is the guest of Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Schree at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear have returned from a visit to the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heller, who have been summering in Menlo, have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton have taken a house on Scott Street for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bruce will sail next week from Vancouver for the Orient. They have been spending some weeks in New York.

Miss Nancy Lane is in Los Angeles, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Isador Dockweiler.

Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber will return the close of the month from the Atlantic coast, where they have been visiting since their arrival from France.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams and their daughters will spend the winter in town. They have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn, who have been summering at Woodside, have reopened their apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Miss Julia Cutler of Detroit is visiting Miss Gertrude Clark. She will leave for the East this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kaufman, Mrs. Adolph Scheld, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, and Miss Margaret Scheld spent the week-end at Inverness.

Mrs. Geraldine Storey of Los Angeles spent the

week-end in San Rafael with Miss Maye Colburn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye will leave within a fortnight for Washington to spend the winter.

Lord Anthouy Ashley of England has returned from Southern California and is spending a few days at the Palace.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of Los Angeles is visiting her father, Mr. C. B. Jennings, at the Cecil Hotel. Miss Mary Louise Phelan spent the week-end at Senator Phelan's home in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney have returned from Santa Barbara and have taken a house in Piedmont for the winter.

Miss Nina Jones will arrive next week from Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Macandray Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour have taken the house of Mrs. J. R. Laine on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. Wendell Kuhn has returned to Burlingame from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark have returned from Ross, where they spent the summer.

Major-General Francis Kernan is visiting Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord at Fort Mason.

Mr. Duncan Hayne and Miss Agnes Hayne have returned to the Clift Hotel from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Raymond has returned south, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. Oliver Perrin and Mr. Gordon Douglas of New York are visiting Mr. Raymond Armsby in Burlingame.

Mr. Richard Pennoyer and Lady Pennoyer have gone to Lisbon, Spain, where the former will be in the diplomatic service.

Mrs. Jean de Saint Cyr has gone to French Lick Springs, Indiana. Mr. de Saint Cyr will join her there within a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch have reopened their town house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe have taken the Mintzer house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. J. W. Fisher, Blackpool, England; Mr. M. A. Duncan, Bakersfield; Mr. W. A. Hunt, Fillmore, California; Mr. Robert J. Jigger, Washington, D. C.;

Mr. J. H. Richards, Sacramento; Mr. W. P. Rogers, San Diego; Mr. R. B. Holloway, Mr. D. M. Sutherland, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Crothers and family, Santa Barbara; Mr. J. C. Hayes, Burlingame; Mr. M. J. Stone, Old Point Comfort; Dr. E. M. Selsby, Colton.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. C. C. Colyear, Chicago; Mr. A. L. Johnson, Boston; Mr. John O. Presbrey, St. Louis; Mr. G. L. Goodwin, Santa Maria, California; Mr. W. E. Boring, Seattle; Mr. Samuel Kahn, Stockton; Mr. J. M. McCrady, San Diego; Mr. J. W. Genister, New York City; Mr. H. A. Ensworth, Yokohama; Mr. J. F. Sartori, Los Angeles; Mr. D. H. Blake, Yokohama; Mr. W. M. Lampton, Denver; Mr. E. L. Smith, Mr. E. N. Mayer, Portland.

California Industries and Land Show.

This is final week at the California Industries and Land Show at the Exposition Auditorium.

Friday will be San Joaquin Day. There will be a reception at the Delta Farms exhibit. There will be besides a macaroni contest with cash prizes for macaroni recipes, in charge of the contest department at the Exposition Auditorium. The prizes will be given away from the Royal Macaroni Booth in Polk Hall of the Auditorium at 9 o'clock.

Saturday will be Home Industry League Day. Every member of the league is preparing to donate some of his or her wares as souvenirs and every person entering the show on this date will be presented with a duplicate ticket entitling the holder to a piece of merchandise.

In the evening similar tickets will be issued for the pedestal fernery, the handiwork of the blind, to be given away by the Blindcraft exhibit.

Shasta County will hold forth on Saturday and there will be a special promenade concert by the Municipal Band under the direction of Ernest G. Williams.

Sunday and Oakland Day will mark the closing of the show. On this occasion as a great feature there will be a home industry wedding. The names of the young couple will be announced later. The wedding will take place under the big organ in front of the General Electric exhibit.

The King at the Orpheum.

In spite of the fact that the King and Queen of Belgium only spent thirteen hours in San Francisco they found time to visit the Orpheum. The management, ascertaining that they were in the neighborhood, extended an invitation to the royal visitors which they immediately responded to in person. They arrived at 10:20 and their entrance was greeted by the Belgian national anthem played by the Orpheum Orchestra and enthusiastic recognition on the part of the audience. The king was particularly interested in the performance and despite the warning of his staff that the hoat to take him across the bay was scheduled to start at 11 o'clock, persisted in remaining till the motion pictures which closed the show were finished. Their majesties expressed themselves as highly pleased with what they had seen of the performance and regretted that they had not been fortunate enough to see all of it.

An Englishman has invented a device to calculate the money values of one country in the terms of others and apply the values to various weights and measures.

Rich Japanese Aviate.

Wealthy men in Japan have turned to air-planing as a sport. Many of those who made fortunes during the war in manufacturing munitions and buildings ships are neglecting their motor-cars to devote time to skimming through the air. The Japanese government is encouraging the innovation in every way, for it is realized that the more persons who indulge in the pastime the greater will be the prospects of progress in aviation in the Island Kingdom.

Japanese have a natural leaning toward aviation, for, like the Chinese, they are great kite fliers, young and old indulging in the sport. Large kite-flying tournaments are held and contests take place in which the fliers compete for prizes awarded by judges by a point system that is hard for an Occidental to understand.

In aviation most of the machines used have been of foreign make, but it is expected that the home production will equal soon both the government demand and that for recreational purposes.

Tsunetaro Oguri, a civil aviator, was delegated by the Mitsubishi firm to come to the United States to study the latest military airplanes. The company is having an extensive aviation factory designed under the direction of Dr. Ito and it has bought a foreign patent for flying motors. Twenty operatives were sent to France and Italy by the firm to look into all latest improvements in the aviation line. The company expects to devote most of its energies in supplying planes to the Japanese army.

The Kawasaki Shipbuilding Company will establish a factory for flying machines near Kohe, its output to be designed mainly for the Mikado's navy. Lieutenant Himasu was sent to France to glean pointers for the project.

Horse Loves Swimming.

Pedestrians who pass over the bridge across the Harlem River at One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street in New York have been amused at watching a white horse which takes a daily swim in the river at that point. The horse belongs to one of the stables under the Manhattan end of the bridge. After finishing his day's work the animal wanders to the river without bridle or halter, and after swimming around for a few minutes he comes out and returns to the stable. The horse has become such an expert swimmer that no matter how strong the tide he has no trouble in making his way. One of the men in the stable said

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that the animal knew as much as some human beings. He said: "Old Bill is a queer animal. We just turn him loose and he goes down to the river and plunges in like a veteran swimmer. If he sees a boat coming up or down stream he gets out of the way and is never excited. He has been doing this for years in the summer months. I don't know what would happen if Bill did not get his daily bath. He would probably be as peeved as an old maid who did not get her morning coffee."

One of Raphael's famous paintings, "La Belle Jardiniere," was sold a few years ago in a Paris second-hand shop for \$10 to a lucky purchaser, who was offered \$20,000 for it in a few days.

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The Sirens of Paris

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NEXT SUNDAY'S

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

October 19, 1919



KNOX SAILORS

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Here's a man who was held up in a taxi." "How much did the chauffeur charge him?"—*Judge*.

"We tried to buy some rope to hang a profiteer." "Well?" "But the dealer wanted too much for it."—*Dallas News*.

Fat Lady—I would like to see a waist that would fit me, please. *Clerk*—So would I, lady.—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Greeks played an instrument called a lyre. The instrument is still used; but now it's a mouth organ.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"I am told Mr. Jaggs is your avuncular relation." "Aint nothin' of the sort. My uncle is as sound as a dollar."—*Baltimore American*.

"Italy seems a bit fretful over the peace treaty, doesn't she?" "Well, she certainly is in a Fiume, so to speak."—*Baltimore American*.

"I hear Mrs. Rox is going to break her husband's will." "How can she? He never had one after he married her."—*Baltimore American*.

"Delia," said Mrs. Barrows sternly, "I met that policeman today who sat in the kitchen with you so long last night. I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him." "Oh,

go on now," replied Delia, with a smile. "Ye needn't think that'll make me wan hit jealous, mum. Oi have got him safe enough."—*New York Globe*.

"Colonel Oldeboy has at last married off his six daughters." "Huh! Mr. Update goes him one better. He has married off his one daughter seven times."—*Life*.

Freddy (who has eaten his apple)—Let's play at Adam and Eve. *Millie*—How do we do that? *Freddy*—You tempt me to eat your apple and I give way.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

He—D'you know, May, you grow more beautiful every day. *She*—Oh, George, you do exaggerate. *He*—Well, then, I should say every other day?—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"You charge too much admission to this pier." "But the music, the ocean—" "The music part is all well enough, but I'm paying my hotel man for the use of the ocean."—*Judge*.

Waiter—Porterhouse steak—and make it small and tough. *Chef (in surprise)*—Why small and tough? *Waiter*—The guy that ordered it used to be my second lieutenant.—*Home Sector*.

"Why is it, Boh," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always good natured?" "We have to be," answered Boh. "You see, we can't either fight or run."—*London Bighty*.

He—I have your permission to call this evening? *She*—I shall be very pleased; but don't forget that father switches off the light at 10 o'clock. *He*—That's kind of you! I'll be there at 10 sharp.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Take this ruhher plant into the garden." "Mistress said I was to put it on the balcony, sir." "Do as I tell you. You will put it in the garden first. Afterward you can put it on the balcony."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"You should keep to the straight and narrow path." "True," said Mr. Chuggins, with great earnestness. "The journey of life, like every other journey, seems to be at its worst in the detours."—*Washington Star*.

"You told him to diet," said the young doctor's wife. "Yes, I told him to eat only the very plainest food and very little of that." "Do you think that will help him?" "It will help him pay my bill."—*Boston Transcript*.

"You don't mean to tell me you ever doubt the wisdom of the majority?" "Well," responded Senator Sorghum with deliberation,

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"what is a majority? In many instances it is only a large number of people who have got tired of trying to think for themselves and have decided to accept somebody else's opinion."—*Washington Star*.

The man from Mars was watching a dance. "Why do they do this?" he asked of the Earthite who was showing him around. "Oh, you see there is so much suffering in the world—" "I see, I see! And that is to express their sufferings."—*Farm Life*.

"That woman that just passed in a limousine howed with marked cordiality," remarked Mr. Jihway. "So she did, the cat!" snapped Mrs. Jihway. "My dear!" "That was Mrs.

Dibble. I've been dodging her ever since I heard she had bought a car. She wouldn't have missed catching me on foot for a diamond necklacc."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Mrs. Flatbush—What are you going to do with that porous plaster, John? *Mr. Flatbush*—Going to see what tune it will play on the piano.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"See any fancy ridin' while you was East?" asked Three-Finger Sam. "I sure did," answered Cactus Joe. "But everything's topsyturvy. People in the cars have to hang on with their wrists in straps." "Jes' think of that. Usin' the stirrups for their hands instead of their feet!"—*Washington Star*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2222. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 25, 1919. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Third Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President's Illness.

The physicians attending President Wilson continue to issue bulletins tending to mystification rather than to enlightenment. Emphasis is placed upon relatively trivial symptoms, but there is blank silence with respect to the vital phases of the case. Very obviously the intent is to hold in reserve the essential facts of the President's illness; and this we are told by Mr. David Lawrence, a well-known Washington correspondent, is due to a theory of the President's family that his physical troubles are "matters of domestic concern." With all due respect to the President's family, this theory is not sound. The country has a right to knowledge of the President's condition, and neither his family nor the physicians in charge of the case have any right to conceal the facts. By failing to give to the public from day to day full statements of the case they have created a feeling that something very serious is the matter; and apprehension is rather augmented than allayed by statements to the effect that Mr. Wilson from time to time considers and transacts public business, while the record of these activities is withheld. The public, we repeat, has the right to the facts, and if the President's family and his physicians shall continue the policy of silence or evasion as to the facts, it will become the duty of Congress to make

official inquiry. These are serious times; vast issues are before the country. And these matters may not be determined in the President's name and under his authority by deputies, still less by members of his family. It goes without saying that the sympathies of the country are warmly with the President and that hope of his speedy recovery is universal. None the less the country is entitled to the truth.

Fickert and His Enemies.

Mr. Fickert's candidacy for reelection as District Attorney is opposed by all the elements which directly or otherwise sympathize with lawlessness. Particularly and specifically those who resent Mr. Fickert's activities in prosecuting and convicting Mooney and others implicated in the preparedness-parade outrage are "in the fight" against him. This fact alone, if there were nothing else in his favor, should bring to Mr. Fickert's support all the forces of the community which stand for law and order and for courageous prosecution of criminality, whatever its affiliations or powers. The strongest argument for Mr. Fickert is the array of enemies he has made.

The Treaty.

By a series of decisive votes the Senate has rejected various amendments to the peace treaty proposed by Senator Fall and others, and recommended for adoption by the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Senator Johnson's proposed amendment demanding that representation of the United States in the league council shall equal that of the countries constituting the British Empire has yet to be considered. There is in this last proposal that which appeals powerfully to national sentiment and traditional prejudice, yet the probabilities are that like the others it will be rejected; not for the reason that a majority of the Senate does not favor it sentimentally, but because its adoption would necessitate resubmission of the treaty and thus postpone the day of formal peace.

While the attitude of the country with respect to the treaty is obviously marked by questionings and doubts—while the country declines to regard the league of nations as a cure-all for political and social evils and as inaugurating the millennium—sentiment tending to its adoption without definite amendments unquestionably grows. Everybody is weary of discussions which tend not at all to enlightenment. Conviction is universal that not until the day of formal peace can there be even a beginning of the serious business of reconstruction. It is realized that Europe is weltering in social and industrial confusion, and that it is suffering for assurances that only formal peace can bring. Mr. Hoover's statement—"I am convinced that if we attempt now to revise the treaty we shall tread a road through European chaos"—has had tremendous influence in bringing to reluctant support of the treaty many who resent the methods by which it was formulated and who find in the instrument itself abundant ground for doubt and dissatisfaction.

Business and financial interests which at first looked askance at the treaty are now pretty generally supporting it upon motives not very creditable under moral analysis. All of the European countries with which we were associated in the war owe us considerable sums of money, and immediate conditions are such that we are bound under the double motives of human sympathy and financial interest to extend them still further credits. Formal peace will tend to augment the values of our advances and to accredit future advances that we must make. Further, many of the new and small nationalities which have been set up in Europe are already our debtors and are in the way of requiring still further credits at our hands; and here again formal peace becomes a necessity if these obligations are to be made

good—in other words, if they are to be worth dollar for dollar.

A still further and very considerable pressure upon the Senate has developed in connection with the demand for an "open season" prior to the going into effect of national prohibition in January. The prohibition now in force is under "war legislation" and the Administration has declared that it must remain in force until formal peace is declared. Throughout the country there are large stores of liquors which will be practically valueless unless there shall be a period in which they may legally be sold. The banks have made heavy advances upon these commodities. Therefore what is called the liquor interest, backed by the banking interest, is exercising every influence available to bring about adoption of the treaty without amendment, to the end that "war prohibition" may be called off, thus allowing an interval in which stocks of liquors may be transmuted into cash. It is a case where history curiously repeats itself—where the "idealists," and the liquor interest, and the "money power" are yoked together in incongruous but none the less harmonious team work.

Acceptance of the treaty with reservations—the latter having the moral effect, but not the legal force of amendments—will not, it is urged, necessitate resubmission. It will, it is assumed, while qualifying the responsibility of the United States, not postpone the day of formal peace. Under this theory and under the various forms of pressure which have been put upon it, the Senate will probably ratify the treaty at an early date upon terms practically in accord with the suggestions of ex-Senator Root and Mr. Hughes.

Prohibition As It Works Out.

There are, we hope, those who will recall that many months ago it was foretold in these columns that prohibition would result in multiplication of the means of illicit manufacture of liquors. The processes of distillation are easy; whisky, of a certain quality, may be made by simple means on a kitchen stove, and this being so it was and is inevitable that domestic forms of "moon-shining" should under prohibition become general.

On a single day of last week the authorities having in charge enforcement of the prohibitory laws captured in San Francisco a hundred small stills; and probably this round-up represents only a fraction of the illicit activity now in process in this city alone. Assuredly, since liquor may be had by anybody who really wants it and is willing to descend to cheap deceptions to get it, there must be a vast deal of illicit practice.

Some seven thousand persons in California, according to official report, have applied for license to make wines in limited quantities for domestic use. We are assured further that small vineyardists everywhere—and some large ones—are pursuing the usual course of extracting and storing juices from the grape harvest now maturing. The practice thus being general, punishment becomes impracticable. It is a familiar truism that it is impossible to indict a whole community, and as thousands of persons in California are engaged openly or secretly in making wines no practical method of restraining them has yet been suggested.

Those who have imagined that tastes and habits long established may suddenly be altered by a legal enactment are in the way of discovering their error. So long as there are multitudes who want liquors and wines, so long as there are multitudes resentful of arbitrary prohibition, so long as there is profit in production (illicit or otherwise), ways and means of satisfying the demand will surely be found. No statute ever was made or ever will be made that can be enforced strictly as against the judgment and will of a large element of any community. If alcohol in all its forms is to be banished the process must not be by means of arbitrary laws.

but through the slow processes of conviction and moral restraint.

Common Sense vs. Army Tradition

The Army Ordnance Department is charged with responsibility for supplying the armies of the United States with all of the armament and munitions with which they fight. Without ordnance the soldier stands barehanded in the olive drab cloth and shoes of the quartermaster. From the 300-ton 14-inch guns on railway mounts to the machine guns, rifles, and pistols of the infantry, from the heaviest tank to the smallest aerial bomb, designs, manufacture, proof, supply, and maintenance are all the work of army ordnance. The separate articles that it furnishes number more than 100,000, and almost every one of them is of intricate technical design. So intricate is ordnance material that the Germans having captured French 75-mm. cannon were unable with all their skill to reproduce one. Needless to say that army which is best equipped with ordnance is best supplied to win a struggle.

It seems evident to even laymen that the officers of the Ordnance Department of the United States Army should be skilled engineers and technical men of the highest ability, training, and experience, men selected because of special qualifications and then retained for continuous work in research and study to improve, develop, and maintain knowledge of armament so that it shall be second to that of no other nation. Other branches of the service may in emergency draw their recruits from identical or corresponding activities of civil life. Ordnance has no identical or corresponding activity. It stands upon its own resources.

In the beginning of the recent world conflict the Ordnance Department of the United States Army consisted of ninety-seven regular army officers, most of them detailed from other branches of the service to the Ordnance Department for four years. It was their given job to supply ordnance to an army of 5,000,000 men. The plain truth is that these officers, good men though most of them were, could not of their own knowledge have humanly performed the task within the time given. Fortunately, we had powerful allies and we immediately turned to them and secured from them plans, specifications, working models, secret devices, carefully guarded formulae, even complete manufacturing processes, and it was arranged with Great Britain and France to equip American divisions arriving in France during 1918 with field, medium and heavy artillery, and other material, the United States continuing to furnish these foreign governments propellant and high explosives on the largest possible scale. This Allied help permitted the American Ordnance Department time to recruit and hurriedly train additional personnel and through it to mobilize the industries of America into great arsenals. At the time of the armistice the United States had over 5900 ordnance officers directing nearly 8000 manufacturing plants, employing more than 4,000,000 persons. The record of the original ninety-seven and those they trained is a marvelous record of accomplishment, but without Allied help it could not have been made.

Next time we may stand solely upon our own resources. We should certainly be prepared for such a contingency with an Ordnance Department replete with modern knowledge in the safe-keeping of officers who are permanent ordnance officers, specialized mechanical and chemical engineers devoting themselves unremittingly to the technical field of the work. And yet it is proposed, in the reorganization of the army, to provide personnel for the Ordnance Department solely through detailing thereto for four-year periods officers of the infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery corps, corps of engineers. The section of the bill (Senate 2715) pertinent provides:

(b) Section 31, Appointment of Officers. Hereafter all appointments of officers in grades below that of brigadier-general shall be by commission in the infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery corps, corps of engineers, or one of the corps of the medical department, or as chaplain, band leader, or professor at the United States Military Academy. Those now commissioned in said branches will continue under existing commissions; all now otherwise commissioned will be recommissioned with their present grades and dates of ranks in the infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery corps, corps of engineers, as may in each case be directed by the President.

Officers for duty in the branches herein authorized and in which officers are not commissioned shall be obtained by temporary details from among officers of corresponding grades in other branches, but no officer below the grade of lieutenant-

colonel shall be detailed to duty detaching him from the branch in which permanently commissioned for more than four years in any period of six years, except in time of actual or threatened hostilities.

The chief of ordnance, Major-General C. C. Williams, is unqualifiedly opposed to this "detail system" and has given to Congress a clear exposition of its faults. He points out that a surer method of securing a mediocre Ordnance Department could hardly be conceived. A less effective method of assuring proper ordnance equipment to meet another emergency would be difficult to define. Surely the lessons of the world war are not to be thus quickly forgotten. Of what particular use are cavalry officers in providing ordnance? Even infantry and artillery officers are not specialists in ordnance design and manufacture. If the United States is to have an army it must provide suitable arms for that army or it will be practically impotent. Even American soldiers fighting in the conviction of a just moral cause can not and will not stand up and fight without ordnance equipment. To leave the work of designing and supplying this equipment to constantly shifting, untrained, untechnical personnel is the surest way to obtain a minimum result at a maximum expenditure followed by a catastrophe.

The Labor Conference.

The Labor Conference at Washington will have been worth while if it shall clear up certain misunderstandings that have long attended the claims of employer and employee in the matter of "collective bargaining." What is collective bargaining? There are two theories. One of them is reflected in the attitude of Judge Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who is willing to bargain "collectively" with his own men, but who declines to deal with professional managers of organized labor who have no direct relation to the industry over which he presides. The other theory embodies the views of certain labor leaders, including Mr. Gompers, who have no direct relationship to any particular industry, but who claim the right to represent labor in "collective" dealings with employers in any and every employment.

Regarded logically, the demand of Mr. Gompers and those who stand with him is for the recognition of a general labor trust which shall take upon itself authority in all affairs connected with labor. This claim in reality is for a monopoly of labor under which managers of organized labor can deal on the one hand with vast bodies of men subject to orders and on the other with the employers of labor.

Between these two theories there is in the conference a deadlock, and there seems but little prospect of a solution mutually satisfactory. The employers can not yield without sacrificing a principle which may not be compromised without conceding to the leaders of organized labor rights which would establish the authority of unionism above the authority of government itself, which is bound to protect the right of every citizen to work upon his own contract.

Much will have been gained if the discussions of the conference shall exhibit in concrete and authoritative form the claims of the contending interests. At least we shall know what is meant by "collective bargaining" and other phrases whose use in past discussions has tended rather to confusion than to enlightenment. It will help vastly in the formation of public opinion if it can be determined what is meant by terms and phrases which have hitherto been subject to different interpretations.

More than this can hardly be expected to come out of the conference. The notion that at this stage of affairs the representatives of opposing groups and theories can hit upon a working compromise is futile. Compromise is the last thing desired where principles are at issue.

Editorial Notes.

William Waldorf Astor, "Viscount" Astor by grace of a British ministry in gratitude for financial favors both past and hoped for, was in truth a very commonplace man. He had a gentleman's pretensions, but not a gentleman's spirit. It is not of record that in the whole course of his life he ever said anything or did anything in the way of human service, although his privileges and opportunities were exceptional. In a rage of resentment because his great wealth was not accepted in his own country as a charter of nobility and as qualifying him for public honors, he abandoned American citizen-

ship and made his home in England, where, if truth be told, sheer money will yield promotions denied to it here. Mr. Astor's publicly declared reason for becoming a British subject was that "America is no place for a gentleman."

Mr. Astor found England as difficult for his particular brand of gentleman as his own country. For years he knocked at outer doors of English society, only to meet rebuff after rebuff; and when at a later time he succeeded in practically buying a title he found his doll stuffed with sawdust. He never really "got in": he was always valued at his true character of social climber, as lacking alike the solid worth of character and the graces of breeding. He found after he had the bauble in hand that rank is but the guinea stamp and that in England as in America a man is valued, not by artificial insignia, but upon the basis of character.

Men of the Astor type—and there are a good many of them—are frequently heard to complain that America affords no scope for a man "of wealth and family connections" and who at the same time is ambitious for public service. Theodore Roosevelt did not find it so. He came from a family connection quite as distinguished as that of Mr. Astor; he was affiliated from his birth with a class which Mr. Astor acclaimed as his own. Yet Mr. Roosevelt found ways and means of public service; and in public service he achieved a measure of public favor not equaled by any other figure of our day. It was the quality of the man that gave Theodore Roosevelt his great place in American life. Any other man who is willing to earn his way by service rather than seek promotion as a matter of privilege will find the way as open to him as it was to Roosevelt. Mr. Astor, like Roosevelt, made a start in public life as a member of the New York legislature; and if like Roosevelt he had exhibited high, or even respectable qualities of mind, and even a reasonable range of human sympathies, he could have had in his own country a useful and even a distinguished career.

It is a curious fact that rank in England, presumably a land of privilege, counts for less than in America; likewise that in America, presumably a land which worships the almighty dollar, wealth counts for less than in England. Any kind of a lordling, no matter how cheap or contemptible a figure he may be at home, becomes a lion the moment he sets foot on American soil; any sort of a multi-millionaire, no matter how he got his wealth, can buy his way into what is called high circles in England. The experience of Mr. Astor is illustrative. He was without special abilities, without even good manners, yet through lavish gifts to aristocratic charities and through a persistent policy of pushing he got himself into the peerage, even while failing to command public or private consideration.

Those who over-appraise the guinea stamp of rank in England would do well to consider the case of Mr. Arthur Balfour, now, and for a long time past, a man of high if not indeed of the highest distinction in English life. Mr. Balfour, for all his great career and his sustained prestige, is still plain Mr. Balfour. Wherever he sits in any company, there is the head of the table. There is no lord, no duke, in all the realm who is not instantly subordinated the moment Mr. Balfour enters a room. It would add nothing to Mr. Balfour's position to be accorded the highest official honor possible to be bestowed upon a British subject. He is what he is by force of his character and his achievements. Mr. Astor, on the other hand, was what he was upon the basis of his character and history; and the formal rank bestowed upon him in no sense dignified his character, since it only measured the length of his purse and illustrated rather his vanity than his merit.

In contrast with the circumstances of Mr. Astor's abandonment of American citizenship was the case of Henry James, the writer. For reasons entirely personal to himself Mr. James preferred to spend the greater part of his life in England. His genius found that which was helpful to it in an old country rich in historical and literary traditions. His best work was done in an environment and under influences which he found in England. He came in the course of years into a wide range of sympathies and friendships. He had grown to be an old man when the war came on.

It was too late for him to render any kind of active service, but, wishing to express in a definite way his sympathy with the associates and friends of his life, and resentful, as many of us were, of the tardy policies of the United States, he exchanged his American citizenship for the obligations of a British subject. It was not on Mr. James' part an attempt to make head in English society; his position in both the social and literary spheres was already a large and fixed quantity. Nor was it in contempt of the conditions and spirit of his own country, for which he always sustained an affectionate regard. It was with the wish to express in a concrete way at a time of stress and trial his sympathy with a country and a people to whom he had become profoundly attached.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Compulsory Arbitration in Railroad Strikes.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 18, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: When President Wilson was endeavoring to prevent the general railway strike in August, 1916, he suggested the enactment of a law which would substitute arbitration for strikes. This met with the most vehement protests from Mr. Gompers and the chiefs of the four railway brotherhoods; and one of the latter declared that, if any statute were ever adopted interfering with the right (*sic*) to strike, it would be followed at once by violent revolution, and the country would be deluged with blood and overwhelmed with horrors surpassing those of the French Revolution.

But why? Our good President and many other champions of labor are urging upon our country the adoption of the covenant of the league of nations. Now, the salient feature of this covenant is compulsory arbitration of international disputes. This, indeed, is its only *raison d'être*—the only excuse for its vagueness and admitted imperfections. Arbitration, to be of any value, must be binding. This much is certain. If it be not so, it settles nothing and amounts merely to suggestion or advice. The covenant of the league is so emphatic in this regard that it makes arbitration obligatory, not only as between its own members, but also as between non-members of the league. Its great object is to substitute arbitration for war and to guard against the possibility of any war whatsoever, whether arising from within or from without the league. And it justifies the assumption of this novel and tremendous jurisdiction upon the ground that the public interest of the whole world in the maintenance of peace is superior to and should control the right of individual nations to engage in war.

Now, if the public interest is important enough to justify the imposition of compulsory arbitration on all the nations of the world, in their sovereign capacities, why is it not important enough to justify the imposition of compulsory arbitration upon our common carriers and their employees in their domestic capacities as private citizens? If we can bind the world, can we not, also, bind our public service corporations and those who work for them? Sauce good enough for the international goose should be good enough for the national gander. If the gravest foreign questions must be settled by compulsory arbitration, why not domestic disputes as to trainmen's wages and conditions of labor? These last concern us much more intimately and are of far greater importance to our peace and happiness than any possible quarrels that might arise between Hedjaz and Honduras.

Most nations are satisfied with fighting each other once or twice a century, but the railway brotherhoods are on top of us all the time. The shadow of their menace hangs as a perpetual cloud over the commercial life of the entire country, constantly threatening every community with instant paralysis. And for practical purposes the constant menace, with its resulting uncertainties, is almost as disastrous as the actual tie-up.

Railway strikes inflict cruel violence and misery upon whole communities, and they disarrange and paralyze our entire economic life. They have increased to such proportions and have become so frequent that they threaten to overthrow the whole structure of civilization, and to substitute the crude barbarism of the primitive cave man for the vast and complicated achievements of the ages. Surely these are more vital problems to us than any questions that can arise in Turkey or the Balkans. A general strike, which would tie up all the railroad lines in the United States for any length of time, would inflict more misery and loss upon our people than all the foreign wars we have ever waged. It would bring all industry to a standstill, and would cause suffering and social demoralization that would end in revolution and anarchy. When we undertake to guarantee the nations of the world against external aggression it is not at least as important to guarantee ourselves against internal aggression? Or is it to be our fate to stumble along through the pages of history, without chart or compass, wholly unmindful of our own future, while we chase the rainbow dreams of altruistic visionaries? Internal strikes are even more harmful than foreign war, because the former bring nothing but loss and ruin, while the latter has given us the priceless legacy of the fourteen points.

Nor is the element of the public interest less potent when we turn from the covenant of the league to domestic law. For many years we have been asserting the right to control and have been controlling all the railways of the country; upon the ground that they were public service corporations, and that the public had a paramount interest in them. By virtue of this so-called public interest we have limited their rates of fares and freights and have regulated the conditions of transportation. Under the plea of the public interest we have fixed the maximum returns which their owners should receive upon their investments. Now the power to fix income involves the power to impair the value of the principal itself. Commercial investments are not objects of art. They have no value except for the income they pay. Diminish or abolish the income and you, to that extent, impair or destroy the value of the principal. The property of the railway owners is subject to such rates and regulations as may be prescribed by all the numerous railroad commissions, whether state or Federal. Why is not sauce for the owners' goose good enough for the employees' gander? The right to receive wages can not be higher or greater than the right of ownership in the property itself. The latter is in *rem*, absolute and vested, while the former is purely personal and temporary and depends for its continued existence upon many contingencies. It has always been held that the employee may be discharged, but it has only been recently suggested that the owner of the property may be, and this latter suggestion has emanated rather from Trotsky and Lenin than from Blackstone.

If the interest of the public in the railways of the country is so overshadowing that it justifies control of the owners in the enjoyment of their property, why is not such public in-

terest potent enough to justify control of the employees in regard to conditions of labor and amount of wages? Labor unions are demanding more and more stringent regulation of the owners on the ground of the element of public interest which is claimed to enter into their ownership. Is it not time for the employees to take a little of their own medicine, and to realize that it is a shabby rule that works only one way? If the public interest justifies and demands regulation of the employer, why not also of the employee? Or can it be that labor unions as such have risen above all sovereignty and all law? Can it be that they have appropriated to themselves, as of divine right, the motto "*Die Macht ist Recht*," to overthrow which the civilized world has just spent millions of lives and billions of dollars?

However great may have been the sins of the owners, they are as nothing in comparison with the terrible blows dealt by the mailed fist of the brotherhoods. If the railroads have charged too much for transportation, or have been guilty of illegal discrimination in the past, they at least did not paralyze and destroy the business of the country, and we have long since regulated their charges and their practices by law. But at a given signal the strikers drop their tools and quit work, and every wheel is stopped and all the arteries of commerce blocked, and every demon of idleness and starvation let loose to join the dance of anarchy and death. It is the terrible weapon of the general railroad strike, the most brutal and inhuman instrument of war ever devised by man. Poison gas was intended for helligerents, but the general railroad strike aims to injure the innocent and helpless public in order to force it to compel the railroads to surrender at discretion.

Paraphrasing, how absurd is the appropriation to themselves of the term "labor," as their exclusive property, by these tyrannical autocrats of the strike. As if no one worked but themselves! They claim to be oppressed by forty-eight hours a week and extra pay for overtime, while millions of men and women who toil as farmers, and scientists, and in business and professional life, do their seventy-two hours and more a week, and even then can not banish their business responsibilities when they lay aside their tools. For these last, who constitute the great majority, there is no "Part XIII—Labor" in the treaty of Versailles, no Adamson law, no eight-hour day with extra pay for overtime. For them it is "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," a function which Satan never declines.

For many years past the common carriers and their stockholders and bondholders have suffered from the repeated assaults of the railway employees, instigated and backed by the political demagogues who kowtow to them and exploit them. Ground down between the upper millstone of governmental control and the lower millstone of increasing wages and costs, the credit of the railroads has been so completely crushed that they have not been able to borrow the money required even for necessary betterments and repairs.

Not content with regulating, the railway brotherhoods are now demanding the nationalization of the railroads and a share in their administration and a percentage of their income. The owners are to be compelled to hand over their property, at forced sale as it were, and upon terms and for a price to be fixed by the spoilers and to be ultimately met and paid by the general taxpayers of the nation, of whom the members of the railway brotherhoods constitute but an insignificant fraction. And this is "making the world safe for democracy!" *Vive le humbug!*

And now the chief party in interest—the great, neutral, innocent, and long-suffering public—is to be compelled to drink from the same poisoned chalice of industrial unrest and wrong. Will the lethargic but unoffending giant consent to quaff to the dregs the bitter draught of his own destruction, or will he some day rise in his wrath and bind the recalcitrant employee with the same chains of public service which have been so long and so heavily laid upon the employer?

Very truly yours, GORDON BLANDING.

The Issue.

ROCKLIN, CAL., October 17, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Time draws ever closer when final action must be taken by the Senate of the United States upon the treaty of peace with Germany. What that action will prove to be is still uncertain, although there is indicated a steady and increasing loss in the ranks of those who will be for the treaty signed at Versailles, without either amendment or reservation.

Only one thing to date seems certain concerning it and that is that whatever may be the final action of the Senate it must for either good or ill have direct effect upon the future of the country and upon that of each and every one of its inhabitants. Under our form of government where through public opinion the people, at times, govern in fact as well as in theory, it is not only the right, but the hounden duty as well, for each one of us to make up our mind as to what action we want the Senate to take. Once having definitely made up our mind, it is even more our hounden duty to directly, and as soon as possible, let our senators and representatives know the result.

In deciding whether one is for or against the treaty as it stands; is for amendments; or for reservations interpretative or otherwise, one fact should never be lost sight of. Once the treaty has received the official sanction of the United States and has come into force THEN interpretation as to the meaning of the various provisions of the treaty can only be drawn from the wording of the instrument itself, and from this source alone. No matter how high and unselfish may have been the intent or lofty the aims of its sponsors, both aim and intent will then have joined all the sad words of tongue or pen in the might have been.

In reaching a decision it should be borne in mind as well that a reservation to be effective must be made a part of the instrument of ratification itself. If reservations, no matter how drastic, are made in an instrument or instruments separate from that of ratification they will be likely to exercise the same restraint upon the other members of the league that the promises of Japan as to Korea and Manchuria exercised upon Japan.

The American Revolution brought us forth "a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." George Washington warned us: "Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." Abraham Lincoln made us solemn promise at Gettysburg that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." Theodore Roosevelt insisted almost to the day of his death that "our first duty was to ourselves."

Woodrow Wilson now offers us a league of nations, a super-state with power concentrated in a council which it is proposed shall consist of the representatives of an empire, a kingdom and an empire, four kingdoms, and three republics. And supplements the gift with another warning to us that "whether you will or not, our fortunes are tied with the rest of the world."

JAMES G. BLAINE.

The name of Archangel is, properly, Archangelsk. The city was founded in 1514 and for about 120 years it was the only port of Russia.

A UNIONIZED POLICE.

It may be due to the size of the country or it may be due to an easy lassitude of mind, but it is rather a characteristic of our people first to determine that a thing ought not to be and then to assume that it is not and can not be. Of this we have a recent illustration in the proposal to unionize the police of our big cities. We all know what happened in Washington, D. C., and in Boston as a result of police impotence and of police strikes. I say we all know what happened, but as a matter of fact we do not know what happened except in the vaguest way. Our newspapers do not allow us to know what happened. They speak vaguely of riots and disturbances, but they do not tell us that if we want a parallel to the happenings in Boston and Washington we must seek for it in the Belgian towns submerged by a rabble of etherized German soldiers. But we know enough to help us to an opinion as the unionization of the police. We shook our heads gravely and said that it could not be allowed. We said that it was subversive of discipline. We said that the police must not have two masters. We said all kinds of sage and sound things, and then like Kipling's *bandar log* we began to talk about other matters in the comfortable assurance that the problem had now been solved, and that the things that ought not to be were not, and could never be.

At the present time there are thirty-seven cities in the United States where the police are not only unionized, but affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. These thirty-seven cities are to be found in twenty-two out of the forty-eight states. They involve a total population of about 4,344,000 people. The movement has failed in only two cities, in Boston and in Washington. It has succeeded in all other cities where it has been proposed. The movement is spreading.

This interesting information is embodied in a speech delivered by Mr. Gould before the lower house on October 13th. Mr. Gould seemed to think that the matter was a pressing one, as indeed it is. If the police are to be controlled by the American Federation of Labor it would be well for us to know who is to control the American Federation of Labor. That, of course, is a matter for speculation, but Mr. Gould seemed to think that the Federation might be controlled by the Syndicalists, otherwise known as the Bolsheviks. Certainly these people intend to control it. They have said so. Mr. William Z. Foster had boasted that Syndicalists "are teaching working-class soldiers . . . to shoot down their own officers and to desert the army when the crucial moment arrives."

That Mr. Foster intended to Bolshevize the labor movement had been made abundantly clear by that gentleman himself. To quote further from Mr. Gould:

"To revolutionize the American labor movement," wrote Syndicalist Foster, as a prophecy of what Labor Unionist Foster would essay, "Syndicalists must follow the course taken by successful Syndicalists the world over, viz., develop the existing unions and organize unions for those workers for whom at present none exist. The natural course of evolution for a labor movement, even as for individual workers, is gradually from the conservative to the revolutionary. . . . By actively participating in the labor movement they (the Syndicalists) can greatly hasten this evolution. They can hasten their influence felt upon the labor movement through the medium of the organized militant minority."

Perhaps it would be well to explain how this debate arose. Congress is usually chary of addressing itself to labor questions, and usually it does so with hands carefully gloved. But there was a motion before the House to raise the pay of the police of the District of Columbia, an ill-timed motion, one would suppose, at a time when the city of Washington had just passed from the hands of the mob who had turned its streets into an inferno while the police stood helplessly around and murmured incantations. None the less the motion had been brought and it proved an opportunity for a few valiant souls like Mr. Gould to express themselves.

It may be said furthermore that it is not easy to follow a debate in Congress because of the levities, jocularities, and irrelevancies that are considered to be necessary parts of the procedure. Thus we may skip a lively little argument as to the rapidity with which a motor cyclist wears out his trousers, and whether his saving in boots may be considered as a compensatory factor to the destructive friction in the upper and less dignified regions.

Not quite so frivolous nor so irrelevant was the discussion on the policies of Major Pullman, chief of police of Washington. Major Pullman used to be secretary to Mr. Pinchot, and had therefore learned much of the good, the beautiful, and the true. He is a past master in the art of uplift. He exudes virtues and pacifism. He lives in an atmosphere of ethics and hygiene. And so we find Representative Aswell taking up his parable from Representative Gould. Mr. Aswell had the highest opinion of Major Pullman as a Christian, an uplifter, a moral force, but his opinion of him as a policeman was unfit for publication, so to speak. Major Pullman was no more fitted to run the police force than to run an army tank or an aeroplane:

Last week my wife and daughter had an automobile tire sawed from the car. They appealed to a policeman to catch the thief, and he said that it was of no use; that if captured the judge would turn him loose. And that was the end of it.

The superintendent has singing contests in this city, while murder, rape, and other crimes are committed; the superintendent of police of this city has swimming contests for policemen, while murder and rape are being committed.

Major Pullman issues bulletins to the police force

in order that they, too, may walk the straight and narrow path of rectitude. Says Major Pullman to the police force that allowed Washington to become an inferno:

It costs nothing to cleanse the teeth thoroughly after each meal. By so doing you may save, not only dentists' bills, but surgeons' and doctors' bills.

Admirable Major Pullman, pet of the Administration. And again, in another bulletin:

It costs nothing to keep serene and cheerful; to show "malice toward none and charity for all"; to keep out of the nervous system "grouches" that waste your energies and infect the lives of those around you.

It sounds rather like New Thought. But how well the police obeyed these beautiful maxims while the murderous mob was raging through the streets of the city, madly searching for loot and women. How "serene and cheerful" they were. How well they suppressed their malice, and with what success they kept "grouches" out of their nervous systems.

But to return to the unionization of the police and to the resolution forbidding it so far as the District of Columbia is concerned. There were some who opposed the resolution, Mr. Bee, for example, who was much afraid lest Congress should invidiously name some labor organization and so put a stigma upon it. Mr. Gard was similarly troubled in his mind inasmuch as "every man within the law has a right to choose his own association, whether he be in labor or in capital." Nearly all of "our good young men" from whom the police are recruited belong already to labor unions, and surely we must not close upon them the door of honorable employment because they belong to a trade organization.

Mr. Mondell brushed aside these objections. It was a simple matter of principle. Were the police at liberty to belong to any organization that might issue to them orders contrary to the orders of the government?

What is it we seek? We seek to prohibit the police from belonging to any organization which in itself, or by or through another organization, is associated or affiliated with any organization that claims any right to call them from their service. In other words, we prohibit a divided control over the police. We are all, I take it, of the opinion that the guardians of the law should only have one allegiance and that is to the people, to the law, to the authorities; and we say that in order that their allegiance may be undivided they may not belong to an organization which itself claims the right to call them from their work, or any organization that affiliates with or is associated with an organization that claims that right.

The language of the section clearly prohibits the thing intended to be prohibited. It does it in a way that is definite and in a way that is not offensive, and I think that in itself is worth while. There is not a member of this House or a member of Congress but what is friendly to labor organizations properly organized and exercising control and authority within proper lines. We do take the position, however, and I assume we are united on that, the position that practically all good citizens have taken up, that the police organizations and policemen must not affiliate directly or indirectly with any who may claim the right to call them from their duty, that may claim authority or control over them to call them from their duty. The guardians of the law must have and hold allegiance to the law and to constituted authority, and to none other. They should have no affiliation that under any circumstances might embarrass them in the performance of their duty.

But Mr. Nolan was still more direct. The gist of the whole matter was not so much whether there should or should not be police unions, but whether those unions might affiliate with larger or parent organizations. There had been many strikes both of police and firemen in various parts of the country, but no one had taken any particular notice of them. Those strikes had usually failed. Now it was sought to give them greater power by enlisting to their support all the forces of organized labor. It was to be done by affiliation under the American Federation. The Boston strike was not the first police strike by any means. But it was the first strike of an affiliated police force, and we saw at once what happened. It was something like the sack of Louvain, although the comparison is not Mr. Nolan's. But Mr. Nolan was uncompromising on the subject of all police and firemen's strikes. They should be impossible, just as impossible as a strike of doctors or nurses, just as impossible as a strike of soldiers on the battlefield:

Mr. Chairman, I want to say to the membership of the committee that, first of all, I do not believe any police organization or any organization of firemen ought to expect to have the right to strike or to exercise the right. [Applause.] I do not believe any governmental organization of men that has control of the interests of life and property ought to exercise the right to strike, and it should not do it either directly or indirectly. I do not think any organization of policemen in this country or any organization of firemen should do it. Recent history has shown us that outside of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, and months before the American Federation of Labor admitted the police or firemen and similar organizations, there had been strikes of police and firemen in the larger cities of this country, and it did not seem to create the comment that was recently created by the Boston police strike or the organization of the policemen of Washington into the American Federation of Labor. Never until they were about to be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor did any one pay any attention to police or firemen strikes.

Incidentally Mr. Nolan divulged a curious fact. The commissioners of the District of Columbia had ordered the police to cease their membership in a certain organization. The police leaders enjoined the commissioners from enforcing that order and a day was set by the courts for the hearing of the case. Then the President of the United States intervened. That goes without saying. He asked the commissioners to allow the matter to rest "until such time as the industrial

conference that is now sitting in Washington could take place, at which time he figured that this entire subject of police unions and their affiliation with the American labor movement could be discussed and some pronouncement made thereon." The matter is still resting. The President still intervenes.

It has been said that Mr. Gompers was lukewarm in his advocacy of police affiliation with the American Federation. Unfortunately there is no thermometer that can be applied to measure such heat as this. It was brought out by Mr. Nolan that Mr. Gompers had made a speech on this subject strongly resisting a prohibition of such affiliation, although up to last June the great labor organizations had refused to grant charters to the police and had admitted that policemen should not be members of organizations claiming the right to order their men to strike. But Mr. Gompers certainly had no such scruples when he made the speech cited by Mr. Nolan and in which he said:

Gentlemen, after all, what have the people of the United States been fighting for? What have we been fighting for? Why did we organize this army of 4,000,000 men? Why have we made sacrifices of food and life; given our money in the drives; loaned our money for bonds, depriving ourselves of many, many of the things that make up the comforts of life? Why? Is it that after we have won a victory against militarism and autocracy and imperialism we shall have the rights which were exercised before taken from us? Autocracy does not merely exist in name. It exists as a fact; it is a state of mind; it is a state of fact. If the working people of the United States, policemen included, had the right before the war to organize and to affiliate with any lawful, honorable, patriotic body of people, surely, at the close of the war, when we have won against such great odds a victory that will go down in history as the greatest struggle in the history of the whole world, then should not out of it, out of the glow, out of the glamour, out of the sacrifice, the denial of a right, come the right to organize, the right to affiliate with a bona fide organization of labor that has had a continuous and honorable existence for more than thirty-nine years?

Mr. Quin, continuing the debate, was the first to use the dreaded name of Bolshevism and to point out in unequivocal terms the actual issue that was before the country. The question for him was much wider than the confines of the city of Washington. The country at large would watch the debate—and here Mr. Quin was much mistaken—and would be more or less guided accordingly:

This is an act of the American Congress that I believe the people of this country will construe as fundamental. I can not understand why the police force of a city has any more right to go on a strike than has the army. To me the action of the police in the city of Boston and the contemplated action of the police right here in the Capital City of the government is incomprehensible and horrible to contemplate. With Bolshevism running through all Europe and a part of this country, it is time that Congress takes this stand. Notwithstanding the gentleman from Alabama has said that there is no Bolshevism in the American Federation of Labor, the activities of such European poison manifests itself in the I. W. W. and many of the men belonging to organized labor. The good, law-abiding element in the unions oftentimes can not control the radical and lawless element, especially the dangerous foreigner. When union workers in this country defy the President of the United States and say that if they can not have their way they will strike and starve the people of the United States that is a flagrant disregard of the constituted authorities and an absolute disregard for the great unorganized mass of people who observe all law.

Now is the time for the Congress of the United States to take a firm stand. Do not be afraid of the few wild radicals among the many good men of organized labor who hold union cards who want to trample the rights of the American people under their feet, men who only work a few hours a day and then come around and grumble because some dairyman with a wife and family who all work seven days a week and fifteen hours a day charges a decent price for his milk. And yet these fellows want every holiday, half of Saturday, and all of Sunday, and come down here and ask for forty-four hours to constitute a week's work. The hituminous coal miners, in utter disregard of their contract with the mine-owners, now demand thirty hours to constitute a week's work. They demand, on top of that, 60 per cent. increase in wages. They even say they will strike November 1st and freeze the women and children to death. Now is the time, gentlemen, to take a firm stand and say that the police shall not join a union that affiliates with the American Federation of Labor. Those men are officers of the state and take an oath to uphold the law. If some other union violates the law on a strike, the police must be free to handle them. Let them belong to their own union, but under no circumstances should they be allowed to be connected with the American Federation of Labor.

That the police of Washington have now been forbidden to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor is gratifying enough, but do not let us suppose that the problem is thereby settled. It is not settled. As we have seen, there are thirty-seven other cities that are more complacent and over which Congress has no control. It is good that the national capital should be under national control so far as its police force is concerned. It would be better still if all police forces were under the exclusive control of their communities, but that is very far from being the case.

SIDNEY CORYN.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 22, 1919.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge avoids and cordially dislikes personal advertisement of any kind. He is of an appearance to challenge the attention of every visitor to the capital; overtopping in height all others in the Senate chamber, erect and spare, strikingly handsome, with white hair and beard close-trimmed and long mustache. As a speaker, his voice is clear, resonant, and full, with expression varied exactly to the matter in hand. Simple in gesture, plainly dressed, he is spoken of as a patrician to his shoe-sole.

The science of bell casting has been practiced in one English foundry for nearly 350 years.

OLD FAVORITES.

La Blanchisseuse.

Margat on at early dawn
Thro' the vineyard takes her way,
With her basket piled with lawn
And with kerchiefs red and gay,
To the stream which hables past
Grove, chateau, and clanking mill.
As it runs it chatters fast
Like a woman with a will:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
Here I come from Picardy!
Hurry off thy wooden shoes,
I will wash thy clothes with thee!"

Margat on's a shapely maid;
Laughter haunts her large, soft eye;
When she trips by vineyard shade
Trips the sun with her, say I.
Wooden shoes she lays aside,
Puts her linen in the mill;
And the stream, in gossip's pride,
Chatters to her with a will:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
—I know a thing or two!
Thus, this is the latest news,
Some one dreams of eyes of blue!"

Margat on her linen wrings,
White between her ruddy hands;
O'er her feet the rillet sings,
Dimpling all its golden sands:
Hawthorn blushes touch her hair,
Birdlings twitter sweet and shrill,
Sunbeams seek her everywhere;
Gossips on the wordy rill:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
He who dreams has lands and flocks!
Margat on may idly choose
Pebbles in the place of rocks!"

Margat on her linen treads,
Ankle-dimple deep her feet;
Nod the stately green fern-heads,
Nod the violets damp and sweet;
Dewy places in the wood
With the ruddy morning fill;
Silenter the downy brood,
Chatters on the gossip rill:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
He who dreams is rich and great!
Margat on may idly choose
Golden sorrow for a mate!"

Margat on her linen wrings;
Day's gold gullet overflows;
Leaves are stirred with glancing wings;
One can smell the distant rose.
"Silly stream, the Curé said
Just such warning yesterday!"
Rippling o'er its pebbly bed,
Still the stream would have its say:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
Yet another tale I know,
Some one dreams of, runs my news,
Golden heart in hosom's snow!"

Margat on her linen spreads
On the violet hank to dry;
Droop the willows low their heads,
Curious, for her low reply:
"Dearest stream, but yesternight
Whispered Jean those words to me!"
And the rillet in its flight
Buzzed and murmured like a bee:
"Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,
He who dreams is good and true!
How can Margat on refuse?
Blanchisseuse, adieu, adieu!"
—Isabella Valancy Crawford.

Pagan Epitaph.

Servant of the eternal Must
I lie here, here let me lie,
In the ashes and the dust,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.
When I lived I sought no wings,
Schemed no heaven, planned no hell,
But, content with little things,
Made an earth, and it was well.

Song and laughter, food and wine,
Roses, roses red and white,
And a star or two to shine
On my dewy world at night.
Lord, what more could I desire?
With my little heart of clay
I have lit no eternal fire
To burn my dreams on Judgment Day!

Well I loved, but they who knew
What my laughing heart could be,
What my singing lips could do,
Lie a-dreaming here with me.

I can feel their finger-tips
Stroke the darkness from my face,
And the music of their lips
Fills my pleasant resting-place
In the ashes and the dust,
Where I wonder as I lie,
Servant of the eternal Must,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.

—Richard Middleton.

That the art of making complicated watches of high quality survives in London is shown by a clock and calendar watch which was recently submitted to the Kew tests, being the first watch of its class to be so submitted. In the first place it strikes the hours and quarters in passing, though it can be made silent if desired, and in the second it is a minute repeater. It has an elaborate calendar mechanism showing the name of the day of the week, the name of the month, the date of the month, and the phases of the moon. The date of the month is indicated by a pointer moving day by day round a semicircular scale; an account is taken of leap year, the mechanism being constructed on a four years' cycle. The dial measures just over two and a half inches in diameter.

SOME WAR PLAYS.

George Bernard Shaw Writes a Volume of Dramas On the War and Its Results.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has acquired the habit of writing prefaces to his plays, and it is a habit that should persist. We are by no means sure that plays should be read at all. Plays should be acted, and their proper home is on the stage. But prefaces, and particularly Mr. Shaw's prefaces, are not only meant to be read, but they are extraordinarily good reading, and this irrespective of our opinion of Mr. Shaw's sincerity, which after all does not matter at all except to Mr. Shaw.

In this latest volume we have two plays and a number of playlets, and of course they are all about the war with the exception of "Great Catharine." What else could they be about? Here in America we may hope for "business as usual," for to most of us the war is little more than an ugly story, but there can be no "business as usual" for men who have learned that the full moon means Zeppelins, and who have acquired a nice taste in shrapnel helmets. They themselves will never again be "as usual." The war must be the perpetual background to their acts and thoughts.

Mr. Shaw tells us that "Heartbreak House" is not merely the name of a play. It is cultured, leisured Europe before the war. Europe was filled with nice people, who were also utterly futile. Their lives were fictions and poems, and they lived on incomes that they had not earned. The people of Heartbreak House were quite familiar with revolutionary ideas—on paper. They did not know that they could ever be other than on paper. They read Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy, and even Shaw himself. They did not meddle with politics, and generally speaking they were hopelessly damned, although they did not know it. They had reached a point where no corrective was possible except the drastic corrective that nature was planning—if indeed it shall presently prove to have been a corrective.

Nature unfortunately gives us long credits and reckless overdrafts, and then she pulls us up suddenly and cruelly. We may be dirty and unhygienic for two generations and then suddenly comes a pestilence. And then Nature goes to sleep again and gives us another period of credit. It was so with the days preceding the war.

This is what has just happened in our political hygiene. Political science has been as recklessly neglected by governments and electorates during my lifetime as sanitary science was in the days of Charles the Second. In international relations diplomacy has been a boyishly lawless affair of family intrigues, commercial and territorial brigandage, torpors of pseudo-good nature produced by laziness and spasms of ferocious activity produced by terror. But in these islands we muddled through. Nature gave us a longer credit than she gave to France or Germany or Russia. To British centenarians who died in their beds in 1914 any dread of having to hide underground in London from the shells of an enemy seemed more remote and fantastic than a dread of the appearance of a colony of cobras and rattlesnakes in Kensington Gardens. In the prophetic work of Charles Dickens we were warned against many evils which have since come to pass; but of the evil of being slaughtered by a foreign foe on our own doorsteps there was no shadow. Nature gave us a very long credit; but we abused it to the utmost. But when she struck at last she struck with a vengeance. For four years she smote our first-born and heaped on us plagues of which Egypt never dreamed. They were all as preventable as the Great Plague of London, and came solely because they had not been prevented. They were not undone by winning the war. The earth is still hursting with the dead bodies of the victors.

It has been the custom for a great many years to speak of our glorious civilization and to picture ourselves as advancing by leaps and bounds toward some glorious but undefined culmination. It is true that the wise men among us entertained no such delusions. They did not think that our civilization was at all a glorious one. On the contrary they thought that it was evil, and a few among them such as Carlyle had the courage to say so. But the masses were easily persuaded of their own wisdom. They willingly burned incense to their own progress. The hosannahs of self-laudation came readily to their lips. And now Mr. Shaw reminds us that while our progress was indeed rapid, it was a progress backward, and that he always said so, which is true enough:

For half a century before the war civilization had been going to the devil very precipitately under the influence of a pseudo-science as disastrous as the blackest Calvinism. Calvinism taught that as we are predestinatedly saved or damned, nothing that we can do can alter our destiny. Still, as Calvinism gave the individual no clue as to whether he had drawn a lucky number or an unlucky one, it left him a fairly strong interest in encouraging his hopes of salvation and allaying his fear of damnation by behaving as one of the elect might be expected to behave rather than as one of the reprobate. But in the middle of the nineteenth century, naturalists and physicians assured the world, in the name of Science, that salvation and damnation are all nonsense, and that predestination is the central truth of religion, inasmuch as human beings are produced by their environment, their sins and good deeds being only a series of chemical and mechanical reactions over which they have no control. Such figments as mind, choice, purpose, conscience, will, and so forth are, they taught, mere illusions, produced because they are useful in the continual struggle of the human machine to maintain its environment in a favorable condition, a process incidentally involving the ruthless destruction or subjection of its competitors for the supply (assumed to be limited) of subsistence available. We taught Prussia this religion; and Prussia heeded our instruction so effectively that we presently found ourselves confronted with the necessity of destroying Prussia to prevent Prussia destroying

us. And that has just ended in each destroying the other to an extent doubtfully repairable in our time.

It may be asked how so imbecile and dangerous a creed ever came to be accepted by intelligent beings. I will answer that question more fully in my next volume of plays, which will be entirely devoted to the subject. For the present I will only say that there were better reasons than the obvious one that such sham science as this opened a scientific career to very stupid men, and all the other careers to shameless rascals provided they were industrious enough. It is true that this motive operated very powerfully; but when the new departure in scientific doctrine which is associated with the name of the great naturalist Charles Darwin began, it was not only a reaction against a barbarous pseudo-evangelical teleology intolerably destructive to all scientific progress, but was accompanied, as it happened, by discoveries of extraordinary interest in physics, chemistry, and that lifeless method of evolution which its investigators called Natural Selection. Howbeit, there was only one result possible in the ethical sphere, and that was the banishment of conscience from human affairs, or, as Samuel Butler vehemently put it, "of mind from the universe."

In other words the disease of the age was materialism, and curiously enough this was the very thing of which we were most proud. And being materialistic, we became also hypochondriacal. It was the worship of the body, since it was only in the body that we believed. We were willing to stop eating meat, "not on valid Shelleyan grounds, but in order to get rid of a bogey called Uric Acid," and we allowed all our teeth to be pulled out "to exorcise another demon named Pyorrhea." From materialism came superstitions and we were "addicted to table-rapping, materialization séances, clairvoyance, palmistry, crystal-gazing, and the like to such an extent that it may be doubted whether ever before in the history of the world did soothsayers, astrologers, and unregistered therapeutic specialists of all sorts flourish as they did during this half-century of the drift to the abyss." The doctors and surgeons were bewildered. They could not compete with the unorthodox and the unregistered and so they had to fall back on the terrors of infection and death:

They prescribed inoculations and operations. Whatever part of a human being could be cut out without necessarily killing him they cut out; and he often died (unnecessarily of course) in consequence. From such trifles as uvulas and tonsils they went on to ovaries and appendices until at last no one's inside was safe. They explained that the human intestine was too long, and that nothing could make a child of Adam healthy except short-circuiting the pylorus by cutting a length out of the lower intestine and fastening it directly to the stomach. As their mechanist theory taught them that medicine was the business of the chemist's laboratory, and surgery of the carpenter's shop, and also that Science (by which they meant their practices) was so important that no consideration for the interests of any individual creature, whether frog or philosopher, much less the vulgar commonplaces of sentimental ethics, could weigh for a moment against the remotest off-chance of an addition to the body of scientific knowledge, they operated and vivisected and inoculated and lied on a stupendous scale, clamoring for and actually acquiring such legal powers over the bodies of their fellow-citizens as neither pope, king, nor parliament dare ever have claimed. The Inquisition itself was a liberal institution compared to the General Medical College.

The outbreak of war was the signal for a sort of general insanity. Schools must at once be closed. Traveling must be hindered or made difficult. All public buildings must be commandeered for war work, and there was a veritable frenzy for giving money. Any one could "collect" in the streets and make a fortune. Attractively dressed young women rattled their boxes in the streets and lived gloriously on the profits. There was universal demoralization and lawlessness. The only virtue was pugnacity and the only vice pacifism. Jaurès was assassinated in France and Clemenceau was wounded:

The pestilence which is the usual accompaniment of war was called influenza. Whether it was really a war pestilence or not was made doubtful by the fact that it did its worst in places remote from the battlefields, notably on the west coast of North America and in India. But the moral pestilence, which was unquestionably a war pestilence, reproduced this phenomenon. One would have supposed that the war fever would have raged most furiously in the countries actually under fire, and that the others would be more reasonable. Belgium and Flanders, where over large districts literally not one stone was left upon another as the opposed armies drove each other back and forward over it after terrific preliminary bombardments, might have been pardoned for relieving their feelings more emphatically than by shrugging their shoulders and saying, "*C'est la guerre.*" England, inviolate for so many centuries that the swoop of war on her home-steads had long ceased to be more credible than a return of the Flood, could hardly be expected to keep her temper sweet when she knew at last what it was to be hide in cellars and underground railway stations, or lie quaking in bed, whilst bombs crashed, houses crumbled, and aircraft guns distributed shrapnel on friend and foe alike until certain shop windows in London, formerly full of fashionable hats, were filled with steel helmets. Slain and mutilated women and children, burnt and wrecked dwellings, excuse a good deal of violent language, and produce a wrath on which many suns go down before it is appeased. Yet it was in the United States of America, where nobody slept the worse for the war, that the war fever went beyond all sense and reason. In European courts there was vindictive illegality; in American courts there was raving lunacy. It is not for me to chronicle the extravagances of an ally: let some candid American do that. I can only say that to us sitting in our gardens in England, with the guns in France making themselves felt by a throb in the air as unmistakable as an audible sound, or with tightening hearts studying the phases of the moon in London in their hearing on the chances whether our houses would be standing or ourselves alive next morning, the newspaper accounts of the sentences American courts were passing on young girls and old men alike for the expression of opinions which were being uttered amid thundering applause before huge audiences in England, and the more private records of the methods by which the American war loans were raised, were so amazing that they put the guns and the possibilities of a raid clean out of our heads for the moment.

Mr. Shaw naturally devotes a good deal of attention to the effect of war upon the theatre. Wages went up,

but admission prices remained stationary, so that there was no profit unless the theatre was full. There had been a revival of British drama at the beginning of the century "which made my own career as a playwright possible in England." Mr. Shaw says that he had already established himself in America, and "in Germany and Austria I had no difficulty," which may explain many things. He says: "I was indebted to the Emperor of Austria for magnificent productions of my works at a time when the sole official attention paid me by the British courts was the announcement to the English-speaking world that certain plays of mine were unfit for public performance." The expense of running high-class theatres in England had become impossible under war conditions, and this leads to some melancholy reflections:

I do not suppose many people care particularly. We are not brought up to care; and a sense of the national importance of the theatre is not born in mankind: the natural man, like so many of the soldiers at the beginning of the war, does not know what a theatre is. But please note that all these soldiers who did not know what a theatre was, knew what a church was. And they had been taught to respect churches. Nobody had ever warned them against a church as a place where frivolous women paraded in their best clothes; where stories of improper females like Potiphar's wife, and erotic poetry like the Song of Songs, were read aloud; where the sensuous and sentimental music of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Gounod, and Brahms was more popular than severe music by great composers; where the prettiest sort of pictures of pretty saints assailed the imagination and senses through stained-glass windows; and where sculpture and architecture came to the help of painting. Nobody ever reminded them that these things had sometimes produced such developments of erotic idolatry that men who were not only enthusiastic amateurs of literature, painting, and music, but famous practitioners of them, had actually exulted when mobs and even regular troops under express command had mutilated church statues, smashed church windows, wrecked church organs, and torn up the sheets from which the church music was read and sung. When they saw broken statues in churches, they were told that this was the work of wicked, godless rioters, instead of, as it was, the work partly of zealots bent on driving the world, the flesh, and the devil out of the temple, and partly of insurgent men who had become intolerably poor because the temple had become a den of thieves. But all the sins and perversions that were so carefully hidden from them in the history of the church were laid on the shoulders of the theatre: that stuffy, uncomfortable place of penance in which we suffer as much inconvenience on the slenderest chance of gaining a scrap of food for our starving souls. When the Germans bombed the Cathedral of Rheims the world rang with the horror of the sacrilege. When they bombed the Little Theatre in the Adelphi, and narrowly missed bombing two writers of plays who lived within a few yards of it, the fact was not even mentioned in the papers. In point of appeal to the senses no theatre ever built could touch the fane at Rheims: no actress could rival its Virgin in beauty, nor any operatic tenor look otherwise than a fool besides its David. Its picture glass was glorious even to those who had seen the glass of Chartres. It was wonderful in its very grotesques: who would look at the Blondin Donkey after seeing its leviathans? In spite of the Adam-Adelphian decoration on which Miss Kingston had lavished so much taste and care, the Little Theatre was in comparison with Rheims the gloomiest of little conventicles: indeed the Cathedral must, from the Puritan point of view, have dehaunched a million voluptuaries for every one whom the Little Theatre had sent home thoughtful to a chaste bed after Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" or Brieux's "Les Avariés." Perhaps that is the reason why the church is lauded and the theatre reviled. Whether or no, the fact remains that the lady to whose public spirit and sense of the national value of the theatre I owed the first regular public performance of a play of mine had to conceal her action as if it had been a crime, whereas if she had given the money to the church she would have worn a halo for it. And I admit, as I have always done, that this state of things may have been a very sensible one. I have asked Londoners again and again why they pay half a guinea to go to a theatre when they can go to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey for nothing. Their only possible reply is that they want to see something new and possibly something wicked; but the theatres mostly disappoint both hopes. If ever a revolution makes me dictator, I shall establish a heavy charge for admission to our churches. But every one who pays at the church door shall receive a ticket entitling him or her to free admission to one performance at any theatre he or she prefers. Thus shall the sensuous charms of the church service be made to subsidize the sterner virtue of the drama.

Here we must leave Mr. Shaw, with admiration for his writing and often with detestation for his sentiments. Mr. Shaw, like Shimei, sits by the wayside and curses, but he curses most amusingly.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE and PLAYLETS OF THE WAR. By George Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

A total of about 5000 Indians enlisted to fight against Germany in the war, according to information given out by the office of the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington, several hundred of them being in the navy. The Indians were not segregated and there were no army units made up exclusively of Indians. They served in the ranks and fought beside the other soldiers without regard to the fact that they were Indians. Official reports of Indian superintendents showed that on June 30, 1917, the total number of Indians in the United States was 335,998.

Pennsylvania leads all other states in laws for bird protection. It is a crime to sell feathers of any wild bird whatsoever. This includes all stuffed and mounted specimens, except that museums and other educational institutions, together with such private individuals as can show apparent benefits to science, may secure special dispensation from the president of the board of game commissioners. The state had previously been "a hotbed for the wholesale millinery interests that had been driven out of New York State by the Audubon law."

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 18th (five days) were \$165,-\$11,347.75; for the corresponding week of last year, \$140,688,565.65; an increase of \$25,122,782.10.

The "revolution" so long planned by labor-union radicals to "syndicalize" American industry has begun. It is regrettable indeed that the so-called "American" Federation of Labor has not seen the drift in this connection and exerted its power to put an end to such un-American demonstrations. It is regrettable also that the small army that is following in the lead of these agitators, who no doubt have been fattening on contributions direct from Lenin and Trotzky, is practically 100 per cent. foreign-born. It develops, consequently, that at this critical stage in our history our "melting-pot" has radically failed to fuse certain elements of our population.

There can be only one issue in this struggle, as there could be only one issue in the great war, and it is to be hoped that it will settle for at least one generation the question of the survival of the open-shop principle in this free and democratic America.

The stock market has betrayed underlying strength through the days of apprehension

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lest the general strike on the steel industry be effected, and, since the actual walkout, has shown more definitely that the recent selling had been almost wholly confined to bearish interests or weak-kneed holders of securities. It is a question, of course, how long the strike will last, but with public opinion overwhelmingly against the strikers they will hardly develop to any great extent the sympathetic strike as an aid to our Bolsheviks and in this case it would seem probable that the end would be merely a matter of weeks and not of months.

August exports made a considerable gain over those for July, and it is evident that there is such a demand for our products from abroad as will tax to the uttermost the last pound of available shipping tonnage as soon as there is any fair progress made toward meeting the foreign credit situation. Some foreign exchanges have been looking up recently in anticipation. The various steel and equipment issues popularly traded in are remarkably cheap at current prices and certain to go much higher unless, of course, we all miss our guess and the country is thrown into the arms of the radicals. Shipping shares and certain of the oil stocks are likely to go much higher, and it should not be long before we have a movement in the market calculated to discount to a considerable degree at least.

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the melon possibilities built up by so many of our industrial concerns through the surplus profits gathered in recent years.—*The Investor.*

Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California, recently announced the retirement from active work in the bank of I. F. Moulton, vice-president and cashier, and one of the oldest in point of long service of the institution's official family. It was, Anderson said, with great regret that the directors received the resignation, which was impelled by the failing health for the past two years of Vice-President Moulton, who leaves with the heart-felt wishes of his colleagues that the rest he intends to take will restore him to complete health. Moulton, he added, was one of the most deservedly popular men connected with the bank, the service of which he had entered thirty-eight years ago, later succeeding Thomas Brown as cashier. He will still retain his connection as a director. The directors appointed William H. Pentz, now vice-president, to the dual position of vice-president and cashier. Stuart R. Smith of the Mission Bank was made a vice-president, and Henry L. Clapp, an employee of long standing, for some time chief clerk, was elected an assistant cashier.

All classes of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange sold at new high levels this month with the exception of the rails, steels, and coppers. Stock market experts have arrived at the conclusion that a move is now about to start in these stocks. Southern Pacific will lead the rails, United States Steel the steels, and Utah Copper the coppers.

Congress is expected to adjourn November 10th, and as this action has always been followed by bullish activity the same is again expected. With the league of nations out of the way and peace finally at hand, arrangements to finance Europe will proceed rapidly. Large orders for copper and other raw materials are expected.

A satisfactory adjustment of labor difficulties is expected soon and the deportation of all radicals from this country will proceed until normal conditions are restored in industrial circles.

Prominent bankers and insurance men in the East have addressed Congress and the Senate and at last aroused them to the point of earnest endeavor in connection with furnishing a solution of the railroad problem. Legislation is now well under way and definite action will soon be taken to stabilize railroad securities before the return of the roads to private ownership January 1, 1920. Railroad stocks are expected to begin discounting these bullish factors very soon and a sharp upturn is liable to occur during the month of November. The low-priced rails are particularly desirable, although many traders prefer the leader, Southern Pacific, on account of its enormous oil holdings.

The United States government will not permit a tie-up either of the railroads or coal mines and will certainly take immediate and drastic action in case of an attempt being made to interfere with either of these vitally important industries. The foreign element in this country which has been actively engaged in attempting to upset the industrial world will find Uncle Sam well able to take care of the situation.

While the activities in the New York stock market during the present month have certainly been of a sensational character, the real excitement will start when the steels, rails and coppers begin to move. There is no chance for a "bear" in a market such as we are now witnessing. When such great market leaders as General Motors, American Tobacco, and Mexican Petroleum are engaged in new financing to take care of the tremendous business ahead of them for the next five years, it is absolutely imperative that market strength shall continue. Both American Tobacco and General Motors have crossed the three hundred mark and Mexican Petroleum is expected to do the same. When United States Steel and Southern Pacific begin to move we will witness some two and perhaps three-million share days. Almost daily the stock of some new and important corporation is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The supply of money in this country at present is so great that these new listings are readily absorbed. Oil is "king" in the world today. The British government is about to launch the largest battleship afloat (an oil burner) and New York City will soon be using crude oil for heating her skyscrapers. As most of this oil is expected to come from Mexico many shrewd traders predict sensational advances in stocks of Mexican oil properties. Island Oil and Transport Company is well thought of, also Royal Dutch and Pan-American.—*W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.*

The French-American Bank of Savings, one of the strongest and most conservatively managed banks in the state, has completed the steps necessary to membership in the Federal Reserve system. This bank, with its resources of over \$12,000,000, capital of a million, and surplus and undivided profits of \$450,000, is

regarded as a very considerable addition to the system. The French-American Bank of Savings, under the able management of President Leon Boqueraz, has made rapid strides in progress during the past few years as shown by the statements of the institution.

In its October letter the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank has the following to say about high-grade stocks and bonds as an investment:

"Rise in Liberty Bond prices is suggestive of the gradually broadening investment demand. A recent feature has been the investment buying of the preference shares of the seasoned dividend-paying industrial corporations. There is also a strong inquiry for municipal bonds and other tax-exempt securities. Several foreign governments and foreign municipalities have placed good-sized loans in the United States. Some demand has begun to appear in this country for the stocks of strong business corporations located in Great Britain and France, although the American investment public has not been educated to put its money to any large extent into the securities of foreign corporations. Tentative arrangements have been made to organize investment trusts and foreign trading companies for the purpose of financing and handling business in connection with the reconstruction of Europe's crippled industries, but an enormous amount of international financing remains to be done.

"There has developed of late a broader demand for money from commercial sources. A large amount of corporation financing, which in normal times is provided for through the sale of securities, is understood to be carried in temporary loans with the banks. The season is near at hand when money rates ordinarily advance in response to the arrangements under way to provide for the year-end disbursements, always very heavy. At current prices, which are at or near a record high level, it takes an unusually large amount of money to finance the ordinary transactions of daily trade. The banks, however, are in a relatively strong position to meet all legitimate demands which may be made upon them. But there would seem to be good grounds for expecting that money will continue to rule firm during the balance of the year.

"The country is expending from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000 a month for new building operations. This movement must continue, for it is estimated that the United States is short 1,500,000 houses as a consequence of the holding up of building activity during the war period."

Since 1910 very few railroads have been able to sell their stocks. This has been due in part to an advance in the level of interest rates which has depressed the prices of securities, and it is of course out of the question for a railroad to sell new stock when its outstanding issues are already quoted below par. Probably this factor of higher money rates has had more to do with the inability of railroads to continue financing themselves with stock than is generally appreciated. During 1908, which was a year of extremely low money rates, the Illinois Central Railroad Company sold \$14,000,000 of its stock at par. The price in the market at that time was \$135 a share; the company was earning slightly less than \$10 a share and was paying \$7 in dividends. In 1917 the company earned \$14 a share and paid \$7 in dividends, but the price of the stock fell below 86. This low price in the latter year must be attributed, not to impaired earnings, but to a much higher level of money rates, and the disturbed financial conditions following our entrance into the European war.

The following remarks, under the caption "Breakers Ahead," are from the October monthly letter of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles:

"It is an old saying that 'whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.' One can not calmly contemplate what is going on in America without wondering if this quotation does not apply to this nation.

"We are, as a people, thoroughly impregnated with the 'uplift' spirit. We are adopting every 'ism' known to humanity. We are adopting every experiment in government, all the frills of the theorist that have been developed. We have adopted woman suffrage, although if left to a vote of the women in this country it would have been defeated. We have adopted drastic prohibition, ruining the wine-growing industries of the entire nation and destroying the personal liberty of our citizens. We are spreading the doctrine that the people should live without working. We are allowing sworn peace officers to join unions. Their oath to the unions will always be more binding upon them than their oath to the public. Boston has just furnished us with an illuminating example of the vice of allowing policemen to unionize. We are passing class legislation, for instance, the Adamson Act, the Clayton Act (wherein certain people are exempted from prosecution for crimes for the commission of which other people can be prosecuted), and the Federal

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Farm Loan Bank Act. Some congressman with a statistical turn of mind has made a calculation whereby he proves that, for every dollar saved the farmer under this act, the people of the United States government pay the sum of \$8.70. The land settlement scheme, put into practice in California by the progressive cranks now in the saddle in this state, is paternalism of the first degree. If the labor unions are to receive special privileges, why should not unorganized labor be treated with equal liberality. If the farmer is to receive assistance at the hands of the people, why should not the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the manufacturer, the plumber (who is now receiving the mere stipend of \$9 per day for eight hours labor), the shoemaker, the blacksmith, the automobile dealer and repairer, in fact, every other citizen, be treated with equal consideration?

"It was once a maxim in jurisprudence in America that taxation should be equal and uniform. That doctrine has long since been discarded. It is overridden in both the in-

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come and inheritance tax laws. The small property-holder escapes the burden under these laws, while the large property-holder is penalized because he has been either lucky or successful. Admit that 'the power to tax is the power to destroy,' still, is there any sense in exercising the power so as to destroy? If this policy is to be pursued by the government, it might as well come out in the open and proclaim that it will rob the successful to care for the improvident and the shiftless.

"Under our present system of legalized robbery of capital, how long will it be before the mob, driven by want (even if its necessities result from its own actions), takes by violence what it needs or desires?

"The State of North Dakota has gone farther than any other community in the United States in state socialism. It will soon put into operation laws passed at a meeting of its last legislature organizing a state bank and giving the state power to enter into every sort of business imaginable, and back the same

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with state deposits in the state bank. Bonds in large amounts are to be sold to put these enterprises in motion. If the state succeeds in selling the bonds, while her politicians are spending the money realized therefrom great activity will be created. The state-owned newspapers will point to this activity as proof of the success of experiments only yet in the experimental stage. It is possible that neighboring states, carried away by propaganda of this sort, may be induced to follow North Dakota into state socialism.

"We are everywhere stretching governmental functions into inquisitions and regulations of all private enterprises. When we

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suffer from laws passed by demagogues and enforced by theorists, when enterprise is deadened and competition killed, we endeavor to overcome these conditions by attempting to legislate prosperity. The present administration has coddled and pandered to labor until its leaders are drunk with power and importance, and the rank and file are no longer subject to discipline or control.

"Economic laws can not be set aside by legislative edict. Public utilities can not be as successfully conducted under government management as under private management. Continued prosperity can not be ours if we curtail production by shortening hours of labor and deadening individual effort. Just as

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surely as this nation now exists, it is breeding disaster for the future by more means than one.

"The good sense of the American people will probably assert itself in time to avert impending evils. Prosperity does not teach lasting lessons. The punishments of adversity are the only instruments which teach. They sober the prosperity-inflated mind, lead the individual and, through him, the nation, back to reason.

"The principal reason for the unusual unrest prevalent in America is that people have abandoned all ideas of constructive government. The reasons for their doing so are not

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far to seek. They are simply following the lead of the present administration.

"Notwithstanding strikes and threatened strikes, shortened hours and increased pay of labor, deliberate reduction in output and general all-around 'cussedness,' trade conditions have held up fairly well during the past month. Exports in August increased over July about \$76,000,000. The figures for September are not available at this writing.

"Imports in August were also considerably augmented. Illustrating the character of commodities purchased by the general public, very large quantities of pearls and diamonds have been imported during the past few years. Nearly \$50,000,000 worth of diamonds, cut and uncut, have been imported into the United States in 1919. It is estimated that one billion dollars' worth of diamonds are now held in this country, which is about one-half of the total supply of diamonds of the world. They are largely in the hands of the people and not held by dealers, showing that the general public has had the money wherewith to purchase luxuries of this character.

"Merchandise trade has been exceedingly active, although caution in buying has been evidenced in many quarters. There has been no recession in prices of cotton and woolen goods. Some humorist says that the large buying of silk will force a reduction of cotton and wool. Shoes still soar in price, and are now as high as the heels on the footwear displayed by working girls as they go to and from their daily tasks. A shoe dealer informed the writer that a short time ago he purchased a large consignment of a certain style and brand of shoes at an average of \$3.50 per pair. The manufacturer of these shoes now asks him a price of \$6.50 per pair for the same line and style of goods. The retail price of shoes will soon be beyond the purse of the average citizen if price inflation continues.

"But while shoes and clothing advance in price grain, other than wheat, and many lines of provisions, including coffee, have made slight declines. Original estimates of the yield of grain crops in the United States have materially fallen off. Still, the supplies of all lines of grain are enormous and sufficient. There is a very large surplus of meat, dried fruit, canned goods, including vegetables and fruits, in the country, much of which is held for speculative purposes.

"The peak in high prices of most food commodities has been reached, and declines are now in order. If a serious break in the price of these commodities should occur, their present holders will not receive any sympathy for any losses incurred.

"Locally, much money belonging to the banks and now held up in advances to canners, will soon be released, as all canned goods are now going forward in large quantities. The amount of these shipments is only limited by the ability of the shippers to secure transportation."

Motorists seldom realize the damage which can be done to their cars unless the correct consistency of lubricating oil is used. The hidden parts of the car, which require the most careful lubrication, are so seldom exposed to view that the injury done to them by an incorrect grade of oil does not become evident until something gives way.

Correct lubrication has become an exact science. The Standard Oil Company maintains a board of lubrication engineers, who have determined by exhaustive study and actual tests the correct consistency of Zere-lene for every type of automobile engine.

Just as the wise man goes to his banker for advice on financial matters, so the motorist who desires the best results from his car goes to the expert in lubrication. For the convenience of motorists the Standard Oil Company has prepared a correct lubrication chart covering every type of car. By following the chart, every man can rest assured that his automobile is correctly lubricated.

In the hearing before the railroad commission of the Spring Valley Water Company's application for higher rates the following important statement concerning the water needs of San Francisco was made by E. J. McCutchen, attorney for the company:

"The city needs more water, that is to say common prudence requires that an additional supply be developed in order to meet a need so near at hand as to be properly called a present and a pressing need. The petitioner can develop the needed additional supply on properties which it now owns, but this work will require from three to five years, and the development will cost a great deal of money. In addition to developing the water there must be provided a pipe line for the conveyance of it from the transbay sources of petitioner to San Francisco. The installation of this pipe line should normally and logically proceed as the work of developing the water to be conveyed through it is progressing.

"The consumption of water has temporarily been reduced by the installation of meters. Several years have thereby been added to the time during which the present works can main-

tain the service. If those meters had not been installed there is every reason to believe that a shortage of water would have been experienced before this time. With the continued growth of the city a shortage in supply can not be postponed for many years. Shortage of water will mean that severe measures will be necessary to restrict consumption and some takers will be without water. There will be a loss in pressure and in fire service. A shortage in water to a city like San Francisco is a calamity. To avoid it it is wise public policy to make ample provisions for reasonable surplus capacity in the transmission lines. The company has mapped out a plan for a pipe line to bring the water from across the bay and to deliver it into San Andreas reservoir."

ANOTHER KISMET.

In a café in Vienna I came upon a man who might furnish the plot for another "Kismet." He was carving a ham in full sight of the public, which indicated his latest occupation. In 1914, when the war began, he was a millionaire, with the prospect of many more millions. He had just floated a company to build Vienna's biggest and most luxurious hotel, and Vienna was always a prosperous field for good hotels. He was the possessor of a title—Herr von—and he had a reputation in the highest artistic circles.

Much earlier he had been a lion in New York and Chicago. In fact it was in America that he had laid the foundation of his fortune. Nature had endowed him with strangely contrasting talents—an unusual instinct for business and a by no means contemptible skill with the brush and the palette. Had he been born in America he would doubtless have become a captain of industry, in which case his flair for the arts would have been an invaluable aid in making his collection of pictures and antiques. But the way to business triumphs is more difficult in the old countries. Merely to begin one must have a background—family and friends of influence. He had neither. In the circumstances both his instincts told him that his start in life must be under the banner of art.

Unlike the vagabond of "Kismet" he worked hard, not waiting for chance to promote his progress, and while he mastered the technic of painting, he also planned the campaign with which he proposed to open an artistic career. Others might rest content to starve in a garret while waiting for the world to discover their genius. He meant to force recognition.

From the outset he had decided upon portrait painting as his specialty. It gave special scope to one whose commercial talents included the ability to ingratiate and to manipulate the human species. Likewise it would bring him in contact with the rich and the mighty.

Every citizen of a certain village in Hungary was of noble birth. In a remote past the inhabitants had found the way to royal favor, and he had granted a wholesale patent of nobility, including butcher, baker, and swineherd. To this village the artist repaired when his studies were completed, and there he sought out the oldest, poorest, and greediest inhabitant. Would he like to earn five hundred crowns? Well, the way was open to him. All that was required was that he adopt the speaker as his son and heir.

As good luck would have it, the village possessed no portrait of the emperor, then Franz Josef, and the new citizen speedily convinced the burgomaster that this was a deficiency to be remedied. An official request that the Kaiser permit himself to be painted so that his loyal subjects might always be able to look upon his benign features went forward promptly and was promptly granted. With generous self-sacrifice the artist volunteered to do the work without charge, and an acquaintance with some Bohemian journalists cultivated in the student days served to make the bourgeois millionaires acquainted with the fact that the brilliant Herr von ——— had been selected to paint a new portrait of his gracious majesty.

The news was spread throughout the empire and sent across the seas, even to America. It was brought to the attention of rich Americans who had traveled in Austria and whose names had been carefully collected from the registers of the best Viennese hotels. The noble artist was invited to come to New York and paint some portraits there. He came, set a price which justified his reputation and high social standing, and soon had more orders than he could fill. But he was equal to the situation. There was in New York at that time a talented Austrian artist who lacked the business instinct, and who was consequently on the point of starving. To him was entrusted the work of finishing the sketches begun by the great man.

The latter traveled all over America and his work is now treasured in many cities. Everywhere the best homes were opened to him and our leading hostesses vied to do him honor. When he sailed home he bore with him the foundation of his future fortune.

Vienna was suffering from a lack of hous-

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ing accommodations when the artist returned and he patriotically set to work to remedy this condition.

Art had served its purpose and was now laid aside in favor of the commercial talent. When the war came he was recognized as the most daring and most successful real estate speculator in Vienna. The hotel project was his latest achievement. It involved so many millions that he had to call upon German and English capital. This fell away at the critical moment and the unfortunate sponsor was left with an incomplete project. The best he could do was to use the ground floor for a café—and carve his own meats.—Charles J. Rosebault in New York Times.

Prior to the war less than 2 per cent. of the people of the United States were giving habitually to charity and enterprises looking to public welfare. During the war nearly 50 per cent. of the people got the habit of responding to such calls.

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Assets - - - - - \$60,509,192.14
Deposits - - - - - 57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - - - 1,000,000.00
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The New Morning.

Alfred Noyes is, of course, old fashioned, and ought therefore to be hanned. He refuses to put ugly thoughts into ugly garb. He has no dealings with free verse, jazz, nor metrical defiances of the Ten Commandments. He worships neither the flesh nor the devil. In other words he is hopelessly out of tune with the age.

But those who want music and beauty and the praise of great things will find them here, and perhaps nowhere else among current poetry. Mr. Noyes writes as though he were perpetually moved by strong feeling, by a certain passionate sincerity, by a love of heroism and of all the old virtues. He is not likely to find imitators yet awhile, not until the stables have been cleaned, but in the meantime he may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing something to keep alive the flame on the old altars.

THE NEW MORNING. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Iron City.

This may fairly be described as an entirely American novel, seeing that it deals with conditions to be found nowhere but in America. Moreover, it is a problem novel, but not of the sex variety. It is an arraignment of our higher educational system, and perhaps the author can hardly be blamed if his emphasis upon its defects comes dangerously close to caricature. But there are such colleges as the one here described. And there are many colleges that have some of its faults.

Look at the author's picture of a factory town somewhere in the Middle West. We see a social pyramid standing on its apex. First we have a stratum of pure Americans, few in number and of Brahminical exclusiveness. Then there are the older immigrants, Welsh, English, French, German, and Irish. They are good people, good Americans, but

in many respects different. Above them, a still larger class are the Scandinavians and Swiss. Above them again are the Italians, who are inoffensive, but who do not amalgamate. Still higher up, in point of numbers, are Greeks, Lithuanians, Austrians, and Slavs, and now "hy an exquisite stroke of irony" is the recent horde of American negroes. What is to be done with this inverted and top-heavy social pyramid? What is the duty of Crandon Hill College toward it? Is the mission of the college to the Brahmins or to the mass?

The question is tackled by a young professor of sociology, who tries to modernize the college and bring it into tune with popular needs. He falls in love two or three times, and eventually marries the right woman, which does not always happen. But he comes to grief when he heads an industrial strike.

We leave the problem in an unsolved state. It is likely to remain unsolved until it shall solve itself in ugly ways. It has never been better presented than here.

IRON CITY. By M. H. Hedges. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Light.

Sometimes we awake with a start of surprise to the realization that here in America we have been more warlike, less tolerant of the unwarlike, than the people of France and England. We fill our prisons with persons nehulously charged with obstructing the draft, or with conscientiously objecting, while those same people would have been allowed to address rapturously applauding audiences in England and would have been protected by the police against molestation. Henri Barbusse in France was allowed to publish "Under Fire" and was hardly even reproved for a work that did more than all other forces combined to demoralize the French people and to bring them to the point of abject surrender. We do not know why M. Barbusse wrote this book. We do not know the motives of any man. But if he had been an American he would be in gaol at this moment.

Now we have another story of the same kind. Doubtless it will be hailed as a work of art by those whose only conception of literary art is a detailed and elaborate picture of nastiness and a careful avoidance of the sane and wholesome. The story is told by Simon Paulin in the form of autobiography. Paulin is a degenerate of the worst type, a sexual beast of prey, but M. Barbusse would have us believe that he is a typical, commonplace Frenchman. He pursues women as other men pursue rabbits or deer, and we have a picture of the chase that leaves little to the imagination. Then comes the war, and Paulin fights bravely. His physical courage has not been corroded. He is wounded and sent to the hospital, and now the stench of vice is changed to the stench of gangrene. We must travel from bed to bed, choking, holding our noses, nauseated. Evidently this is high art, for it makes us sick.

Paulin becomes a sort of anarchist. The whole story is Bolshevik propaganda, quite

naked and quite unashamed. Of course it defeats its own aims, but M. Barbusse does not know this. The decent reader will not wonder that Paulin should be a sort of an anarchist. What else would he be? Personal debauchery naturally gravitates toward political debauchery. M. Barbusse should have made his poor rascal of a hero more ingratiating.

LIGHT. By Henri Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Marden Success Books is "Ambition and Success," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). Dr. Marden is incredibly prolific.

The poems of Charles Hanson Towne have pleased those who like homely themes, simplicity of expression, and sincerity. Now there comes another volume under the title of "A World of Windows," published by the George H. Doran Company.

"Camp Fire Girls in War and Peace," by Isahel Hornibrook (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company), is a war-time story for girls with satisfactory incidents relating to training camps, aeroplanes, and all the other activities with which recent years have made us familiar.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has done something to bring Robert Louis Stevenson's poems for children within the reach of those who will best appreciate them. The "Child's Garden of Verses" is everything that such a book should be—large pages, hold type, and attractive colored illustrations.

"Adèle Doring of the Sunnyside Club," by Grace May North, relates the doings of seven girls just entering their teens and living in California. We are told how they brighten their own good times by doing kind things for others in a sensible, friendly way that brings joy to all. The story is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a sequel to "The Boy Hikers" under the title of "Boy Hikers Homeward Bound." The author, Chelsea Curtis Fraser, having already taken his company to New York, now brings them home again, working their way by playing hall games and helping farmers. Incidentally they have an adventure with German spies and crop burners.

The Century Company has just published "Comrade Rosalie," by Mary Constance Du Bois. It describes how Rosalie, Florette, and Trinette are left at the Château Espinay. Rosalie's father has been killed in the war and her mother, believing the château to be safe from the Germans, is serving in a war hospital. But there is a German spy in the vicinity, and this leads to all sorts of adventures in which the girls acquit themselves nobly. It is one of the best of war stories for young people.

Dr. George Parker Holden, M. D., F. A. C. S., author of "Steamcraft," just published by the Stewart & Kidd Company, says what the novice angler particularly desires to be informed about is how to care for his rod, line, and reel; how properly to rig his rod and arrange his cast; how best to select his lure and to use it; how to describe the artificial fly; how to identify the prevalent insects, and how to dress his flies in imitation thereof. Upon all these points he is duly informed, and with the aid of profuse illustrations, including eight color plates. An invaluable book for those wise enough to go fishing.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Marjorie Patterson is the daughter of the late Wilson Patterson of Baltimore. She is of old colonial stock, and a descendant of Mme. Jerome Bonaparte. Miss Patterson has been educated abroad, and studied for her profession under Sir Frank Benson. She has taken leading parts in F. R. Benson's Shakespearean company in England, and scored a success in America as Pierrot in "Pierrot Prodigious." She is the author of "Fortunata," "Dust of the Road," and also "Pan in Am-hush," a play in verse.

Louise Fargo Brown, whose brilliant study of "The Freedom of the Seas" was recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., received her degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Cornell University in 1909.

No volume of more historical importance will come out of the war than "Field Marshal Haig's Despatches," which E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for publication the latter part of November. It has been edited, with notes, by Colonel J. H. Boraston, Earl Haig's private secretary, and will contain a preface by Field Marshal Earl Haig and a foreword by Marshal Foch.

What becomes of retired poets? James Branch Cahell answers this question in his forthcoming book, "Jurgen" (McBride). Jurgen—who it will be remembered by students of the folklore of Poictesme, has been regarded as a symbol of the ever-journeying and precreant sun—is there pictured as a pawn-

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broker, an occupation which Jurgen explains is especially suitable for poets who have outlived metrical usefulness. Versifiers who are seeking enlightenment on these points are referred to Mr. Cahell's book for particulars.

Randall Parrish has some twenty-six published books to his credit, all of which are still in print and most of them in active demand. Not many writers, who have been before the public for a considerable time, have such a record as this.

Berta Ruck in real life is Mrs. George Oliver. She is the wife of "Oliver Onions," also a writer. Mrs. Oliver is an exceedingly attractive woman, whose principal interests are her children and her writing. She is now in America on her first visit and is keenly enthusiastic over her experiences here.

The face of the big clock in the Metropolitan Tower, New York City, is twenty-six and one-half feet in diameter. This is the largest four-dial clock in the world.

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The Messenger.

Most of our spy stories have been stories of personal adventure, in which revolvers, secret passages, and hairbreadth escapes play their usual and fascinating part. There have been few attempts to give a psychological value to the spy story or to paint the actual part that he played in social and political life.

Elizabeth Robbins makes good the admission. Her spy is Greta Schwartz, who calls herself Greta von Schwartzberg. She is a governess in the family of Sir William McIntyre, which is just where she wants to be, seeing that Sir William is in the service of the admiralty. And how all these worthy and stodgy people worship Greta. She has spy stamped all over her, but it is invisible to them. Sir William and his wife guarantee the integrity of darling Greta, they wax furious at the faintest aspersion on her honesty. It is only when the Secret Service men ransack her bedroom that they reluctantly admit the patent facts.

The author fills her stage with all sorts of people, but it must be confessed that they are rather dull. Gavin Napier, Sir William's private secretary, is the best of them, but we can not see why he should fall in love with that supremely silly young woman, Nan Ellis, who has come all the way from America to be with her adored Greta, whom she used to know at home and whom she now passionately defends and aids. Nan Ellis sees the light eventually, and so does that detestable ass Julian Grant, whose pacifism makes him a heated advocate of the German cause, but their conversion is due mainly to the fact that the steamer on which they are returning from America is torpedoed by a German submarine.

One of the most dramatic parts of the story is Greta's picture of the German secret service, its pitiless cruelty to its own agents, its ruthless betrayal of them, its terrible penalties for failure. None the less she is a faithful German, unscrupulous, sentimental, theatrical, and doing the incredibly stupid things in which the German spy indulges. The story might have been shortened with much advantage, but it is an honest piece of work and probably accurate.

THE MESSENGER. By Elizabeth Robbins. New York: The Century Company.

White Shadows in the South Seas.

Frederick O'Brien, formerly connected with the local food administrator's office and now editor of the Manila Times, has furnished the material for an illustrated volume of South Sea reminiscence which Rose Wilder Lane, late of San Francisco, has compiled into more than ordinarily interesting narrative. O'Brien's name appears as the author, though Mrs. Lane's "editorial assistance" is acknowledged in the preface.

"White Shadows in the South Seas" is unique in its word-picturing of a primitive and more or less savage people who have but recently evolved from cannibalism and among whom the author made his home, living as one of them, speaking to some extent their language and being regarded with so comradely an affection that he escaped only by the great-

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est ingenuity and persistence the gift of a native girl for a wife.

In another chapter O'Brien recites the adventure of his narrow escape from capture by a Marquesan wild woman of great strength and amorous determination.

The book is filled with quaint incidents and people. For instance, there is "Exploding Eggs," who acts as O'Brien's valet and is distinguished as the keeper of "The Golden Bed," evidently a brass bedstead. His typewriter is termed "The Iron Fingers That Make Words" and is a wonder which causes pilgrimages from far and wide. "Vanquished Often" is the name of a beautiful thirteen-year Viat-Huan girl whom her aunt, Mrs. Seventh Man Who Walks in the Mire, endeavors to bestow upon her white friend, but who is finally adopted by O'Brien as a sister.

There are many adventure tales, such as a battle between sharks and whales, the capture of a monster devil-fish, the onslaught of the white harking dogs, etc. Marquesan government is revealed as a curious blending of the white man's legal complexities and the savage's more simple sense of justice. The Marquesan mind wrestling with religious riddles and its cannibalistic interpretation of the communion service also makes good reading with more than a grain of philosophic thought in it.

Native customs and superstitions are vividly set forth with their hearing on sex laws and general morality, and some of the naive comparisons which the author draws between the nude modesty of the Marquesans and our "clothed nakedness" form interesting if not startling commentaries on the inevitable artificialities of our modern life.

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Frederick O'Brien. New York: The Century Company.

The Spell of Alsace.

Those who want a comprehensive scenic and historical survey of the new, and yet old, French province of Alsace will find it in this fine volume by André Hallays, that has just appeared in the Spell Series. The spell of Alsace is likely to be a particularly strong one as soon as tourist travel shall set once more eastward. Alsace under the tri-color will have an additional charm, and certainly the traveler could find no more competent guide than is here furnished. Every point of interest is intelligently described and the illustrations are numerous and unusually good. Even those to whom travel is impossible will find here a mine of information that will go far to clarify their ideas about the war.

THE SPELL OF ALSACE. By André Hallays. Boston: The Page Company.

New Books Received.

ENOICOTT AND I. By Frances Lester Warner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Some light essays on family life.

ALELE DORING OF THE SUNSHINE CLUB. By Grace May North. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
For girls.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE AND OTHER STORIES. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
For children.

A PEEP AT THE FRONT. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
Stories of the war for boys and girls.

HAVE FAITH IN MASSACHUSETTS. By Calvin Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
A collection of speeches and messages.

THE GIRL AND THE JOB. By Helen C. Hoerle and Florence B. Salter. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
For the girl who wants to work.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE AND PLAYLETS OF THE WAR. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.
A volume of plays.

THE BOY HIKERS HOMEWARD BOUND. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
For boys.

THE SPELL OF ALSACE. By André Hallays. Boston: The Page Company.
Issued in the Spell Series.

STREAMCRAFT. By Dr. George Parker Holden Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.
An angling manual.

INDO-CHINA AND ITS PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. By Captain Henry Baudesson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Translated by E. Appleby Holt.

CHAN'S WIFE. By Jessie Anderson Chase. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
A novel.

DOROTHY DAINTY AT THE STONE HOUSE. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
Issued in the Dorothy Dainty Series.

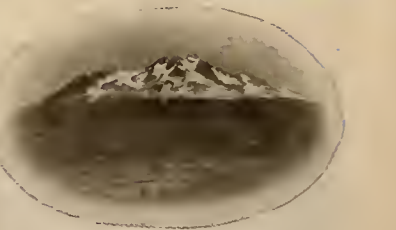
FREE AIR. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.
A novel.

THE YOUNG RUSSIAN CORPORAL. By Corporal Paul Iogolevitch. New York: Harper & Brothers.
The story of a Russian soldier, twelve years old.

CANON BARNETT. By Mrs. S. A. Barnett. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Biography.

SHORT STORIES FROM THE BALKANS. Translated

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the Grand Hotel Royal, giving expensive champagne lunches, dinners, and suppers, and always accompanied by members of the demimonde. He was always escorted by his lieutenant, a Swede named Engström (also reported murdered).

"When Vorovski returned from his visit to Berlin in the summer of 1918 a strange thing happened. Kalvé, who had been a fanatical supporter of the Soviet government, suddenly began openly to condemn Bolshevism, saying that now he had seen it from the inside he was disillusioned; that he had come to the conclusion that all Bolsheviks were scoundrels, and that he had 'resigned' from the Bolshevik service. His late colleagues of the Bolshevik 'legation' gave another version of the story. According to them, Vorovski, on his return from Germany, alleged that his two chief lieutenants, Kalvé and Zimmerman, had in his absence helped themselves to considerable sums of Swedish crowns from the legation funds.

"A couple of months later I learned that Kalvé had offered his services to the Swedish police and was furnishing very serious evidence on the secret activities of Vorovski and the Bolshevik organization in Sweden. The result of this evidence was that the Swedish government severed diplomatic relations with Bolshevik Russia and 'invited' Vorovski and his staff to leave Sweden, which they did last February. On applying for a safe conduct for himself and his staff Vorovski insisted on including Kalvé's name in the list (although Kalvé had 'resigned' several months before), and on being asked why he was so anxious to get a safe conduct for a man who had robbed him, answered: 'I want to get that scoundrel into Russia; and then we can hang him.' But the Swedish authorities refused to include Kalvé in the list and he remained behind."

Spying by Camera.

The war camera that the Allies perfected saw colors that man does not see at all. That's how the Allies got the better of German camouflage.

For instance, a stereoscopic picture shows a suspicious depression close behind the German trenches. Has it a battery hidden in it? The whole field is smooth and green, having looked so innocent that it was not shelled. In reality it contains a battery covered with green canvas. The green paint blends perfectly with the green grass. However, it wouldn't fool a cow (says a writer in a contemporary publication), and it doesn't fool the camera when a special green-filter lens is used, for the plate shows the green grass in its pure color, while it shows the painted canvas impure and distinct. The green paint is a mixture of yellow and blue, and it photographs vastly different from pure green. Immediately the artillerymen are shown the trick, and they drop shells on it, while the Allied truck drivers roll merrily along some road within their own lines that the Hun battery was planning to shell.

Once Germans followed out a mountain, fitting it for luxurious quarters for 1200 men—electric lights, billiard tables, bathrooms music rooms—putting a small rock-colored canvas over the little entrance. A French photographer, Collier by name, attached to the "Blue Devils" at the time, found this camouflage speck by his color filters, suspected something, told the artillery, and the latter bombarded the tiny mark. Finally one shell made a direct hit, plunged on down into the interior and, exploding, fired some stored ammunition and killed every one of the 1200 Huns within.

The development of stereoscopic and color photography will be applied to everyday uses in infinite variety. What can not we now learn of inaccessible deserts and polar regions, what can not we now discover of the vast depths of the Amazon jungles, the fabled plateaus of Tibet, the untrod heart of the Sahara?

In Egypt cottonseed oil cake seems to be proving a satisfactory substitute for coal. The present value of the oil cake is less than a fifth of the cost of coal.



TRIXIE AGAIN.

The popularity of the irrepressible Trixie Friganza has been sufficient to warrant the writing of a play around her ebullient personality, and "Poor Mama" is the result. Elmer Harris of "Canary Cottage" fame is the author who conceived this idea; that is to say, of having a fat, jolly, mature widow of the Trixie Friganza type for the character. Probably in the East they may find other fat and jolly favorites who will fill the rôle, as Trixie's heart seems to be true to California; but the rôle seemed to have been made to order for her alone.

The locale of "Poor Mama" is Southern California. A handsome and very characteristic setting of that favored section has been provided, the orange grove which constituted "poor mama's" main attraction in her young suitor's eyes being seen in two of its ripening phases—hlossom and fruit—climbing the painted hills which are reminiscent of Santa Barbara's warmly tinted background.

The piece is a comedy with tuneful trimmings, and several dances are thrown in which Trixie tackles with her usual robust energy, winning rounds of applause, for this plump and hilly favorite is never for a moment daunted by calls on her physical activity, and is as sure-footed in the dance as she sportively makes pretense of being the reverse.

One does not look for much novelty in Trixie Friganza's impersonation of the widow

although there is a touch of earnestness here and there when it begins to dawn upon the mature charmer that she is trying to reverse nature in consenting to the espousal of autumn with spring. Everything else is on familiar lines except for Widow Pine's possession of five little clinging incumbrances of various ages, and the unfamiliarity of seeing the comedienne in a complete play instead of a vaudeville act. Her specialty lies, however, in her ability to figure as a jolly entertainer, and this she exercises with her usual thoroughness, the author having provided the star with a sufficiency of amusing situations and crackling lines to keep her dear friend the audience in its usual state of receptive hilarity. Probably Trixie's warmest friends would admit that there is to her acting a flavor of provincialism, this metropolitan favorite always suggesting the idea of a hounding country girl having the time of her life in the city; an idea, in fact, which is utilized in the play.

Trixie always does her duty sartorially, and, as the enamored widow is supposed to have returned from New York with twenty-four trunks of trousseau, the jolly star lives up to the supposition, appearing in all varieties of costume from a wedding gown to—literally—a harrel.

A good company has been selected for the support, A. Bert Wesner figuring efficiently both as player and as stage director. The three Dennis sisters, who are cast for the rôles of the charming Pine daughters, are attractive looking girls with pretty voices, and are sweetly harmonious in their rendition of their song numbers. One can not be equally complimentary to Lillian Boardman, who screams alarmingly and sings off pitch, being the unlucky possessor of an inaccurate ear. Lillian ought to take note of the fact that the audience was very responsive to the gentle harmonies of the Dennis sisters and remained woodenly unmoved by her loudest screams. In other respects, however, the little actress filled the rôle satisfactorily of a pert young aspirant for movie honors.

Messrs. Banta and Pierce, two likable young men, were agreeable components of the group of players, Ruth Handforth was satisfyingly domestic and protestant in the rôle of a scandalized elder sister, and William Wagner suggested unscrupulousness in the bridegroom's friend.

The "musical interruptions"—composed by Jean Havez—pleased the audience, which had assembled in sufficient numbers to prove the perennial popularity of Trixie Friganza; a popularity which was further demonstrated by a mighty votive offering of costly flowers.

THE ORPHEUM.

There is a lot of snap and crackle to the Orpheum hill this week, with plenty amusement experts to keep everything going save cerebral excitation, the brains of vaudeville patrons being allowed a complete rest. The audience spends its time either in laughing or in gaping in wonder at the exploits of the more spectacular entertainers; at Jack Morrissey with his coiling ropes and explosive whip lashes; at Kharum, the lightning piano player; and at the Melotte duo, halancers, who seem more thoroughly at home when they are most outrageously defying the laws of gravity.

Although we have seen several lariat-throwing, whip-lashing experts at the Orpheum, we have never seen one who has performed more spectacular feats in this line than Jack Morrissey. The delicacy with which he ruffled up the front locks of his young assistant, extinguished the lighted tip of his cigarette, or cut off the end of a wisp of paper held in his mouth while he lashed the great whip to the task with explosions loud enough to silence the orchestra, seemed almost uncanny.

The Persian pianist—who, probably, is a plain American assuming his Persianism with his silk turban and his lustrous garments of Oriental cut—made a big hit. There is a carefully calculated spectacular element in his act; good business, that. But he has mastered the piano, and has it quivering like a spirited steed, and harnessed and bridled to his hiding.

Alhertina Rasch offers a diverse dancing act, her coryphées handsomely costumed and spirited in their work, herself an attractive although not remarkable première. Her specialty lies in toe dancing—which as the world advances in common sense will, I dare hope, become archaic in time and disappear—and she excels in graceful and pretty posturings. The act is greatly added to by the playing of the violin soloist, Louis Wolff.

"Sweeties" is a girl-and-soldier piece, Messrs. Friendlander and Hough contributing sentimental songs. One girl to four brisk young soldier boys offers opportunity for scenes of gay inconstancy, but the piece is just a conventional time-killer, and furnishes no opportunity for any special comment.

Comfort and King do a very good blackface stunt, with a novel story aspect to it which makes it almost rise to the dignity of a one

act farce. Comfort is particularly amusing in the delineation of a truculent wife in search of a legal divorce, and King has a robust tenor with which he pleased the audience by rendering popular selections such as "I Hear You Calling Me."

A novel feature in the programme was furnished by James J. Morton, the nut monologist, figuring as an announcer before each act. It is needless to say that Mr. Morton took full advantage of his opportunity, and was yielded ample tribute of laughter at each of his appearances.

"Not Yet, Marie," is retained as a popular holdover. Probably "Lombardi, Ltd.," suggested the idea of the piece to Frank Stammers, the author, for William Edmunds is very Lombardian in the artless Italianism of the central character. There are several pretty principals among the girls, and the dazzling collection of hours display the amazingly handsome costumes to the greatest advantage. There are three or four changes of these novel costumes; a hit of prodigality which seems almost wicked when we think of starving Europe. But America is willfully determined to restore things as much as possible to what they were before the war, and is apparently oblivious of the financial snag awaiting the prodigals.

WORLD FIGURES.

If there is one sure calculation that can be made about San Franciscans it is as to the enthusiastic determination with which they will turn out to see personages of world-wide fame who have entered our gates. We have recently seen it demonstrated here at the coming of President Wilson, and, later, the King and Queen of Belgium.

San Francisco first demonstrated the startling intensity of this determination "a many years ago," when Adelina Patti made her first visit to this Coast. Since those days, when people, on the opening night at the Grand Opera House literally had the clothes torn to shreds off their backs, and when, in the wild rush and rout, some who had paid twenty and thirty dollars a seat to the speculators never succeeded in setting foot inside the theatre, our San Francisco has become more sophisticated. Many famous people come our way nowadays, and an elegant metropolitan calm pervades the crowds when celebrated personages pass in review before our interested gaze.

The most terrifying and fully aroused crowd that I remember to have been in in connection with our numerous pageants, parades, and welcomes to visiting celebrities was on the night that President Wilson spoke at the Auditorium. Every man and woman there was determined to see Wilson, whether or not they heard him, and little Mamie and Johnny were factors in the determination with which people used their shoulders and elbows as battering rams to work their way through the crowd. For it is not often that a President comes our way.

And then—it is really dream-like to realize it—the historic figures of Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium traveled all those thousands of miles to our Coast. It really begins to look as if we would no longer be compelled to appease our interest in personages of world interest by wading through acres of reportorial eloquence. California has now some drawing power of its own. So have San Francisco and the Southern California cities. So has Yosemite, for our famous visitors are generally anxious to view our valley of marvels before they bid us good-by.

The best behaved crowd—that is of a large number of people crowded into a relatively small compass—was composed of the ladies—with a very small sprinkling of men—who for two mortal hours waited in the corridors of the Palace Hotel to attend the queen's reception. And talk of determination! The queen was due at 4:30 p. m. The ladies began to assemble before 4, and the queen, who was passing a very strenuous day, finally showed up a little before 6. And did that noble band of devoted women huddle from their determination to attend the reception of royalty? Not on your life they didn't. A few, a very few, faint-spirited ones who were probably obliged to cook the family dinner, or possibly lived across the bay, threw up the sponge and retired defeated. The rest of us hung on to the job with a deathless determination to do or die.

And not grimly, either. Expectation was keen, and tongues buzzed husily. Some good-natured policemen, who were having the time of their lives by being smiled on radiantly by well-dressed, good-looking women of all ages and sizes, kept a passageway through the long woman-lined corridors open. And we stood to our guns and waited for royalty.

And all of a sudden a gentle, feminine wave of interjections, of appeased anticipation, swept over the patient horde. Some one who was standing on an elevation had seen the queen and her train of friends crossing the hallroom. In a moment the crowd, without any pushing, pulling, or had temper, was solidly advancing along the broad corridor.

MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Los Gatos, California

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
(Accredited)

Arrived at the door of the hall room, the expectant crowd obediently fell, as requested, into single file. The whole affair was excellently managed. We walked thus lengthwise of the hall room, turning at right angles when we neared the end and passing in front of the queen, who was well harricaded behind a long divan from the approaches of indiscreet admirers, and who carried flowers in one hand and a flag in the other; this being a tactful intimation that there was to be no band-shaking.

To each lady as she passed the queen graciously inclined her head, putting into the acknowledgment a touch of tactful cordiality which sent each one of us off individually elated. Yes, this dainty little fair woman, with her softly finished lines and delicately youthful contours, possesses the art of queenliness. I said to myself, Can it be my imagination? But no. Elizabeth of Belgium has had her training in the school of royalty, and she knows how to blend with each greeting that delicate flavor of individual graciousness that sends the recipient away a willing



XXIX.

Higher Prices, Rates Unchanged

In the period of normal prices before the World War began in 1914 we paid an average of 80 cents a barrel for fuel oil.

When the Great War started the price of fuel oil went up—and kept on going up until at present we are paying \$1.80 a barrel.

That is an increase of 125 per cent.

Our pumping plants need a great deal of fuel oil. Last year we used over 100,000 barrels.

So the rise in prices cost us more than \$100,000 excess for one item alone.

Our operating expenses and taxes have gone up 20 per cent.

Like all other public utilities, we have had to meet the Higher Cost of Business.

Unlike other utilities, our rates have not been raised.

We are collecting today the equivalent of the water rates we collected before prices began jumping.

We are in the same position as the head of a family whose salary has not been raised since the purchasing power of a dollar went down.

We are in a position to sympathize with him, and to wonder if we can continue to meet our consumers' growing needs.

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We are recognized as specialists in the propagating of Ornamentals. A thorough knowledge of the business, aided by the best soil, water and climatic conditions, enable us to grow superior stock.

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Theatre Francais

A. FERRIER, Director

SATURDAY, Oct. 25, at 8:30

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

(Van Ness and Sutter)

La Noce du Poilu Lepinard

Musical Farce in 3 Acts (on the prohibition)

Third Act—Grand Costumed Ball

Reserved seats, \$2, \$1, 75c, 50c. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Sts. and at the French Book Store, 324 Stockton St.

THE PLAYERS CLUB THEATRE

Bush Street, Between Gough and Octavia

HAMLET

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,

October 22, October 23, October 24,

October 29, October 30, October 31

Saturday Evenings,

October 25,

November 1

WILLIAM S. RAINEY as HAMLET

Produced under the direction of REGINALD TRAVERS

Owing to the length of the performance, curtain will rise at 8:10 sharp.

Prices, \$1 and 75c. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

JESSICA COLBERT, Business Manager

subject. For that is what kings and queens must learn to do.

It was a curious thought, too, to reflect that this gracious, smiling little patrician toward whom we all feel so kindly is a German. But the world has forgiven her for that, for the war and the services it exacted from her made her all Belgian, whatever she may have been before.

I should like to have seen King Albert receiving, for his acknowledgments to the greetings of the street crowds had a sort of casual character. It almost seemed as if he scarcely realized that he was the central figure. Probably his mastery of the art of kingliness shines most when there is work to do.

Well, the world is apparently growing democratic, and perhaps that handsome boy prince, who has probably had the time of his life camping in Yosemite, riding mountain trails, and chumming with the engineers of trains, will never reign. But at least before the kings and queens have passed from our ken, we in the far, far West have seen two of the finest specimens Europe could furnish.

Hoover is another one of the world-famous characters that has come our way; naturally enough, since his home is in California. I went to hear Hoover give an address before an assembly of ladies, and I have come to the conclusion that any politicians who dread Hoover's possible candidacy for the presidency need have no fear.

Hoover is a painfully shy man; so shy that he would find it next to impossible to do vio-

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

2nd SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., OCT. 26, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; Symphonic Suite, Opus 25, Busoni; Symphony, D minor, Cesar Franck.

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre from 10 a. m. on concert days only.

Next—Sun., Nov. 2, 2d "Pop" Concert.

American SYNCOPATED Orchestra and Singers

Frank W. Healy, Local Manager

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:15

50c to \$2, war tax 10 per cent. extra. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

Tuesday (Armistice Day), Nov. 11, at 8:15 (Steinway Piano)

Scottish Rite Auditorium

Friday Eve., Nov. 14

RUDOLPH GANZ

Master Pianist

Only San Francisco Recital

Other Ganz Recitals: Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Nov. 17; Assembly Hall, Stanford University, Nov. 19.

Tickets now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Usual prices, war tax 10 per cent. extra. (Steinway Piano)

lence to his natural instincts and be stared at and commented on whenever he appeared in public. He read his paper, on the day I spoke of, in a hushed voice that reached very few people. It was a pity, for whatever Hoover says is worth listening to. Apparently, however, his native shyness prevented him from making the physical effort and assertion needful in order that his words should be heard.

As to his personality, not one enlightening ray came from him. We can always read the opinions of these men of world fame, but it is most interesting to gather direct from personal observation.

With Daniels, for instance, I was able to correct the impressions made by the numerous comments and travesties in the press. From them I judged him to be a man of actorial type; something of the assertive preacher style; whereas he seemed, under personal observation, to be a simple, sincere, able, sensible, and good man.

However, at the queen's reception I caught a glimpse of the real Hoover, who was standing beside Queen Elizabeth, looking at the passing file of American women with such a good, pleasant, kindly, happy look on his plain but prepossessing face. He was pleased at the tribute to his friends, happy to support them by his presence without being compelled to make speeches or remind people of his existence, and in his face there was just a passing revelation of the heart and soul of this man of sense and sensibility; the man before whose inner vision moves ever as a pathetic appeal of the starving hordes of Europe and Asia.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"Let's Go"

Fanchon and Marco, the artists and stars of "Let's Go!" will be seen in a revised and elaborate edition of this play at the Curran Theatre beginning next Sunday night, October 26th.

Fanchon and Marco are prime favorites. They scored most effectively in their several vaudeville tours, but they are seen at their best in "Let's Go!" As creators of modern dances they occupy a niche all their own.

But Fanchon and Marco have seen to it that the supporting cast is the best that could be secured. Among others in the large company are Harry Hines, blackface comedian; Nelson and Chain, Mme. Donald Ayer, Dave Lerner, and Eileen Miller, not forgetting the chorus of the "thirty most beautiful girls in the world."

The Alcazar.

One of the most successful farces of the past decade, "Stop Thief," is to be the offering of the Alcazar players next week.

The plot revolves around a clever thief who enters a fashionable home and manages to accumulate a great deal of loot. The circumstances are such that the various guests each suspect that the other is a kleptomaniac, and the fun which results may easily be imagined. A "boob" detective who is worked into the scheme of the story heightens the suspense and accelerates the humorous complications.

"Stop Thief" will serve as an admirable vehicle for the abilities of Walter P. Richardson and Belle Bennett in the leading rôles. It will also afford Thomas Chatterton, Henry Shumer, Vaughan Morgan, Jean Oliver, Rafael Brunetto, and other members of the cast wider scope for their individual talents than they have had in a long time. A long cast is necessary and additional players will have to be engaged for the production.

"A Regular Feller," the automobile, speed-breaking comedy, is the current attraction.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present another great new show next week.

Saranoff, who excels as violinist and comedian, will appear in a musical comediatta by Herman Timberg, in which he will have the assistance of Billy Abbott, an English comedian of the Cockney type, and the Five Winter Garden Violin Girls.

Harry and Emma Sharrock will appear in a comedy skit called "Behind the Grandstand," which is an excuse for the most extraordinary display of mind-reading ever witnessed in public.

Bryan Lee and Mary Cranston will contribute a musical comediatta by William B. Friedlander called "A Brittany Romance," which is an episode of the war, not as it was waged at the front, but away behind the lines.

"Color Gems" is a posing act in which two men and four women will present what they call "A Study in Color, Light, and Form." It introduces a series of beautiful and picturesque subjects.

William Ebs is a remarkable ventriloquist and the possessor of a remarkable puppet.

The Kanazawa Boys, a trio of Japanese who are supreme as Risley artists, also include among their number a genuine novelty in the shape of a Japanese comedian.

Carl Emmy will introduce one of the pret-

tiest acts in vaudeville, in which half a score of lively little terriers are the performers. There is also a comedy portion to the act in which a cute little dog ludicrously impersonates a clown.

Albertina Rasch and her company of dancers will vary their programme.

James J. Morton has been retained as an added attraction and will continue to wittily comment on the different acts on the programme.

Ferrier's New Comedy.

André Ferrier's three-act musical comedy, with prohibition as the theme, "The Wedding of the Poilu Lepinard," will be presented at the Scottish Rite Auditorium Saturday evening. Emilio Puyans is the director of a specially selected orchestra. Ferrier, noted tenor and director of the French Theatre, announces this play as one of the greatest events of the French Theatre company. Mme. Gustin Ferrier, lyric soprano, and Miss Michele, coloratura soprano, will take the leading parts, supporting Ferrier and a cast of twenty-five. A parade in the third act will serve for impersonations of well-known members of the French colony and city officials. A masquerade ball will follow the performance. "The Chimes of Normandy" is announced for early presentation.

Players Club Theatre

The new Players Club Theatre will open its season Wednesday evening, October 22d, with "Hamlet" as its first production. Four performances will be given, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights of the opening week, and on the same days of the following week.

In the new theatre on Bush Street the club has a most attractive home fitted up with every modern convenience.

Reginald Travers, director for the club, has spared no effort in giving the production of "Hamlet" the most artistic staging possible, and has been aided by enthusiastic and intelligent actors.

William S. Rainey, who has been seen in many other local productions, will play the rôle of Hamlet. Rainey has recently attracted the favorable attention of Henry Miller. He will be supported by a strong cast, including Emelie Melville as the queen.

The Players Club is steadily gaining in associate members who are interested in the welfare of the organization. Jessica Colbert, business manager, announces a series of children's plays and operettas which will be given in the theatre Saturday afternoons.

Sunday Symphony Concerts.

The programme played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon last will be repeated on Sunday afternoon, October 26th, in the Curran Theatre.

Feruccio Busoni's Symphonic Suite, Opus 25, was not only new to San Francisco, but musical records do not show that any orchestral work by the great Italian pianist-composer has had previous performance in this city. It is in five movements: Prelude, Gavotte, Gigue, Slow Intermezzo, and Alla Breve (Allegro fugato).

The most important work to be offered will, as on Friday, be Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor. It is in three movements: Lento-Allegro non Troppo, Allegretto, and Allegro non Troppo.

The remaining offering will be the overture to Mozart's "The Magic Flute," not only this composer's final opera, but the last music of any importance that he wrote.

Conductor Hertz announces another budget of light masterpieces for the second concert of the "Pop" series, to be played in the Curran Theatre on Sunday afternoon, November 2d. Those anticipating attending are urged to make immediate ticket reservations at the symphony box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Syncopated Orchestra

Two races have contributed to the lore of American music—the aboriginal Indian and the transplanted African, or Southern negro. Only since the war has the marked effect which the traditions of the colored race have imparted to Western music been fully appreciated by the world at large. This has been due largely to the wide acclaim with which the melodies and dark harmonies of our colored troops overseas have been received.

What Cadman has done toward preserving the feeling of the red man in musical composition, Will Marion Cook, doubtless the foremost musician of his race, has accomplished in catching and adapting the rich harmonies of the colored folk. Few programmes of contemporary American or European artists include one or more of these remarkably colorful interpretations of negro life.

Cook will himself conduct during the appearance of the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers here on Monday evening, November 10th, at the Exposition Auditorium. More than thirty skilled musicians, trained vocalists as well as expert upon their chosen instruments, comprise this organization, which



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One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

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Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

differs from any of similar nature in variety of offering and technic in interpretation.

There is nothing one-sided in any of the programmes presented. A wide range of selections, from those rendered by the most noted symphony players to the plantation melodies and negro spirituals that reflect the true spirit of the childlike colored race, are included.

By the invention of a new "star" shell the night fighting efficiency of the navy will be increased at least 25 per cent., the War Department has said in an official statement. The shell is suitable for guns of from three to five-inch calibre. Its value lies in the fact that its increased illuminating power may be used without betraying the position of the craft using it.

Apparatus has been invented for making theatre programmes useful a second time by cleaning and pressing them.

France has assumed the leadership of the world for manufacture of tinsel fabrics, Lyons being the centre of the industry.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Sat. night—Trisxie Friganza in "Poor Mama"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 26

The New Edition De Luxe of the

FANCHON & MARCO REVUE

With Fanchon and Marco, Harry Hines, and an All-Star Cast

"The 30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World"

LET'S GO!

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

ALCAZAR

Starting Next Sunday

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett - Walter P. Richardson

In the Sure Fire Joy Farce

"STOP THIEF"

A Hurricane of Hilarity

One Hundred and Twenty Minutes of Chuckles, Giggles, Laughs, Shrieks and Screams of Merriment

Every Night Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

SARANOFF and Billy Abbott with WINTER GARDEN VIOLIN GIRLS in a Young Musical Comedy by Herman Timberg; HARRY and EMMA SHARROCK, "Behind the Grandstand"; BRYAN LEE and MARY CRANSTON in "A Brittany Romance"; COLOR GEMS, a Study in Light and Color; WILLIAM EBS, Vaudeville's Newest Offering; KANAZAWA BOYS, Equilibrists with a Laugh; CARL EMMY AND HIS PETS, Prettiest Act in Vaudeville.

ALBERTINA RASCH AND HER DANCERS In New Dance Creations

An Additional Feature

JAMES J. MORTON

An Animated Programme

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturday, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Dougl

VANITY FAIR.

When Plato said that the ideal republic would adopt all its children at birth and relieve their parents of their responsibility to ward them he must have had his keen prophetic eye upon the present age. For we are nearly there. Among current news items is a little bulletin from New York to the effect that the young people of the Bronx between sixteen and eighteen years of age must either attend night school or stay at home. The street corner must no longer be the rendezvous of the boys nor the dance hall of the girls. Civic authority stretches forth its coercive hand and gathers them in.

It now only remains for the state to take the children home to sleep with it and we shall have Plato's scheme in full activity. There are already a good many parents who would hardly be aware of the fact if their children were exchanged for others, so little do they know of them. The state takes charge of the child in the morning, sees to it that it has a supposedly suitable diet, extracts its teeth, removes its tonsils, and all other detachable portions of its anatomy, sends it out to participate in the parade or "drive" of the day, enrolls it in the political organization that happens at the moment to be on deck, and directs its suitable employment during the evening. All that we need now is a public dormitory, and doubtless that will arrive in due course.

But eighteen years seems a rather advanced age for public supervision. It would never do in California, where eighteen years is practical adulthood and sometimes implies social obligations of a more or less frivolous nature. It might be necessary to stop a good many automobiles in order to rake out their juvenile occupants with the stern alternative of home or night school. But perhaps there are no automobiles in the Bronx.

What a spasm of excitement about the King and Queen of the Belgians. Who would suppose that it was our ordinary habit to fulminate against royalties and to look forward to the day when they would be utterly exterminated like vermin. But then—so we say—the King and Queen of the Belgians are so democratic, just like ourselves. But in that case, why such extravagant interest in people who are just like ourselves? Of course we know quite well, although we are not honest enough to say so, that we are not attracted by their democracy at all, but by their royalty. The Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Austria or of Germany would have excited still more interest if possible. Certainly it must have been a novel experience for King Albert and his wife. Nowhere in Europe would their presence have excited more than a momentary and respectful attention. There would have been no crowded streets nor besieged hotels. But then royalties are cheaper in Europe than they are here.

As a matter of fact the King and Queen of the Belgians are not noticeably democratic, as modern royalties go. They are not more democratic than the King of Italy, for example, or than the kings and queens of Scandinavia. We may also destroy the pleasant illusion that good kings are democratic and that bad kings are autocratic. The late King of the Belgians, Leopold, is not usually supposed to have been a good king. His morals were open to reproach, although probably they were quite as good as those of the average citizen. But King Leopold was eminently democratic, perhaps even more so than King Albert. He might have been seen almost any day strolling about Brussels, quite unattended, and entirely willing to talk to any one. There was nothing about him to show his royalty. He was precisely like any other well-dressed man. The same may be said of the King of Spain.

Royal exclusiveness, where it exists, is often due to fear of assassination, and this is naturally a greater danger in large and vital countries than in the smaller ones. None the less the writer once saw a sight even in autocratic Germany that would be a surprise to those whose ideas of royalty are based on the movies. Walking in Unter Den Linden with a friend, his attention was called to three horsemen riding side by side and unattended. The central rider was the old Emperor William. On his right was Bismarck and on his left was Moltke. Very few people were about, and they contented themselves with the conventional salute that was gravely returned by the emperor. Certainly there were no trappings of royalty there.

Speaking of the assassination of rulers, there is an interesting letter from Mr. Roosevelt to Sir George Trevelyan written after the attack on Mr. Roosevelt and in response to a letter of sympathy. It appears in *Scribner's Magazine* for October. Mr. Roosevelt says that he never understood the nervousness about assassination that some public men have felt. He himself had always expected to be shot. "But what I can not understand is any serious-minded public man not being so absorbed in the great and vital questions with which he has to deal as to exclude thoughts

of assassination. I do not think this is a question of courage at all. I think it is a question of the major interest driving out the minor interest. It is exactly as it is in the army. I can readily understand any enlisted man having qualms about his own safety, but the minute that a man gets command of others and has responsibilities for more than his own personal safety, especially when he becomes a colonel or a general, I don't see how, in the middle of his wearing anxieties, he has a chance to wonder whether he personally will be shot.

"As I say, it is not a question of courage; it is a question of perspective, or proper proportion. If tomorrow I were to go fox-hunting I would probably feel a little more need of hardening my heart when I approached an uncommonly stiff jump than I would have felt thirty years ago; just because there would be no responsibility in the matter, no duties to be first considered, nothing whatever to appeal to me except the chance of a smash-up as balanced against the fun of the hunting and the galloping. But if I had a division of cavalry and were in battle with it, so far as I thought selfishly at all, it would be as to whether I were handling the cavalry creditably. It would not be as to whether I was in danger of being shot.

"So that I never have felt that public men who were shot, whether they were killed or not, were entitled to any especial sympathy; and I do most emphatically feel that when in danger it is their business to act in the manner which we accept as commonplace when the actor is an enlisted man of the army or navy, or a policeman, or a fireman, or a railroad man, or a miner, or a deep-sea fisherman."

The writer once witnessed an attack upon the Shah of Persia in Paris. The Shah had just taken his seat in his carriage with the Vizier by his side when an anarchist jumped on the step and tried to shoot him. The revolver was old and worn out and refused to fire, and after a moment the assassin was seized and held by some bystanders. But the Shah never moved a muscle, with apparently certain death staring him in the face. Not a flicker of an eyelid showed his awareness of his danger. It was a fine example of Oriental self-control. And when the French government sent an official to express regrets and congratulations the reply of the Shah was equally notable. "Why all this fuss?" he asked. "If it was on the book of fate that I was to be shot, not all the police in Paris could save me. But if it was not so written, then all the assassins in Paris could not kill me." We may not agree with such a philosophy of fatalism. Of course we shall not agree, since we do not agree with any philosophy whatsoever. None the less it was, in its way, magnificent, and eminently suited to an Oriental king.

Actual observations by French, British, and American observers have failed to establish any relationship between storming the enemy and storms from the skies. Careful studies show that rainfall and battles do not coincide enough to give the basis for a theory of cause and effect. The great battles in France in the spring of 1917 failed to interrupt the long spell of fair weather that accompanied them. Furthermore, an examination recently made of the records of local distribution of rainfall over England during the first twenty-two months of the war, made by the British Meteorological Office, resulted in strengthening the evidence against the theory. The director of the French Meteorological Bureau, M. Ango, practically says that the wish is father to the thought and that an idea that is deep-seated and of long duration dies hard. The survival of the fallacy is due to the suggestion constantly given by an instinctive belief. Possessed of such a belief, one is inclined to note only the favorable coincidences, he says, ignoring the many circumstances that do not bear out the theory, and thus to become more and more confirmed in the opinion.

One of the longest and most hazardous engineering feats ever attempted is said to be that of the Roosevelt deep drainage tunnel in the Cripple Creek, Colorado, gold mining district—named in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, who was President at the time it was begun in 1907. In 1906 the operators in the Cripple Creek district discovered a diminishing of the ore bodies on the upper levels which called for further development work, and the result was the commencement of the tunnel. The total length from portal to breast is 24,355 feet, or approximately 4.6 miles. In January, 1918, the total water discharge at the portal was about 4000 gallons a minute, but it steadily declined, and now the flow is about 2000 gallons a minute. The maximum discharge was 17,000 gallons per minute, this coming in the early part of 1916. The total cost of the work amounts to nearly \$815,000, and the average cost a lineal foot is \$33.30.

It is said that an expert cashier can count 4000 silver dollars in an hour, or 32,000 in a day. To count \$1,000,000,000 would require his constant work, at that rate, day after day, for 102 years.

GREAT TALKERS, THESE.

Montenegrin Women Called "Chatterboxes of Europe."

The life of the women of Montenegro is very hard. They are now the mainstay of the country. Fortunately, they always did most of the work in the fields and the houses. Otherwise their children could not exist today. The men have always done the fighting and the heavier field work, expecting to be waited on in the house. You rarely see a man carrying a load, but on every road are women burdened with goods for the market, firewood, or huge quantities of hay. Sometimes a woman will lead a burdened pony or donkey, but usually she carries her own load in addition.

I have even seen a burdened woman leading a pony on which a man was riding. But I am glad to say this is exceptional, and I have quite often seen a man leading a pony with his wife in the saddle—he never carried a load. Indeed, a man with a load is a rarity, but a woman so burdened is quite the usual thing.

When they are not working the women squat on the floor before the fire talking incessantly. Of all Europeans they are the greatest chatterboxes (says Major William Warfield of the American Red Cross, writing in the *New York Times*). If you ask a question they beat around the bush in the most bewildering manner. When they are sick they continue to bang over the fire even in beautiful weather, and refuse to be persuaded to go out for air and exercise.

Indeed, they have a dread of fresh air and cold water. The Red Cross nurses have great difficulty in getting the windows open in cases of sickness and in getting their patients bathed. One mother of a very small and dirty baby in Niksich assured our nurse that she would certainly not bathe the child; she had done it before it was sick—and plainly regretted it. At the same time she was shocked at the suggestion that she put the baby out in the warm summer sunshine.

There are exceptions, however, and it is touching to observe the complete faith some of the people place in the hitherto unheard-of doctrines that are being preached to them. Open windows, calcimined walls, and clean floors are growing more numerous every day. The rebellious are few and the insincere still fewer. Only once did I catch sight of a window being furtively opened when our nurse was seen approaching.

In the old town at Podgoritz, in the ruins of an old Turkish house, were several very poor families. We entered a cow stable and ascended to the floor above, where a pretty little girl of twelve years greeted the nurse affectionately. She was just recovering from pneumonia. The nurse had found her quite sick some time ago, complaining of pains in her legs, and it wasn't until she bathed her that she found the child was lying on a table about two feet too short for her. The little patient was soon in a more suitable bed and quickly on the road to recovery.

Next to his naturally unhygienic surroundings, the Montenegrin suffers most from too intimate an acquaintance with the anopheles mosquito. Almost every other case that is brought to the attention of the Red Cross doctors is malaria. Next in importance as far as quantity is concerned is tuberculosis. These hardy mountaineers are resistant, but recent exposure and hunger have resulted in an increased propagation of the white plague, so that now it is found everywhere. I saw several men who brought it back from Austrian prison camps, new and peculiarly deadly sources of infection. On account of ignorance and poor medical facilities, venereal disease also is shockingly common in congenital form among quite young children. I do not believe it is due to immorality. The Montenegrins are vigorous mountaineers, living in small communities an outdoor life, and there is no evidence of immorality among them. It is my opinion that the disease has long been in the country and owes its origin to the unrest of frequent wars and its continuation to ignorance. Much of that now existing can be traced to the Austrians.

Montenegro is the poorest of the Balkan nations in point of schools. The children have run wild for the last few years and bear confinement badly. Only in two or three places can schools be said to be running systematically. It must not be supposed that this is due to indifference. The fact is that the Montenegrin is very keen for education, as are all the Balkan Slavs, but has suffered from the poverty and reactionary character of the old government. In Podgoritz the primary school has been reinstated in its original home, used as barracks by the Austrians, and is quite generally attended.

Film Rival of California.

Cornwall threatens to outrival Southern California as a film-producing centre, according to recent reports. Along the Atlantic coast strange scenes of passion and pathos have been enacted in the granite bastioned coves of Cornwall, which is rapidly supplant-

W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore



"Caltex"—Scientifically Correct Bifocals.

The placing of these newly invented and improved double vision glasses before the eye-glass wearing public created a popular demand for them almost instantaneously, particularly by those who have been wearing with difficulty the old style bifocals. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are ground from one piece of glass combining reading and distance glasses in one. The superiority of "Caltex" over other double vision glasses is easily recognized—so invisible that no one knows you are wearing bifocals.

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ing California's golden plains as a setting for picture dramas. The golden-locked heroines and heavily-dyed villains have become quite common figures in the switchback streets of the Cornish cliffside villages, and the gentle purr of the cinema camera has been heard everywhere, mingling with the deep hurden of the Atlantic breakers.

These film visitors have been welcomed by the Cornish natives as a source of excellent free entertainment and of occasional profit. The old salts of Newlyn, who have long been accustomed to sit for painters, have been in great demand as cinema types and have readily adapted themselves to this new development of the model business. In time the wealth of scenery and sunlight to be found in the granite peninsula will see the British film producers sitting there permanently as the Americans have in California. Devon is already the home of more than one film concern.

The authorities of a small watering place in Wales once cornered all the coppers in the town. The object was to force the band of visitors who stingily (as they thought) gave only one penny to the collection for the local band, and in it they were successful, for as change became scarcer so the receipts of that institution increased.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the conclusion of the school term prizes were distributed. When one of the pupils returned home his mother chanced to be entertaining callers. "Well, Charlie," asked one of these, "did you win a prize?" "Not exactly," said Charlie, "but I got a horrible mention."

Senator Swanson was discussing what will happen to those senators who oppose the league. "They'll fare like the plowboy," said Swanson. "He was plowing in his field when an inquisitive passer-by asked him how much wages he received. 'Wages?' said the boy. 'I don't get no wages. I get nothin' if I do. and hell if I don't.'"

While polling one of the wards a while ago a canvasser, after inquiring for the man of the house and learning that he was not at home, asked the following question of the woman who had answered his knock: "What party does your husband belong to?" This was the reply: "I'm the party my husband belongs to. What about it?"

Representative Kirby of Arkansas tells this one: "I was being shaved the other day when a grizzled chap in a captain's uniform came in. He saluted smartly and seated himself in the chair next to my own. 'Haircut,' he said in gruff tones. 'How would you like it cut, sir?' the barber asked. The captain, who was baldish, answered, gruffer than ever: 'Line up the hairs and number off to the right. Odd numbers each want half an inch. Dress smartly with hay rum and brilliantine. Then dismiss.'"

Nathaniel Hawthorne's handwriting was so illegible that some of his manuscripts remained unpublished because nobody could read them. This was likewise true of Carlyle. The story is told of a type compositor who was employed in a London printing office because of a strong recommendation which he brought from Scotland. The first piece of manuscript given him to set was by Carlyle. "My God!" said the new typesetter. "Have you got that man here, too? I fled from Scotland to avoid him."

After the Old Grads' School at Harvard had been in progress for two days it was obvious to the chairmen of the committees that are to raise \$11,000,000 for the university that the amount was much too small. Especially did they realize this when they heard President Lowell say that the salaries might, with justice, be increased 50 per cent. To do this would take the entire income fund, and one of the chairmen put the question to President Lowell: "How much do you really want as

an endowment?" President Lowell said that the answer that it was necessary for him to make reminded him of the small girl who went into the hutchers' shop, and upon being asked what she wanted, answered: "I want a limousine, but mother will take 10 cents' worth of liver." Asked if \$11,000,000 would be enough to meet the requirements of the university, President Lowell said: "Oh, that's liver; that's all right."

A well-known furniture dealer of a Virginia town wanted to give his faithful negro driver something for Christmas in recognition of his unfailing good humor in toting out stoves, beds, pianos, etc. "Dohson," he said, "you have helped me through some pretty tight places in the last ten years, and I want to give you something as a Christmas present that will be useful to you and that you will enjoy. Which do you prefer, a ton of coal or a gallon of good whisky?" "Boss," Dobson replied, "Ah hurns wood."

The tourist had been boasting in the village inn. "Talking of scarecrows," he said, "why, my father once put one up and it frightened the crows so much that not one entered the field again for more than a year." He looked triumphantly around his audience. Surely that had settled these country humpkins! But he was to meet his match. "That's nothing!" retorted one farmer. "A neighbor o' mine once put a scarecrow into his potato patch and it terrified the birds so much that one rascal of a crow who had stolen some potatoes came next day and put them back."

Finley P. Dunne was talking about the 1919 fashions. "Worse and worse," he said moodily. "They grow worse and worse. A hegger held me up the other day. 'Why,' I said, as I gave the poor fellow a dime, 'why, isn't this Hotton, the famous impresario?' 'That's me,' said the hegger. 'But what, old chap,' I asked, 'what is the cause of your downfall?' 'The new fashions,' he answered bitterly. 'The new fashions, Peter. You see, I used to make millions out of le—I means limh shows; but the ladies display so many charms for nothing now that the public don't pay to see shows like mine any more.'"

A bright little newsie entered a business office, and approaching a glum-looking man at one of the desks began with an ingratiating smile: "I'm selling thimbles to raise enough money to—" "Out with you!" interrupted the man. "Wouldn't you like to look at some nice thimbles?" "I should say not!" "They're fine, and I'd like to make a sale," the boy continued. Turning in his chair to fully face the lad, the grouch caustically inquired: "What 'n seven kinds of blue blazes do you think I want with a thimble?" Edging toward the door to make a safe getaway, the boy answered: "Use it for a hat."

On the Bassans docks at Bordeaux, France, an old-time sergeant of a negro regiment was having trouble with a detail of men of his own race, who seemed inclined to loaf on their work of loading box-cars with provisions for the Army of Occupation. Addressing one negro, who was especially lazy, he exclaimed: "Come on, you. Git to work, dar!" "Shucks, sergeant," replied the lazy one, "Ah 'listed foh de wah, an' hit's over." "Yo' all's a durn fool," the sergeant yelled. "Yo listed foh de wah. Y-a-s-s! An' also foh de duration of de wah. Now, nigger, de wah hit's over, but de duration, hit's jes' done begun."

Elbridge Gerry, the young New York society leader, who contributed greatly last winter to the entertainment of American soldiers at Nice, tells many doughboy anecdotes. "The average doughboy," said Mr. Gerry, "is no admirer of the Frenchwoman's exaggerated make-up—rouged lips, painted eyebrows, and very thick layer of powder. I was strolling one day on the Promenade des Anglais with a young corporal when an extremely chic and at the same time much made-up French girl passed. 'There,' I said to my corporal, 'what do you think of her?' The corporal, a Texas farmer, eyed the young woman for a minute and then said: 'Well, sir, it's bad ground that takes so much top-dressing.'"

They hoarded the De Kalh Avenue car just the other side of the bridge. They were evidently mother and daughter, the mother nearing middle age, the daughter about nineteen or twenty. They sat opposite each other in the open car. After their fare had been collected they sat for a few moments in silence. Then they began talking. The conversation ran like this. Mother began: "These Brooklyn cars are the slowest things." "You said it." "And my, but isn't the step high?" "I'll say it is." "I guess it will take us about an hour to get to Mary's." "You said it." "I wish she lived in New York; we could see her much more." "I'll say we could." "But she seems to be satisfied in Brooklyn." "I'll say she does." "She's got her home fixed up pretty enough. She must have spent a heap

fixing it up." "I'll tell the world so." "If I had that much to spend I'd spend it in New York. New York is good enough for me." "You said it."

She was crying unrestrainedly. Not a sound came from the pretty trembling lips, but the great tears rolled down her cheeks. The man seemed to enjoy the sight. A sarcastic smile played about his cruel mouth as he watched her; indeed he looked as if he could never have smiled any other kind. The girl's beautiful eyes looked up pleadingly to his. His tongue seemed to lash her like a whip as a torrent of words came hissing from his mouth. Then she crumpled up and gave way entirely to her grief. "Fine, fine," the man cried to her. "Two hundred feet of that is enough. Now we'll shoot a little of the next scene, where you hang by one foot from a five-story building." Whereupon the lovely girl chuckled the onion overboard.

A doctor came up to a patient in a lunatic asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new." The patient went off gayly to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but as he was about to affix the stamp the latter slipped through his fingers to the floor, alighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach. What he did see was his escaped postage stamp zig-zagging aimlessly across the floor and following a crooked trail up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor. "Two weeks!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

During the early days of the Fifteenth Infantry's sojourn in France some of the men were used to carry up ammunition to the artillery. At first each man carried only one shell, but as the need became more pressing they undertook heavier loads, until many of them were staggering along under the weight of four or five of them. Finally one of the soldiers whose back was bent from the task stepped up to his sergeant and asked: "Sergeant, how you all got my name on this list?" "I've got it all right," replied the other. "You're Private Simpson, aint you?" "Ye-es, sir," answered the ammunition carrier. "But how you all got my name spelled?" "Why, S-i-m-p-s-o-n," replied the sergeant. "That's right," answered the soldier, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I thought mehhe you had it down Samson."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Ode to Education.

I used to hate to go to school.
I much despised the might and main
By which it was impressed I had
A brain.

I hesitated just as much
To grace the high school's classic hall.
I'd not, if I'd had my way, gone
At all.

Advantages of colleges
Were thrust down my unwilling throat.
And I felt I was being made
The goat.

My parents ever forced me on
And on through education's ranks.
They said that some day they'd receive
My thanks.

And now I clerk for meagre pay;
Hodcarriers do thrice as well.
While I'm a slave unto the H.

C. L.

—F. D. D., in the Kansas City Star.

Hylan, Mayor of Spotted Town.

There is a Mayor of a certain town whose name you may never guess.

Whatever he does, whatever he says, is bound to end in a mess.

Whatever he writes or ever indites is much worse even than that.

For what he does write is laughable quite—a kind of rat-a-tat-tat.

He loves the poor and would help them sure, if words would do the trick,
As he rides serene in his limousine, laying on flattery thick.

"I would give you my wealth and health," says he, "if I didn't want them myself.
But I'll get you around for a nickel, by zound! if it breaks the subway itself.

"And all those nickel robbers," says he, "who come to my city to spree;
Shootin', lootin', a-yellin' an' scootin', have got to come out of the tree.

And if they don't, and the Commiss'n'er wont, I'll tell you what I shall do—
I'll write the police to be quick as grease, and to every thief say, 'Boo!'

"There's many a sir who would never stir, the common peepul to serve,
But I'm on the lightly from morn until nighty, a-showin' off my nerve.
You elected me because you know I am a comical slum

And the only Mayor of this here borough who could ever bring home the ham."

—O. K., in the New York Evening Post.

Tricks of Orators.

Great orators have not scrupled to use the arts of the actor to produce their effects. Lord Brougham, while protesting the rejection of the reform bill by the House of Lords, cried out: "I implore you upon my knees!" kneeling before them on the "woolsack" upon which the lord chancellor sits when presiding in the House of Lords.

Sheridan, having finished his famous speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, sank back apparently fainting in the arms of his friends.

Edmund Burke at the end of a speech upon the atrocities which might be expected from the French in case of an invasion drew forth an enormous two-edged dagger, and exclaiming, "This is the weapon which will be pointed at your throats and mine!" dashed it on the floor with a tragic gesture.

Shortly afterward Lord Cairne, speaking against Burke (who was suspected of having amassed his wealth dishonestly), exclaimed: "And this is the weapon which is used with fatal effect against you and me!" dragging out with Burke's gesture a five-pound note. As every one looked to see him dash it on the floor he quietly folded it and put it in his pocket.

One of the most noted criminal lawyers of this country while pleading the cause of his client was invariably so overcome by his innocence and wrongs that his voice would fall, his utterance would become choked, and he would so that he would be obliged to sit to recover himself.

"I should think," said a judge to him one day, "that the jury would understand your little drama by this time."

"Ah, your honor forgets," said the lawyer, his eyes twinkling, "that there is always a new jury before whom I play."

China had women soldiers long before they were known in Russia. During the Tae Ping rebellion, 1850, women as well as men served in the ranks. In Nanking, in 1853, an army of 500,000 women was recruited. They were divided into brigades of 13,000 each and were commanded by women officers.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Helen Hereth and Mr. William Goldshorrough was solemnized Tuesday at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley, Rev. A. L. Hodgkin officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hereth of New York. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Goldshorrough will reside in San Francisco.

Mrs. Alanson Weeks gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having as her guests Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mrs. Daulton Mann, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Catherine Shoemaker, and Miss Caroline Shoemaker.

The Misses Betty and Doris Schmiedell and Miss Anne Dihilée were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett at the Burlingame Club. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dihilée, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Cornelia Clamptett, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Elliot McAllister, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. Leroy, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Dearborn Clark, Mr. George McNear, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Little Children's Aid will be held at the Palace on the evening of November 11th. Among those who have

taken boxes for the affair are Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Augustus Bray, Mrs. Oscar Sutor, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Sr., Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. William O'Brien, Mrs. Edward Tobin, and Mr. M. H. de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Thursday evening, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Miss Helen Garritt, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Mrs. Arthur Lord entertained at luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertained at luncheon Thursday at the St. Francis, her guests having included Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Ross Curran, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Alan Van Fleet gave a tea Thursday in honor of Miss Mary Arnsby and Miss Marguerite Raas. Mrs. Arthur Munger, Mrs. Alan Cline, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. William Gerher, Jr., and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne assisted Mrs. Van Fleet in receiving the guests, among whom were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mrs. Andrew Lawson, Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Alice Palmer, Miss Rhoda Niehling, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mrs. W. P. Lucas gave a tea Friday in honor of Mrs. Cornell Franklin of Honolulu.

Mrs. Butler Breden gave a dinner Friday evening at the St. Francis, having among her guests Mrs. George Choate Kendall of Santa Barbara, Mrs. John P. Jefferson of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. William McKittick, and Mrs. William Tevis.

Mrs. Burr Eastwood gave a luncheon Friday in Piedmont in honor of Mrs. Marguerite Raas.

Mrs. George Crothers gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Saturday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Mrs. Leroy Nielson, Mrs. Ward Barron, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Mr. Percy Selby.

Miss Marie Benard and Mr. Adolfo Benard of Nicaragua were the guests of honor at a dinner given a few evenings ago by Mr. and Mrs. James Otis. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Frederika Otis, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, and Mr. Barreda Sherman.

Miss Elena Eyre was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Clinton La Montagne at the Francisca Club. Among the guests were Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Emelie Tuhhs, and Miss Margaret Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Menlo Park, having among their guests Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. Frank Griffin entertained at tea Friday, her guests having included Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Miss

Grace Buckley, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Miss Violet Buckley, and Miss Bessie Zane.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye were the guests of honor at a dinner given Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow gave a dinner Thursday evening.

Mrs. Frank Johnson gave a dinner last evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford gave a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Marguerite Raas and Mr. Uda Waldrop.

Mrs. John Johnston gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis in honor of Miss Cornelia Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Fair in Aid of the Buford Kindergarten

Among the quiet charities long sustained in San Francisco is that of the Buford Kindergarten at Sixteenth Street and Railroad Avenue. The school is a veritable melting-pot and in the years of its existence more than a thousand children have profited by its instruction and its influence as a social centre. At the present time there are represented in its classes eleven nationalities. Buford Kindergarten is maintained mainly by the direct contributions of a group of charitable women. It is their custom each year to hold a fair for the sale of dolls and domestic articles, the whole proceeds going to support of the school. The fair this year is to be held in the afternoon of November 1st at the home of Mrs. George Meyer, 2030 Lyon Street, and it is hoped that there may be a generous attendance and a generous patronage. There is no more worthy cause, and no institution in San Francisco has been more consistently and unobtrusively maintained.

The Berkeley Red Cross Shop.

Concurrent with the entrance of the United States into the World War there was established at Berkeley a Red Cross shop, the second to be founded in the United States. Since that time it has been steadily maintained and has contributed in the aggregate a very large sum to the general support of the Red Cross Society. Its receipts, from the sale of domestic articles, have at times reached the sum of \$5000 per month, all of which has gone directly to the support of Red Cross work.

The managers of the Berkeley Red Cross Shop have determined to make a Christmas gift to the Associated Charities of Berkeley of their gross receipts for the months of October and November. The minimum expectation is for a fund of \$3000; and it is hoped to exceed this amount by a considerable margin. The beneficiaries will be the Berkeley Dispensary, the Berkeley Day Nursery, and the Charity Organization Society—all active in the work of assisting those who may be in need of clothing, food, and medical attendance, children for the greater part.

The shelves of the Berkeley Red Cross Shop are supplied by direct contributions and the society asks that those who may be interested shall search their closets and attics for salable

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articles and donate the same in support of the purposes above defined.

Youths sowing their wild oats nowadays can't mix in so much rye.—Boston Transcript.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

The Misses Winifred and Louise Braden have left for New York to spend the winter at the Ritz-Carlton with Mr. and Mrs. William Braden, who have arrived in the Eastern city from South America.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye left Thursday for Washington for the winter.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale will leave shortly after the first of November for Washington, where she will join Mrs. George Pillsbury and Mrs. George Hood.

Mr. Paul Verdier has returned to San Francisco from France.

Mrs. Francis McComas has arrived from Monterey and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois.

Mrs. A. Koshland of Boston has taken apartments at the St. Francis for several weeks.

Miss Cornelia Armsby has returned to Burlingame, after a visit of several days in town.

Mrs. Edgar Preston and Mrs. Frank Preston arrived the close of the week from Medford, Oregon. Mrs. Edgar Preston has taken apartments at the St. Francis and her daughter-in-law is visiting Mrs. Willard Brown.

Lady John Ward is visiting in New York for a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. She has been summering at her home in England.

Mrs. Francis Davis has returned to her ranch in Hollister, after a week's visit at the St. Francis.

Mrs. James Stark and Miss Gertrude Tower of France are spending several weeks at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Edwin Janss has arrived from Los Angeles to visit Mrs. William Cluff in Menlo Park.

Miss Mary Ashe Miller returned Friday from France and is with Mrs. Miller in Sausalito.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett left Thursday for Colorado to be gone a fortnight.

Captain and Mrs. Leigh Palmer have arrived from the Atlantic coast and have taken apartments at Stanford Court for the winter.

Mr. Daniel Jackling has gone to Arizona on a business trip. Later in the month Mr. and Mrs. Jackling will leave for New York.

Mr. Felton Elkins has gone to Milwaukee to join Mrs. Elkins, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Alder.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard returned Monday to town, after a summer spent in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Felton, who are staying at the Fairmont for a few days, have taken a house in Redlands for the winter.

Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara has taken Mrs. Ashton Potter's house on Washington Street for the winter. Miss Elizabeth Vail will be one of the winter's debutantes. Mrs. Potter and Miss Marie Louise Potter are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus William left Thursday

for England, where they will enjoy a brief sojourn before sailing for their home in South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum have arrived from Chicago and will reside in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin have gone to New York for a month's sojourn.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp has returned from a trip to New York.

Sir Frank and Lady Popham-Young have returned from Southern California and have taken an apartment here for the winter.

Mrs. Leo Korhel is visiting in town with Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger.

Captain William Sperry has arrived in New York from France, where he has spent the past five years.

Captain Purcell Jones has sailed for Denmark to join his mother, Countess Artsmovitch.

Mr. George Freehorn arrived this week in New York from Paris and will return to San Francisco to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick will reopen their town house the first of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wehll will arrive during the week from Santa Barbara to be with their son, Mr. Harry Wehll, Jr., who is at the Letterman Hospital.

Mons. and Mme. Paul Iribe of Paris, who have been summering in Monterey, are spending a few days at the St. Francis.

Captain and Mrs. Newton Best arrived last week from the Atlantic coast and are at the Palace. They will sail within a few days for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton are passing a few days at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey have returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham left Sunday for New York.

Mrs. Gordon McPherson is en route to San Francisco from Manila to visit her parents, General and Mrs. John McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken passed the week-end in Piedmont with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles.

Mrs. Horace Morgan has gone to New York for a brief visit.

Miss Cornelia Clappett spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George Pope.

Dean and Mrs. Gresham are attending the General Convention of the church in Detroit and will return at the end of November by way of New Orleans and the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Foss (formerly Dorothy Chapman) and their children are coming next month from Boston to spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. Sherwood Chapman has recently returned from two years' absence in service and is paying Mrs. Will Sherwood a visit.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. George H. Kuhrt, Los Angeles; Mr. Oswald West, Portland, Oregon; Mr. J. Jacobs, Los Angeles; Mrs. G. S. Nixon, Reno; Mr. W. J. Walsh, Los Angeles; Captain and Mrs. Morley Peel, London; Mr. C. Rogers Brown, Mr. Thomas Davis, Seattle; Mr. George M. Burr, Mr. Charles C. Green, Battle Creek, Michigan; Mr. Max Pam, Chicago; Mr. John Dewhurst, London; Mr. and Mrs. C. Jensen, Denmark; Mr. G. H. Plummer, Tacoma; Mr. David Blankenhorn, Los Angeles; Mr. W. H. Duncan, Reno; Mr. A. K. Rahe, Chicago.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitecomb are Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Black, Stockton; Mrs. Bertha A. Bishop and daughter, Guthrie, Oklahoma; Mr. G. S. R. Smith, Los Angeles; Mr. John Irons Husband, London; Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Bendy, New York City; Mr. C. Telford Erickson, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. L. F. Coffin, Seattle; Mr. J. Frank Dye, Mr. C. S. Hallifax, Sacramento; Mr. S. Snyder, Coalinga; Mr. Charles F. Hamilton, Sacramento; Mrs. Lois Hentz, Dallas, Texas; Mr. C. D. Banta, New York City; Mr. Sam O. Dugger, Chicago; Mr. John Skogniark, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Fisher, Los Angeles.

The "Doctors' Daughters."

One of the active and discriminating organized charities of San Francisco is that of the "Doctors' Daughters." Its aid is given in the form of food, clothing, fuel, and house rent when absolutely necessary, to deserving people unable to help themselves. The annual expenses of the society for these purposes run between \$6000 and \$7000, and for the provision of this sum the society is dependent upon the generosity and charity of the public.

In the period of the war the membership of the Doctors' Daughters Society made no appeal to the public, themselves providing for the maintenance of their work. They now feel that they may with propriety resume their annual appeal for help. They are asking the public for contributions and are hopeful of the same generous response that has attended their previous appeals. Checks to support the work of the society should be made payable to "Doctors' Daughters" and sent to Mrs. F. C. McCreary, 2020 Pacific Avenue.

The officers of the Doctors' Daughters are: President, Miss Suzanne McEwen; vice-president, Miss Jennie M. Blair; second vice-president, Mrs. George B. Somers; recording secretary, Mrs. Fannie C. McCreary; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Harold Wright; treasurer, Mrs. Charles Suydam. Directors: Mrs. W. R. Sherwood, Mrs. W. B. Fennimore, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Charles H. Crocker, Mrs. George D. Cooper, and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Russia, with a population of nearly 130,000,000, has only about 19,000 physicians. The United States, with a population of about 100,000,000, has over 120,000 physicians.

Synthetic milk is produced from peanuts by European chemists.

The Charity Ball.

November 11th—Armistice Day—has been designated as the date for the Charity Ball, an annual social event of long standing in support of a most worthy cause—that of the "Little Children's Aid," formerly known as the "Children's Bureau of the Humane Society."

The object of the Little Children's Aid is to find homes for orphaned children, and to supply them with food, clothing, and medical attention. A clinic is maintained at St. Mary's Hospital every Saturday morning, where children in need of medical care are received and treated. The society, which does not discriminate in matters of race or creed, bestowing its care upon all in need, has now in charge some 1200 children. A measure of aid is given by the state, but for the up-keep of the clinic and for other duties to which the society has dedicated itself, it is dependent entirely upon the generosity of charitable people. A very considerable part of the income of the society is derived each year from the Charity Ball.

As usual, the management of the Palace Hotel has tendered to the society free use of the spacious court, which will be transformed into a beautiful ballroom. Boxes overlooking the dancing area will be installed and may be had at the uniform price of \$100 each by applying to Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Hotel St. Francis, or Mrs. J. O. Tobin, 1969 California Street. Boxes for the forthcoming event have already been taken by Mrs. D. C. Jackling and Mrs. Edward Eyre, and by Messrs. J. O. Donohoe, Templeton Crocker, J. A. Folger, William O'Brien, P. J. Tobin, H. S. Stetson, Oscar Sutro, M. Bray, and M. H. de Young.

Rudolph Ganz.

As a man of wide research in his profession and profound and practical knowledge of musical composition and methods of interpretation Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, has an equally thorough grasp of the classic and the modern. His versatility is such that he has been classed at different times and by different authorities as a classicist and a modernist. As a classicist he furnishes a new viewpoint on old music. As a modernist he is never carried away by novelty simply because it provides a new sensation.

His many-sidedness is evidenced not merely by his versatility as a pianist, but by the wide range of his creative genius as a composer of many delightful songs and piano pieces and the never-failing charm of his personality in his everyday contact with his fellow-men.

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Rudolph Ganz will be heard at Scottish Rite Auditorium, San Francisco, on Friday evening, November 14th; Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, November 17th; Assembly Hall, Stanford University, November 19th, under the management of Frank W. Healy.

According to leading sheep men of the state there were 6,300,000 sheep in New York half a century ago, while at the present time there are less than half a million. One in sixteen of last year's flocks, further, was killed or injured by dogs.

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SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She can hake and she can hrew." "Brew?" said the colonel. "Brew, eh? That's worth looking into."—*Kansas City Journal*.

New Cook—Phwat toime do yez have break-fast? *Mistress*—At 7:30. *Cook*—Well, Oi'm sorry Oi can't he wid ye.—*Toledo Blade*.

Painter—Are there any interesting spots about here? *Rustic*—The Cross Road Inn used to be; hut now they sell only soft stuff.—*Judge*.

"Ruhharh is versatile. It is both a food plant and a drug." "It has nothing on cahage. You can eat it or smoke it."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Did your speech get prolonged applause?" "Yes," said Senator Sorghum; "almost as much as the jazz orchestra that played at the reception the same evening."—*Washington Star*.

Fanning—What's become of that ruhher stamp, "Dictated, hut not read," that you used to use on your letters? *Dasher*—I threw it away and got one that prints, "Mailed, hut not delivered."—*Life*.

"How are things now, colonel? I remember you used to have a pretty taste in liquors. Drank imported stuff with ginger ale for a chaser." "Eh-yah. Now I drink bootleg he-

hind a harrel in an alley, with a cop for a chaser."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"My vegetables are late," said the farmer. "What's the trouble?" asked the summer hoarder. "The train from the city is behind time."—*Judge*.

"Pay your debts, boy." "Ugh?" "And keep your credit good." "Aw, what's the use of credit if I gotta pay up all the time?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Redd—Whenever I see Brown coming down the street in his car I have to dodge him. *Greene*—How much do you owe him?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Diner—Here, what d'you call this? Beef or mutton? *Waitress*—Carn't yer tell the difference? *Diner*—No! *Waitress*—Then why worry about it?—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Little Cherub—Miss Any, won't you please sound your head for me? *Visitor*—What on earth do you mean, child? *Little Cherub*—I want to hear it. Pop says you're rattle-brained.—*Baltimore American*.

Two English mothers were talking about the jam ration. "Wot's four ounces of jam a week to my hily," said one of them. "Why, I used to wash an ounce off his face after tea hevery day."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did your family have a pleasant time at the seaside?" "I think so," replied Mr. Cumrox. "They kept writing for money in a way that showed they couldn't have been off in a corner moping all the time."—*Washington Star*.

"Many a multimillionaire can tell you how he made his first dollar." "But how many will tell you how they made their first million?" "These days a question like that is more or less impertinent."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You have made more promises than you may be able to fulfill." "What you call promises," replied Senator Sorghum, "are more in the nature of prophecies; and no man can be expected to guarantee a prophecy."—*Washington Star*.

"What became of that young man who was paying so much attention to you?" "I don't know. I let him walk to the grocery store one afternoon with me and after he saw how much we had to pay for things to eat he just quit coming to see me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"This village keeps the road in shocking condition!" "Yep," said Farmer Cornstossel. "We thought we'd better make the automo-

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biles slow down voluntary, so's we could all tend to our farmin'. There's more money now in crops than there is in collectin' speed fines."—*Washington Star*.

"Does success mean getting what you want?" asked the young man. "No," replied the old man. "Success isn't so much getting what you want as getting what other people want."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Mrs. Gadsbur is deeply chagrined." "What's the trouble?" "She thought when Mr. Gadsbur built a garage capable of housing half a dozen motor-cars, with sleeping quarters for chauffeurs in the second story, that the noses of all the neighbors had been put perma-

nently out of joint." "Well?" "And now the Whillihits, next door, are building a hangar."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

She—I appreciate the compliment, hut I'm afraid I could never make you happy. *He*—Oh, yes, you could. You don't know how easily pleased I am.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mudge—I'll take those pictures, if they are done. *Photographer*—Yes, sir. You understand, of course, that we do not deliver pictures until they are paid for. *Mudge*—What? Why, when I sat for them you told me I might pay whenever I chose. *Photographer*—Yes; hut that was merely to make you look pleasant.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2223.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 1, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Hard Alternative.

It is a hard alternative that is presented to San Francisco in the rival candidacies for the mayoralty of James Rolph and Eugene Schmitz. Rolph, a man of respectable pretensions, is a weak creature swollen with vanity and possessed of a consuming passion for personal promotion. Financially straight, he is politically minus the quality of moral restraint. No principle, however essential in its relations to the general public welfare, holds him back from any sort of compromise that may tend to a cheap popularity or to political advancement. His reelection will continue in office a man in whose hands official authority is a constant menace to social security, since your chronic compromiser may at any time yield at points fatal to sound and orderly government.

The alternative candidate, Schmitz, was nominally mayor at the time of Abraham Ruef's domination of the municipal organization. In his period in office the authorities of the mayoralty were held in subordination to Ruef, who employed them to serve notoriously infamous purposes. Reelection of Schmitz would put again in the mayor's a chair a man who in it before dishonored both himself and the office. His reelection would be a notification to the world that San Francisco is void of community self-respect.

Choice between these two unfit men is truly a hard alternative brought upon us by that system in political organization which shuts out from official candi-

dacies any man who will not descend to self-nomination and to the cheap devices of self-exploitation. Thus a system set up in the name of morality and reform yields the fruit of political demoralization and public humiliation. Verily, it is a cruel situation which gives to the citizenship of San Francisco only opportunity to choose between a notorious weakling and a notorious participator in a history of open shame.

Time for a Show-Down.

Time for fighting is when there is cause for fighting—when an individual or a community is haled to the snubbing post of duty by aggression and imposition. There is such a time in the United States right now. The masters of organized labor have inaugurated a carnival of class selfishness. They are seeking to out-profit all the other profiteers. In mad exhilaration they have abandoned the principles of common honesty and of decent restraint. Their demands in the spheres of coal mining and in general transportation far transcend their own declared principles of fair dealing and partake in their essence of the highwayman's challenge: "Stand and deliver!" It is time to meet this aggression with all the forces that abide in social organization, including the forces of government. In brief, it is time to fight—to determine whether the leaders and bosses of organized labor or the government is master in the United States. The issue is presented by those who would subordinate the government and establish above it a tyranny alike destructive to industry and fatal to the individual rights and character of industrial workers. If we may judge by the latest expression of President Wilson, the Administration has been brought to understanding of a spirit too long tolerated and even encouraged, and which now menaces public order and the integrity of government. With the issue thus plainly drawn, there is nothing to do but go forward and fight to a finish. If the government is master, let it be demonstrated. If on the other hand the bosses of organized labor are the real masters of the country, we would as well find it out now as later on. When orderly negotiation is superseded by ultimatums, when the system of collective bargaining, however it may be interpreted, is reinforced by arbitrary penalties, a time has come to measure the powers that be by whatever ordeal the conditions may prescribe.

Straight Talk from President Wilson to the Coal Miners.

Only once before in the history of the country—in the demand of the four railroad brotherhoods to which surrender was made in the Adamson Act of four years ago—has any group or class presented an ultimatum comparable in its arrogance with that put forth by the United Mine Workers of America on September 23d. This declaration involved first, nullification of existing contracts, coupled with a demand for a six-hour day and a five-day week, with a 60 per cent. increase in wages—this accompanied by an ultimatum that in the event of these proposals not being complied with by November 1st there would be a general strike of bituminous miners and mine-workers throughout the United States.

The full meaning of these demands and of this ultimatum did not at once sink into the public consciousness. Coming at a time when the strike fever was universally prevalent, the menace was regarded as only one of many vexations; and it is only within the last few days, and with the near approach of November 1st, that the matter has come to be regarded seriously. Now it is realized that the demands of the miners, if acceded to, would add approximately \$3 per ton to the cost of coal, with a relative increase in the cost of everything into which the use of coal enters, not to

mention the domestic suffering which a general coal famine would entail. An increase of 60 per cent. would advance wages, not only of the coal miners themselves, but of a vast army of helpers below and above ground to an average of \$8 per day of six hours. If the demand should be refused and if the threatened strike should follow, then general industry, including railroad and ocean transportation, would necessarily come to a dead halt.

That the government at Washington comprehends the menace in this project we have evidence in the statement issued from the White House on Friday last. We do not recall an instance in recent years when the authority of the government has been asserted with a sounder motive, with greater force of phrase, or with more evident determination to sustain the right as against the wrong. In clear terms the statement points out that the projected strike would violate a definite contract, that it would involve the shutting down of countless industries and activities essential to public welfare. "No right," says the President, "of any American worker needs for its protection the taking of this extraordinary step, which in itself constitutes a fundamental attack upon the rights of society." After solemnly requesting the mine-workers to recall all orders looking to a strike on November 1st, the President declares that "any attempt to carry out the purpose of the strike * * * must be considered a grave moral and legal wrong against the government and the people of the United States" and that "means will be found to protect the interests of the United States in any emergency that may arise out of this unhappy business." This is talk with the bark on. It proceeds manifestly from a profound sense of the gravity of the situation and under an equally profound sense of the responsibility of the government. Plainly, the Administration realizes that a time has come when a selfish class interest may not be permitted to hold up the country at the cost of general paralysis and of infinite and universal hardship.

This statement has an especial emphasis due to the previous tenderfootedness of the Administration in matters connected with labor. Manifestly the President now realizes that a great mistake has been made in allowing labor to believe that it could go to any lengths unchecked and unbuked. The President's statement is further notable for a directness and positiveness which leaves no ground for misunderstanding. There is no vice of rhetorical circumlocution or of the too-broad generalizations which have so weakened and marred many of President Wilson's official expressions. In the immediate statement he hits straight from the shoulder without evasion, without apology, without waste of phrase. Manifestly he means what he says, and he says it with admirable force.

Verily, a time had come for plain speech; and not more surely in this matter than in many another. Labor has lost its head and is running amuck. Many of its current proposals tend, not merely to destruction of security in industry, but to subordination of government itself. Verily, a time has come when labor needs to be reminded that there are limitations to the complaisance of the government. No group or class can be permitted to enforce demands ruinous to the common welfare. No group or class can be permitted to flout the authorities of government and challenge its powers.

Open Shop or Closed Shop?

When Judge Gary, speaking in the Labor Conference at Washington, declared acceptance of the principle of "Collective Bargaining," he meant that the men in the employ of his company, directly interested and having working knowledge of all the conditions, had the right to deal with him—to bargain, in other words—through committees chosen from their own

numbers, with aid, if it shall please them, of expert counsel employed for the purpose. Judge Gary's interpretation of "Collective Bargaining" does not concede to anybody not directly connected with his business, nor directly representative of the men in his employ, the right to deal with him upon matters of mutual concern as between him and his men. He resents as irrelevant, impertinent, and tending to mischief, the coming in, as between himself and his men, of anybody assuming to speak in the name of labor, distinct and apart from his employees, and holding control over the latter through any species of discipline. Specifically, Judge Gary denies the right of any outside group to dictate the terms of employment in his service, and to say whom he may and whom he may not employ in that service. Summed up and boiled down, Judge Gary's stand is for that rule in industry known as the Open Shop.

When Mr. Gompers speaks of "Collective Bargaining" he means a system under which labor, organized coöperatively in its various branches, may be represented by a group of officials who shall have the right to deal with employers in the name of labor, to define the conditions upon which operations of any service shall be carried on with power to enforce its decrees by strikes, not only in the particular service immediately dealt with, but in all branches of industry. Mr. Gompers further claims the right of organized labor, as thus centralized in its authority, to command labor in all its branches by such means as it may devise, and to enforce its discipline over the rank and file by similar or relative means. Mr. Gompers further claims the right for labor, thus organized and centralized, to command for men affiliated with it monopoly of labor—for a rule under which men not so affiliated may be denied the privilege of employment in any service, not by the employer, but by the authorities of organized labor. Summed up and boiled down, Mr. Gompers stands for that rule in industry known as the Closed Shop.

Thus, while Judge Gary on the one hand speaking for the employing class and Mr. Gompers on the other speaking for unionism, declare their principles in identical phrases, they stand in fact for ideas and projects diametrically opposed. The Open Shop—that is, the system under which an industry may employ union men or non-union men, together or separately—can be maintained only by denial of the rule for which Mr. Gompers contends. The Closed Shop—under which only men affiliated with unionism and under the discipline of its managers may be employed in any service—can only be maintained by denial of the principle for which Judge Gary contends.

For convenience we have in the preceding paragraphs used the names of Judge Gary and Mr. Gompers as symbolizing two of the interests involved in this general contention—the interests of the employer and of organized labor. But there are other interests directly and vitally connected with the discussion. First, there is the large element in the working world which is not affiliated and which declines affiliation with unionism. If Mr. Gompers' theory should prevail, no working man or woman in this country could find employment anywhere without joining a union, paying such taxes in the form of dues and fines as it may impose and accepting its arbitrary discipline. Thus it would shut out from American life any man or woman who for any reason should insist upon reserving to himself or herself the privilege of private and individual bargaining, that privilege by which in all times and ages exceptional persons have risen to positions of leadership and command. Superiority of vital powers, of judgment, of devotion, of restraint, through which civilization has been continuously led and advanced, would thus be bound down and held to the common level of mediocrity. And since to live men and women must work, it would make life in this country impossible to anybody declining submission to autocratic discipline. Unionism, through its bosses, would then be privileged to say who should and who should not live and work in this country. Under such a system what, let us ask, would become of the rights of nature and of that guarantee of the Federal Constitution which assures every citizen the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

Another interest involved in this contention is that

of the general public. Property, an essential tool of the employing class, is subject properly and inevitably to legal control. In the language of the law it is responsible in the sense that the conditions of its maintenance and its exercise in use are defined and made subject to legal restrictions. It is essential to community interest in that it is subject to community control and must bear the burden of supporting the community interests. The interest of the community lies definitely in the protection of property, and property under the system urged by Mr. Gompers would be at the mercy of an organization which declines to make itself legally responsible, rejects all restraints, refuses in any manner to share with property the burden of community support. Industry, with its adjunct of property, under the Gompers system, would find itself between the upper and the nether millstones, subject on the one hand to the demands and regulations of community authority—of the government—and on the other to the unrestrained exactions of an irresponsible and all-powerful autocracy of labor—rather, we should say, of the exploiters and bosses of labor.

It is universal experience that any form of unrestrained authority quickly degenerates into tyranny. Is there any mind so fatuous, in respect of the lessons of history, as to believe that an authority so all-compelling as that implied in the theory of Mr. Gompers and his associates can safely be left to its own devices? Is there anybody to believe that the exploiters and bosses of labor under the proposed system would not speedily become an intolerable autocracy, destructive first to the liberties of the workingman and next to vitality of industry and property? Is there anybody who can not see that a force thus privileged and commanding would speedily subordinate representative government itself and in the end bring to collapse and ruin the structure of organic society with all dependent upon it?

Bolshevism and Its Witnesses.

The average man—and naturally there are a great many of him—may be pardoned for a feeling of perplexity as he reads the various and diametrically opposite summaries of Bolshevik rule in Russia. Whom shall we believe? There was a time when a personal familiarity with the facts weighed heavily in the credentials of a writer. No one was listened to unless there was some plausible evidence that he knew what he was talking about. But the rule holds good no longer. All these men are familiar with the facts, but their stories are as wide apart as the poles. On Wednesday we read the story of W. T. Goode, special correspondent in Russia of the *Manchester Guardian*. Bolshevism, according to Mr. Goode, is about as close to the rule of the gods as we may reasonably expect to get. It is ideal, almost millennial. On the same day we read the speech of Colonel Barrows before the San Francisco Centre and we are told in so many words that Bolshevism is undiluted Satanism, diabolism unrestrained. Spargo and Russell say the same thing. A whole host of witnesses confirm them. But how shall we account for Goode and Bullitt and a few more of the same ilk? After making allowance for predilections we seem to find a stratum of pure, unadulterated lying, willful distortions of fact, deliberate suppressions and falsifications. For these men must know the truth, or they must have been obstinately determined not to know it. It would almost seem that to the other iniquities of Bolshevism we must add its creation of such men as these.

Editorial Notes.

It must not be assumed, because Senator Johnson's proposal to amend the treaty in the interest of equal participation with the British Empire failed of a majority, that sentiment in the Senate is favorable to British domination of the league of nations. If it were not felt that the all-important thing is to get the treaty off hands, the vote would surely have been the other way. Adoption of the Johnson amendment would have sent the treaty back for revision; and this the Senate has not wished to do. Now that the proposed amendments have been disposed of, it is likely that acceptance will be accompanied by a series of reservations having the moral effect of amendments, but not calling for re-submission of the treaty.

Mr. Charles H. Grasty, an experienced observer who has made a close study of European conditions during the war and since, gives in the *New York Times* under

date of October 20th an interesting report of his return to London after a stay of six weeks in this country. Of the state of affairs in England he says:

Arriving in Europe, one sees in England an improvement as compared to four months ago that is unmistakable. The whole atmosphere is different. Difficulties that were there then are still there, but the temper is changed. The failure of the recent strike, not so much because of the outcome, but because the way the people acted, has had a profound effect on public morals. Good British horse sense has redemonstrated itself. England is not going to be run away with by any element. She is doing business at the old stand. Sacrifices and readjustments will go on for many a year, but there will be no breakdowns or upsets.

Of conditions in France Mr. Grasty writes:

Crossing the Channel to France, one gains the impression that this country is holding her own in the very trying conditions she has had to contend with. Paris, like London, is crowded and busy. Judging from what one sees on the streets and hears in casual conversation, the outlook is one of cheerfulness and hope. Whatever movement has taken place in four months has been in the direction of recovery and progress.

Somebody has discovered what pretty much everybody has long known, namely, that many of the departments and bureaus at Washington are loaded up with extreme radicals of the Socialistic or Bolshevist type and that much of the agitation that disturbs the country is directly inspired from the national capital and in large part supported by persons drawing salaries from the government. This abuse has grown vastly in recent years, but previous administrations are not without blame. During the Roosevelt and Taft administrations a considerable number of foreign-born radicals calling themselves intellectual Socialists found their way into various government departments, mainly in the scientific bureaus. There were many Germans among them, men whose German sympathies never left them and who are and have been continuously in office. Strangely enough, when the war came on the number of rank traitors in the public service grew. The committee on public information was loaded up with them. Colonel House had many Bullitts in the peace mission and the State Department swarmed with them.

It is an open secret at Washington that the Federal Employees' Union, an organization which has recently came into existence with the knowledge and approval of the Administration, is trying to form a national labor party after the fashion of the British labor party. Recently it had arranged with Arthur Henderson, the British politico-labor leader, to make a series of speeches in this country in explanation of the system as it is organized in England and leading up by suggestion to a corresponding organization here. Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor have always opposed such movements, preferring to employ their political power under the "free lance" principle. But within the week it has been announced that Henderson is not coming; and whether the Federal Employees' Union will proceed with its project for a labor party remains to be seen. It is greatly suspected in many quarters that President Wilson's illness may have a disconcerting effect upon the new party movement.

Formal announcement of his candidacy for the presidency is made by Senator Poindexter of Washington State. His platform, after the manner of platforms, is rich in theories and pledges of righteousness. In truth, Poindexter is a very decent fellow, though hardly up to old-time requirements for the presidency. Early in his career he was a furious radical, but time and responsibility have calmed his spirit, and today he is fairly on the way to becoming a "moderate," one degree shy of a conservative.

That Mr. Poindexter has any serious chance of the presidential nomination is rather more than doubtful. It is not the habit of political conventions to select candidates remote from the large centres of voting population. The voting strength of the country, to which appeal will be made in next year's campaign, is in the East and Middle West; and in all human likelihood the candidates of both parties will be selected from east of the Mississippi River. The one Pacific Coast man who might be regarded as a practical possibility is Mr. Hoover, who, though nominally of California, is of the world at large. Geography, so potent a factor in party calculation, would not seriously count against Hoover.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Protest.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: As a subscriber to the *Argonaut* for the past twenty years, and its constant and enthusiastic reader, may I venture to beg that your paper in its issue of November 1st will again urge upon the citizens of San Francisco that they put over a real campaign to the effect that a lasting blot upon our name may not disgrace our city. If the notorious Eugene Schmitz be elected mayor we endorse every iniquity on the calendar.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SOUND VIEWS PLAINLY STATED.

(From the Santa Barbara News.)

The *News* is glad to see that the opposing parties in the Senate of the United States are about to consider a compromise regarding the league of nations. It appears that the compromises are along the right lines. The compromise proposition appears to reserve to the United States the question whether it has fulfilled all its obligations to the league, when it desires to retire therefrom. If the United States shall be obliged to satisfy each and every one of the several nations that compose the league that it has fulfilled all its obligations to the league, then the United States can never withdraw from the league. If the league can only act when all the members of the league assent to its acts, then some small kingdom of Hedjas, or of Siam, or republic of Panama may stop the dissolution of the bonds that unite the United States to the league of peace, and forever chain the United States to this experiment of the twentieth century.

The proposed compromise leaves to the Congress of the United States the sole determination as to questions of peace and war. The Constitution of the United States leaves to Congress, the questions of war and peace, and it would seem that no treaty ought or could in any way untie the hands that have united these forty-eight states, by constitutional agreement. If the United States by entering the league amends the Constitution of the United States the quicker this fact be told to the people of the United States the better. It has been believed that there was only one way to amend the Constitution of the United States and that was by a consent of the various states that compose the nation given by their legislative bodies. If the Constitution of the United States can be amended in Paris, the people of the United States wish to know this, and to know it at once.

It is also proposed to declare that the United States is the only power to declare whether a question at issue be domestic or otherwise. This is just. The United States should not blindly go into any league that would permit Japan to throw into the league the question as to what emigrants be permitted to enter this country, who shall be permitted to own land within this country.

The preservation of the Monroe Doctrine is made more explicit by a direct declaration that nothing in the league shall be construed as abrogating the Monroe Doctrine. For a hundred years the United States has considered any attempt on the part of European nations to secure a further foothold in America as a hostile act to the United States. There is no reason why this determination should not be continued. Under the Monroe Doctrine the independence of the various Spanish-speaking republics of South America has been maintained. There is no reason why they should not be maintained in the future as well as in the past. There is no reason why any nation of Europe should exploit any nation in America for the benefit of European peoples.

It is also proposed to state in the resolution adopting the league that this nation in no way takes part in the Shantung affair, and that the nations who did take part must assume all responsibility for the part they have taken in this matter.

It is also proposed to determine by the resolution of adoption just how the representatives of this country shall be selected, to take the place in the league, and represent the nation in the league. It is proposed that all representatives of the United States in the league shall be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. It is also proposed to limit the powers of these representatives of the United States in the league, so that one single person selected from the many in the United States may not unguided and uncontrolled direct the policy of the United States.

It is also proposed to declare that in all questions relating to the British Empire the votes of Great Britain and its colonies shall be considered one vote, and not six votes.

The reservation that will occasion the most controversy is one that President Wilson discussed in his Pueblo speech, and which he declared as subversive of the league. This reservation is proposed as follows:

The United States assumes no obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country or to interfere in controversies between nations, whether members of the league or not, under the provisions of Article X, or to employ the military or naval forces of the United States under any article of the treaty for any purpose, unless in any particular case the Congress, which, under the Constitution, has the sole power to declare war or authorize the employment of the military and naval forces of the United States, shall, by act or joint resolution, so declare.

The *News* frankly declares that it can see no reservation in the foregoing that is not contained in the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution of the United States leaves to Congress the power to declare war, and this is just exactly what this reservation does. It leaves the power of declaring war just where the Constitution of the United States leaves it.

Canopus, the giant of the solar system, is, according to a recent calculation, 49,000 times as bright as the sun. Its diameter is 134 times that of the sun; it is 18,000 times larger in surface, and 2,420,000 times larger in volume. The distance of it from us, according to this calculation, is 489 light years. "Suppose," says another authority, "that instead of being at this enormous distance it were placed in the centre of the solar system, in lieu of the sun? It would then occupy 85 of the space lying within the orbit of Venus, and is seen from the earth would subtend an angle of about 0 degrees of arc. Thus, when its lower limb was on our horizon, its upper would be within 20 degrees of the zenith. Needless to say, no life could exist on earth with such a neighbor."

Two ancient trade secrets which the world probably never will learn are the Chinese method of making a brilliant vermilion color and the Turkish method for slaying gold or silver on the hardest steel.

THE STRIKES AND THEIR MEANING.

There are unmistakable signs that public opinion in America—at least in the great cities—is awakening to the true inwardness of the strike situation. Public opinion moves very slowly. It is almost bovine in its ruminative placidity. A news service of which we are unaccountably proud contents itself with the partial publication of selected events, but it rarely ventures on an interpretation or illumination of a general situation. For this reason we have been satisfied with vague references to the "universal unrest," and with equally vague assurances that the social waters, moved by the great storm, will presently subside. We are unwilling to recognize that the strike of today is fundamentally different from the strike of ten years ago. It is true that we no longer adopt our favorite rôle of spectators at a dog fight, with careless cheers for either combatant, and a general benevolence for the dog that is supposed to be "under." The strike of today is too big for that. It threatens our comfort, even our lives. The public has unwillingly become a partner to the suit. But we are still disposed to regard the change as one in dimensions only. We are reluctant to see that the fundamental aims have altered, and that wages and hours are no longer the points at issue, no matter how obtrusively they may be advanced.

Take, for example, the case of the steel strike. If it pleases us to do so we may regard this strike as an event in the struggle between the open and the closed shop, as belonging to the series of strikes that began when labor unionism first put forward its claims as to collective bargaining. That is actually so, but what else is it? What do the real leaders of the strike care about the open and the closed shop? They are flying after far larger game than that. It would be largely true to say that the war was caused by the assassination of the Archduke of Austria. But the assassination was the pretext, rather than the cause. The war would have come in any event, because it was so intended in pursuance of ulterior and unavowed aims. In the same way the steel strike, or some similar strike, would have occurred in any event, because it was so intended. If the pretext had failed it would have been easy to find some other.

This is not a surmise; it is a certainty. There are two men, high in the council of the steel unions, one might say autocratic in those unions, and they have told us the precise nature of their aims. One of them is William Z. Foster and the other is Frank M. Ryan. Foster is in charge of the strike in the Pittsburg district. Frank M. Ryan was president of the Iron Workers' Union and has been specially deputed to unionize the steel industry. By way of further credentials it may be said that Foster is the author of a book entitled "Syndicalism," and Ryan was convicted of participation in the Los Angeles outrages and received a sentence of seven years in the penitentiary. But murder no longer carries any disabilities in its train. Ryan and Foster, dynamitard and syndicalist, are practically supreme today in the steel strike.

Now Foster has told us just what he means by a strike. Wages and hours do not interest him, no matter how conveniently they may serve as a pretext. It is revolution that Foster wants. He yearns after Bolshevism, Soviet government, and the rule of the Communist. The strike is a stepping-stone, a method, a weapon. He says it plainly:

In his choice of weapons to fight his capitalist enemies the Syndicalist is no more careful to select those that are "fair," "just," or "civilized" than is a householder attacked in the night by a burglar. He knows he is engaged in a life and death struggle with an absolutely lawless and unscrupulous enemy, and considers his tactics only from the standpoint of their effectiveness. With him the end justifies the means. Whether his tactics be "legal" and "moral" or not does not concern him, so long as they are effective. He knows that the laws, as well as the current code of morals, are made by his mortal enemies, and considers himself about as much bound by them as a householder would himself by regulations regarding burglary adopted by an association of housebreakers. Consequently he ignores them in so far as he is able and it suits his purposes. He proposes to develop, regardless of capitalist conceptions of "legality," "fairness," "right," etc., a greater power than his capitalist enemies have; and then to wrest from them by force the industries they have stolen from him by force and duplicity, and to put an end forever to the wage system. He proposes to bring about the revolution by the general strike.

Now there we have it, naked and unashamed. Mr. Foster is working toward one end alone, the destruction of the wage system and the accomplishment of revolution. He may talk about wages and hours and collective bargaining, but actually he is concerned with none of these things, any more than the German government was concerned with the assassination of the Austrian archduke. Mr. Foster wants a strike, and any pretext will serve. The instant surrender of the employers would have meant no more than a search for some new pretext. The strike itself was inevitable.

Consider the steps on this evil road: The men had no grievances whatsoever. Since the year 1914 wages in the steel trade have increased about 130 per cent., which of course is much more than the increase in the cost of living. A statement issued by the National City Bank of New York tells us that:

The lowest rate of pay for unskilled, inexperienced employees of the United States Steel Corporation is 45 cents per hour, and the average actual earnings for all the corporation's employees, exclusive of officials, salesmen, and salaried office force, for the month of December, 1918, after the last advance went into effect, was \$6.23 per day. There have

been no reductions since. The employees in the steel industry were conspicuous in the class of wage-earners who had profited by the war, as contrasted with many thousands of people in other occupations whose pay or income has not been increased at all, or not enough to meet the increase of living expenses.

This statement is not contradicted. It is indisputable that the steel worker is better off, relatively and in every other way, than he was before the war. He has profited at the cost of the masses of his fellow-citizens. His wages are a definite factor in the present prices of food and lodging. He is a profiteer of the most pronounced type. We are all being taxed for his benefit.

Consider further the stages by which the strike arrived. The general labor upheaval throughout the country had so far disquieted the government that the President issued an appeal for the postponement of all strikes until the assembly of the Industrial Conference, which was expected to stabilize the situation and to reconcile the conflicting interests. How far the President himself may be considered to have sown the wind both here and in Europe is another question. How far it might have been possible to avoid the resulting whirlwind is still another question that will be answered by pending events. But at least he made the appeal and the railroad men responded. The steel men were contemptuous in their indifference to that appeal. They made a demand for a conference with the corporation officials as to whether labor organizations in no way concerned with the steel trade were to be allowed to intervene between the steel men and their employers. Once more it may be said that the union leaders, Foster, Ryan, and others, cared nothing whatever about the terms of a dispute which had been selected as provocative of a strike. It was the strike that they wanted, and neither adjustment nor surrender. They were in the position of the Teutonic governments when they made their demands upon Serbia. They did not want those demands to be accepted. They wanted war. They would have had war in any event, just as the steel unions would have had a strike in any event.

The officials of the steel companies refused the conference. They did not intend to confer with third parties as to the adjustment of differences between themselves and their men. Thereupon the unions announced that they had been forced into a strike. No doubt the majority of the men believed them. They did not know that they would have been compelled to strike in any case, and that if one pretext had failed another would have been found. They did not know that Mr. Foster intended "to bring about the revolution by the general strike." But that is what he did intend. Presumably Mr. Ryan intended the same thing by means of dynamite in Los Angeles, for here we find him again as busy as ever, and using a weapon far more explosive than dynamite.

The comparison between the steel unions and the Teutonic governments is not wholly mine, although it is so obvious as to be inescapable. President Nicholas Murray Butler made the same comparison in a speech delivered before the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University on October 13, 1919. Let me quote a single paragraph from a speech conspicuous even among the statesmanlike addresses that have come from the lips of Dr. Butler. He says:

There is a close parallel between some recent industrial happenings and some recent industrial happenings. One voice asserts that unless something which it strongly desires takes place within twenty-four hours, society will be deprived of the effective use of one of its great industries. Another voice cries out that unless something which it strongly desires takes place within so many days, the whole transportation system of a great city or a widespread district will be paralyzed. The strike in the steel industry is an excellent illustration of what is meant. It is a convincing example of how not to deal with the labor problem. The steel industry in modern life is basic. All transportation, most manufacturing, and a very large part of the nation's building depend upon the supply of steel. Therefore to stop the output of steel for any reason whatsoever is to strike a definite and dangerous blow at the whole industrial organization of the modern state. It must result in compelling widespread unemployment and a noticeable increase in the already high cost of living. The history of the beginning of the steel strike reads strangely like the beginnings of the European war. The ultimatums of Mr. Fitzpatrick and of Mr. Foster might well have been written by Count Berchtold, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, or Minister von Jagow. The published statements associated with the names of each of these gentlemen are alike in that they make no appeal whatsoever to right or to justice, but simply give notice of peremptory demands and announce that when a fixed limit of time expires force will be used to support the demands. When the Austrian government presented its ultimatum to Serbia on July 25, 1914, the world was shocked. But the same world did not appear to realize that the ultimatums of Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Foster had in them far more seeds of danger both to America and to Europe, to liberty and to the rights of the weak, as well as to the wage-workers themselves, than did the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. The ultimatums issued by Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Foster were not a sincere and necessary step toward improving the condition of wage-workers in the steel industry, but were part of a new, carefully thought out, and thoroughly well-planned attack on the principles upon which the American people have rested their government, their civilization, and their life. They were a declaration of war for power and the beginning of an attempt to compel the people and the government to enter upon a strange and wholly un-American public policy without deliberation or debate and under threat of industrial war and economic destruction. The Austrians and the Germans fought their war with different weapons, but the war that has been organized by Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Foster, and the similar wars that were organized in Great Britain by Mr. Smillie and Mr. Thomas, are many times more dangerous than the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia or the German invasion of Belgium.

There we have the fact, and upon the highest available authority. The steel strike, says Dr. Butler, will

not intended to improve the condition of wage-earners. It was intended to provoke chaos and revolution. It was a part of a plan to overthrow the American system of government. It was intended to hasten the coming of Bolshevism. Of what value is it, then, to discuss wages and hours and collective bargaining? Those were not the points at issue, although they were made to seem so for the blinding of the dupes. As well might we have discussed the terms of the ultimatum to Serbia under the conviction that war might be averted by an arrangement, or a compromise, or a conference. As a matter of fact we did this very thing in the case of the war, and we continued doing it until it became apparent that the assassination of the arch-duke had nothing to do with the war, that it was only a pretext and that the war must come in any case. It is just as futile to discuss with Mr. Foster or Mr. Ryan whether there should be open shop, closed shop, or any other kind of shop. They are not interested. They want revolution, communism, Bolshevism, or whatever else we are pleased to call it.

Therefore it is of no conceivable use to argue with Mr. Foster or Mr. Ryan. But it may be useful to argue with their dupes, who have been persuaded that they are fighting for an improvement in their condition, whereas actually they have been fighting for Bolshevism. And so it may be said that there is only one way in which wages can be raised without an equal and probably a greater increase in the cost of living, and that is by increasing the volume of production. Actually it is not money for which any of us are working. Money is only a convenient measure for commodities. Without commodities we must at once die of inanition, even though we had all the wealth of the Indies. When commodities are plentiful they are also cheap, which means that wages are high. When commodities are scarce they are also high-priced and we can not buy them. Large production means ample shares for every one. If there is no production it is obvious that we must go without what does not exist. And yet we hear apparently educated and intelligent men asserting that by working slowly or for shorter hours they are benefiting their fellows by supplying them with work. But of what value is work, wages, or anything else if commodities are not being produced? The baker might as well say that he can best aid the hungry man by baking only half the usual amount of bread, or the tailor that he can clothe the naked by refusing to make any clothes at all. One wonders what they have been teaching the children in the schools that they should grow up to be such economic imbeciles as to suppose that money has any value apart from the commodities that it will buy. And if there are no commodities to buy because none are being produced, or only half the usual amount, of what use is it to secure an increase of wages every Tuesday and Friday henceforward?

The bulletin of the National City Bank of New York, already quoted, puts the matter tersely. It says:

It is a great mistake to claim that the general advance in the position of labor in the last fifty or more years has been due to the labor organizations. The general level of "real wages," by which is meant the purchasing power of wages, is only slightly affected by the organizations. A single trade by being highly organized may push its wages above the common level at the expense of the other members of the community, who for the most part are also working people. But if all wages are pushed up, without an increase of production, the cost of living for everybody will rise correspondingly. The great factor in the rise of wages has been the improvement in industrial methods, in organization, equipment, and means of transportation which have increased production. These, and not the power of labor organizations, have accomplished the difference between wages in China and in the United States, and unfortunately the labor organizations more often than otherwise have opposed the introduction of labor-saving improvements.

There is another question that we may as well ask, because it must be answered at once. Is it to be considered as a principle of American life that small minorities of men may enforce changes of public policy under threat of a strike and of consequent paralysis? If we are to be compelled to adopt, for example, the nationalization of railroads at the order of a small number of men who have the power to starve us into consent, where are these methods to end? We may be similarly coerced in the matter of a high tariff or of free trade. We may be compelled to adopt free silver or to change our money system. The national issues of peace and war may be dictated by a labor association that happens to control a necessity of life. The ultimatum of the labor union at once takes the place of the ballot-box and of Congress. Its power becomes absolute and its commands are enforced under penalties of starvation, paralysis, chaos, or death. It is a strange ending to a war undertaken in order that the world might be made safe for democracy. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 29, 1919.

There is now generated annually in the United States more than 17,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, and, if this could be used in a single gigantic nitrogen lamp, it would almost equal the sun itself in brilliancy. The industry includes the manufacture of generating machinery producing this great wattage, the wires, cables, and other distributing agencies, and the machinery, devices, and apparatus used to convert it into light, heat, or power for the varied service of mankind. The production of electric lamps in the United States now approximates 130,000,000 annually, or more than one for every inhabitant of this country.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edward T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia banker, is an honorary member of the Machinists' Union, while his wife is an honorary member of the Boilermakers' Union.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has been the dominating force in American labor for thirty-eight years, the period of his presidency of the federation. He is past seventy years old. He asserts that collective bargaining is a sham if affiliation with national unions is withheld from the workers. He is what is known as a strict unionist, but has never been a government ownership man and in the past has fought all socialistic tendencies in the American Federation.

Miss Harriet B. Lowenstein, who was recently made comptroller of the United Building Fund campaign of the Federated Jewish Institutions, rises every morning at 5:30, so that she can plan her household work, do a little cooking and market before "work." Miss Lowenstein, after graduation, became interested in the school playgrounds of New York. She took a special examination and was appointed supervisor of playgrounds of Greater New York. This was at the age of nineteen. Later she studied law at night and is now a member of the bar.

Sir Edward Carson, the Ulsterite leader, is the son of a Dublin architect who, curiously enough, was one of those liberal-minded Protestants who helped Isaac Butt, himself also a Protestant, start the modern home-rule movement. Carson, too, began life with liberal opinions. John Redmond and he were fellow-students in Trinity College and young barristers together. Redmond often said Carson then was what he would call an English radical in his opinions, far more extreme than Redmond, who always retained a certain leaven of conservatism in his composition.

Viljamur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, is described by young Cornelius Vanderbilt as "a nice, clean-shaven, quiet man. He does not seem to be the man one expects to find. He has an originality of his own and a very keen intelligence. He is a graduate of Harvard University, and when in New York usually resides at the Harvard Club. At one time in his career he entered journalism and learned the game as a cub reporter on the Boston Transcript. The everlasting call of the North seized him, and since then he has spent almost thirteen years in the land of ice and snow."

Sir Henry Drayton, Canada's minister of finance, has been in positions of trust for the City of Toronto, whose chief counsel he was, for the County of York, and for the Ontario government. He was always appointed and never elected to anything. In 1912 he was given his biggest appointment as chief commissioner of the Dominion Railway Commission. He was also made a commissioner to report on the whole railway situation of Canada when the government began to consider taking over the two new transcontinentals and was afterwards commissioner on the export of electric power.

Sanford Evans, the "Economic Investigator" of the Dominion of Canada, has been for many years engaged in more or less public work, has been mayor of Winnipeg, candidate for Parliament, editorial writer on the *Mail and Empire* and editor-in-chief of the *Winnipeg Telegram*, and for the past ten or fifteen years has been a financial agent on his own responsibility. For a couple of years he was worker and student at the Felix Adler Ethical Institute in New York, where after many interruptions to his college course he graduated A. B. from Columbia University. Evans always had a great appetite for investigative subjects. He is said also to be a fine platform speaker.

General John J. Pershing, when he was as yet Lieutenant Pershing, gave a "stag" party to half a dozen of his friends at Lincoln, Nebraska. During the evening, in a joke, the friends created a military company and placed Pershing at its head as captain. They then advanced him step by step until he had become general of the army of the United States and the best-known military man in the world. But they never could get Lieutenant Pershing to make a speech. They often tried it in Lincoln. He simply would not make a regular speech, no matter what the occasion. "I don't like to talk to more than two men at a time—or one girl," he used to tell the boys.

Observers of the career of Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania say that the senator is becoming a "reformer." They note that in an interview, given after his return from the Philadelphia campaign against the contractor leaders, the senator expressed great gratification over the overthrow of the machine, assured the country that Pennsylvania and Philadelphia would become models for state and municipal governments, and added that he wanted to devote himself to important problems affecting the welfare of the people—to be known as a statesman rather than a political boss. That Mr. Penrose can take front place in the Senate if he devotes himself to legislation as assiduously as he has to Pennsylvania politics is the belief of his associates, who look upon him as one of the ablest and strongest men in the Senate. So after one of the

longest and most varied careers Penrose, honor man at Harvard during the college days of President Roosevelt, is striving to make for himself a record as a statesman.

Sir William Sutherland, Lloyd George's political secretary, was born in Glasgow thirty-nine years ago. He came of a family of strong radicals, and an uncle of his was at one time a Member of Parliament and a leader of the Scotch crofters. He was a young clerk with already noticeable gifts when Lloyd George became president of the board of trade. Lloyd George took a fancy to him, employed his nimble brain and his extraordinary industry and mastery of detail in helping him through the drudgery of several of his most important measures. It was Sutherland who mastered all the complicated details of insurance when Lloyd George produced his old age pension scheme. It was Sutherland again who supplied Lloyd George with all the details for starting that big new land campaign for reforming the English land system in which Lloyd George was deeply engaged just before the war.

OLD FAVORITES.

Rococo.

Take hands and part with laughter;
Touch-lips and part with tears;
Once more and no more after,
Whatever comes with years.
We twain shall not remeasure
The ways that left us twain;
Nor crush the lees of pleasure
From the sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,
What will the mad gods do
For hate with me, I wonder,
Or what for love with you?
Forget them till November,
And dream there's April yet;
Forget that I remember,
And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,
And kissed away his breath;
But what should we do weeping,
Though light love sleep to death?
We have drained his lips at leisure,
Till there's not left to drain
A single sob of pleasure,
A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless
Might quicken if they would;
Say that the soul is deathless;
Dream that the gods are good;
Say March may wed September,
And time the divorce regret;
But not that you remember,
And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places
What love scarce lives and hears;
We have seen on fervent faces
The pallor of strange tears;
We have trod the wine-vat's treasure,
Whence, ripe to steam and stain,
Foams round the feet of pleasure
The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover
And time bring back to time
The name of your first lover,
The ring of my first rhyme;
But rose-leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret
The day that you remember,
The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses
In heaven we twain have known:
The grief of cruel kisses,
The joy whose mouth makes moan,
The pulse's pause and measure,
Where in one furtive vein
Tbrobs through the heart of pleasure
The purple blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons,
And love for treason's sake;
Room for the swift new seasons,
The years that burn and break,
Dismantle and dismember
Men's days and dreams, Juliette,
For love may not remember,
But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,
Time withers him at root;
Bring all dead things and dying,
Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
Where, crushed by three days' pressure,
Our three days' love lies slain;
And earlier leaf of pleasure,
And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,
It may be flame will leap;
Unclose the soft close lashes,
Lift up the lids, and weep.
Light love's extinguished ember,
Let one tear leave it wet
For one that you remember
And ten that you forget.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The discovery that there is a kind of struggle for existence among rivers is one of the interesting results of the modern study of physiography. A notable example of this contest is exhibited by England's two biggest rivers, the Thames and the Severn. Between their valleys lies the Cotswold Hills and exploration shows that the Severn, by eating backward among these hills, where softer strata underlie them, has diverted to itself some of the headwaters that formerly flowed into the Thames.

MARE NOSTRUM.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez Writes a Novel of the Mediterranean and the War.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez paints his pictures on national, international, continental canvasses. In telling the story of individuals he tells the story also of cycles and of epochs. His heroes become the protagonists of races and of humanities.

"Mare Nostrum"—and it need hardly be said that "our sea" is the Mediterranean—is a war story. It relates the adventures of Captain Ulysses Ferragut of Valencia, but that hardy and frail seaman must compete with the Mediterranean itself for the favor and the interest of the reader. Only Victor Hugo has ever written of the sea as Ibañez writes, with such confidential intimacy, with such sympathy for its moods, its tendernesses, and its passions.

Ulysses comes honestly by his love of the sea. His uncle Esteban is a veritable Neptune, a merman, who can not live beyond sight of the ocean or away from its buffetings and caresses:

He used to seat himself to rest on the black rocks with overshirts of seaweed that raised or lowered their fringe at the caprice of the wave, awaiting the night and the chance vessel that might come to dash against them like a piece of bark. Like a marine reptile he had even penetrated certain caves of the coast, drowsy and glacial lakes illuminated by mysterious openings where the atmosphere is black and the water transparent, where the swimmer has a hush of ebony and legs of crystal. In the course of these swimming expeditions he ate all the living beings he encountered fastened to the rocks by antennae and arms. The friction of the great, terrified fish that fled, bumping against him with the violence of a projectile, used to make him laugh.

Ulysses chooses the sea for a career, much against the will of his mother, who would have him become a priest, as is the fashion of mothers. In the course of his journeyings he meets Freya, and although he is happily married, he falls at once a victim to the rather incomprehensible charms of this amazing woman. It is the beginning of the war and we feel instinctively that Freya is a German agent, employed to throw the web of her sex around those likely to be useful to her sinister employers. The simile is indeed a correct one, for Freya likens herself to a spider, eager to glut her cruelty on the miseries of her victims. She says to the enamored Ulysses:

Then she looked at the branch of a tree from which were hanging several silver threads, sustaining insects with active tentacles.

"I would like to be a spider, an enormous spider, that all men might be drawn to my web as irresistibly as flies. With what satisfaction would I crunch them between my claws! How I would fasten my mouth against their hearts! . . . And I would suck them. . . . I would suck them until there wasn't a drop of blood left, tossing away then their empty carcasses! . . ."

Ulysses began to wonder if he had fallen in love with a crazy woman. His disquietude, his surprise and questioning eyes gradually restored Freya's serenity.

Freya is one of the great creations of fiction, but perhaps she is not wholly fictional. Since the war we can believe anything. She visits the Naples aquarium with Ulysses and we are hardly surprised to find that the octopus excites her passionate adoration. She watches the awful monster with positive ecstasy and encourages it by food to display its horrible appetite:

He felt as though a monster of the same class as those in the tank but much larger—a gigantic octopus from the oceanic depths—must have slipped treacherously behind him and was clutching him in one of its tentacles. He could feel the pressure of its feelers around his waist, growing closer and more ferocious.

Freya was holding him captive with one of her arms. She had wound herself tightly around him and was clapping his wrist with all her force, as though trying to break his vigorous body in two.

Then he saw the head of this woman approaching him with an aggressive swiftness as if she were going to bite him. . . . Her enlarged eyes, tearful and misty, appeared to be far off, very far off. Perhaps she was not even looking at him.

Her trembling mouth, bluish with emotion, a round and protruding mouth like an absorbing duct, was seeking the sailor's mouth, taking possession of it and devouring it with her lips.

It was the kiss of a cupping-glass, long, dominating, painful. Ulysses realized that he had never before been kissed in this way. The water from that mouth surging across her row of teeth discharged itself in his like swift poison. A shudder unfamiliar until then ran the entire length of his back, making him close his eyes.

He felt as if all his interior had turned to liquid. He had a presentiment that his life was going to date from this kiss, that with it was going to begin a new existence, that he never would be able to free himself from these deadly and caressing lips with their faint savor of cinnamon, of incense, of Asiatic forests haunted with sensuousness and intrigue.

And he let himself be dragged down by the caress of this wild beast, with thought lost and body inert and resigned, like a castaway who descends and descends the infinite strata of the abyss without ever reaching bottom.

The pliable Ulysses is easily seduced by Freya. His ship is needed to carry gasoline and supplies to the German submarines that are about to enter the Mediterranean. For a moment he is reluctant, but he is overcome by his infatuation, but when he explains the scheme to his mate he meets a stubborn refusal:

Ferragut interrupted with his mercurial vehemence. Beside himself with passion, he was already beginning to express himself as though the doctor were speaking through his mouth.

"You are referring to the submarines, Toni, to the little submarines that were in existence at the beginning of the war—little grasshoppers of fragile steel that moved with great difficulty when on a level with the water and might be overwhelmed at the slightest shock. . . . But today there is something more; there is a submersible that is like a submarine protected by a ship's hull which is able to go hidden between the two waters and, at the same time, can navigate

over the surface better than a torpedo-boat. . . . You have no idea what these Germans are capable of! They are a great nation, the finest in the world! . . ."

And with impulsive exaggeration, he insisted in proclaiming German greatness and its inventive spirit as though he had some share in this mechanical and destructive glory.

Then he added confidentially, placing his hand on Toni's arm:

"I'm going to tell it only to you: you are the only person who knows the secret, aside from those who have told it to me. . . . The German submersibles are going to enter the Mediterranean. We are going to meet them in order to renew their supplies of oil and combustibles."

He became silent, looking fixedly at his subordinate, and smiling in order to conquer his scruples.

For two seconds he did not know what to expect. Toni was remaining pensive with downcast eyes. Then, little by little, he drew himself erect, abandoned his seat, and said simply:

"No!" Ulysses also left his revolving chair with the impulsiveness of surprise. "No? . . . And why not?"

A German lieutenant accompanies Ulysses on his mission, and there are moments of intense anxiety until it is certain that the U-boats have escaped the British vigilance at Gibraltar:

One morning up aloft he called something to the captain, pointing out a speck on the horizon. He must steer in that very direction. What he was seeking was over there.

Ferragut obeyed him, and half an hour later there appeared, one after the other, two long, low boats, moving with great velocity. They were like destroyers, but without masts, without smokestacks, skimming along almost on a level with the water, painted in a gray that made them seem a short distance away of the same color as the sea. They came around on both sides of the sailboat as though they were going to crush it with the meeting of their hulls. Various metallic cables came up from their decks and were thrown over the bits of the schooner, fastening it to them, and forming the three vessels into a solid mass that, united, followed the slow undulation of the sea.

Ulysses examined curiously his two companions in this improvised float. Were these the famous submarines?

He saw on their steel decks round and protruding hatchways like chimneys through which groups of heads were sticking out. The officers and crews were dressed like fishermen from the northern coast with waterproof suits of one piece and oilskin hats. Many of them were swinging their tarpaulins over their heads, and the count replied to them by waving his cap. The blonde sailors of the schooner shouted in reply to the acclamations of their comrades on the submersibles, "*Deutschland über alles!*" . . .

But this enthusiasm, equivalent to a song of triumph in the midst of the solitude of the sea, lasted but a very short time. Whistles sounded, men ran over the steel decks and Ferragut saw his vessel invaded by two files of seamen. In a moment the hatchways were opened; there sounded the crash of breaking pieces of wood, and the cases of petrol began to be carried off on both sides. The water all around the sailboat was filled with broken cases that were gently floating away.

The count on the poop deck was listening to an officer dressed in waterproof garments.

He was recounting their passage through the Strait of Gibraltar, completely submerged, seeing through the periscope the English torpedo-chasers on patrol.

"Nothing, commandant," continued the officer. "Not even the slightest incident. . . . A magnificent voyage!"

"God punish England!" said the count now called commandant.

"May God punish her!" replied the official as though he were saying "Amen."

The first vessel to fall victim to the submarine is the *Californian*, and we have a harrowing description of the wreck and the ruthless destruction of the women passengers. Ulysses learns the details of the tragedy from a commercial traveler and then slowly realizes the guilt of his own participation:

"Were there other Spaniards traveling on your boat?" Ulysses continued inquiring.

"Only one: my friend, that boy of whom I was just speaking. The explosion of the torpedo blew him into hits. I saw him. . . ."

The captain felt his remorse constantly increasing. A compatriot, a poor young fellow, had perished through his fault!

The salesman also seemed to be suffering a twinge of conscience. He was holding himself responsible for his companion's death. He had only met him in Naples a few days before, but they were united by the close brotherhood of young compatriots who had run across each other far from their country.

They had both been born in Barcelona. The poor lad, almost a child, had wanted to return by land and he had carried him off with him at the last hour, urging upon him the advantages of a trip by sea. Whoever would have imagined that the German submarines were in the Mediterranean! The traveling man persisted in his remorse. He could not forget that half-grown lad who, in order to make the voyage in his company, had gone to meet his death.

"I met him in Naples, hunting everywhere for his father."

"Ah! . . ."

Ulysses uttered this exclamation with his neck violently outstretched, as though he were trying to loosen his skull from the rest of his body. His eyes were protruding from their sockets.

"The father," continued the youth, "commands a ship. . . . He is Captain Ulysses Ferragut."

An outcry. . . . The people ran. . . . A man had just fallen heavily, his body rebounding on the deck.

Ulysses experiences a terrible revulsion of feeling when he learns that his son has fallen a victim to the submarine. His passion for Freya turns at once to hatred, and he lives only in the hope of vengeance upon the woman who has seduced him from his honor and robbed him of his boy. He receives a mysterious message to visit a certain house, and his love of adventure urges him to obey:

A woman arose from the soft depths of this couch, rushing towards Ferragut with outstretched arms. Her impulse was so violent that it made her collide with the captain. Before the feminine embrace could close around him he saw a pouting mouth, with avid teeth, eyes tearful with emotion, a smile that was a mixture of love and painful disquietude. "You! . . . You!" he stuttered, springing back.

His legs trembled with a shudder of surprise. A cold wave ran down his back.

"Ulysses!" sighed the woman, trying again to fold him in her arms.

"You! . . . You!" again repeated the sailor in a dull voice.

It was Freya.

He did not know positively what mysterious force dictated his action. It was perhaps the voice of his good counselor, accustomed to speak in his brain in critical instants, which now asserted itself. . . . He saw instantaneously a ship that was exploding and his son blown to pieces.

"Ah! . . . tal!"

He raised his robust arm with his fist clinched like a mace. The voice of prudence kept on giving him orders. "Hard! . . . No consideration! . . . This female is shifty." And he struck as though his enemy were a man, without hesitation, without pity, concentrating all his soul in his fist.

The hatred that he was feeling and the recollection of the aggressive resources of the German woman made him begin a second blow, fearing an attack from her and wishing to repel it before it could be made. . . . But he stopped with his arm raised.

"Ay de mi! . . ."

The woman had uttered a child-like wail, staggering, swaying upon her feet, with arms drooping, without any attempt at defense whatever. . . . She reeled from side to side as though she were drunk. Her knees doubled under her, and she fell with the limpness of a bundle of clothes, her head first striking against the cushions of the divan. The rest of her body remained like a rag on the rug.

There was a long silence, interrupted from time to time by groans of pain. Freya was moaning with closed eyes, without coming out of her inertia.

The sailor, scowling with tragic ugliness, and transported with rage, remained immovable, looking grimly at the fallen creature. He was satisfied with his brutality; it had been an opportune relief; he could breathe better. At the same time he was beginning to feel ashamed of himself. "What have you done, you coward? . . ." For the first time in his existence he had struck a woman.

Freya urges Ulysses to forgive her the part that she has played and describes the sufferings that she must endure at the hands of the German secret service, whose pitiless ferocities are by no means confined to their enemies:

"I am poor: I have scarcely enough to pay my traveling expenses. . . . The 'service' recompenses well at the start. Afterwards when it has us surely in its clutches because of our past, it gives us only what is necessary in order to live with a certain freedom. What can I ever do in those lands? . . . Must I pass the rest of my existence selling myself for bread? . . . I will not do it. I would rather die first!"

This desperate affirmation of her poverty made Ferragut smile sarcastically. He looked at the necklace of pearls everlastingly reposing on the admirable cushion of her bosom, the great emeralds in her ears, the diamonds that were sparkling coldly on her hands. She guessed his thoughts and the idea of selling these jewels gave her even greater apprehension than the terrors that the future involved.

"You do not know what all this represents to me," she added. "It is my uniform, my coat-of-arms, the safe-conduct that enables me to sustain myself in the world of my youth. The women who pass alone through this world need jewels in order to free their pathway of obstructions. The managers of a hotel become human and smile before their brilliancy. She who possesses them does not arouse suspicion however late she may be in paying the weekly account. . . . The employees at the frontier become exceedingly gallant: there is no passport more powerful. The haughty ladies become more cordial before their sparkle, at the tea hour in the halls where one knows nobody. . . . What I have suffered in order to acquire them! . . . I would be reduced to hunger before I would sell them. With them, I am somebody. A person may not have a coin in her pocket and yet, with these glittering vouchers, may enter where the richest assemble, living as one of them."

Overcome by remorse, Ulysses has denounced the German lieutenant to the Italian authorities, and now he finds that he, too, has been marked for destruction and must perpetually run the gauntlet of the assassins who are lying in wait for him. He is thus attacked one night on the quay while he is returning to his ship:

"Forward!" he kept repeating to himself. "If I have to die, let it be within sight of the *Mare Nostrum!*" The steamer was near. He could recognize now its black silhouette fast to the wharf. At that moment the dog on board began to bark furiously, announcing the captain's presence and danger at the same time.

He abandoned the shelter of a hillock of coal, advancing over an open space. He concentrated all his will power upon gaining his vessel as quickly as possible.

A swift flame flashed out, followed by a report. They were already shooting at him. Other little lights began to twinkle from different sides of the dock, followed by reports of a gun. It was a sharp cross-fire; behind him they were firing, too. He felt various whistlings near his ears, and received a blow on the shoulder—a sensation like that from a hot stone.

They were going to kill him. His enemies were too many for him. And, without knowing exactly what he was doing, yielding to instinct, he threw himself on the ground like a dying person.

Some few shots were still sounding. Then all was silent. Only on the nearby ship the dog was continuing its howling.

He saw a shadow advancing slowly toward him. It was a man, one of his enemies, coming out from the group in order to examine him at close range. He let him come close up to him, with his right hand grasping his revolver still intact.

Suddenly he raised his arm, striking the head that was hanging over him. Two lightning streaks flashed from his hand, separated by a brief interval. The first fitting blaze of fire made him see a familiar face. . . . Was it really Karl, the doctor's factotum? . . . The second explosion aided his memory. Yes, it was Karl, with his features disfigured by a black gash in the temple. . . . The German pulled himself up with an agonizing shudder, then fell on his back, with his arms relaxed.

The story is a substantial one of over five hundred pages. It is worthy of comparison with "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and it could receive no higher praise than this. It will rank nearly at the top of the novels called forth by the war.

MARE NOSTRUM. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 25, 1919, were \$169,721,598.73; for the corresponding week of last year, \$127,771,350.42; an increase of \$41,650,248.31.

A drop of over \$19,000,000 in the total gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco and a gain of \$7,000,000 in the amount of bills on hand are the features of the weekly report of that institution of condition as of October 25th.

The big "bull market" of 1916 sold at its highest point November 25th, then suffered a terrific slump during the month of December ("peace leak"). The big "bull market" of 1919 is wending its way cheerfully upward, with occasional set-backs such as are always witnessed in any bull market. The month of October has been the most sensational of all thus far; now comes November, and after that the fateful month of December again appears. With a three-year record of December slumps before us, 1916-1917-1918, naturally the question arises as to December, 1919.

A succession of important events are scheduled for November—Supreme Court decisions in re stock dividend taxes, trust cases, league

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of nations, railroad bill, new corporation financing, European bond issues, besides many corporation dividend meetings, and I predict a continued bullish activity for the month of November.

The cheapest stocks in the market are the railroad stocks, Union Pacific selling at 122½, only \$2 per share up from the extreme low price of this year, paying 10 per cent. dividend netting 8 per cent. Stocks of other roads are also selling on the bargain counter. Favorable legislation and peace should both prove bullish factors for the rails. Remember that ten years ago, before Union Pacific was double-tracked, before its surplus was \$150,000,000, the stock sold up to 219. This is the best 8 per cent. investment in the world. The brokers are carrying very little Union Pacific on margin for the public. The public has Studebaker, up from 45 to 145, paying 4 per cent., netting 2.7 per cent. Such is the psychology of the stock market. The rule adopted by the public is to buy them when they are high before the break comes.

The present position of the market is best shown by quoting the low and present price of the leaders. General Motors, low 118½, now 361½; American Tobacco, low 191½, now 308; Mexican Petroleum, low 162¾, now

252; Union Pacific, low 120¾, now 122½; United States Steel, low 88½, now 105½. In other words, rails and steels are down, while motors, oils, and tobaccos are higher than they ever sold before.

Now the question is, Are you looking for bargains and safety, or do you want to load up with stocks that are inflated at the peak of a bull market? United States Steel common has a higher book value and better cash position than either General Motors, Mexican Petroleum, or American Tobacco, and it is selling \$200 per share less. The stock is owned and held by people who know the value of the stock and would not consider selling at present levels. If you have failed to make money this year in motors, oils, and tobaccos, don't try to do so now at these levels. Buy rails instead. Buy Union Pacific and all low-priced rails, United States Steel and other good steel stocks and hold them until the same inflation exists in them that now exists in other classes of stocks. I bear that Republic Iron and Steel will have a sensational move such as Crucible had. The book value of Republic was \$290 per share December 31, 1918.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

William Cheadle Borchers, bond and investment banker, of Los Angeles, has recently opened offices in San Francisco in the Merchants National Bank Building under the management of Mr. H. L. Harding, who was formerly manager of the Los Angeles office.

Referring to the economic conditions and governmental finance, the National City Bank has the following to say in its October monthly letter about treasury borrowing:

"The money situation has been favorably influenced by the optimistic statements of the Secretary of the Treasury as to prospective receipts and disbursements, and the apparent success of his effort to reduce the interest rate on future issues of certificates. The treasury has over \$1,400,000,000 of cash and the settlement of war contracts has reached a stage where balances of this size need not be maintained. Subscriptions to the 4½ per cent. treasury certificates maturing March 15th, and the 4½ per cent. certificates maturing September 15, 1920, both issues receivable for taxes, were closed September 10th, with about \$750,000,000 subscribed. The offering without apportionment was a success, and the 4½s have been quoted at a slight premium. The Secretary announced that there would be no further offering before October 15th, and that offerings probably would not be for more than \$250,000,000. With the requirements of the treasury thus reduced, the outlook is for easier conditions this fall than had been anticipated.

"There is an apparent conflict between the calculations of the Secretary of the Treasury and those of Mr. Good, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, as to the outcome of the treasury in the current fiscal year. The Secretary holds that income and outgo will about balance, while Mr. Good predicts a deficit of about \$3,500,000,000. The difference between these two authorities is possibly due to the treasury certificates amounting to about \$3,600,000,000 which were outstanding at the beginning of this fiscal year. If they are paid out of the revenues of the year there will be a deficit of about that amount, but if no account is taken of them, income and disbursements will about balance. In either case it appears that the treasury will not have to go to the money market except in refunding operations, which release as much money as they require. It will be a great gain over conditions in the last two years to be assured of this. The Secretary and Mr. Good are both entitled to public approval for insistence upon the necessity for the utmost economy in public and private expenditures."

Carstens & Earles, Inc., own and offer \$350,000 City of Yakima, Washington, 5¼ per cent. general obligation sewer bonds, dated November 1, 1919, in denominations of \$1000, exempt from all Federal income taxation. The City of Yakima is located in south central Washington and is served by the Northern Pacific, the O. W. R. & N. Railway, and an extensive electric interurban line. Yakima is the centre of the Yakima River Valley, which is noted for its abundant yield of fruits, grain, and alfalfa. This valley is one of the greatest fruit-growing districts in the entire country, and its apples have a worldwide market. Dairying and stock-raising are also important sources of income.

Yakima has six banks, with total deposits of approximately \$9,400,000, a Federal building costing over \$250,000, courthouse costing \$75,000, splendid residences, schools, churches, hotels, and modern office buildings.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, at the time the American colonies were starting their armed protest against taxation without representation, Adam Smith, the father of modern economists, in his "Wealth of Nations," wrote: "Gold and silver, like every other commodity, vary in their value, are sometimes cheaper and sometimes dearer,

sometimes of easier and sometimes of more difficult purchase. The quantity of labor which any particular quantity of them can purchase or command, or the quantity of other goods which it will exchange for, depends always upon the fertility or barrenness of the mines which happen to be known about the time when such exchanges are made. The discovery of the abundant mines of America reduced, in the sixteenth century, the value of gold and silver in Europe to about one-third of what it had been before. As it cost less labor to bring those metals from the mine to the market, so when they are brought thither they could purchase or command less labor; and this revolution in their value, though perhaps the greatest, is by no means the only one of which history gives some account."

The widow with four children, whose husband left her \$30,000 of Pennsylvania Railroad stock, is today unaware of a revolution in the value of her income which equals that of the sixteenth century about which Adam Smith wrote. The \$1800 that she gets in dividends will buy only half as much of the necessities of life as it would before the war. This is the situation in which every one who saved money and invested it before the war now finds himself. But this latest revolution in the purchasing power of money has not been due to an increase in the gold supply. The war's insatiable demand for supplies and the increase in the purchasing media due to currency and credit inflation throughout the world account for it. It came, however, right at the end of a period of increased gold production, and its 100 per cent. addition to prices is harder to bear because it followed a 50 per cent. advance since 1896 that can possibly be traced to increased gold production.

Since Adam Smith's time there have been five major movements in the purchasing power of gold, or in the price of commodities, as we more frequently consider it. For twenty years preceding 1809 there was an upward movement of prices which was entirely wiped out by the decline in the succeeding forty years following the Napoleonic wars. Then began the upward movement, coincident with the discovery of gold in California. This movement culminated after the sharp Civil War advances in this country. Then from the early 'seventies to 1896 there was a gradual downward movement which resulted in the free silver agitation of that time. After 1896 gold production began to increase rapidly, due to the commercial application of the cyanide process for its extraction and to the discovery of gold in South Africa, Colorado, and Alaska. This was the latest period of advancing prices, the one with which the present generation has had the most experience. It seems to have culminated in the revolution in prices due to the war.

Since 1915 gold production throughout the world has fallen off. This would seem to hold out hope that a period of declining prices is in order, now that the potent influence of the war is removed. In 1915 the world's gold production was \$470,329,527; in 1918 it was only \$384,576,700. The cost of mining is now so high that many mines can not be operated at a profit. As the yellow metal brings only a fixed price at the mint, there is no way to pass the increased cost of its production on to the consumer. Thus does the decrease in the purchasing power of gold tend to correct itself by restricting production. And the increased use of gold in the arts at the time of high prices, which is usually a period of extravagance, also helps to bring prices back to normal. For as long as gold can be purchased at the mint at the fixed price and converted into jewelry there will be a demand for it at such times that will reduce the supply of money gold, and ultimately affect prices.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale has for many years advocated a plan for stabilizing prices based upon the accentuation of these two influences, by indirectly regulating the production of gold and by stimulating the flow of it into the arts. A resolution was recently introduced in Congress providing for the appointment of a committee to consider this and other plans for stabilizing the purchasing power of the dollar. Professor Fisher's plan provides for increasing or decreasing the weight of the gold dollar as commodity prices increase or decrease. If the index figure for commodity prices advances 1 per cent. the theoretical weight of the gold dollar would be increased 1 per cent. The miner would then have to bring 1 per cent. more gold to the mint to get the same amount of gold certificates as formerly; and the manufacturing jeweler would get 1 per cent. more gold in exchange for his certificates. There would be a small difference between the buying and selling prices to prevent speculation in gold. In other words, under this plan the price variation would take place in the dollar, and, according to the theory, its purchasing power would remain practically the same. While this plan would likely offset the gradual price changes that are due to the fluctuations in the production of gold, economists are not agreed as to its effectiveness in meeting such changes as have taken place in the past few

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years due to the war. It depends for its effectiveness on the free redemption of gold certificates and probably no government would have adhered to such a policy during the war. If the plan had been adopted in this country in 1913, for example, and due to the price changes caused by the war the gold dollar now contained twice as much metal as it does, then the jeweler could get twice as much in exchange for his gold certificates. Long before this, however, there would likely have been such a reduction in the supply of money gold at the mint that the plan would have been abandoned, in order not to interfere with the financing of the war. In such times gold has an added value for governments as reserve to support expanding paper currencies and credits.

And to put such a plan in effect now, with a view to stabilizing prices at their present level, would work an injustice to investors, for it would continue the unsatisfactory situation that now bears so heavily on them. The purchasing power of the widow's income would

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continue only half what it was before the war. It might protect us against further advances, but the record of the past does not seem to indicate that we need such protection. In fact, the evidence points the other way. And if some scheme to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar is to be tried it will be fairer to those who have saved money and invested it to wait for prices to swing back to more nearly normal before it is put into effect.

There can be no question about the value of an effective scheme of this character. It would give a stable basis for all contracts where the element of time enters in, and where the gradual changes in price levels have in the past brought unforeseen hardship to one side or the other. In a period of advancing prices the creditor is the one who suffers, for the debtor can pay him in money that has declined in value, or purchasing power. In a period of declining prices it is the debtor who suffers, for he must pay in money that is worth more than it was when he agreed to make the payment. But it is not likely that

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any plan to correct this will be adopted unless the demand for it becomes more general than it now is.

From the investor's standpoint, if we are entering a period of declining prices—which would seem to be the case unless new, rich gold fields are discovered, or war-time currency and credit inflation grows greater—now is the time of opportunity for investment in fixed income-bearing securities and those which will be paid off at a time when the dollar is likely to be worth more than it is today. Not since the years following the Civil War have conditions looked so favorable for those who will save money and invest in this class of security. The most favorable opportunity for making the permanent investment designed to bear fruit during a downward trend of prices may come a little later (it sometimes follows after the change in the commodity price trend), but according to the general outlook there will not be as good a time as this to save money again in a generation.—*The World's Work.*

The bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank is offering \$750,000 H. Liebes & Co. 6 per cent. secured serial gold notes of \$1000 denomination, dated August 1, 1919. These notes are the direct obligation of H. Liebes & Co. and are specifically secured by direct first mortgage lien upon the real property and building of the company situated in the heart of San Francisco's business district. The company's sales and earnings have shown continuous favorable progress. For four years, 1915-1918 inclusive, the net earnings, after taxes, averaged several times the largest annual interest payment required by this note issue. Estimated earnings, for the year 1919, based upon actual business to date, after payment of all taxes and charges, are many times the largest annual interest charge and several times the average combined interest and redemption charges for the period of this note issue. The amount of net rental from the Liebes Building alone will exceed the total interest on this loan.

The company's real property upon which these notes become a direct first mortgage lien has been appraised for the bankers by Baldwin & Howell at \$500,000. As additional security the trust indenture provides that the company shall at all times maintain net quick assets in an amount which, added to the appraised value of the real property, shall equal two times the amount of the principal and accrued interest of the notes outstanding. No other lien upon the real property or upon the income thereof may be created.

The consolidated balance sheet of H. Liebes & Co. and owned company prepared as of date December 31, 1918, by Price, Waterhouse & Co., certified public accountants, shows net tangible assets more than double the amount of the entire note issue. Other assets, not shown, include leasehold interests in the heart of the San Francisco retail district representing a considerable increase in value.

The assertion that the United States has gone on a "sugar spree" since the advent of prohibition lends interest to a series of compilations by the National City Bank of New York which compare our sugar consumption in 1919 with that of previous years. They show that the quantity of sugar consumed in the United States in the fiscal year ending with June, 1919, was greater than in any year in the history of the country and the sums paid for it double those in the year preceding the war.

The quantity of sugar consumed by our

people, says the bank's statement, aggregated nearly 9,000,000,000 pounds in the fiscal year 1919, against about 8,000,000,000 last year, 8,500,000,000 in the year prior to the war, a little over 7,500,000,000 in 1910, 6,000,000,000 in 1905, 5,000,000,000 in 1902, and 4,500,000,000 in 1900, all of these being, of course, in very round terms. Thus the 1919 consumption is about double that of 1900, although the population meantime has increased only 33 per cent. The average per capita consumption in 1919 was 83 pounds, against 77 pounds per capita in 1918, 78 in 1916, 59 in 1900, 50 in 1890, 40 in 1880, and 33 pounds per capita in 1870. In fact, our 100,000,000 people, although forming about 6 per cent. of the world's population, consumed last year nearly 25 per cent. of the world's sugar production.

The sums paid for sugar by our people in 1919 were far in excess of those of any earlier year. The average import price for the raw product brought in from foreign countries averaged a little more than 5 cents per pound (exclusive of duty), as against an average of 2 cents per pound in 1914, and the sums paid by the consumers for all sugar purchased during the year will approximate \$1,000,000,000, as against a little more than one-third of that sum in the year prior to the war.

About one-fourth of the nearly 9,000,000,000 pounds of sugar consumed in the United States in the fiscal year 1919 was, according to the bank's statement, produced in the United States, another one-fourth was produced in our islands, and the remainder drawn from foreign countries, chiefly Cuba. About three-fourths of the quantity produced in our own fields was from beets, and only one-fourth from cane, while all of that brought in from our islands or from foreign countries was produced from cane. The average import price paid for the raw sugar coming from Cuba was 5.04 cents per pound (exclusive of tariff), as against 2 cents per pound in 1914; the average price paid for that entering the country from Hawaii in the fiscal year 1919 was 6.1 cents per pound and from Porto Rico 6.8 cents per pound, these figures being in all cases those of the raw product, which is refined in the United States before entering consumption.

VALUE OF PREJUDICE.

British Writer Rises to Its Defense.

In the newspapers, and in all common argument and opinion, there is, perhaps, no mental state so belittled and despised as that known as prejudice. To say "he is prejudiced" is enough to condemn any man; some people grow violent even in their denunciation of prejudiced persons. By far the majority of these objectors, however, pronounce their ban in a curt word or so, dismissing it with a superior air befitting a conclusion which has invincible logic on its side. Now I am inclined to look with suspicion upon all objections to the failings of others, and I do so because I find we are only too ready to blame in another those weaknesses which we secretly cherish in ourselves. For instance, what we call meanness in others we call carefulness, economy, thrift, and other high-sounding names in ourselves. It has occurred to me, therefore, that the same fate may have happened to this maligned thing, prejudice. It is a curious fact that people are always surprised at the existence of prejudice; they seem amazed that any one should be so foolish as to be prejudiced. Nevertheless the habit is so universal that if it had been fundamentally evil, society and all its institutions ought to have been wrecked many years ago. For are not all men prejudiced about something?

Some of the world's greatest men have been prejudiced about most things; and all women make a specialty of prejudices—that is one reason why women are so delightful and so exasperating. But let us consider for a moment the mechanism of this disreputable thing. We say that a man is prejudiced when he is not open to reason. And so he is. But is that wrong? When you jump into a river to save a drowning child, you do not reason about your action. If you did you would leave the child to its fate. There is every reason why you should. You have a wife and children of your own, you have a business dependent upon you, you are subject to rheumatism and to chills, and you can not swim. These are all excellent reason for keeping on dry land and endeavoring to fish the child out with a boat hook. But you throw reason to the winds, and jump into the water because you are prejudiced in saving life at any cost, even at the cost of your own life and the happiness of those who have showered their love upon you.

But it is not my desire to prove that prejudice is always right, nor yet to beg the question by saying that it is not always wrong. Prejudice, like everything else, can be both right and wrong, and it can be both at the same time, according to the prejudices of the on-lookers. But I do assert unhesitatingly that prejudice has more chances of being right than mere display of reason. My reason for saying so, and I admit it is unreasonable

of me to be so reasonable in the circumstances, is that prejudice is more apt to be in touch with those master instincts which are the basis of life. It has spontaneity of vitality. Look at the animals. Do they reason about things? Not a bit of it. They just act from prejudice and chance their luck; and this habit does not seem to have interfered with their evolution. When the first animal took it into its head to be reasonable it became a human thing, and its descendants seem to have devoted the rest of the time to quarreling with the prejudices of others, while clinging valiantly to their own. This is the point where Nature asserts herself in the complex artificiality of civilization. She sees that the spontaneous, the instinctive, the irrational things survive, and in our own moments of wisdom we agree with her by calling our prejudices intuition and faith. If you go among rationalists—that is, people who have a conscientious and reasonable objection to faith in anything—you will find that they pronounce faith as among the unpardonable prejudices. They are quite right in doing so, but they are quite wrong in believing that it settles the question. It does nothing of the sort; and reason ought to have taught them that the had name that hangs a dog one day may save a dog the next. So it is with prejudice.

In a convincing proportion of cases our attacks upon prejudice are simply attacks upon reason. For no matter how reasonable a man may be in defense of his whims or beliefs or preferences, if he is proof against your own reason you conclude that he is prejudiced. In doing so, you overlook the important fact that you have been arguing with him in the hope of converting him to your own point of view. But it does not matter, because when you call him prejudiced he returns the compliment. I suppose the common sense of the business is that what we do resent is insistence upon a conclusion which can be proved up to the hilt, but which we still know to be wrong. That is the thing we usually denounce under the name of prejudice. But that thing is not prejudice at all. It is logic. Most of the abominable things in the world have been done in its name. There was nothing more rational than the Spanish Inquisition or Prussian militarism. Their upholders could prove reasonableness up to the last turn of the thumbscrew and the last goose step, but all their logic can not intimidate the universal prejudice that their acts were cruel, brutal, and brutalizing. Cruelty may be logically necessary, but it can never be humanly right.

Nothing was so remarkable in the eruption of vituperation horn with the war, and nothing did so much to make the tragic catastrophe popular among all combatants than the charges brought by one nation against another. We, and the French, denounced the Germans as barbarians, and they returned the compliment by yelling "mercenary" at us and "degenerate" at our co-partners in the contest across the Straits of Dover. We were all very logical and very wrong. There is much that is barbarous in your German, but his barbaric gifts did not make the war. There are many degenerates in France, but the French are overwhelmingly sane and healthy as a nation and even more far-seeing and calculating than the Germans. And as for ourselves, the charge of mercenariness misses our national characteristic with customary German obtuseness, not because we are not mercenary—we share that quality with the civilization which exalts money as the symbol of value and test of joy—but because in the last resort we as a nation are moved by sentiment and prejudice more than by any other thing. The difference between ourselves and the Germans is that we felt about the war and were right, and that they reasoned about the war and were wrong. We had an inborn and instinctive prejudice against militarism—Germany had a cultured and logically evolved conviction that militarism would make them the inheritors and rulers of Europe. Fortunately for Europe and the world, Britain's stalwart prejudices stood as bulwarks against that sort of thing.

Shakespeare may have had many reasons for writing "Hamlet," but one of them must have been a desire to prove that if the Prince of Denmark had not been so reasonable all would have been well, and we should have spared that carnival of death in the last act. It was Hamlet's capacity for thinking himself out of his instinctive preferences that made the great tragedy possible. And this same cause is behind half the tragedies of our daily lives; it is behind the tragedy of dullness. Just imagine a world that was not afraid of its prejudices, in which people followed their whim instead of their reasons. What variety we should have, what unimaginable interest in life, what undreamed-of battles! For it is not peace we want in this world, but variety of contest. We want the sword, but not the sword of steel, excellent as that is. We want swords of wit and wisdom and imagination. And we want the sword of faith—no matter in what cause. Good faith justifies any cause. And to get these we must never be ashamed of our prejudices. Indeed, when all is said and done, and the last argument sent into limbo, the pre-

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destined home of all arguments, prejudice will be found laughing over the intellectual ruins—for prejudice is life.—*Holbrook Jackson in Today.*

The sword presented to Marshal Foch at the Guildhall by the City of London bears on its hilt a finely modeled figure of Victory with outstretched wings, which spread over the upper part of the guard. The guard itself is decorated with oak leaves and the English rose, a figure of Britannia appearing in front. The upper hand has the arms of France on one side and the city arms on the other, both in enamel. Below the French arms there is the monogram "F. F." in brilliant and rubies set in a wreath of laurel. The middle and lower bands are covered with relief work, showing the lily, oak, and rose, as well as crossed marshal's hats. The blade is of the finest steel, while the scabbard is made of velvet in the French military color, and the hilt and hands are of eighteen-carat gold.

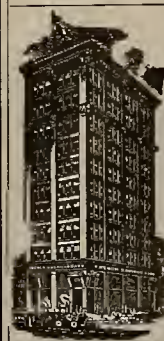
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Deposits - - - - - 57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - 2,387,011.92
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To the thousands who read "Slippy McGee" with surprised delight—surprised because the author was comparatively unknown when it was published—it will be necessary only to announce that this is the latest novel of Mrs. Oemler. To those who have not read "Slippy McGee" the publishers beg to present an author in whose powers of entertainment they have the greatest confidence. "A Woman Named Smith" is set in the South, as was "Slippy McGee." It is a two-handed love story told with all the whimsical charm of the author's first novel. \$1.60 net

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Fantastics.

The literary celebrity would have a right to complain of the posthumous unearthing of everything he had ever written and its solemn presentation to the world as a memorial of genius. We think it probable that Lafcadio Hearn would complain at the republication in volume form of his "fantastics," the impressions of New Orleans which he wrote for the *Daily Item* and the *Times-Democrat* in the years between 1879 and 1884. Not that Hearn would be in any way ashamed of them. He would not. But if called on to separate the mortal from the immortal, the impermanent from the permanent, we think that he would consign these particular papers to a regretted oblivion. As contributions to daily journalism they are not comparable with his more mature work. They are interesting as marking his introduction to the world of literature, but if Hearn's reputation were to depend upon them his name today would be absolutely unknown.

FANTASTICS. By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Charles Woodward Hutson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Chalmers Comes Back.

The war story is giving place to the "after the war" story, and we fully approve the change as offering greater scope and calling for deeper reflection. What are the feelings of the returned soldier who has been fighting for years and suffering the extremities of physical hardship? What does he think of the folks at home, of the girl he left behind him, when he looks at them once more from the tardily discovered depths of his own nature?

Captain John Chalmers, an American, has joined the Canadian army early in the struggle. He is severely wounded, and when after many weeks he recovers consciousness the war is over and he returns to his home

in America. On the ship he meets the typical profiteer, who is now so rich that he can hire a whole cabin, while wounded soldiers are packed away like herrings. Chalmers asks himself if it is for this that he has been fighting, if he has been the champion, not of a national ideal, but of an individual avarice?

There are other questions that he asks himself when he reaches the home of his rich uncle, and of the cousin to whom he is engaged. The girl is at a card party, and does not even take the trouble to return early to welcome her lover. The only conversation is of society and money. He is expected at once to make up for lost time by plunging into his uncle's business. Persuaded to speak about the war at a society function, he gives deep offense by his denials that America won the war, and by the deep gravity with which he relates his experiences. The young people are impatient to dance, and his address is no more than a rather tiresome item on a programme. He sees nothing but heartlessness, insincerity, frivolity, and greed. He wonders what he has been fighting for, whether the game was worth the candle.

Mr. Dawson has written other war books as well as war poems. There is still abundant material for his pen. Let us hope that he will use it.

CHALMERS COMES BACK. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company.

Cervantes.

This volume by Professor Rudolph Schevill is one of the eight literary biographies in the Master Spirits of Literature Series now in course of issue by Duffield & Co. It is a series for which there was a distinct demand. Of the lives of such men as Dante, Virgil, and Cervantes we ordinarily know very little. We look at them only through their works, and take but little account of the personal vicissitudes and circumstances that must have stimulated or engendered those works.

Professor Schevill, in the course of a volume of nearly four hundred pages, gives us a competent account of the life of Cervantes from birth to death. It was a life full of dramatic changes and of the extremes of fortune. Cervantes was a soldier of the great wars between Spain and Turkey. He sailed with Don John of Austria and was wounded at the battle of Lepanto. Subsequently captured by pirates, he was sold into slavery in Algiers and remained a prisoner for five years until he was ransomed. Entering the service of the king, he began his literary life, and although we know practically nothing of his writings with the exception of "Don Quixote," we are easily persuaded that this is an omission that should be made good.

Professor Schevill reminds us of the story told by the censor in the license prefixed to the second part of "Don Quixote" in which he one day mentioned the story of the resourceful knight in the presence of some foreign diplomats, adding: "I offered to take them to see the author of the book, to which they agreed with a thousand manifestations of eagerness. They questioned me in detail concerning his age, his profession, the quality

of his person, and the quantity of his purse, and I was obliged to admit that he was old, that he was a soldier by profession, a gentleman, and, as regards quantity, that he was poor. To this one replied quite seriously in the following words: 'To think that Spain does not keep such a man in abundance out of the public treasury.' And another gentleman added the following subtle thought: 'If necessity forces him to write, pray God that he may never have abundance, so that, though he himself remain in poverty, he may, by means of his works, enrich the whole world.'"

CERVANTES. By Rudolph Schevill. New York: Duffield & Co.

Tradition and Change.

Mr. Arthur Waugh's studies in literature have appeared from time to time in periodical form and it is fortunate that they should now be collected in a volume of definite arrangement and defined purpose. Mr. Waugh brings tradition and change under review. He seems to ask if there has been a real change, if it will be permanent, and how much of it is mere literary sensationalism.

Mr. Waugh tells us that we must be careful to avoid prejudice and predilection, but even with such avoidance he is able to pass trenchant condemnation on much of the "new poetry" which assumes that everything that has hitherto been wise and true must inevitably be false and foolish. If the work of the literary "Cubists" is veritably the fruits of emancipation, the state of Poetry is indeed threatened with anarchy.

Mr. Waugh finds that the war poetry is both new and good. He says that it has gone down into the darkness and has carried light in its hand. It has been justified of its supreme ordeal. None the less it may be that the best of the war poetry is yet to come.

Perhaps one of the best of these essays is on "The New Realism." It is natural that there should now be an escape from scientific restraint into the purely natural atmosphere of impulse and emotion. The glorification of the senses is a reaction against the false importance which the last generation ascribed to science and scientific phenomena. "Science has ridden roughshod over the world and is now found to have effected absolutely nothing in the service of the soul of man. Indeed, the history of the last few years upon the Continent of Europe goes to prove that the most scientific of all nations may also be the most inhuman and brutal."

There are twenty-three of these essays, ten of them being studies in poetry and thirteen of them studies in prose. Mr. Waugh finds something to say about Stevenson and Henry James. He writes of Conrad and the "discipline of fear," of Galsworthy and Swinburne's letters and Samuel Butler. Among the poets are Stephen Phillips and Lionel Johnson and Rupert Brooke. His appraisal is always measured and just, lucidly expressed, and animated with a preference for praise rather than blame.

TRADITION AND CHANGE. By Arthur Waugh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

La Vie Des Ames.

Jamais la vie des âmes n'a été aussi profondément intense que pendant les années de la grande guerre et personne, mieux que Madame Juliette Adam, ne pouvait en peindre les angoisses et les espérances.

Toutes les âmes défilent dans ses récits: âmes de l'arrière emportées vers la ligne de feu, où combat, où souffre, où meurt un être cher: âmes douloureuses des réfugiés et des évacués, âmes torturées, des enfants, âmes généreuses de nos alliés qu'entraîne dans la mêlée, autant que leur amour de la justice, leur admiration pour la France. Nos morts héroïques vivent aussi de la vie des âmes. Ils nous entourent, ils viennent à notre appel. Ceux qui, ainsi que Mme. Juliette Adam, ont eu la gloire et la douleur de donner un des leurs à la patrie ne reliront pas sans une consolante émotion les pages qu'elle a consacrées à la vie des morts. E. C.

LA VIE DES AMES. Par Juliette Adam. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Sea-Hounds.

Lieutenant Lewis R. Freeman, author of what is probably the best popularly written book on the submarine war, was at the front for four years, partly as a free-lance correspondent and for a year and a half as the official "writer-up" for the British navy. All the doors that were usually closed to the correspondent were open to him. He was in the enviable position of constantly being invited by the authorities to come in, make himself at home, and look around him. If there was anything that he had not yet seen, he had only to mention the fact and the omission was at once made good.

No better man could have been found for the task, if we may judge from the fascinating hook that he has given to us. Lieutenant Freeman resorts to the happy expedient of allowing his many heroes to tell their own stories in their own way, and thus we have first-hand narratives of nearly all the naval expedients devised during the war. He tells

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us of solitary combats with the submarine, of fights between aeroplanes and submarines, of depth bombs, of convoys and patrols, and of life on the ships of the great navies. Every aspect of the great war comes in for its share of attention, and it is all told with an admirable and vivacious energy that holds the breathless attention from the first page to the last. The many illustrations are from photographs by the author and are particularly good.

SEA-HOUNDS. By Lieutenant Lewis R. Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Dorothy Dainty Books by Amy Brooks is "Dorothy Dainty at the Stone House." The series is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

"Orchard and Meadow," by Zoe Meyer, is described as "a sunshiny hook with a sunshiny cover and forty pictures of the little people of field and forest." It is published by Little, Brown & Co.

"Leaders to Liberty," by Mary H. Wade (Little, Brown & Co.), is intended for boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age. It contains biographical sketches of King Albert, Joffre, Pershing, Haig, and Foch, with portrait illustrations.

"Seven Peas in a Pod," by Margery Bailey (Little, Brown & Co.), is described as "seven fairy stories which taken slowly and severally (one on Monday, the next on Tuesday, another on Wednesday, and so on, the last of all to be had on Sunday) will insure good dreams and the departure of all ill humors." The stories are further enhanced by Seven Curious Songs for the medium voice and one finger.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, D. C., has published its Year Book for 1919, being its eighth issue. The endowment is an institution of educational, scientific, and economic research, working strictly along the lines of a better popular understanding of the problems of international relations, and a wider diffusion of the fundamental principles of international law, upon the recognition and development of which the future peace of the civilized world depends.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," may safely be trusted with any sort of story for any kind of audience. That Miss Mulock has written a volume of fairy stories is therefore good news for little people, and a glance at the contents is evidence of the treat in store for them. The hook contains nearly three hundred pages, and as these are shared among three stories it will be seen that they are of substantial length, while an additional pleasure is afforded by the unusual colored illustrations. The hook is entitled "The Little Lame Prince. The Adventures of a Brownie Poor Prin." The publishers is the J. B. Lippincott Company.

George Eliot received as much as \$35,000 for a single work, but she did not always command such large sums. For instance, when she translated Dr. Strauss' "Leben Jesus" she was paid \$100 only, and the translation of "Essence of Christianity" brought her the modest sum of \$250. Directly she turned her attention to fiction she scored forthwith. She sold the rights of "Adam Bede" to Blackwoods for \$1500, but so remarkably remunerative did its publication turn out that the publishers subsequently sent her \$7500 as a present.



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TO THE END that I am built in a substantial manner and with the grace and beauty of proper architectural harmony and proportion, great care must be taken in the selection of the designer and builder that my name may pass on unblemished.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Chicago Novel.

"Chan's Wife," by Jessie Anderson Chase, is an excellent example of the bright, eager, progressive spirit of the Middle West. Chan is an artist, and has an artist's complexities of temperament, even although he is the best of fellows. Fanny, his wife, is the Middle West college girl, somewhat lacking in the graceful subtleties loved by the Latins, but as lovingly frank and direct as the breezes from the lake shore of her native city.

It was an interesting idea of the author to place these two bright, sympathetic, and gifted beings in the close communion of loving comradeship, and through occasional mists of perplexity and non-comprehension to have them work out their way to ultimate harmony; the harmony which, to be truly appreciated, must, we feel, be disturbed by an occasional slight dissonance. For of such is the texture of life.

The story is short, slight, unpretentious, but it has quality and fine perception. In fact, it is merely a study in domestic adjustments between two really superior people.

CHAN'S WIFE. By Jessie Anderson. New York: Marshall Jones Company.

The Housing Problem

This volume, "The Housing of the Unskilled Wage Earner," by Edith Elmer Wood, appears in the American Social Progress Series, and it is described as a sketch of "America's Next Problem." We are inclined to think that America has a good many problems that will take precedence over this one, but something must be allowed to the enthusiasm of the expert. Moreover, it is well to be timely.

The author covers her ground right up to its boundaries. She gives us a history of present housing conditions in America, and of the restrictive legislation that now exists. She tells us what has been done under private initiative, the experience of foreign countries, the beginnings of constructive housing legislation in America, and the objections thereto. Finally we have an outline of a comprehensive housing policy, with appendices and index.

It is, of course, a matter for experts, but we may confess ourselves to be somewhat appalled by a programme involving so formidable an array of laws, commissions, and boards. It may all be very necessary, but none the less we have a suspicion that the greatest of all national needs just now is to be let alone, free from the reconstructor and all his works.

THE HOUSING OF THE UNSKILLED WAGE EARNER. By Edith Elmer Wood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Strongest.

So far as we remember there have been only two prime ministers who have written novels. Disraeli wrote a number of them, and we may doubt if they are now read by any one. And it seems that Clemenceau also wrote a novel about twenty-five years ago, and since he has now won the war it is assumed that we shall wish to be reminded of his achievements in fictional literature.

There is a distinct moral underlying Clem-

enceau's novel. It is called "The Strongest," and we are reminded that there have always been the strongest, the supermen, in the world. Sometimes they are kings, sometimes they are soldiers, sometimes they are the rich. But strength must be accompanied by right or it eventually falls. "What are human disasters, if the goodness of the future is won by them? There must be soldiers dying and filling the trench before the victorious assault. With wasted lives, and in sorrow, the genius of living humanity is created." These are the closing words of Clemenceau's novel.

The story itself concerns the struggle of two men for the control of a girl's life. The better man loses, but he warns his victor that his triumph is temporary and that his prize shall be wrested from him. We may, if we wish, see here a symbol of the fate of France, at that time struggling to reconstruct herself after the Franco-Prussian war. It can hardly have been far from Clemenceau's mind, and in that case we may congratulate him on seeing the fulfillment of his prediction. The story is a pleasant reminder of the versatility of one of the few great men of the day.

THE STRONGEST. By Premier Georges Clemenceau. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

When W. Somerset Maugham, the author of that much-discussed book, "The Moon and Sixpence" (Doran), visited New York en route for China, and was asked what he had to say in reply to those persons who complain that he has denuded human nature of its fundamental goodness in "The Moon and Sixpence," particularly in the character of Charles Strickland, and ought not to be encouraged by applause, Mr. Maugham replied that the character of Charles Strickland, as American reviewers have not been slow to discover, is moulded upon that of the French artist, Paul Gauguin, who declared himself sick of the disease of civilization and found barbarism the only restoration to health in art. He continued: "And as the career of Gauguin was shaped by other hands than mine I feel that the blame ought to be shifted."

Mr. John Morley, a guest in the White House in 1914, said: "The two things in America which seem to me extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt."

Hugh Walpole, the young English novelist who arrived in New York recently, in the judgment of critics here and abroad is one of the figures of greatest promise in contemporary English literature, and his proposed lecture tour is looked forward to with great eagerness on the part of those who know the work of this young novelist. He is still in his early thirties, with a record of achievement truly remarkable. An Australian by birth, and a descendant of Sir Robert Walpole, he spent some time in New York as a boy.

The George H. Doran Company has recently brought out special new editions of "The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe" and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Both books are illustrated by Edmund Dulac.

Although the time has not yet come for Germany to appreciate the work of Dr. Richard Grelling, author of "The Crime," his services will undoubtedly be recognized. Dr. Grelling has returned to his native land since the peace settlement.

Edith Wharton seems to have stirred up quite a bit of talk by her analysis of the Gallic attitude toward love and marriage in her latest book, "French Ways and Their Meaning." "Marriage in France," she says, "is regarded as founded for the family, and not for the husband and wife. It is built on parenthood, not on passion. The French treat love as the poetry of life, allowing it to play its part fully and frankly in the relations between grown people apart from their permanent ties." Almost every reviewer has quoted this passage in half-frightened, half-apologetic tone, as if to say, "Dear, dear, this is all quite dreadful, but if Edith Wharton says it's so, it must be." And in spite of their quite evident disapproval not one has dared say a word against the French marriage system. What's happened to our embattled Puritans anyway? Did they all die in the war?

New Books Received.

BELGIAN FAIRY TALES. By William Elliot Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Folk lore.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS. By M. S. C. Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. For girls.

APPROACHES TOWARD CHURCH UNITY. By Newman Smyth and Williston Walker. New York: Yale University Press.

An uncontroversial statement of vital principles and historical materials.

MORE PORTMANTEAU PLAYS. By Stuart Walker. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Edited with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt.

LARKSPUR. By Jane D. Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. A story for girls.

HOW THE STAG IS TRACKED.

One of the attractions of holiday-making in parts of West Somerset and North Devon is the stag hunting on Exmoor, but of the many who attend a meet and watch the quarry roused and sent away with the hounds and field in hot pursuit, few know the skill required by the man whose business it is to locate the stag. Deer are not to be found at random, and were it not for the work of this official—the harbourer, as he is called—the quarry might be sought in vain (says a writer in the London Chronicle).

Whether the harbourer receives notice of the presence of a stag, or whether a meet has been arranged at one of the recognized places, is all the same to the harbourer. His business is to find out in which covert—patch of woodland or thicket—the animal has its home, so that the master knows at once where to send the "tufters"—one or two couple of steady old hounds—who will drive it out of the wood.

Needless to say, the harbourer knows every inch of the moor, is closely acquainted with the habits and favorite resorts of the deer and is on good terms with the farmers. Not only has he to find the stag, but to know it is still there on the morning of the hunt. To disturb it would be fatal, so he has to deduce its presence by the aid of the methods of the super-detective of romance.

Early on the morning of the meet he proceeds to a covert in which experience tells him a stag is likely to be found, or maybe a farmer informs him that one has been haunting his fields of late and appears to have its retreat in a certain wood. He starts by walking round the wood or thicket in search of traces of the deer. A gap in the hedge or fence calls a halt, for examination may show it is of recent origin, and therefore the place where the stag broke in or out.

An examination of the ground may reveal hoof-marks, or "slots," as they are called, and it is necessary to be sure whether they are new or old, not an easy matter after a spell of dry weather. After wet it is not difficult, as there will be a harder crust on top, and the bottom of the hoof-prints will be wetter than the top. If the stag passed that way a week ago during a wet spell and the weather has since dried, the sides will not be so clean-cut, but dry and crumbly. Vegetation that has been trodden underfoot will also give a clue, as if still fresh the stag undoubtedly passed that way the previous night.

But even more important is it to learn whether the gentleman in the covert is one of "warrantable" or huntable age, and not a hind or female. The slot of a stag is larger than that of a hind and shows other differences, while age is denoted by various peculiarities well known to the harbourer.

If for any reason he is still doubtful he looks for other signs. Deer are very destructive to crops, and he examines these in the vicinity to see what they will reveal. A stag is fond of turnips, for instance, but he does not settle down and eat all within a short radius; he walks along, pulls one out, takes a bite, and throws it over his shoulder. A hind merely nibbles the turnip without moving it, and the teethmarks may also supply information. A stag gently nibbles off the top of an ear of wheat or oats, whereas the hind takes the whole ear.

Having in this wise discovered that a warrantable stag has recently entered the wood, the harbourer must next learn whether it is still there. He walks round it looking for new gaps and examining old ones, for once a track has been made it is usually followed. The tracks will show whether the deer was coming or going, and those on opposite sides of the covert must be examined and compared to find whether they were formed at the same time, etc.

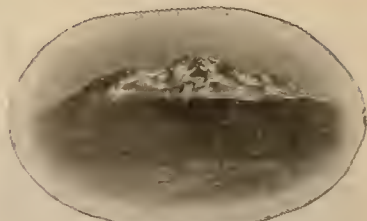
Thus early on the morning of the meet the harbourer makes his round and calls on the stag, as it were, to learn whether he is at home, though it may well be he has made a short preliminary investigation the previous evening, especially in districts where stags are less plentiful and reports of their being seen are few. But they travel long distances during the night, and it would not do to rely on a report of the previous day.

A shallow pool near the covert nearly always betrays the stag, for after his night's prowling he can rarely resist the temptation of a bath, rolling in the muddy water and rubbing himself dry against the nearest bushes. If the bark of the willows and mountain ashes has been peeled here and there quite recently, it is a pretty sure sign that the stag is not far away, and so after his round the harbourer is able to tell the master of the hounds where his quarry may be found, the tufters are sent in, the stag driven out, and the hunt begins.

Rat Prestidigitation.

How do rats carry eggs? Some time ago the query was put to the most famous of all American naturalists, John Burroughs. He admitted that he didn't know. He had heard an explanation, current among farmers, but he couldn't say that it was the correct one. The mystery of how rats carry eggs is un-

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solved "officially," after hundreds of years of conjecture. That eggs disappearing are borne off by rats is proved clearly enough by the discovery of whole uncracked eggs beneath the floors, in partitions, and other bidding places. In farming communities various theories are advanced and every now and then some one actually claims to have seen the rats at work. These eye-witnesses of the most unusual thing say the rat holds the egg between chin and forefoot, or hugged tightly between the forefeet; that he tumbles off elevations deftly, protecting the egg as he falls; that usually there is a crowd of rats about to drag the egg rat, lying on its back, by the tail across the floor to the hole.

Others say the rat carries the egg, held between the folds of skin under the chin, without assistance. The general testimony, however, would explain such a conflict of opinion. It is agreed that rats work in gangs when egg-carrying, and that it is difficult to determine from a distance exactly what they are doing among themselves. It is said there is always much squealing, but whether because some are getting hurt, or by contrast are hugely enjoying themselves, is not indicated.

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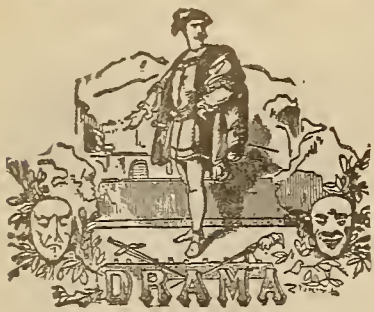
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THE PLAYERS' HOUSEWARMING.

The Players Club had its housewarming in its new theatre last week, and its friends and well-wishers found that it had excellent reason for its self-gratulatory mood. The play was "Hamlet"; an ambitious choice, but, as it turned out, well warranted. The general performance was really remarkable, considering the semi-amateur character of the company; the performance going without a hitch, the brevity of the waits being well contrived, and the punctual lights shedding beauty on every scene.

Mr. Reginald Travers did not appear in the cast, but his stamp was on it; and one felt all through the performance, when one paused to estimate or appraise, a perception of the guiding intelligence that had brought it into successful being.

Sometimes it occurs to me that these little theatres springing up all over the country often have for their leading motive a yearning for the sheer heauty which is frequently absent from the commercial theatres, whose motto is, "Let us have laughter and prettiness." It is, with some of these young people who are heading the little theatre movement, heauty of spirit that is longed for; with others it is the heauty gained by the exercise of the artistic perceptions blended with good taste. At any rate, the new theatre of the Players Club revealed itself as a little shrine of beauty. The ecclesiastical character of the church remodeled into a theatre did not conflict with the new function, but the attractive auditorium, with its Gothic arches, the rich gloom of its dark paneling, and the perception of height and space afforded by the uncovered rafters springing to the roof ridge made the rest of the place seem like an artistic complement to the stage picture. These also were beautiful with the beauty of simplicity and of artistically restrained suggestion. The Gordon Craig idea of using the same set for different scenes was followed, the necessary divergence being gained by a slight rearrangement of screens and panels, or the introduction of one or two pieces of furniture. In the graveyard scene a feeling of outdoors was achieved by introducing the blue background of the sky against which appeared a graceful arrangement of yews in outline; the mortuary mournfulness of the result being simple, poetic, and impressive.

Mr. William S. Rainey's admirers having seen him in "Matsuo," felt no apprehension as to his ability to enter into the spirit of tragedy. But they were, perhaps, scarcely pre-

pared for the evidence his acting and reading of the rôle of Hamlet gave of close, sustained, and loving study. The young player gave a genuine, an authentic Hamlet, not a pinchbeck imitation of the character, as was a Hamlet I once saw played by a veteran; or merely an intelligent reading of the part, without any feeling for romance, poetry, and the things of the spirit, as was the Hamlet of another I remember.

No; the young player feels and plays the tragedy of the play with all his heart, and it is a joy and an inspiration to him to express himself in a rôle that all young men with poetry and imagination in their souls love deeply, if not openly. And his expression was more than merely good; in reading, in action, in the emotion depicted by features, gesture, and attitude. Occasionally there was a slight over-impetuosity of reading and action, but very rarely. And, again very rarely, there was not a sufficiency of the margin created by a pause around some pregnant saying. It would, however, be strange indeed if this youth in his twenties could master the rôle so thoroughly as to satisfy entirely that intensity of idealism within us that centres around the figure of the introspective prince. For that matter, whoever did satisfy it other than Edwin Booth? But, generally speaking, Mr. Rainey has accomplished a feat in his histrionism of some magnitude, and I question if it is not possible, since he goes East to join the Henry Miller company, that he may not some day have the joy of playing this part before an Eastern audience. For he is very young yet, and has plenty of years in which to tread the heights that mount to the stars.

So, too, we may say of Mr. Travers that in putting on this play with a company untried in Shakespearean drama he also has achieved a feat in histrionism to be proud of. The long cast acquitted itself so creditably that we rarely lost the feeling of tragedy. Several of the impersonations, aside from the professional finish of Emelie Melville's excellent portrayal of the queen, merit special mention: Benjamin A. Purrington's Polonius, Carl Kroenke's gravedigger, and Marie Louise Myers' sweetly youthful and tenderly appealing Ophelia.

"LET'S GO."

Why yes, of course. We've seen it before; at the Casino. One of those formless, plotless pieces, largely composed of girls, costumes, tuneful jingles, spectacular settings, and funny men. They have been playing it in Oakland, and having utilized that proud hurg as a dog-town have now got the piece thoroughly in shape.

Of its kind "Let's Go" is very good entertainment. The girls, of whom there is a bewildering number, are young, pretty, and shapely. There are lavish revelations of their physical charms, the runway having been installed and a broad pathway huilt in a half-oval around the orchestra pit. There is the usual ingenious variety of costumes, the particular beauties of the girl contingent being particularly beautifully clad.

Then they have a prima donna. Mme. Donalds Ayer, a fine-looking woman with a good figure and stage presence, being gifted musically and dramatically, and presenting

several song numbers in a fine, well-trained voice that seems almost too good for such a light-minded show. Mme. Ayer is the central figure in the episode entitled "A Dream of the Orient," a very effective bit of stage spectacle, containing good singing, good dancing, and fine stage tableaux, all set off with well-selected Oriental music.

Fanchon and Marco, whose names figure in the title, are the star attractions, and give a series of excellent dances, the lady costumed so sumptuously that her gowns are an important part of the show. But they supplied so many principals that the two dancing favorites were hard put to it to maintain their supremacy; on the opening nights, at least.

For one, there is Harry Hines, the black-face comedian. This colloquial joker is never for a moment at a loss, and gets on the same confidential terms with the audience as Al Jolson, whose methods his are akin to. But he is no copier, being just naturally, instinctively, and perennially funny, and as quick-witted as born entertainers generally are.

Nelson and Chain also made good, in their several appearances winning the audience completely, in spite of their material having been seen comparatively recently at the Orpheum. This pair work well together, and their material is very good.

There are also Paul Ash, the ebullient jazz leader, and Dave Lerner, who sings and makes a good complement to Harry Hines in conversational fooling; also Eileen Miller of the baby voice and the dimpled knees, and a fashion show. This is called "The Débutante's Engagement Book," and shows the troupe of pretty girls emerging one by one clad in costumes appropriate to the various social activities of girls whose lives are passed in amusing themselves.

What redeems a show of this kind, spectacularly handsome though it is, from making a purely visual appeal is the element of humor which is almost perennially present. Messrs. Hines, Nelson, and Chain are therefore invaluable elements in the evening's entertainment, for an audience that laughs steadily is an audience that advertises.

FARCE AT THE ALCAZAR.

Hilarity reigns at the Alcazar this week; the hilarity induced by a particularly lively and ingenious farce. For the action of "Stop Thief!" is largely composed of a number of breathless and skillful dovetailings resulting from a series of rapid exits and entrances; the whole neatly contrived to carry on a particularly dextrous, if light and airy, plot.

Carlyle Moore, the ingenious contriver of this entertaining piece, has availed himself of the novelty of having the time necessary for the play correspond with the actual playing time of the piece. Thus, each act takes up the action of the stage picture at exactly the point left off when the curtain fell.

The company has been carefully drilled, and the numerous dovetailings referred to fitted without a break, aside from one or two of the dialogue pauses inseparable from a new production on its opening night; especially in a stock theatre like the Alcazar, where they work like nailers to have weekly changes of hill. There is plenty of work for all concerned in the piece, and it is plain to see that the company has had a particularly lively drill in being Johnny-on-the-spot.

Belle Bennett and Walter Richardson were a couple of crooks. Dear things, how tenderly we love crooks in the drama; just as warmly as we execrate them outside of it. Belle Bennett was a most fetching little crook; a trig little symphony in black and white, with her black bobbed curls and a maid's correct black and white harness. And she hit on a quick, crisp, breathless style of enunciation which was well adapted to the rôle, and cleverly remote from her usual style of speech.

Walter Richardson was the genial crook with a sense of humor, a ready wit, and the usual intention to keep straight after a final haul, necessary to oil the wheels running along the straight and narrow. The actor had plenty to keep him busy, and his plastic features were kept on the run adjusting themselves to the breathless shifts required of facile Jack Doogan, as he figured by turns as honest man and thief. How amusing it is in pieces of this kind to discover how easily a clever playwright and attractive players can corrupt our ethics, and make us long for the thieves to escape with the swag. Although, in truth, we didn't exactly know what we did want, the adroit author keeping us vibrating between a benevolent interest in the two thieves and a state of amused concern lest the emhroglio of the disappearing wedding presents might not finally be straightened out to the benefit of the bewildered Carr family.

The company did good work in keeping our sympathies in an ohfuscated condition, the Carr family being sufficiently attractive to gain our friendly regard, and to serve as powerful rivals to the engaging pair of crooks. Just about the full strength of the company was necessary to present the piece, and to a man they deserve commendation for the con-

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scientious, attentive, and exact work that we scarcely realize underlies the frolicsome atmosphere of a farce of this type.

The two girls, Emily Pinter and Jean Oliver, looked pretty and attractive in their wedding finery, both girls being the hlest possessor of a good figure, and the ability to wear pretty clothes with smartness. All the same, though, Emily Pinter ought to take a course of sprouts from a physical culture teacher and learn to carry her height more proudly.

Vaughan Morgan and Al Cunningham, as two guileless beings who were hamboozled into believing themselves to be kleptomaniacs, were indispensable in keeping the hall of mirth merrily rolling. There is a lot of smart, snappy dialogue throughout the piece, in the rendering of which the company acquitted itself well, and in fact there was a general air of competence over the whole performance.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Now will some one please rise to explain why, in the name of consistency, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra authorities



XXX.

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The same people who rightly say that wages should advance with increase in cost of living are apt to think that water rates should remain unchanged. Yet the water rates which formerly enabled a company to maintain its credit and finance improvements may be entirely inadequate to do so now.

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JESSICA COLBERT, Business Manager

provide the public with programme notes, since there is not a sufficiency of light to read them by? We receive our programmes, we remark with satisfaction that there are some explanatory, possibly interpretative, or at least informational notes, and with our artless American frenzy for enlightenment we proceed to read them, or to try to. The only way I could even approximately read mine was by holding it a foot higher than my head, in order to corral a few wandering rays of light that didn't know any better. Now this is manifestly absurd; a very misplaced hit of economy, since these concerts are being splendidly patronized. Therefore I protest, and exhort the peeved ladies and gentlemen around me who were complaining bitterly to do likewise; either by word of mouth, or by availing themselves of that panacea of all ills, expressed in the oracular phrase, "write to the newspapers."

The war is over, and the exaltation of mood induced by it has gone. Therefore the applause for the superb reading of "The Star-Spangled Banner" seemed strangely perfunctory, during last Sunday's concert, under the circumstances. When Hertz came around in respect to giving our national anthem he did it with wholesale thoroughness, for rarely have we heard this great battle hymn rise to such dramatic expression as he can draw from his orchestra.

The overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute" was an appropriate opening number, its fairy music rendered with exquisite daintiness, lightness, and gaiety. The Busoni "Symphonic Suite" intervened with harmonious effect between the fairy-like delicacy of the overture and the intricate harmonies of the Cesar Franck D minor symphony. The Busoni suite follows tradition closely, but beautifully, and little though it is known here, its varied beauties make a special appeal to the appreciation of the listeners, who responded to the Gallic grace and charm of the Gavotte and the vivacious Gigue with a cordiality that seemed heightened when the orchestra had rendered the more tranquil and serious Intermezzo. It is a stimulating public that goes to these concerts; one that, on the whole, has

been moulded into musical appreciators by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, although the beginnings were during the Exposition. And the public has learned to appreciate the fine shades of the orchestra's work; the military precision which its leader exacts in respect to time and tone, softened by the splendid dramatic values which Hertz can always he relied on to develop.

A FRENCH FARCE.

Mr. André Ferrier, who can sing, play, teach, lecture, and contrive hand-made scenery, and a *mise-en-scène* at a pinch, can also write plays, as witness "La Noce du Poilu Lepinard." This is a very hilarious piece, its motive centring in the rueful possibilities inherent in prohibition. Mr. Ferrier has proved himself to be an expert retailer of verbal quips and cranks, and last Saturday night the large audience assembled passed a very hilarious evening in listening to them. The French turned out in force, solidly filling the large auditorium of the Scottish Rite hall.

Although Mr. Ferrier was indisposed he played the title-role with almost his usual vivacity, and if he had a cold his voice did not show it. Mme. Ferrier shone especially in her spirited impersonation of Mme. Eugénie Buffet, the favorite war entertainer at the French trenches. The Ferriers were supported by that charming little singer and actress, Mlle. Michèle, and a full-voiced chorus of young men and women, pupils, probably, of the Ferriers, rendered a number of lively choruses, such of the music as was not selected from outside sources being composed for the occasion by M. Ad. Locher. Mr. Ferrier's piece needed lopping off at the end, there being quite too much material for one occasion. This the author no doubt realized through the test afforded by a public performance. As to the laugh-provoking possibilities, they were firmly established from the start; so much so that it seemed as if the piece, properly clipped and pruned, should be worthy of repetition on some other auspicious occasion.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

Most emphatic has been the triumph of the new Fanchon and Marco revue, "Let's Go!" at the Curran, where the fascinating show is hooked for but this and next week.

Naturally the principal honors go to Fanchon and Marco, who are seen to better advantage than ever before. Harry Hines, a blackface comedian with a manner all his own, is responsible for much of the performance. Hines tells stories and patters in an inimitable way, and he has the faculty of putting over a song in wonderful fashion.

Nelson and Chain, the breezy comiques; Mme. Donald Ayer, celebrated prima donna; Dave Lerner, Eileen Miller, and the other favorites contribute much to the general gaiety.

The famous farce, "She Walked in Her Sleep," with Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, comes on Sunday, November 9th.

The Alcazar.

One of the most delightful comedies of the past decade, "The Country Cousin," from the pen of Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, will be the offering of the New Alcazar company for the week starting next Sunday matinee.

The story opens in a quaint New England town, revealing types that never fail to appeal. Then it suddenly shifts to a fashionable Eastern watering resort, to the home of a millionaire. How the simple yet sophisticated "country cousin" holds her own against a set of rich snobs and through the keenness of her humor and splendid common sense, as well as shrewdness, defeats their schemes to rob and spoil a foolish little girl, holds the interest in an irresistible grip. The humor is predominant at all times, taking precedence over the more serious situations.

In the part made famous by Alexandria Carlisle, Belle Bennett will find opportunities that do not frequently come her way. Walter P. Richardson as George Tewksbury Reynolds, who starts out to be a snob, but is properly reformed, should delight Alcazar patrons. The production is to be lavishly staged.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be an exceptionally fine one.

The United States Jazz Band, which is the headline attraction, is composed of twenty-five former enlisted men in the navy and organized and conducted by Ensign Alf J. Moore. When war was declared Mr. Moore was in the House of Representatives in the State of Massachusetts and as a state official was exempt from the draft. But Mr. Moore is not that kind of an American and he went to the Charleston Navy Yard and enlisted. His ability as a musician was discovered and the jazz band was the result.

Al-Lydell and Carleton Macy, exceptionally

clever character comedians, will appear in a little musical comedy by John J. McGowan named "Old Cronies."

Leona Stevens and Len D. Hollister, who have gained success on the legitimate stage, will appear in a little playlet called "Out in California."

Albert Rappaport, the Russian tenor, whose efforts have previously been confined to the operatic and concert stages, where he has met with great success, will make his debut in vaudeville and will be heard in the most popular grand opera numbers.

Jimmy Savo, assisted by Joan Frank, will appear in a laughable skit which he calls "A Salvo of Screams." He is an eccentric comedian and dancer.

Rohie Gordone, who will be seen in character studies and poses, is not only an artist, but also a beautiful woman.

Ergotti's Lilliputians are three tiny wonders with astounding gymnastic feats.

Eddie Weher and Marion Ridnor are youthful prodigies who never fail to make a great hit through their singing and dancing.

The only holdover will be Saranoff, Billy Abbott and the Winter Garden Violin Girls.

Second "Pop" Concert of New Season.

A most attractive programme of light masterpieces is announced for the second "Pop" concert of the new season, to be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Curran Theatre on Sunday afternoon, November 2d, beginning at 2:30 o'clock precisely.

The programme will be opened by one of Mendelssohn's masterpieces, his overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It will be followed by the Andante Cantabile movement, that with the famous French horn solo, from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

Two perennial favorites follow, Bizet's suite from "Carmen," comprising the prelude and entire act music from the opera, and Liszt's Second Rhapsody.

Two paraphrases by Frederick Stock, always welcome compositions, will come next—Beethoven's Minuet and Dvorak's Humoresque.

Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" will bring the concert to a conclusion.

The third pair of symphonies will be played on Friday and Sunday afternoons, November 7th and 9th, in the Curran Theatre. The symphony will be Beethoven's Eighth, in F major. Brahms' "Tragic Overture" will be the opening number.

Two Liadow compositions will be balanced as a and b parts of the second number. They are "The Enchanted Lake," a short, dream-like work played by the orchestra in pianissimo, and "Kikimora," based on an old Russian folk tale.

Tickets are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where reservations may be made for all events of the San Francisco Symphony.

American Syncopated Orchestra.

To hear the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers, appearing here on Monday evening, November 10th, at the Exposition Auditorium, in one of its versatile programmes, is to learn something novel about music—to have jaded sensibilities quickened into new life and to find that lilting melody of an entirely new order is being interpreted by these clever negro artists under the direction of Will Marion Cook.

Their programmes present a riot of harmony in which each number accentuates the originality in rendition of the others. To all the tone color of a symphony programme is added the inimitable rhythm contained in the old negro spirituals. It is essentially American-made music for Americans, since many of the typical Southern plantation melodies, endeared to the present generation by the jubilee singers of hygone days have been orchestrated and thus preserved in semi-classical form.

Rudolph Ganz.

Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, will be heard in recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Friday evening, November 14th. Mr. Ganz has a most amiable, winning personality and with none of the idiosyncrasies popularly supposed to be inseparable from greatness in the world of musical art.

Live Stock and Horse Show.

What promises to become a very successful annual event in the annals of San Francisco is the first California International Live Stock and Horse Show, which will open this Saturday, November 1st, for eight days, in the California Building on the old Exposition grounds. It will include the most complete exhibition of the live stock resources of the Pacific Coast ever assembled and the very best of every improved breed of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and goats has been entered. Every allied industry will be represented, and the dairy division, with its world-famous cattle and its exhibits of dairy products, will make it the "National Dairy Show of the West."

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The Horse Show, which will take place every night except Sunday, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, November 5th and 8th, will be of particular interest to fanciers of hooded stock. World-famed horses will be exhibited in competition, furnishing educational amusement features that will be made into a different programme for each performance. The show will take place in a wonderful arena, built in the west wing of the building and surrounded by over five thousand seats, including about eighty boxes.

Reserved seats for any performance at the Horse Show may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

"I have slavishly followed your scientific course in chicken culture, but I don't get any eggs." "That's the only flaw in the whole hamed proposition," said the man who wrote the hook.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The height of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is as many feet as there are days in the year.

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CURRAN THEATRE

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Programme—Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Andante Cantabile No. 5, Tchaikowsky; "Carmen" Suite, Bizet; Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt; Minuet, Beethoven; Humoresque, Dvorak; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. (No War Tax.) Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre on concert days only.

Next—Nov. 7 and 9, 3d Pair Symphonies.

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Tickets now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Usual prices, war tax 10 per cent. extra. (Steinway Piano)

VANITY FAIR.

It was late and the homeward-bound rush at its worst when a white-haired woman—the kind that an accident report would feature as “well dressed”—managed to wedge herself into a Brooklyn huddle-car the other afternoon. Says Joan Benedict in the *New York Evening Post*, “Breathless from tactics that would have done credit to a semi-professional halfback, the woman opened her purse, gazed therein, and those crushed closest to her heard a frightened little ‘Oh!’ As the crush forced her within hearing of the conductorette, ‘Could you,’ asked the woman, a greenback between her fingers, ‘could you change a five-dollar bill?’ The conductorette, a blithe young Irishwoman, shook her head. ‘That’ll be all right,’ she said affably, ‘don’t let a little thing like a nickel worry you.’ ‘You see, I meant to get it changed before I boarded the car,’ explained the white-haired woman. ‘but I forgot. And such trouble as I had getting on! I had to let ever so many cars go by. And once I was on it would have been almost as hard to get off.’ ‘That’s all right,’ repeated the conductorette, even more affably. ‘You go ahead and find a seat—if any of these gentlemen can let you have one.’ ‘Wasn’t it beautiful?’ said a woman observer in recounting the incident at her own dinner-table. ‘No longer can men say that there’s no solidarity among women. And not a single man upon that crowded car offered to change that dear old woman’s five-dollar bill. I think it’s real mean in the traction companies to take off the conductorettes.’

“You do, do you?” returned the man of the house. “Well, all I have to say is that if the conductorettes are in the habit of doing that sort of thing, the sooner the traction companies are rid of them the better! Solidarity among women, as you call it and as practiced by the conductorettes, is one reason, probably, for the traction service being in the condition that it is. My only comfort is that the incident you’ve just related is one in 10,000, a million, maybe.” “Well, I must confess,” conceded the observer, “that I wouldn’t have liked it if, instead of a trolley fare, it had been a case of my tea or coffee; and that’s the kind of lot that conductorette looked as if she’d been in the habit of dealing with to show off her ‘solidarity among women.’”

Emmy Destinn has returned to America with a distinct sense of grievance. Born in Austria, but living in America, she had returned to Bohemia on a visit immediately before the outbreak of the war. She was arrested as soon as hostilities had begun on the ground that she had taken out her first naturalization papers in America and was therefore an American citizen, a point that would certainly be disputed by an American jurist. She was not only arrested, but interned, al-

though her internment was only of a nominal kind. She was ordered to stay in her castle—it seems she had a castle in Austria—but she was allowed to fish and to sing to the peasants, and twice she was allowed to go under guard to Vienna to give concerts. Indeed she seems to have had quite an easy time of it, but that does not lessen her indignation. Speaking to a representative of the *New York Globe*, she said: “It was too bad, because I had taken out my first papers declaring my intention to become an American citizen. Now if Emmy Destinn had actually avowed such an intention as this we can hardly wonder that she was interned. What will these women do next?”

They have an economy campaign in England, and public officials who are entitled to the use of automobiles are hastening to give them up. The example might be followed by some of our city officials, although no one has ever heard of their giving up anything unless it was pried loose with a crowbar.

Among the more prominent renouncers is Sir Douglas Haig, who promptly surrendered the automobile that he had used in France. This, of course, was a war trophy of the first magnitude, and it was promptly sold for nearly \$20,000 to a wholesale confectioner who believes he can use it to advantage in his business. Winston Churchill comes next on the list of self-sacrifice. He sold his automobile and bought a Ford, and Lloyd George has turned in his official car and will henceforth furnish his own transportation.

The idea, of course, is a good one. A little self-sacrifice might help the alleged souls of a good many of us, but perhaps a still wiser economy would suggest the prudence of saving the time of the prime minister as much as possible, at least to the extent of relieving him from the worries of automobile ownership. But then we always travel a little too fast when once we set out for the kingdom of heaven.

After all, there may be something in gentle blood, although it has small consideration in a world that is being made safe for democracy. But it seems from the bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture that there is such a thing as gentle blood in horses, so one fails to see why we may not look for it also in human beings. Thus we find that there is a general division into thoroughbreds and scrubs. We all of us know what a thoroughbred is, and in a general way we know what a scrub is, but it seems there are several kinds of scrubs. For example, there is the razorhack, the dunghill, and the pineywoods. At least this agricultural bulletin has increased our vocabulary and we intend to make use of the new words so generously furnished. In a general way we know that there are thoroughbreds among human beings, and

we are painfully certain that there are scrubs among them, although it may be undemocratic to say so. But henceforth we shall classify certain human beings as razorhacks, dunghills, and pineywoods. The general designation of scrub covers them all, but where it seems advisable to particularize we shall take a peculiar delight in employing the vivid terminology supplied by the Department of Agriculture.

The woman’s column of a *New York newspaper* waxed eloquent over the costume of the Queen of the Belgians. It was “just as fancy might picture a queen so endeared to democracy.” She wore “precisely the clothes we would have had her wear—just as everything she has done, both as queen and woman, has been precisely as we would have had her do.”

With all possible respect, may we rise to remark Tommyrot? What is a costume to be worn by those “endeared to democracy”? If we may accept the specifications furnished by this gushing scribe it would seem that very few of the “common people” could rise to such sartorial heights. One would suppose that the queen was expected to wear leopard skins and to prance about on an elephant. She wore, we are told, an “all-white costume topped with white feather toque wound with fleeciest veils half hiding her face and floating about her figure.” There was also the “dark brown of hat, shoes, and fur-trimmed velvet coat contrasting with a frock of gold-colored satin and a long necklace of pearls.” And then there was “the turban of gold gauze, one long green feather drooping over the queen’s shoulder, but which feather in no way detracted from the effect the whole gave of being a crown.”

Let us hope that our wives will not be moved to dress in so democratic a way. We simply can not afford it.

QUALITIES OF A GENERAL.

“Most generals know that it is more important to deliver the goods than it is to look the part,” writes “One Who Was One” in the *Home Sector*, the ex-soldiers’ magazine conducted by the former editorial council of the *Stars and Stripes*. “And those who failed to appreciate this fundamental fact soon lost the chance to do either—especially in France.”

According to the high-ranking writer of this article, “a general is not encouraged to have ideas—he is expected to have them. He can not ‘pass the buck’—he’s a dead one if he tries to.”

“Being a general is not hard work—in fact you find that many of the tasks which formerly required hours of effort are now accomplished by the expression of a wish. Somebody else does the work. If you can not do these you fail, and your failure may mean slaughter to the men you command, and disaster instead of victory for the division you are part of. You will be awake many hours when even colonels (the next most wakeful grade) are asleep. And you can not let sleeplessness make you grouchy or shake your optimism. Cheerfulness and an air of confidence are essential tributes to a successful commander.”

There are compensations, the general states, in attaining the rank of general of a division overseas. One enjoys greater freedom. He enjoys the comforts of a Cadillac, after being bumped along the turnpikes of France in a much smaller car. “You are frequently asked to represent your army at dinners and other functions,” he continues, “and this, in France, brings you in touch with that infinitely charming life of the leading classes in the smaller communities.”

In speaking of the reduction in rank of officers on return from overseas the general says there is a bit of pathos in the situation. According to the writer, “the work you have done, the place you have filled, compared with the task you can give with your reduced rank and in time of peace, tends to depress you a little and to take from you that very spirit which made you sufficiently valuable to be given great responsibilities in time of stress.”

He adds, “Some friends, in kindness, continue to address your mail as ‘General,’ and it is forwarded to you with the ‘General’ crossed out and your present rank written on. Neither friends nor the mailing clerk at the A. G. O. will permit you to forget.”

In a speech on the railroad situation in Germany the Prussian minister of public works said that in the last financial year there was a working loss on the Prussian railways of 2,403,000,000 marks, while at present the railways have a daily deficit of 10,000,000 marks. Passenger traffic has shrunk to 15 per cent. of the peace-time traffic, and express trains to 4 per cent. of the pre-war number.

Health authorities of Saranac Lake in New York declare that this probably is the first “flyless town” in the world. Despite unusually hot weather in June and July, there were hardly any more flies in the town than most places have in January. It cost about \$1000 to eradicate the fly nuisance, which was accomplished by requiring that manure be screened and frequently removed.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old soldier who fought at Gettysburg says that during the thickest of the fight he was impressed by a sign posted on a tree reading: "No shooting on these premises under penalty of the law."

A lone motor cyclist, hot, goggled, dusty, and hatless, stopped at a wayside inn for refreshments and ordered doughnuts and iced tea. "Two washers for a nut!" cried the waiter on his way to the kitchen for the tea.

Upon being asked why he deserted, a negro replied: "Well, suh, them scarpnell didn't scare me none, and I wasn't much afear'd of them ginades, but when a white man says them is goin' to shoot a garage at me, ma feet just take me away from there."

During a brawl in a Chicago resort an Irishman got poked in the eye with a stick, and he immediately started proceedings against the offender. "Come now," said the magistrate, "you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out?" "No, I don't," said the Celt, "but I do believe he tried to put it farther in."

Last winter a woman passenger on an Eastern railway asked the porter why the train had stopped between stations. "Oh," said Rastus, "the engineer done found a broken rail." "Well," said the woman, "why stop for that? Do the passenger trains on this road stop to pick up every broken rail they find along the track?"

When George Bernard Shaw produced his play, "Androcles," the house rose at the fall of the curtain and the author was brought on the stage to howl to the storm of applause. A solitary man in the gallery shouted, "I call it rot." "My friend," said G. B. S., "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many of a contrary opinion?"

A Memorial Day address at Northfield Falls, in Massachusetts, contained the following mixed grill of similitudes: "Our glorious republic is now clouded by a greater earthquake than the chain of Prussian autocracy in the form of the crouching lion of the East—Bolshevism. Now is the time for each of us to crush this poisonous serpent beneath our heel."

At an engineer's shop in the East the proprietor had one man upon whom he could rely for being punctual to his time. Just recently he has fallen from this habit and on several occasions has been late. He was behind time a few mornings ago and the prop-

prietor called him into his office. "Can't you manage to get her at your old times, James, as you used to do?" he said. "I can't sleep nights now, sir, and it makes me late sometimes, but I will try and alter it," replied the man. "If it is sleeplessness you suffer from, James, why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause?" "Oh, I know the cause, sir; it is six weeks old."

As an old negro hoarded a Capitol car in Oklahoma City, Judge Pitchford of the Supreme Court, who was sitting in the colored section of the car, got up and gave the old darky his seat. "Who is yo'?" inquired the surprised negro. "I'm just a plain, common kind of a man," replied the judge. "Yassah, I kin see that," said the old uncle, "but I means what's yo' name?"

"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," sang the little hoy at the Ragged School treat. But somehow his version of that line in "Kathleen Mavourneen" jarred on the nerves of the teacher. "My little man," she said kindly, "why don't you put a few more aitches in your song?" "Garn," advised the little man, politely. "Don't you know there aint no 'h' in moosic? It only goes up ter G."

A little soldier from Harlem was listening with open mouth to a Scotchman from Glasgow, who was living things up a hit in the Salvation Army hut just back of the lines. One of his "huddies" asked him the reason the expression of awe on his countenance. "What's the matter, Ahey, didn't you get the joke?" he asked. "I don't know nottin' about no joke," was the answer, "but Gawd, how that guy can imitate Harry Lauder!"

"Pa," said a young lady to her farmer dad, "I wish you wouldn't say 'I seen.' I don't know how many times, pa, I've corrected you on that." "Now, Mamie, you look-a here," said the old man, shoveling a generous piece of peach pie into his mouth with his knife, "you make yer livin' by good grammar and eddication, but yer ma and me, we're obliged to take in summer boarders, and, by jiminy, they demand the dialect if they pay the rates."

The valued cook of a certain family has been in the same situation for years, and the other afternoon the mistress of the house visited the kitchen and said: "You know, Mary, we are all very fond of you. I hope you like your present room and are content with your wages. I am thinking of giving you one of my silk petticoats." Whereupon the cook's eyes widened, and she answered her mistress: "Oh, mum, how ever many people have you been an' gone an' asked to dinner now?"

A portly Dutchwoman applied to the post-office for a money order to send to her son in the Far East. She told the clerk she had left her son's letter at home, but said he was "some place out in China dot sounds like der noise an automobile makes." The clerk smiled and turning to another clerk, he said: "What kind of a noise does an automobile make, Joe?" "Honk, honk!" the other suggested. "Yah, dot's it," exclaimed the woman, her face brightening. "Honk honk, dot's der place." So the clerk made the order payable to Hongkong and the woman went away happy.

"Scientific management," said Senator Cummins, "came from Germany. It is of no real good, because it ignores the human element in workmen. Every scientific management sharp butts up, sooner or later, against the human element. 'Look here, my man,' a scientific management chap said to a hod-carrier, 'let me show you how to pack those bricks in your hod. You don't place them right. You should do it this way. There—see that? By this new scientific method you actually get eight more bricks in the hod. 'Yes, I know,' said the hod-carrier. 'But I like the old way best.' 'Why? Great Caesar's ghost! Eight more bricks, I tell you? Why? 'Because the hod's easier to carry the old way, boss.'"

A colonel of a negro regiment coming in about 10:30 o'clock was duly challenged by the sentry and responded: "Colonel —, officer in charge of the camp." The sentry tried his best to pierce the darkness, gave it up, and finally said: "Look heah, man, you-all is de fo'th man what's done tried to make me think he's Colonel —. Go away wid dat stuff." The colonel pretty warmly reaffirmed that he was Colonel —. The guard, unabashed, told him to step up so that he could see him. The colonel walked up in a rage, and imagine the consternation when the sentry took hold of the silver eagle on his shoulder, looked up at him with a grin on his face, and said: "Oh, Lawsy! 'Tis de ole bird, aint it?"

Senator Borah was discussing one of the German counter-propositions. "The spirit of the thing," he said, "reminds me of old man Green. Old man Green's house was overrun

with rats, and he hired a rat-catcher for \$2 to clean the rodents out. The rat-catcher worked like a Trojan. He killed a whole packing-case of rats. Then he said to the old man: 'There you are, Mr. Green. My job is done. You'll have no more trouble with rats, and you needn't bother about these here dead ones, neither. I'll cart 'em away myself.' 'How much do I owe you, friend?' asked old man Green. 'Two simoleons, like what was agreed on, boss.' Then the old man pointed to the huge packing-case and said in a protesting voice: 'Don't I get nothing for all them rats?'

The quartet of managers who carried their side of the strike to the newspaper offices of New York when the conflict with the actors was beginning are themselves responsible for the following tale: The party, consisting of David Belasco, E. H. Sothern, George Broadhurst, and Harrison Grey Fiske, had reached the anteroom of a certain newspaper office when they were confronted with the usual office boy. "Who d'ye want to see?" he asked them. "The managing editor," was the reply. "What's your names?" came next. "David Belasco, E. H. Sothern, George Broadhurst, and Harrison Grey Fiske." But the names meant nothing in the life of the office boy. "And you want to see the managing editor?" he asked again. "That is correct," said Mr. Belasco, "All four of you want to see him?" "Yes." The boy paused long enough to let his gaze roam appraisingly over the quartet. "Well, what do you want to do?" he asked. "Sing to him?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Stickpin.

Hen Bilkins is a thrifty man
Possessed of foresight great,
He had to buy his wife a gift
To mark their wedding date.
But did he get a brooch of gems
And golden filagree,
Or bracelet watch, or pendant starred
With diamonds? Not he!

Behold! he got a stickpin set
With jewels rich and rare,
A flashing horseshoe that would suit
A sporty millionaire.
He gave it to his flattered spouse
And kissed her beaming brow;
She wore it proudly for a week,
But Henry wears it now.

—Minna Irving, in New York Sun.

Seafam.

There was an old man with a raft,
Who remarked, "Though my friends think me
daft,
I would cross the great sea;
But I can not, ah, me!
For I don't know the fore from the aft!"

And a second old man with a scow,
Said, "I wish I could really tell how
I could stop the commotion
Of the too-restless ocean.
I would cross were it not for that How!"

There was likewise a man who said, "Who
Can I get to cross in my canoe?
I would willingly go
With a comrade or so,
But the question that puzzles is, Who?"

Said another man with a yacht,
"I am sorry I can not tell what
I should do in a gale,
If I met a huge whale.
I'll stay home since I don't like that What!"

There was also a man who said, "If
One could go out to sea in a skiff,
There's no reason I know
Why a man should not go;
And I'd go were it not for that If!"

And another old man with a punt
Said, "You know it is really no stunt
To cross over the deep,
If a close watch you keep;
And some day I will go or I won't!"
—Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in New York Evening Post.

"Shingles" as an Art Critic.

In a downtown art store not a hundred miles from City Hall may be seen frequently a man who poses as an art critic, and he is no mean judge of a painting either, but his ideas are somewhat crude, yet at times original and amusing. He is wealthy and takes delight in purchasing what strikes his fancy regardless of the price. He is called "Shingles," a name given him because he paid \$50 for a crude sketch of a bundle of shingles made by a scene-painter in an uptown theatre during an idle moment and turned into the art store on a bet with a fellow-employee that some "booh" would pay at least a dollar for it.

"Shingles" was looking at a beautiful wood scene the other day and remarked that he wouldn't "give a nickel for it" because some of the trees at the top of the picture did not show to their full length.

"If I buy a picture with a tree in it I want the whole tree, I don't want half a tree," he said. "A nice big tree is a beautiful sight and a chap who can paint one that is up to date can get my money, but I won't give a cent for a painting with half a tree in it or a broken-down one that looks as if it was struck

by lightning'. Same with a picture of a woman. What's the use of putting a hat on a woman? A woman's hat goes out of style every three months and then your picture is out of style. I bought one once and I gave it away in six months after I bought it because I figured that the thing was out of date.

"I believe in originality in art. The boys laugh at me because I bought that picture of a bundle of shingles. Now, that is original. A painter who has the nerve to paint a picture of a bundle of shingles is original. Did you ever see one before?"

"Say, 'Shingles,'" said a listener, "that's out of style now? You ought to get a picture of a bundle of roofing tin; that's the latest thing in roofing material."—New York Evening Post.

Bill Pickens was promoting a match between Barney Oldfield and Ralph de Palma in Atlanta a couple of years ago for the "world's championship." He had the town, from the negro washers in the garages to the bankers, split fifty-fifty in the selection of a favorite. A negro porter from the Packard agency and one from the Firestone tire branch colored aid, both intense partisans of their respective idols, were engaged in a wordy war over who was the most popular of the famous pair. "Mistah Barney may be oldes' racah, but Mistah Ralph is de man who's goin' to influence de folk to pay silvah dollahs to git in de dai' groun's," declaimed the Packard henchman. "Say, hoy!" promptly came back the Firestone standard-bearer, "Mistah Oldfel' done kilt moh peoples 'an Mistah de Palma evah raced hefo'."

In 1916 there were 72,000 divorces granted in the United States, the record among civilized nations being surpassed only by Japan.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department: *

The marriage of Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Cowles and Major John Creed, U. S. A., was solemnized Monday at St. Mary's Cathedral, Rev. Charles Ramm officiating. Neither bride nor groom was attended. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of Mrs. James Marvin Curtis. Mrs. Creed is the daughter of Mr. Paul Cowles of Chicago. Major and Mrs. Creed have left for Camp Gordon, Georgia, where they will reside.

Dr. and Mrs. James Ward have announced the engagement of Miss Helen Johnson and Lieutenant Philip Emerich, U. S. N., of Washington, who is stationed at Mare Island. Their marriage will take place within a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bliss gave a ball Friday evening at the Fairmont for their debutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Bliss. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles gave a dinner before the ball for Miss Bliss, having among their guests Miss Harriet Patterson, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Mora MacDonald, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Louise Howard, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Mr. Harold Davis, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Guy Earl, Jr., Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. James Tietzen, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Duncan McLeish, and Mr. Blair Brook.

Mr. James Beck of New York was the guest of honor at a dinner given Thursday evening by Mrs. Clara Darling at the Stewart Hotel.

Mrs. Stuart Haldon entertained at luncheon Friday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. Frank Preston of Medford, Oregon, Mrs. Daulton Mann, Mrs. Frank Judge, and Mrs. Willard Drown.

Mrs. David Neustadter entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a dinner last Saturday evening in Burlingame, her guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton of New York, Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Helen Crocker,

Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. George Howard, Jr., Captain Ronald Banon, Mr. Joseph Moody, and Mr. Archibald Johnson.

Baron and Baroness J. C. Van Eck gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Fairmont for Mrs. James Stark of Boston and Miss Gertrude Tower.

Mrs. Hall McAllister gave a luncheon a few days ago for Miss Frederika Otis, having among her guests Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Gertrude Creswell, Miss Maria Benard of Nicaragua, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. Gordon Armsby gave a picnic luncheon Sunday at Lake Pillaritas. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Miss Gertrude Tower of Boston, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mrs. Walter Foster of Seattle gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, having as her guests Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. L. H. Gordon, Mrs. M. P. Jones, and Miss Helen Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore gave a dinner Thursday at the Fairmont, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble, Miss Mary Armsby, Miss Alice Palmer, Miss Marguerite Raas, Mr. Uda Waldrop, Mr. Lloyd Hardie, and Mr. Ralph Palmer.

Miss Marion Huntington gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club for Miss Hildreth Meiere. Among the guests were Mrs. George Crothers, Mrs. Walter Gibbons, Mrs. Harry Davis, Mrs. Otis Burrage, Mrs. Wilder Bowers, and Miss Marcia Fee.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Stark of Boston. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Baron and Baroness Van Eck, Miss Marion Zeile, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Mrs. Hays Smith gave a dinner Wednesday evening, her guests having been Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Walter Filer, and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Garrett McEnerney gave a luncheon Friday at the Palace in honor of the Misses Mildred and Sallie Calhoun of Kentucky. Those asked to greet the guests of honor were Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mrs. Leonard Abbott, Miss Louisiana Foster, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Miss Margaret Monroe gave a dinner Saturday evening, with her guests later attending the debutante hall of Miss Elizabeth Bliss.

Sir Walter Peck and Lady Peck of London gave a luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George Crothers gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Vere de Vere Adams gave a luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont. Her guests included Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Mrs. Scott Douglas McCoy of Philadelphia, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Hoyt Perry of Connecticut, Mrs. John Earl, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Mora MacDonald, Miss Katherine Shoemaker, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Carolyn Shoemaker, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Clare Knight, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Schatze Adams, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Cora McCormick, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Cornelia Clappett, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Mrs. Ira Pierce gave a bridge party recently for Mrs. George D. Ali of New York.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon last week at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Helen Foster of Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner

Thursday evening, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Stark of Boston, Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman, Baron and Baroness Van Eck, Miss Helen Garritt, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Commander and Mrs. J. M. Poole gave a dinner Thursday at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller gave a dinner-dance Monday evening in compliment to Miss Marguerite Raas and Mr. Uda Waldrop.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris were the guests of honor at a dinner given Monday night in Piedmont by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bray and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained a group of friends at luncheon Sunday in Burlingame.

Mrs. George Marye gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests including Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Butler Breeden, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Miss Lucy Hanchett gave a luncheon a few days ago at the Ingleside Golf Club in honor of Mrs. P. M. Hamilton of New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Remonstrance.

I was at peace until you came
And set a careless mind aflame.
I lived in quiet; cold, content;
All longing in safe banishment;
Until your ghostly lips and eyes
Made wisdom unwise.

Naught was in me to tempt your feet
To seek a lodging. Quite forgot
Lay the sweet solitude we two
In childhood used to wander through.
Time's cold had closed my heart about,
And shut you out.

Well, and what then? . . . O vision grave,
Take all the little all I have!
Strip me of what in voiceless thought
Life's kept of life, unhoped, unsought!—
Reverie and dream that memory must
Hide deep in dust!

This only I say: Though cold and bare
The haunted house you have chosen to share,
Still 'neath its walls the moonbeam goes
And trembles on the untended rose;
Still o'er its broken roof-tree rise
The starry arches of the skies;
And 'neath your lightest word shall be
The thunder of an ehing sea.
—From "Molloy and Other Poems," by Walter de la Mare. Published by Henry Holt & Co.

What Do I Care.

What do I care, in the dreams and the languor of
spring,
That my songs do not show me at all?
For they are a fragrance, and I am a flint and a
fire;
I am an answer, they are only a call.
What do I care—for love will be over so soon—
Let my heart have its say, and my mind stand
idly by.
For my mind is proud, and strong enough to be
silent—
It is my heart that makes my songs, not I.
—Sara Teasdale, in "Poetry."

Arab Song.

When her eyes' sudden challenge first halted my
feet on the path,
I stood like a shivering caught fugitive, and
strained at my breath,
And the Truth in her eyes was the portent of
Love and of Death,
For I am of the tribe of Ben Asra, who die when
they love.
O you who have faded because girls were con-
temptuous and cold,
I pitted you; but mine I have won, and her breast
I enfold
Despairing, and in agony long for the thing that I
hold:
For I am of the tribe of Ben Asra, who die when
they love.
She is fair; and her eyes in her hair are like stars
in a stream.
She is kind: never vaporous sleep-eddy maid in
a dream
Leaning over my darkness-drowned pillow more
tender did seem.
But her beauty and sweetness are as blasts from
the sands of the South.
Drink me, palsy me, flay me, bleed my veins, chain
my limbs, choke my mouth,
And make salt to my lips the wine that should
temper my drouth:
For I am of the tribe of Ben Asra, who die when
they love.
Death must come: it were best by a knife in her
hand or my own.
She'd not strike, and I dare not, but here, as I
wander alone,
Should the wood topple over at a beast flying out
like a stone
I shall smile in its face at her image hending
down from the sky,
And its teeth in my neck will be hers, and its
snarls as I die
Will be gentle and sweet to my ears as the voice
of the dove:
For I am of the tribe of Ben Asra, who die when
they love.
—From "Poems," by J. C. Squire. Published by
Alfred A. Knopf.

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tizky, Dohnanyi, Ganz, and Busoni. Rudolph
Ganz is particularly enthusiastic about it; also
about Clutman's new action (cradle keys), con-
cerning which he writes in the *Etude* that it
makes the singing tone more sensitive and
varied, and makes repetition technic an en-
joyable pastime. The inventor has refused
to sell his patents to any one manufacturer
exclusively, and they are likely to share the
fate of the Janko keyboard, on which two
hands can do the feats of four hands on an
ordinary piano. The trouble is that a new
keyboard would compel the piano manufactur-
ers to discard many patents and millions of
dollars' worth of investment and machinery.
A new school of pianoforte literature would
be called for, and pianists and students would,
as Ernest Hutcheson has remarked, for a
generation or two be obliged to learn two
different kinds of keyboard.

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60,000 packages a month. This was ex-
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Walter Foster of Seattle and her daughter, Miss Helen Foster, have come to San Francisco to spend the winter. They are at present staying at the St. Francis, but will take a house later in the season. Miss Foster will be one of the winter's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stark of Boston, who have been spending a fortnight in San Francisco, left Tuesday for Southern California. Miss Gertrude Tower of Boston will join them later.

Admiral William Fullam has returned to Coronado, after a visit of several weeks in the East.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who has been in France for the past three years, has returned to San Francisco and is at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain will return the close of the week to Burlingame from Portland, where they have been spending a fortnight.

Mr. Frank Madison, Miss Margaret Madison, and Mr. Marshall Madison have opened their apartments at the St. Regis for the winter. They have been summering in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned from a visit in Sacramento.

Mrs. Edgar Preston, who returned last week from Oregon, is staying at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Edwin Dimond, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, Mrs. Thomas Magee, and Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., have left for a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, who have been summering in Ross, have come to town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre have opened their town house for the winter season.

Mr. George Nickel, who has been at the Adler Sanitarium for several weeks, has gone to the Nickel country place in Menlo, where he will remain indefinitely.

Sir Walter Peek and Lady Peek of London arrived last week in San Francisco and are staying at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George Pope has gone to Boston to visit Mr. and Mrs. Moseley Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris and Miss Jean Ferris, who have been summering at Aptos, are spending a few days at the Fairmont. They will leave shortly for their home in England.

Mrs. Joseph Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osborne will remain in New York for the winter.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore has gone East to spend the winter with Mrs. Warren Child in Boston.

Miss Cornelia Kempff returned Friday from a trip to Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jacobi have returned from their wedding trip and are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris arrived in San Francisco last Thursday for a brief visit. They

have been spending the summer in South America with Commander and Mrs. Charles Hartigan.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett arrived Saturday on their wedding trip and are at the St. Francis. They will leave soon for Philadelphia.

Miss Phoebe Ward of Philadelphia and Mr. Herbert Ward have left for the Atlantic coast, after a visit of several days in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling left Sunday for New Mexico to join Mr. Jackling.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar has gone East to join Mrs. Mee and Miss St. Goar. The latter will sail soon with her mother for Europe.

Major Haldimund P. Young arrived Thursday from Washington and has joined Mrs. Young, who has been with Mrs. Voohries for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain have returned to Redwood City, after a brief sojourn in town.

Mrs. Arthur Lord and Miss Celia O'Connor are enjoying a brief sojourn at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Marjorie Josselyn left Sunday for the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Athearn Folger left the close of the week for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth have taken a house on Clay Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone returned Thursday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tohin spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Cameron.

Mr. King Macomber has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several months in the East.

Mrs. Edward Vail and Miss Elizabeth Vail will arrive from Santa Barbara today. They have taken Mrs. Ashton Potter's house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill and Miss Evelyn Barron returned Sunday from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will spend the winter at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton of New York are spending several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will leave next week for a visit to Del Monte.

Colonel Stephen Fuqua arrived last week from France and is staying at the St. Francis for a few days.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl has arrived at the Homestead Hotel, Hot Springs, Virginia, accompanied by Mrs. Walter Scott Roberts of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper have closed their place at Woodside and opened their home on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Hooper have returned from Long Beach.

Miss Mary Alice Moon of Salt Lake City has left for her home, after staying several months with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. Bailey Hipkins, New York City; Mr. George E. Robbins, Chicago; Mr. W. R. Bishop, Mr. Isaac Milbank, Los Angeles; Mr. G. W. Peltner, Sacramento; Mr. E. R. Fraser, New York City; Mr. I. B. Dockweiler, Mr. Walter K. Lewis, Los Angeles; Mr. A. E. Adelsberger, Marshfield, Oregon; Mr. S. A. Perkins, Tacoma; Mr. J. S. Vangogh, Java; Mr. A. B. Denman, Los Angeles; Mr. F. E. Wadsworth, New York City; Mr. W. W. Orcutt, Los Angeles; Mr. John S. Baker, Tacoma.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Miss Flora Kelly, Miss Isabel Leith, Eureka; Mr. J. B. Bryan, Rochester, New York; Mr. E. D. Smith, Los Angeles; Mr. J. K. Fisher, Santa Monica; Mr. Edward Schuman, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bryan, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. R. Schleicher, Lewiston, Idaho; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Brown, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Rounds, Detroit; Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Ward, Denver; Mrs. E. Connaughton, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. L. Barrett, Los Angeles.

A Texas Invention.

An observer who claims to speak with the authority of personal knowledge declares that the present style of haircut for boys, popular with boy-minded males of a large growth, had its origin in Texas, where it is known as the "badger cut." He refers, of course, to the manner now much in vogue of leaving the cranium densely thatched on top while clipping the hair above and behind the ears, and all the occiput and dorsal wall of the head as closely as it can be clipped or sheared.

The result is not beautiful, nor is loveliness claimed for it. Where the ears are expansive and outjutting, as they often are, the bearer of them, viewed from behind, has something of the appearance of a schooner running "wing and wing" before the wind. But from the points of view of comfort and sanitation there is much to be said for it. The crown of the skull, or norma verticalis, is well protected against the direct heat of the sun by a mat of dampened hair, than which nothing is more efficacious in obstructing the actinic rays to which the cerebral disturbance known as sunstroke is chiefly due. Yet the cranium below is cooled by such air as may be in motion and that part of it below the lambdoid and parietal sutures affords no covers for parasitical form of life. When to these advantages the convenience of lavation is added and the saving in laundry bills when a moist, filamentous fringe no longer wraggles the collar, the style of the great Southwest is seen to have considerable to recommend it.

As to the term "badger cut," the application of it is not entirely evident, but this representative of the Musteline sub-family is very common in Texas and is said to wear the fur around its neck somewhat in this

Yahoo fashion. This is all that is generally known upon this subject.

In 1918 there were 4326 motor-cars of 114 different makes registered in the Philippine bureau of public works. Considering the "most popular" car from the viewpoint of passenger capacity, the registration figures show that the five-passenger car stands far in advance with a total of 2153 cars of different makes. The seven-passenger car ranks second with 1171 registrations.

Spanish railroads are conducting campaigns of education along their lines to improve agricultural conditions.

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In Mexico there is an organized traffic whereby babies are kidnaped, blinded, mutilated, dwarfed and exploited on the wholesale plan, as revealed by official reports of the American Humane Association, to be reproduced with the accompanying photographs in

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "I don't know how anybody lives with these prices."—*Cleveland Press*.
"I know a man who always gets more game than he wants when he goes hunting." "How is that?" "He is generally hunting trouble."—*Baltimore American*.

"That man over there has written a poem a day for five years. Isn't that a remarkable achievement?" "Yes, it is if he has remained a poet."—*Toledo Blade*.

Mrs. A—Are you bothered much with your children telling lies? Mrs. B—No, but I am with their telling the truth at very inopportune moments."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mayme—I have so many callers pestering the life out of me I hardly know what to do with them all. Grayce—Why, how long have you been a telephone operator?—*Houston Post*.

The Bride—Oh, Dick, you shouldn't kiss me before all those girls. The Groom—I'm glad my little wife is so unselfish, and just to please you I'll kiss those girls first.—*Houston Post*.

Farmer (to one of his laborers, recently demobilized)—Well, Pat, which do you prefer, being a farmer or a soldier? Pat—In one way, sir, I'd rather be a soldier. Farmer—

And how's that? Pat—Well, you see, you'd be a long time workin' for a farmer before he'd tell you to stand at ease.—*Tit-Bits*.

First Girl (at Revere)—Can you swim? Second Girl—When there's no young man around to teach me.—*New York Globe*.

"I've sent you twenty bills for that account." "Well, some time," said the incorrigible doctor, "you'll get sense enough to stop wasting postage."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I think I will try to get over to Europe and settle down in Venice." "Why Venice?" "Because it is the only place I know of where you don't have to keep dodging automobiles in the streets."—*Baltimore American*.

The Dressmaker (gushingly)—Ah, my dear madam, I consider that the most perfect fit I have ever seen. The Dear Madam—Perfect fit, fiddlesticks! You should see the one my husband will have when he sees the price.—*Dallas News*.

They were enjoying a motor ride and had just entered a country road. "May I kiss your hand?" he asked, a little confusedly. She removed her motor veil. "No," she replied; "I have my gloves on."—*New York Evening Post*.

Sentimental Youth—Do you know, darling, I used to kiss the very stamps you sent me because I knew they had touched your sweet lips? Unsentimental Maid—Oh, Jack, and I used to damp them on dear old Fido's nose.—*London Bystander*.

The theatre was in an uproar. "They're calling for the author," said the stage manager. "Oh, I can't make a speech," replied the man responsible for the play. "Well, just go out in front and tell 'em you're sorry."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Are you sure this horse will not run away?" asked the man who was hiring the horse and trap. "Yes," replied the livery-stable keeper; "there aint the least danger that he'll run away, but he may trot a bit comin' back."—*London Blighty*.

"What has become of the man who used to tell us how anybody could get rich raising chickens?" "I guess," said Farmer Corn-tossel, "he has switched around and is makin' a fortune out o' plans for sellin' chicken feed to the people he started raisin' chickens."—*Washington Star*.

"Are you a member of the I. W. W.?" "No," replied Plodding Pete. "I know a feller that thought the initials stood for 'Idle-

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ness Will Win.' The first thing the 'socation did after he joined was to try to make him set up a private bomb factory an' work fourteen hours a day."—*Baltimore American*.

Lawyer (examining prospective juror in criminal case)—Mr. Juror, have you any fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused? Juror (emphatically)—Naw, I aint got no doubt but the guy's guilty, but they aint nobody fixed me.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Talk about hard luck! The Joneses certainly had theirs the other night. First the dog ran away, then the cook left, then the baby fell sick and the house caught fire. Can you beat that? And not a soul to help them, either!" "Great Scott, why didn't they send

for help? Haven't the Joneses got a telephone?" "Sure, they've got a telephone. But you wouldn't want to add to their troubles in a time like that, would you?"—*New York Evening Post*.

Passenger (after first night on board ship)—I say, where have all my clothes vanished to? Steward—Where did you put them before you got into bed last night? Passenger—I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there. Steward—I see no cupboard, sir. Passenger—Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it. Steward—Lor' bless me, sir, that aint no cupboard; that's the port hole.—*Farm and Home*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2224.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 8, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Tuesday's Elections.

The reelection of Governor Coolidge by a largely increased majority is on its face a Republican victory, and beyond a doubt it reflects to a greater or less degree the public sentiment of Massachusetts with respect to national courses and policies. But it has an even greater significance as related to the police riots in Boston. It will be remembered that in the recent crisis Governor Coolidge took firm stand in support of public order as against an anarchistic attempt to place the authority of unionism above the law. He both spoke and acted boldly in assertion of the authority of the law, which had been challenged by unionistic leaders and their followers. Now, in the result of the election, we have emphatic assurance that the sentiment of Massachusetts is sound—that there is determination to uphold the authority of law against the challenge of anarchism, this with resentment of attempts to regulate the conditions of industry and dominate politics by intimidation and violence.

The rejection of the Democratic candidate for the governorship of Kentucky, with the election by an emphatic vote of his Republican opponent, may properly be interpreted as the judgment of that state with respect to the courses of the national administration. There is indicated in this result the extent to which a more

liberal sentiment, with freer action in politics, is permeating the South. This presages if not an immediate at least an ultimate break-up of the rock-ribbed conservatism which in respect to dead-and-gone issues has so long held the Southern region in a bondage of tradition and prejudice. In recent months we have heard much of a new spirit in the South, of a spirit tending to draw away from dead issues and to line up upon new times and new conditions.

Likewise reflective of national sentiment is the result in New Jersey, where the people, while returning a Democratic governor, have reduced notably the Democratic strength in the state legislature. Manifestly President Wilson's home state tends to do its own thinking and to pursue policies of political affiliation and action unhampered by political interests which have been exercised strenuously to hold it to support of executive courses.

Our own city of San Francisco has emphatically rejected and rebuked the candidacy of Eugene Schmitz for the mayoralty. This candidacy in its essential character was an impertinence and a defiance. The election of Schmitz would have signified to the country that San Francisco was short of memory and shy at the point of self-respect. The election of Rolph still leaves much to be desired; but in this outcome there is comforting assurance that the community recalls the shame of the earlier Schmitz régime and that it is resentful of an attempt to impose upon it a criminal repute and an overweening presumption. Unhappily the rejection of Fickert for reelection to the district attorneyship does not tally with the defeat of Schmitz. Explanation lies in the circumstance that there were factors in the situation quite apart from the fact that Fickert represented the better phases of the contest. Brady, the successful candidate, will do well if he shall comprehend that the vote by which he has been put in office does not reflect a purpose on the part of San Francisco to subordinate the law and its enforcement to the will of vicious and lawless elements. Sinister motives and combinations unquestionably aided his candidacy, but these elements alone did not bring about his election.

The Coal Miners' Strike.

The coal miners' strike, as we write on Wednesday, is in a state which precedes collapse. It may run on in limping fashion for a week or longer, and it may end any hour. In truth—if we may borrow a Hibernian form of expression—the beginning of the end was before the start. It came with the "Statement" from the White House on Thursday last reasserting certain fundamental principles obligatory in the working relations of capital and labor; and with the straightforward declaration that all the forces under the hand of government would be employed to nullify activity on the part of the conspirators who engineered the movement. Equally important—practically even more important—was the declaration that the powers of government would be employed to protect men in the right to work as against efforts on the part of strikers and their sympathizers to intimidate or coerce them.

From the beginning the sentiment of the country has condemned this strike, both in its purposes and its methods. It is universally regarded as an outrageous exercise of arrogant and selfish spirit. Incidentally, the whole matter has tended to the enforcement of a better practice than that of the strike in the matter of conditions involving labor. When demands for change in conditions, either in hours of labor or as to wage rates were accompanied by ultimatums threatening break-down of industry with penalization of the general public, it was high time for the government to step in as representing the principles and interests thus menaced. The course of the government has been everything that it should be; it has stood simply but firmly for funda-

mental principles essential to the vitality and welfare of the country.

The incident, taken as a whole, should have the effect of clearing the air of misunderstandings, confusions. It has definitely placed the government on the side of social order, where it should have stood all along, and it has given to organized labor the rebuke and the check that it has long merited. The worst possible device for adjusting conflicts of interest as related to coöperation of capital and labor is the strike. It halts production, it wastes capital, it impoverishes labor. It makes for hardship, for poverty. Worse still, it promotes irritation and tends to social classifications not contemplated under our system and injurious from every point of view excepting that of the professional agitator and labor boss, who thrives upon discontent and conflict.

Now that the government stands upon the principle that labor may not be directed by agitators and conspirators, that compromise where fundamentals are concerned is intolerable, that the working man whatever his affiliations may or may not be is entitled to protection of government—the stand of the government on this ground should mark the beginning of a new and better era in American industry. It should be an era in which the rights of all parties, including the rights of labor, the rights of capital employed in industry, and the rights of the general public should find consideration and respect with an increase of legitimate privilege, with social and economic advantage all round.

Clearing the Air.

The crisis in the coal industry has done what the late Labor Conference failed to do, namely, it has defined the (1) limitations of industrial agitation, with (2) the principles which must control the conduct of government in industrial crises. That there has long been need of authoritative ruling upon these subjects is a matter of universal observation; none too soon comes the dictum: Thus far thou may go and no farther!

Organized labor, or we would better say the professional exploiters of organized labor, have assumed in the name of Liberty the right to enforce their demands, just or otherwise, by whatever means afforded by times or occasions. They have assumed further that the public in matters related to their demands must stand helpless, supine, and dumb in the face of nullifications or injuries threatened or imposed. In recent times they have been encouraged in this amazing notion partly by the sympathy of sentimental idealists, but more definitely by the cowardice and inaction of the authorities of government. Pretension was transmuted into open arrogance when three years ago certain unionistic "brotherhoods" so far intimidated President and Congress as to cause them to yield abjectly—in the Adamson Act—to demands made without explanation or justification, with an ultimatum to the effect that if these demands were denied certain vital forces in the life of the country would instantly suffer paralysis. Exhilarated by this sinister success, the exploiters of union labor have gone from one bold advance to another until, as they conceived it, there remained no power anywhere to rebuke or restrain them. In the abused name of Liberty they have assumed the right, at their pleasure or whim, to strangle the very life of the country; to victimize any and every interest in promotion of selfish proposals and activities. The coal strike, in its inception and by its method, was an assertion of this presumed right—of a principle which in its ultimate logic would establish the authority and powers of unionistic conspiracy above the authority and powers of government itself.

Brought sternly to the snubbing post of obligation, government has now asserted its responsibility

instrument of the whole people to protect the country against ruinous aggression. It has been brought to the point of maintaining the principle that government is bound to protect the country against any action by anybody subversive of social order and calculated in its effects to paralyze vital activities. Agitation and conspiracy may not, the government has declared, go to the length of using the vital necessities of the country as a pawn in conflicts of selfish and class demands. It would seem that a principle so fundamental, so essential and salutary, should not have needed reassertion; and that this need has presented itself is a mark alike of the arrogance of a special class interest and of previous delinquency on the part of the government itself. Verily, it was time to call a halt, for the movement might not have gone further without revolutionary effects—of effects destructive of that government of the people by the people, doubly sacred as the fundamental principle of our system and as the solemn pledge of Abraham Lincoln.

By action of government within the week it is declared that conspiracy in promotion of labor conflicts is illegal and that it will not be tolerated. A Federal court has reinforced this declaration by process of injunction denying to the officials and exploiters of organized labor the privilege of giving counsel or of otherwise aiding men on strike in the coal fields of the country. The court has further prohibited distribution of funds held in trust by the officials and exploiters of union labor to men on strike. The right of men to strike, individually or in groups, is not brought into question, but the managers and exploiters of labor are absolutely prohibited from taking any part in the pending contention. Thus the factor of active leadership in promotion of conspiracy to limit industry is eliminated. Men may strike—may quit work at their pleasure—but they may not be directed or aided by leaders or groups of leaders whose part in such enterprises is that of conspirators and whippers-in of labor.

Concurrently the government has declared its support of the principle that the right to labor may not be circumscribed. Any man who chooses to work may not be interfered with in his will to work. This declaration sustains a principle long maintained in these columns, namely, that the right to work is a sacred right and that any man who chooses to work is entitled to protection of government in that right. Enforcement of this principle, now so definitely re-asserted, implies a distinct limitation of claims universally made by union labor and in practice supported by outrages upon non-unionists at the hands of unionist strikers and their sympathizers.

Union labor has so long had things its own way, it has in practice so long been a law unto itself, that these fundamental and essential principles in their authoritative reassertion by the government come almost with the force of a revolutionary shock. It should serve, not indeed to destroy unionism, which is a legitimate and essential factor in industry, but to recast its policies in respect of legitimate aims and purposes. There is a wide field for unionism, and one in which it may vastly serve, not merely the interests of the working man, but of society in general. But its extreme pretensions, long denied but not always properly rebuked by government, have received at last the check which its excesses have long merited.

In connection with the events of the week Mr. Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, has attempted to play his familiar rôle of go-between. He has sought to frighten the government and the people of the country with the bogie of a revolution to follow enforcement of the principles above defined. As usual in similar crises he would have the government enter into a bargain for maintenance of industrial peace by sacrifice of fundamental and essential principles. The country has seen far too much of Mr. Gompers and has hearkened too long to his pleadings and threats. It is far better to make definite stand upon sound principles—to meet now whatever form of opposition reassertion of these principles may bring—than to enter into new agreements promotive of temporary peace, but leading to future troubles. On the whole, it is better to face the radical demands of Fitzpatrick and Foster as embodied in the aims and purposes of the coal miners' strike than to dilly-dally with a professional compromiser who is none the less

an enemy to social order because he assumes a false attitude of friendliness. Compromise has been made too often, one concession has led in practice to another, until there seemed coming an era and a condition in which fundamental and essential principles should no longer be respected. A time had come to fight this fight out—to determine if the Constitution and the laws or the bosses of union labor shall rule in this country.

It may not be declared too often that the right of labor to organize and to act through organization is a proper and necessary development of the time. When capital is given the right to mass itself impersonally in companies and corporations, to bargain collectively and with the aid of expert counsel, similar rights must be accorded to labor. But the right of collective bargaining is one thing and the right of conspiracy in pursuance of class contentions is quite another. The two things have no just relationship to each other, all of which is definitely asserted, made clear and emphasized, in the attitude of the Administration and the courts in connection with the crisis in the coal industry.

The recent aggressiveness on the part of union labor is by no means the first experience of the American people with destructive pretensions. Long ago the slave power undertook to control the government, and did for a considerable period maintain a theory and a practice in contempt of the Constitution and in defiance of the powers established under it. There was a later time in which selfish greed, allied with wealth, took to itself similar pretensions, succeeding for a time through manipulation of executives, courts, and legislatures in imposing upon the country an intolerable régime of selfish arrogance. This in turn was rebuked by an overwhelming public sentiment which tore down the edifice of its authority, and brought it to its proper position of subordination to the Constitution and to constituted authority. The newest development of arrogant spirit, founded in the pretensions and urged by lawless means in the name of organized labor is now in the way of meeting a similar and a similarly deserved fate. As the slave power and as the money power were rebuked and brought to heel, so will organized labor be made to march, not to the music of its own pretensions, but to courses in which the common welfare shall have due consideration and respect.

In the history of the several convulsions brought about by selfish interests in times past, and especially in the immediate instance, we have suggestion of a certain parallelism with theories of war and peace which have quite recently possessed many minds. Peace, according to the pacifist pietists, is capable of solving all the questions and problems which disturb human society. Peace, regarded as an ideal, is represented as a condition leading up to a moral Utopia. But peace really settles few things, while war settles many things. Within the month an attempt was made to define by peaceful conference the principles controlling the relationships between employer and employed, between capital and labor. But the device failed; within four days of its assembling the conference went to smash, leaving in its wake a wreckage of dissatisfaction and tending by its irritations to the conflict which now holds the boards. It has taken a contention so powerful in its differences, so radical in its basic motives, so revolutionary in its suggestions as that which has centered in the coal mines, to call forth reassertion by the government of fundamental principles essential to social order. Conflict may in its essence be—as it assuredly is—an unpleasing and in many of its aspects a hideous thing, just as thunder and lightning may be shocking and terrifying, but as the one serves to clarify the atmosphere, so the other may serve to emphasize the great and abiding principles which must control in any just and orderly scheme of human association.

The President's Illness.

It is now understood at Washington, despite the cryptic expressions of Admiral Grayson and of the real doctors attendant at the White House, that the President is a very sick man and that he is to remain a sick man for an indefinite period. The precise nature of his trouble, while not explained authoritatively, is none the less pretty generally believed to be not dissimilar to a previous experience of some years ago following a violent controversy with respect to internal matters at

Princeton, Mr. Wilson at the time being president of that institution. The precise nature of an illness which to a greater or less degree affected him for several months has never been revealed, but the common supposition was that it was a blood clot in the brain, or something similar. The President is giving some attention to public business, but not so much as daily press reports would indicate. Recent utterances over his name, or issued by his authority, bear evidence of mental soundness. Certainly there was nothing abnormally amiss in the mind that prepared the letter of October 22d to the Industrial Conference, the statement of October 25th respecting the coal miners' strike, or the argument accompanying the veto of the War-time Prohibition Act.

It is, of course, common knowledge that not every document over the name of a President, or issued under his authority, is written personally by him. It is a usual practice where an executive department asks the President to veto a bill affecting it, to prepare a veto message for his signature. Occasionally Presidents reject these transcripts and themselves supply the argument; more frequently they accept and make them their own. However it may be in the immediate instance, current White House pronouncements bear evidence of careful and straight thinking.

It is inevitable that the President's illness, especially if it shall continue for a considerable time, will put upon the cabinet a larger measure of executive responsibility. In the immediate situation Mr. Palmer, the Attorney-General, is taking a part which, were the President in health, he would probably assume personally. Cabinet meetings, which in times past have been only occasional, are now of daily occurrence; thus cabinet activity may be relied upon to relieve the President of a vast volume of detail work and thus promote the day of his recovery.

Editorial Notes.

The war debt of the United States at the present time is placed officially by the Treasury Department at a little less than \$27,000,000,000. It is estimated by the same authority that the Federal taxes to be collected during the current fiscal year will be \$4,540,000,000. This sum, if collected from the families of the United States, would advance the average cost of living to each by \$235. In the year preceding the war the Federal taxes per family amounted approximately to \$36.75. Thus the element of taxes enters into the increased cost of living by an increase of 539 per cent. As a matter of fact the sum of \$235 per family is misleading in that payment through indirect taxation runs to a sum considerably in advance of the figure given, which is the amount that goes directly into the treasury. Then there are very large drafts and grafts along the wayside—those taken openly or surreptitiously by the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

Prior to the year 1915 the ordinary expenses of the Federal government, less interest on debt, did not exceed \$702,000,000 annually. The cost of operating the government has been very considerably advanced in the period of the war, but according to experts it ought not, even under the current extravagant practice, to run to a greater sum than \$1,500,000,000 annually. Therefore the ordinary expenses of the government, with interest charges on the public debt, ought not to exceed \$2,000,700,000 per year. But a situation under which annual taxation should not go beyond this sum can not be brought about until there shall be a readjustment of the taxing schedule upon a careful scientific basis.

In a recent discussion of the important question of national taxes before the New York Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Charles L. Bernheimer gave an example drawn from the industry in which he is personally interested. "I am," he said, "a dealer in cotton goods. The first factor controlling this industry is the owner of the cotton plantation. Under war conditions he knew that his profits would be taxed, but he did not know to what degree. To be on the safe side he decided to make a general increase of 50 per cent. in his selling price, so instead of selling cotton at 20 cents a pound he exacted from the mills 30 cents a pound. His taxes were thus assured, and the first step in adding to the eventual price that the consumer would pay was taken. Then came the mills. They, too, were aware of the fact that the government would ask them to part

with a percentage of their profits, and again this percentage was a nebulous quantity. To protect himself the mill-owner made a blanket increase large enough to put his profits out of danger. Similarly with the bleachers, the starchers, the machinists who equip factories, the men who sold the oil and who made and sold the paper to wrap the finished product. Through the innumerable steps that the cotton cloth had to go through, large wholesale increases were made in order that the size of the tax, whatever it might turn out to be, would be covered." All of which goes to explain why the price of cotton goods today is approximately five times what it was prior to the war. What is true of the cotton industry is equally true of every other branch of industry; not only did the consumer—then and now—pay his share or percentage of the Federal taxes, but all along the line he pays the manufacturer the additional amount that assures to the latter his net profits. The cost of living has been involved to a large extent because the producers and dealers have no definite basis on which to figure their taxation rate.

Mr. Bernheimer presented the above facts as illustrating the necessity for a Federal budget that would help to bring living prices to a normal, or at least to a precise, basis by defining in advancement the requirements of the government and thus indicating the amounts to be exacted in the way of Federal taxation. Mr. Bernheimer further argued that while the huge war debt must of course be paid, there is no reason why the present generation should be burdened with the whole vast total. His view is that the scheme of taxation should be so adjusted as to leave industry practically unhampered, and that, he declared, could only be done by putting payment of the war debt over a time so extended as to include the period of the next generation.

It has been hoped at Washington that Congress would be able to so clear its calendar as to allow a respite of some weeks prior to the regular holiday recess, but the delay over the treaty, involving postponement of other subjects of legislative action, and the coming on of the coal miners' strike, have sent these hopes glimmering. Legislation is essential to the return of the railroads to their owners on January 1st, and it is hardly to be expected that it can be got through in a jiffy—or in several jiffies. Then there is the matter of disposing of the war debris at home and in France, and of other matters calling for congressional action. Viewing the situation altogether, there is little hope of adjournment much before the usual holiday recess.

Mr. David Hunter Miller, recently special assistant in the Department of State and during the Peace Conference an attendant upon the American delegation in Paris, takes ground that a formal declaration relating to the terms of the treaty "made by one of the contracting powers and communicated to the other contracting powers at or prior to delivery of the instrument of ratification of the declarant" has legally the effect of an amendment. Thus, according to Mr. Miller's theory, reservations to the treaty will not avoid the delays that would be enforced by formal amendments. In Mr. Miller's view there is "no juristic distinction" between reservations and amendments. This is contrary to the common assumption that, while amendments would involve resubmission of the treaty, reservations may be made without resubmission.

The tendency of general public opinion with respect to the future military organization of the country is in line with General Pershing's suggestion for a relatively small standing army—300,000 men—supplemented by reserves recruited under a system of universal training. The National Security League, after declaring that a large professional army is incompatible with American ideas, recommends that military training be given to every young man at eighteen or nineteen years of age for a continuous period of at least six months under the intensive system. Such training, declares the league, should be preceded by educational courses for the illiterate and non-English-speaking, and supplemented by vocational and hygienic training, and instruction in the duties of citizenship, according to the needs of the individual. It is recommended that the young men so prepared should, after leaving the training camps, be organized for a short period of years, according to their places of residence, into a reserve

or citizen army called out for short annual manoeuvres. The only objection urged by anybody to the project of universal training comes from the labor unions, which are imbued with the idea that the country should not maintain a system capable of being employed for maintenance of social order. Apparently the unions, or at least their leaders, want a condition under which they may lie under no restraint of force supplementary to civil authority. In other words, the unions want to be left free to do what they please.

BOLSHEVISTS PREFERRED.

America has just emerged from a war against Germanism. She is now engaged in a war against Bolshevism. Throughout the nation, indeed throughout the world, there is a feeling of deep disquiet as we consider the results of the war against Germanism. We are not sure if that war was won or lost. Germany at the present moment seems to be alike the most tranquil internally and the most aggressive externally of all the nations of Europe. Her armies are marching eastward into Russia, just as those other German armies marched unmolested and triumphing out of France. We are perplexed. We do not know what it all means. This is in no way the end that we pictured to ourselves. It does not seem that we have destroyed tyranny anywhere upon earth, nor established peace, nor advanced the cause of democracy. Quite the contrary, on all three counts. We may even be excused for a growing suspicion that somewhere in the councils of the nation there has been insincerity in the war against Germany, and that powerful hands have continuously been stretched forth to save the very iniquity that our soldiers were dying by thousands to destroy. The merciless historian will doubtless tell us the whole story in due time. He will draw the thread from the tangle. He may even explain to us why it is that Senator Hitchcock continues to be the Administration leader in the upper house and the right-hand man of the President, in spite of his unwearied efforts to pass legislation that must at once have won the war for Germany. It was Senator Hitchcock who, seven months after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, tried to secure an embargo upon the shipment of arms from America. It was Senator Hitchcock who by his activities and his affiliations established his championship of Germany. It was he who said, "I have no friendships and no sympathies on either side." It was he who said, "I do not want to see either side in this war crush the other side. I am against having either of them victorious," and this at a time when Germany was in occupation of Belgium and while her atrocities were poisoning the sunlight. It was Senator Hitchcock who said as recently as March 14, 1917, and in the Senate:

I feel, Mr. President, therefore, a sympathy for the German people, who, after all, are only living the lives that their destiny requires them to lead.

On the same occasion Senator Hitchcock, reminded of the German atrocities that were then in full course, went out of his way to defend those atrocities. He said:

When a man is crowded against the wall or is fighting for his wife and his children he will not think of the means that may be necessary. . . . Do senators think that the parents of those children . . . are going to observe the ancient rules of international law?

The publication of the Zimmerman note proposing to partition the United States between Japan and Mexico aroused passionate resentment throughout America, but not in the breast of Senator Hitchcock. Speaking in the Senate on March 1, 1917, he said:

I am sorry to say that much the senator from Missouri has declared as to false reports or conspiracies to circulate them is true. The American mind has been poisoned with false reports, and we have had an opinion created in the United States which has not altogether been justified by the facts.

Now the opinions of Senator Hitchcock as an individual do not matter at all. They are quite unballasted by the intelligence that would cause them to sink into the popular mind. But the disquieting fact, the tremendous fact, is that Senator Hitchcock, who said and did these things that most of us now think to be shameful, should be the confidant of the Administration, the spokesman and the direct agent of the Administration, and that his record should in no way count against him in the eyes of the Administration. There is no need to draw inferences from this fact. They jump to the eye. At a time when the country is at war with Germany, when the fields of France are littered with the bodies of Americans who have been killed in that war with Germany, the Administration is represented in the Senate by a man whose championship of Germany has been naked and unashamed, and who persisted in that championship almost to the last moment of American peace. No wonder the French should say they do not understand us. No wonder they should question the sincerity of our opinions. No wonder there should be suspicion everywhere of some powerful force interposed to save Germany, and to neutralize the agony and blood of our soldiers. That force need not now be identified, but it may be said that we are beginning to sort out the facts and to arrange them. One of those facts is the immunity of Senator Hitchcock. There are very many others, but this one will suffice as an example and a type.

And now with regard to the war against Bolshevism.

The parallels with the war against Germany are startling. Once more we may—indeed we must—ask ourselves if the government is sincere, if it is actually leading the nation in that struggle, if indeed it is not actively and intelligently retarding it, if we are not being hamstrung from Washington.

On October 20th Senator Watson of Indiana offered the following resolution and asked to have it read:

Whereas, there is reason to believe that a number of the employees of the Federal Trade Commission have been, and now are, engaged in Socialistic propaganda and in furthering the organization and growth of Socialistic organizations; and

Whereas, if Bolshevism, with all that it implies, is to be met and overcome in our country, it must be done by firstousting all its adherents and advocates from public office. Therefore be it resolved in the Senate of the United States that the Committee on Interstate Commerce of the Senate is hereby authorized and directed, by subcommittee or otherwise, to inquire into and report to the Senate at the earliest practical date upon the truthfulness of these charges, etc.

Now we all know something about the Federal Trade Commission. For some few years now it has been going to and fro in the land and walking up and down in it, a sort of Holy Inquisition of Commerce, with all sorts of powers of raid and investigation, and fruitful of scandals, disclosures, and sensations. Probably there is no other country with any pretensions to democracy that would have tolerated such a body as this for twenty-four hours, that would have permitted the formation of such an association with its charter to bully, terrorize, and intimidate. But it is a part of our awful way of doing things.

Now the Federal Trade Commission would have been bad enough in all conscience if it had been composed of dignified and responsible persons. It would still have been an offense against free commerce and against democracy. But its actual composition makes of it not so much an offense as a pest and a plague. It appears to have adopted the motto that only Bolshevists need apply to it for employment. Just as we find Germans and pro-Germans appointed to office and maintained in office during the war against Germany, to the detriment of that war and to the ruin of that war, so do we find Bolshevists selected for duty under the Federal Trade Commission, and at a time when we fondly imagine that we are making war against Bolshevism under the leadership of Washington.

The report of the Federal Trade Commission on the meat packing industry, issued June 24, 1919, says:

Walter Y. Durand, who had general charge of the investigation and of drafting the report; Francis J. Heney, who conducted the public hearings of inquiry and the investigation of facts connected therewith; Arthur B. Adams and Basil M. Manly, who assisted Mr. Heney in, respectively, the investigations and the hearings; Stuart Chase and Samuel W. Tator who had general direction of investigating and accounts; and George A. Stephens, who had charge of the statistical work, and also with Mr. Adams of the investigation of marketing methods. All the foregoing except Mr. Heney contributed in an important degree to the drafting of one or more parts of the report.

Important aid in the preparation of portions of the report or in the investigation was given by William W. Bays, Vanderveer Custis, John H. Dynes, E. A. Goldenweiser, Earl S. Haines, A. S. Kravitz, William F. Notz, Johann G. Ohso, Edwin C. Reed, and G. O. Virtue.

Valuable assistance, especially in the field, was also rendered by Nelson M. Barrett, Lewis F. Bond, Robert M. Buck, W. W. Childs, L. T. Cowie, Sam Evans, Everett F. Hayercraft, Byford E. Long, Hugh McIsaac, Donald D. Sells, and Walter M. Twombly.

Now let us see what Senator Watson has to tell us about some of these people. He says they are not all Socialists, but some of them are Socialists, and "to a most amazing degree."

Mr. Stuart Chase, for example, is a well-known writer on Socialistic lines. His office at Chicago, the office of the Federal Trade Commission, "became the centre of Socialistic activities." Mr. Chase was the president of the Fabian Club, and about him "were grouped such men as Victor Berger and Irvin St. John Tucker, both of whom have been indicted and convicted under the espionage act, and many other extreme Socialists, and his office became the rendezvous of a number of men devoted to the destruction of property, the overthrow of government, and the consummation of the ideals of Socialism." Now how did it happen that Mr. Chase, associate of men "devoted to the destruction of property," himself an avowed and aggressive Socialist, was appointed to a commission with practically a life and death power over property? Who is Mr. Chase? Did any one ever hear of him before? Has he any credentials for such a position except his Socialism? Can we attribute sincerity to a government that declares war upon Bolshevism, and then seeks out Bolshevists for remunerative preferment?

Mr. Chase, of the Federal Trade Commission, seems to be quite a personage in the circles that gather around the red flag. Senator Watson says:

Under his direction there were issued a series of publications called "Fabian Tracts," all of which breathe the spirit of sedition and intense opposition to existing institutions, both financial and governmental. He was also instrumental in organizing a meeting at the Chicago Theatre in January, 1918, at which Lincoln Steffens spoke. That anarchist had just returned from Russia and his address was delivered for the purpose of aiding in the recognition by our government of Lenin and Trotzki. Chase wrote an article for the *New Majority*, an extreme radical paper, under date of July 5, 1919, in which he exoriated this government for having failed to recognize the Russian Soviet government.

It will be remembered that Steffens went to Russia with Bullitt, also a sort of Bolshevist, and that Bullitt was the emissary of the American Peace Commission. And so we have the amazing spectacle of the

ment at Washington exhorting us—in words—to resist Bolshevism, while sending Bolshevik emissaries to Russia to plead for peace from the Bolshevik government, and appointing Bolsheviks to the Federal Trade Commission at home with letters of marque to fly the black flag against American commerce. Now which is the real policy of the Washington authorities? Are they for Bolshevism or are they against it? Obviously they can not be both.

Then there is Mr. Samuel W. Tator, who had "general direction of investigating of marketing methods," and who was publicly thanked for his efforts. Does any one know Mr. Tator—any one reputable, that is to say? Does any one know why he should have the "general direction" of anything under the Federal government? Is he an authority on trade that he should thus be selected and endowed with such extraordinary powers? Let us see what Senator Watson has to say about him:

Samuel W. Tator, who, with Stuart Chase, had general charge of investigations, is well known in Socialist circles. During this time he was an avowed admirer of the Soviet government of Russia. He was an active member of the Fabian Club and was pronouncedly against the Allies in the World War. He was an intimate friend of Chase, always met with the other members of the Federal Trade Commission, and to them frequently made the statement that all big business should be confiscated and owned by the government.

It seems that Tator was warned by the authorities at Washington, and he conveyed the warning to the Trade Commission, that it would be well to cease all revolutionary activities or they would get themselves into trouble with the Department of Justice. One might infer that the Washington authorities themselves had no particular objection to these activities, but that a pestilent Department of Justice could not be relied on to take a broad and liberal view of the situation. Once more, what is the meaning of it all? Are we being hamstrung in our efforts against Bolshevism? Are we getting the double cross? Was it not enough to put the flame to the torch of Bolshevism in Europe? Are the home roofs to be fired over our heads? Did not Mr. Steffens do mischief enough in Russia that he must be switched to America in order to cooperate with the members of the Federal Trade Commission in preaching the gospel of anarchy here? Are we blind that we can not see what is going on? And are we to suppose that it is only in the Federal Trade Commission that this sort of thing prevails? If so, it is a supposition that might be removed by an examination of appointments to other governmental departments in Washington. Mr. Bullitt, for example, is said to have been appointed to the State Department as a result of incendiary speeches made by him in Washington. Would he ever have been appointed to anything but for the fact of those speeches? Were they not his credentials? Would Mr. Chase or Mr. Tator have been appointed to the Federal Trade Commission if they had not been Bolsheviks? Had they any other credentials? And we are told that Mr. Tator was "pronouncedly against the Allies in the World War." Was this an additional qualification? Was it merely a case of *post hoc*? Or was it a case of *propter hoc*? Our civilian methods of waging war against Bolshevism are almost as strange as our civilian methods of waging war against Germany? But if Mr. Hitchcock is a suitable leader of the Senate there is no particular reason why Mr. Tator and Mr. Chase should not lead the Federal Trade Commission. It may be magnificent, but certainly it is not war.

Then there is the case of Mr. Kravitz, also publicly thanked for his activities on the Federal Trade Commission. Senator Watson has something to say about Mr. Kravitz, and also about Mr. Raphael Mallen, another burning and shining light of the commission:

My further information is that Mr. A. S. Kravitz, then and now in the employ of the Federal Trade Commission, is a Russian from Riga; that he is a graduate of several universities and is an intellectual Socialist of the most radical type. Throughout the war he was intensely pro-German, as his many utterances testify. He has always expressed himself as an ardent admirer of Lenin and Trozki and claims to be a personal friend of Lenin. Frequently he stated to his fellow-employees that he was heart and soul for the German cause and on many occasions made the statement that he did not believe in aggregations of wealth or property, and that they should all be taken from the corporations and owned by the government.

My further information is that Raphael Mallen was born in the United States, but raised in Mexico; that he studied for the ministry, and for a time preached, but was afterwards expelled from the church for his Socialistic utterances and practices. He was in an army prison at Camp Grant in the summer and fall of 1917 on account of being a conscientious objector, and secured his release by using his previous training for the church as a pretext. He attended all the Fabian Club meetings and was pronounced in his Socialistic utterances. Mr. Mallen has written for various Socialistic publications, all of them inveighing against the existing order of things and insisting on a complete change in our social programme. He frequently waved a red flag at the meetings of his co-employees of the Federal Trade Commission and always carried the red emblem in his pocket. He openly made the statement that his home in Chicago had been raided several times, and that after the raiders left he brought his Socialistic writings to Mr. Chase's headquarters in the Federal Trade Commission office, Conway Building, and boasted that the bags containing these papers and writings were "government dynamite." He acted in the capacity of statistician and was more editions in his remarks to the members of the Federal Trade Commission staff than any one else of that body. He was under constant suspicion by the government authorities of Chicago, and frequently attended meetings at the Clarion Book Shop, 204 North Clark Street, Chicago, with Chase, Kravitz, Berger, Ohsel, Tator, Buck, Manly Sorber Haines and others—long Socialistic literature.

Senator Watson mentions various other members of

the commission, and to the same effect. It is all in the records of Congress, but no one takes any particular notice. Even the stenographers were tainted, a Mrs. Baldwin, for example, having remarked that "it serves them right" when the bomb exploded in the courtroom of Judge Landis, killing several people.

And so, once more, we may ask what it all means. It may be that Washington is now somewhat alarmed by the discovery that whirlwinds must be reaped after winds have been sown. On the other hand it may still be true that "Bolsheviks are preferred" whenever there are vacancies to be filled.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 5, 1919.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Although President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University no longer takes an active part in the conduct of the institution, he has been characterized as "Professor of Everything." A man of his acquaintance overheard the following conversation of two rural folk at Bar Harbor recently: "There goes Professor Eliot." "Who?" "Professor Eliot of Harvard College." "What's he professor of?" "Well, I dunno, but I guess he's professor of the whole darn thing."

When he was a pupil at Upper Canada College "prep" President E. W. Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway was more famous for pugilism than parsing or arithmetic and he was the author of the worst annual report ever sent out from that school. His marks on the exams. were so bad that the teacher recommended in a footnote to his report that the youth should not come back. That principal was an expert in misunderstanding boys. The next teacher young Beatty got went up and down the aisles with a long ruler whacking every head that wasn't bent upon books. He is said to have had a high batting average on Beatty.

Lord Evan Morgan, formerly secretary to the British minister of labor, who is visiting in the United States, is a poet and writer of importance. He has written "Fragments," which was edited by Robert Nichols, and in 1916 "Gold and Ochre." His latest novel, which he expects to publish here and in London in the next six months, is called "The Apostate Redeemed," and is edited by John Lane. He took a prominent part in the revival of the literary movement in England after the close of the war and is a frequent contributor to English magazines. Besides being a writer of note, he is also a painter. In 1913 he had two decorative water colors in the Paris salon. He is acquainted with W. B. Yates, Cathleen Nesbit, Lord Latham, W. H. Davis, and Lord Dunsany.

Homer L. Ferguson, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, is also president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company. He has under him 35,000 men, and is an advocate of the open shop, holding the opinion "that is all employers have left." He owns no stock in the Newport News Shipbuilding Company and thus represents a type of chief executive which is expected to become more frequent with industrial development. Having no ownership interest, he stands somewhat in a position between owners and workers, with a clearer appreciation of each viewpoint, and has been exceptionally successful in dealing with employees, union and non-union. Mr. Ferguson is a graduate of the Naval Academy and was formerly a naval architect.

T. P. O'Connor, the Irish journalist, has recently given the following sketches of the Geddes brothers. Auckland and Eric, of England: Auckland Geddes, like his brother Eric, is one of the strange upheavals of these strange times and under the influence of that unaccountable and wayward Celt who is prime minister of England. Eric was a railway man and Auckland a professor of anatomy. Neither ever had the smallest political experience or, indeed, any settled political convictions, yet both were thrust into constituencies and held big cabinet positions. Both look, both act, both speak as if they had remained in their original jobs. Eric still looks like a railway man, with a strong executive air, with a full, ruddy, strong-jawed face, as though beginning as an engineer he had forced himself to the top of his railway by sheer force of a brutal will, coupled with that humorous geniality that sometimes goes with strong, dominating, hard natures. Auckland, on the other hand, looks and talks like a presiding officer in a dissecting room, in sharp contrast with his full and ruddy-cheeked brother. Auckland has cavernous cheeks, high cheek bones, a darkish complexion, dark eyes, heavy brows, and an expression as solemn as an undertaker's.

Edward W. Bemis, who has been furnishing data to the New York transit commission as to railroad costs in New York, is a gray, scholarly-looking man, suave and strong on figures. He was born in Wisconsin, was educated in the same state, and embarked in a line of engineering in which there is not very much competition—the study of engineering, economic, and public utility problems with a view to the community's benefit. His first activity was in Chicago, where he was engaged by the smoke-abatement commission, as Chicago uses soft coal and, like Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, has a "smoke problem." His next engineering researches were for the improvement of the efficiency of steam boilers. For this and other services he received the

Chanute medal from the Society of Western Engineers. He next proceeded to Cleveland, where his services were devoted to preventing water waste. His activity in this regard caused him to be called to New York, where he was appointed under the Gaynor administration deputy commissioner of water supply, gas, and electricity. His efforts were directed to the reduction of water waste by the installation of meters.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, sat for thirty minutes without moving a muscle, except once or twice to brush his chin, while Samuel Gompers stood arraigning the Steel Trust and all its men in a powerful speech recently at the Industrial Conference. His terrier-bright eyes glistened as they gazed dispassionately at Gompers' face, but they did not flinch at Gompers' climax, and no color came or went in his face as the tide of Gompers' oratory rose and fell. The whole conference, fifty reporters and a room full of spectators were looking at Judge Gary while Gompers spoke, and Gompers was looking at Gary with rather a fiery eye. But never a twitch moved Gary's face. Not even by a movement of a foot or a hand did he indicate that he was under the slightest nervous pressure. The cold, determined, indomitable physical nature of the man never had a more perfect test than it had that afternoon under the Gompers arraignment.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Portrait.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Thro' the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves dripping yet:
And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside.
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face
Who confess'd her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lip grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
It said "the staff of my life is gone:
The woman I love is no more.

"Gem-clasped on her bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
It is steeped in the light of her loving eyes,
And the sweets of her bosom and hair."

And I said—"the thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay:
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creak'd for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding sheet.
There, stark she lay on her carved bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretch'd my hand, I held my breath;
I turn'd, as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It bad warm'd that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touch'd was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you bide, my friend?" . . . The man
Look'd first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here . . ." he began;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groan'd, "you lie!"
He answer'd . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I return'd, "let the dead decide:
And whose-soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraign'd by Love."

We found the portrait, there in its place:
We open'd it by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The portrait is not ours," I cried,
"But our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
Who confess'd her when she died."

—Bulwer-Lytton.

GUN FODDER.

Major A. Hamilton Gibbs Writes a Book About the War and Asks If It Was Fought in Vain.

Philip Gibbs, writer and war correspondent, writes a preface to this book by his "kid brother," major in the Royal Artillery, who served first on the eastern front and then on the western battle line. It is an unusual book, and one reflecting the new spirit in war literature. The men who fought hard have now had time to think hard, and they are answering the questions that were born amid the din of their own guns. To some extent they are disillusioned. Was the war really fought for liberty and against militarism? Was democracy actually the gage, or were all the combatants led on by the same "dope," by the orders of the "Old Men of All Nations," who used the fighters as their pawns? For what true reason did the world go back to the jungle? And so we are told that "disillusionment, despair, a tragic rage," are filling the hearts of the fighting men as they realize that the old tyrannies have grown instead of lessened, and that black-coated statesmen have wasted the coin of human life that was given to them so lavishly for the salvation of the world.

This note of bitter questioning appears over and over again in a book otherwise filled with the record of the continuously heavy fighting of four years. Major Gibbs speaks, for example, of the first time he saw men killed on the Saloniki front early in the war. His battery was well to the front, but the road for miles behind was covered with the advancing French and British forces:

The signal station proved to be infantry headquarters. It was the summit of the pass, the mountains opening like a great V in front through which further mountains appeared, with that one endless road curling up like a white snake. There was a considerable noise of firing going on and we were just in time to see the French take a steep crest—an unbelievable sight. We lay on our stomachs miles behind them and through glasses watched puffs of cotton wool, black and white, sprout out of a far-away hill, followed by a wavering line of blue dots. Presently the cotton wool sprouted closer to the crest and the blue dots climbed, steadily. Then the cotton wool disappeared over the top and the blue dots gave chase. Now and then one stumbled and fell. Breathless one watched to see if he would get up again. Generally he didn't, but the line didn't stop and presently the last of it had disappeared over the crest. The invisible firing went on and the only proof that it wasn't a dream was the motionless bundles of blue that lay out there in the sun.

It was the first time I'd seen men killed and it left me silent, angry. Why "go out" like that on some damned Serbian hill? What was it all about that everybody was trying to kill everybody else? Wasn't the sun shining and the world beautiful? What was this disease that had broken out like a scab over the face of the world?—Why did those particular dots have to fall? Why not the ones a yard away? What was the law of selection? Was there a law? Did every bullet have its billet? Was there a bullet for the colonel?—For me?—No. It was impossible! But then, why those others and which of us?

Major Gibbs says that his attitude had changed after eighteen months on the eastern front and when he was transferred to the west. Young men were being killed like flies "while profiteers drew bloated profits and politicians exuded noxious gas." Officers recovering from wounds were sent straight back to the front, while the slackers were being promoted in training camps. But these considerations did not hinder the author's activities, but they remained broodingly at the back of his mind. Here, for example, is a typical picture, one of very many:

The corporal went along the trench. "Christ!" he said and came blindly back.

For an instant the world spun. Without seeing I saw. Then I climbed along the broken trench. A five-nine had landed on the roof of the pit and crashed everything in.

A pair of boots was sticking out of the earth. He had been in charge of the battery for me. From the safety of the cellar he had gone out to see if the men were all right. He had done my job!

Guns came with shovels. In five minutes we had him out. He was still warm. The doctor was on his way. We carried him out of the shelling on a duck board. Some of the gunners went on digging for the other boy. The doctor was there by the time we'd carried him to the road. He was dead.

A pair of boots sticking out of the earth. For days I saw nothing else. That jolly fellow whom I'd left laughing, sitting down to write a letter to his wife—a pair of boots sticking out. Why? Why?

We had laid him in a cottage. The sergeant and I went back and by the light of a candle which flickered horribly, emptied his pockets and took off his ring. How cold Death was. It made him look ten years younger.

Then we put him into an army blanket with his boots on and all his clothes. The only string we had was knotted. It took a long time to untie it. At last it was done.

A cigarette holder, a penknife, a handkerchief, the ring. I took them out with me into the moonlight, all that king and country had left of him.

Here is another silhouette of the great battle that began on March 21, 1918, a battle that, for the author, was filled with doubts, uncertainties, and tragedies:

The 21st of March, 1918, has passed into history now, a page of disaster, blood, and prisoners, a turning point in the biggest war in history, a day which broke more hearts than any other day in the whole four and a half years; and yet to some of us it brought an infinite relief. The tension was released. The fight was on to the death.

We were jerked awake in the darkness by a noise which beat upon the brain, made the hill tremble and shiver, which seemed to fill the world and all time with its awful threat.

I looked at my watch—4 a. m.

The subaltern who lay on the bed beside mine said, "She's off!" and lit a candle with a laugh. He was dead within six hours. We put coats over our pyjamas and went out of the hut. Through the fog there seemed to be a sort of glow along the whole front right and left like one continuous gun

flash. The Scots captain came round with his subalterns and joined us, and two "Archie" gunners who shared a tent under the trees and messed with us. We stood in a group, talking loudly to make ourselves heard. There was nothing to be done but to stand by. According to plan we should not come into action until about 10 p. m. that night to cover the retreat, if necessary, of the gunners and infantry in the line. Our range to start with would be six thousand yards.

So we dressed and talked to Brigade, who had no information. At 6 o'clock Brigade issued an order, "Man O. P.'s at once." The fog still hung like a blanket and no news had come through from the front line. The barrage was reported thick in front of and in Essigny with gas.

The signaller was ready, three of them. The subaltern detailed had only to fill his pockets with food.

The subaltern detailed! It sounds easy, doesn't it? But it isn't any fun detailing a man to go out into a gas barrage in any sort of show, and this was bigger than the wildest imagination could conceive. I wondered, while giving him instructions, whether I should ever see him again. I never did. He was taken prisoner, and the signaller, too.

Dramatic incidents lie thickly on these pages. The whole battle front was one hideous turmoil, and batteries found themselves unexpectedly on the front line and with the infantry behind them instead of before them:

It was not till midnight that the last of the guns was up and the last of the vehicles packed and then I heard the voice of the Babe calling for me. He crashed up on a white horse in the darkness and said with a sob, "Dickie's wounded!"

"Dickie" was the wagon line subaltern, a second lieutenant who had got the D. S. O. in the Cambrai show, one of the stoutest lads God ever made. In my mind I had been relying on him enormously for the morning.

"Is he bad? Where is he?"

"Just behind, sir," said the Babe. "I don't know how bad it is."

Dickie came up on a horse. There was blood down the horse's shoulder and he went lame slightly.

"Where is it, Dickie. Old Thing?"

His voice came from between his teeth. "A sbrapnel bullet through the foot," he said. "I'm damn sorry, major."

"Let's have a look." I flashed a torch on it. The spur was bent into his foot just behind the ankle, broken, the point sticking in.

There was no doctor, no stretcher, no means of getting the spur out.

"Can you stick it? The wagon is piled mountains high. I can't shove you on that. Do you think you can hang on till we get down to Flavy?"

"I think so," he said.

He had a drink of rum and lit a cigarette and the battery got mounted. I kept him in front with me and we moved off in the dark, the poor little horse, wounded also, stumbling now and again. What that boy must have suffered I don't know. It was nearly three hours later before the battery got near its destination and all that time he remained in the saddle, lighting one cigarette from another and telling me he was "damn sorry." I expected him to faint every moment and stood by to grab him as he fell.

At last we came to a crossroads at which the battery had to turn off to reach the rendezvous. There was a large casualty clearing station about half a mile on.

So I left the battery in charge of the Babe and took Dickie straight on, praying for a sight of the lights.

The place was in utter darkness when we reached it, the but doors yawning open, everything empty. They had cleared out!

Then round a corner I heard a motor lorry starting up. They told me they were going to Ham. There was a hospital there.

So Dickie slid off his horse and was lifted into the lorry.

Major Gibbs' servants had deserted him early in battle, and now he was to find them again under strange circumstances, and to face the dreadful responsibilities of dealing with them:

Two horses went down with a crash and a scream. A man toppled over in the road. Bullets spat on the ground like little puffs of smoke. Two went through my map, spread out at my feet, and at last away they roared—presumably under the impression that they had put us out of action. The horses were dead!

The man was my servant, who had run away on the first morning. Three through his left leg. Better than being shot at dawn, anyhow.

Curiously enough, the mess cook had already become a casualty. He was another of the faint-hearted and had fallen under a wagon in the fog and been run over. A rib or two went. Poetic justice was rampant that morning. It left me two to deal with. I decided to let it go for the time and see if fate would relieve me of the job. As a matter of fact it didn't, and many many lifetimes later, when we were out of action, I had two of them up, in a room with a ceiling and cloth on the table, and the Babe stood at my elbow as a witness.

One was a man of about thirty-eight or forty, a long-nosed, lazy, unintelligent highter. The other was a short, scrubby, Dago-looking, bullet-headed person—poor devils both, cannon fodder. My face may have looked like a bit of rock, but I was immensely sorry for them. Given a moment of awful panic, what kind of intelligence could they summon to fight it, what sort of breeding and beredity was at the back of them? None. You might as well shoot two horses for stampeding at a hursting shell. They were gripped by blind fear and ran for it. They didn't want to. It was not a reasoned thing. It was a momentary lack of control.

But to shoot them for it was absurd, a ridiculous parody of justice. Supposing I had lost my nerve and cleared out? The chances are that being a senior officer I should have been sent down to the base as R. T. O. or M. L. O. and after a few months received the D. S. O. It has been done. They, as Tommies, had only earned the right to a firing party.

It seemed to me therefore that my job was to prevent any recurrence, so in order to uproot the fear of death I implanted the fear of God in them both. Sweat and tears ran down their faces at the end of the interview—and I made the Dago my servant forthwith.

He has redeemed himself many times under worse shellfire than that barrage of the 21st of March.

There was one terrible moment when it seemed that the battery had been overtaken and must fight for its life:

At 6 o'clock we set out, as a squadron of cavalry with slung lances trotted like ghosts across the turf. We had been on the march only five minutes when a yell from the rear of the battery was passed quickly up to me as I walked in the lead.

"Halt! Action rear!"

My heart stood still. Were the Germans streaming up in the mist? Were we caught at last like rats in a trap? It

couldn't be. It was some fool mistake. The Babe was riding just behind me. I called him. "Canter back and find out who gave that order and bring him here. You, lead driver! Keep on walking till I give you the order to do anything else."

We went on steadily. From moment to moment nothing seemed to happen, no rifle or machine-gun fire. The Babe came back with a grin. "The order was 'All correct in rear,' sir."

Can you get the feeling of relief? We were not prisoners or fighting to the last man with clubbed rifles in that cold gray dawn on empty stomachs.

I obeyed the natural instinct of all mothers who see their child snatched from destruction—to slap the infant. "Find out the man who passed it up wrongly and damn his soul to hell!"

"Right, sir," said the Babe cheerily and went back. Good Babe, he couldn't damn even a mosquito properly!

The author speaks of the coming of the armistice, but at the very moment when humanity should have been purged of all meanness and pettiness "forces were astir to try and raise up jealousy, hatred, and enmity between England, France, and America." And we know that those forces are still at work, unrebuked, generally applauded:

Have we learnt nothing? Are these million dead in vain? Are we to let the pendulum swing back to the old rut of dishonest hypocritical self-seeking, disguised under the title of that misunderstood word "patriotism"? Have we not yet looked into the eyes of Truth and seen ourselves as we are? Is all this talk of world peace and league of nations mere newspaper cant to disguise the fear of being out-grabbed at the peace conference? Shall we return to lying, hatred, and all malice and re-crucify Christ? What is the world travail for? To produce stillborn through our own negligence the hope of Peace? The leopard can not change his spots, you say. My answer is that the leopard does not want to. What does the present hold out to us who have been through the Valley of the Shadow? What does it look like to us who gaze down upon it from the pinnacle of four years upon the edge of eternity? This is what it looks like: this is what it holds out: a corpse of what was once the most beautiful woman, fast entering into decomposition. The elements of all that decomposition are what it holds out to us, a Body-politic surging with clamorous voices, all striving after self, filled with the lust of power at any price, even that of honesty and truth, who would sell their country for a mess of pottage; a Church which has denied God, pandering to snobbery, reeking of hypocrisy and cant, spoon-feeding its people with a comfortable, easy-going effete creed whose resemblance to real religion is a mockery, reveling in sin on week-days and saving its conscience by a half-crown in the hag on Sundays, dealing in superstition to any who will buy; a Justice, well-represented blind whose scales are rusty, and whose weights are false; a Press which crawls down the foul gutters of life like a mangy dog raking over muck heaps for stray bones, hatching upon the backstairs of divorce courts, gloating over sexual intrigue, illustrating it pornographically, suppressing truth as though it were a plague, already quarrelling over unmentioned dead as to who won this battle and that, filled with jealousy and hatred; a Faculty of Medicine more charlatan than any negro witch-finder, hushing up its abortions; leaving a trail of death and broken hearts on its way to Harley Street, that marketplace of lies; a Theatre whose stage doors are the tombs of virtue, virginity the price of entrance to the race for success; a Eugenics based on mock modesty, a shocked screening of facts, leaving the young to grope their way to knowledge through the satisfying of a curiosity which sends our sons to Piccadilly and our daughters to promiscuous country houses; an Education like a foundry which pours off the liquid gold of our youth through one mould into square bars all the same shape, lacking in ideals, practicing a sneaking immorality counteracted in part by athleticism, already imbued with the spirit of *laissez faire*, fired with ambition, the ambition to sow wild oats. On the night of the Armistice, Allied officers went out from prison camps and debauched with German prostitutes. They defiled the Roll of Honor.

Major Gibbs has written a book that is remarkable as a battle picture, but it is still more remarkable as a glimpse at the mind of a soldier who is asking himself if the war has been fought in vain.

GUN FODDER. By H. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The map shows Northern Asia cut off from Europe by a chain of mountains, the Urals, that extend to the limits of the land. Rich mineral deposits lie mainly on the eastern slopes. The eastern watershed of these mountains drains toward the River Ob, one of the three great streams of Siberia, which, with their tributaries, constitute a remarkable arrangement of connected water courses, enabling the people to transport commodities and communicate with each other by water routes. One may cross Siberia entirely by means of river travel, making only two or three portages. The Yenesei and the Lena rivers, respectively, open the west central and east central regions to the Arctic Ocean through their tributaries. The Amur, in Eastern Siberia, runs toward the Pacific Ocean and affords a wonderful outlet for farm products from the rich valleys that it drains. Mountains on the south in Western Siberia form a natural barrier against the Mongolian peoples.

Testifying recently before a parliamentary committee, Sir Stanley Reed, editor of the *Times of India*, said that India used to be poor and congested and suffered from unemployment and famine. Nor there was a shortage of labor in every industry, including even agriculture. There had been a phenomenal rise in the financial capacity of India, very large sums being raised without disturbing financial stability. There had been an enormous awakening of public spirit, demanding a higher standard of living and better social surroundings. Political activity had developed in an extraordinary degree, and the people were demanding to take their share in the government of their country.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 1, 1919, were \$162,816,448.40; for the corresponding week of last year, \$123,759,655.10; an increase over last year of \$39,056,793.30.

Gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco gained by nearly \$3,000,000 during the week just ended, according to report of conditions as of October 31st.

October was a busy month on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, with prices throughout the list showing increases some of them substantial. In all, 291,763 shares of stock changed hands. North American Oil was sold in greatest volume, the total sales of the stock reaching 151,620 shares. Associated Oil, however, was the real leader with sales of 36,177 shares and a price range of 94½ to 127¾. California Packing common was next with sales of 17,715 and a price range of 68¾ to 83¾. The subsidiaries of the Associated were well up in the trading. Amalgamated with 8145 shares sold and a price range of 78 to 100 and Sterling Oil and De-

velopments with 10,861 shares sold at a range of \$2 to \$4.50.

Sales of bonds amounted to \$7,532,100, par value, and of these government issues amounted to \$6,506,000, these displaying great activity all the month. The Victory notes were the favorites, taking up much of the whole amount, with sales of \$4,030,500.

Exports of finished manufactures from the United States in the first year of peace will aggregate four times as much as in the year before the war. An analysis by the National City Bank of New York of the foreign trade during the eight months of the current calendar year shows that the exports of finished manufactures continue to expand, though that of "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" show a slight decline.

The total value of finished manufactures exported in the eight months ending with August, 1919, is \$1,690,000,000, against \$1,361,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1918 and \$422,000,000 in the same months of 1914, the total for the eight months of the current year being thus four times as much as in the same months preceding the war.

"Manufactures for further use in manufacturing," which include such articles as pig copper, pig iron, steel bars and billets, and other partly manufactured material, of a class chiefly consumed in Europe, show a slight fall

off, the total for the eight months ending with August, 1919, being \$609,000,000, against \$732,000,000 in the same months of last year, \$857,000,000 in the corresponding months of the preceding year, and \$241,000,000 in the same months of 1914. Quite naturally the movement of this class of partly manufactured material, chiefly consumed in Europe, has not been as great since the demands of that continent, which were extreme during the war, have somewhat reduced.

It is in finished manufactures that the most remarkable and interesting record of the year has been made. The total value of "manufactures ready for consumption" exported in the eight months ending with August, as above indicated, is \$1,690,000,000, as against \$1,361,000,000 in the corresponding months of the last war year. Quite naturally, of course, the exports of "manufactures ready for consumption" in the years of the greatest war activity, 1916 and 1917, were somewhat larger than in the first year of peace, especially in view of the fact that Europe was demanding such finished manufactures as powder, shot, and shell, guns, great and small, automobiles and flying machines for the battlefields, etc. As a consequence of these special war demands the exports of finished manufactures were in the first eight months of 1916, \$1,706,000,000; in the corresponding months of 1917, \$1,868,000,000, dropping, however, with the increased activity of the European manufacturers to \$1,361,000,000 in the first eight months of 1918, the last year of hostilities, but advancing to \$1,690,000,000 in the first eight months of 1919, all of which occurred subsequent to the war.

The Anglo-California Trust Company is the latest San Francisco bank to be admitted to membership in the Federal Reserve system. The Anglo-California Trust is one of the fastest-growing banking institutions in the state. On August 1, 1916, the total resources of the company were a little more than \$11,000,000. Today they are more than \$23,000,000, which is a 100 per cent. increase in three years. The growth has been particularly rapid since January 1, 1919, the deposits having increased more than \$4,000,000 in ten months. This is an exceptional gain and is the result of progressive banking methods instituted by the officers early in the year.

Demands in the United States for manufacturing materials and foodstuffs are the principal causes of the large increase in importations. The trade figures for the nine months ending with September, says a statement by the National City Bank of New York, indicate that the total value of our imports in the calendar year 1919 may reach nearly \$4,000,000,000, as against less than \$2,000,000,000 in 1913. Practically all of this increase occurs in manufacturing materials and foodstuffs. Manufactures show a fall off of about \$75,000,000, while manufacturing material shows an increase of approximately \$140,000,000 and foodstuffs an increase of over \$150,000,000.

India rubber, hides and skins, raw silk, tobacco, and diamonds are the principal manufacturing material showing increases, while sugar, coffee, fresh meats, olive oil, and cocoa are the principal foodstuffs showing increases. Raw cotton, wool, and fibres show reductions. Manufactures of fibres, cotton, and wool also show marked decreases, burlaps alone drop \$16,000,000; cotton manufactures a drop of over \$3,000,000, and woollen manufactures a fall from \$17,500,000 to about \$8,000,000. There is a large increase in the importation of cattle; 270,000 head this year valued at \$21,648,000, against 162,000 valued at \$8,577,000 in the same months of last year.

A considerable part of the increases in value of foodstuffs and manufacturing material imported is due to the higher prices. Coffee shows a total value in the eight months ending with August of \$156,000,000, against \$75,000,000 in the same period last year, while the quantity is 883,000,000 pounds, against 819,000,000 in the corresponding months of last year, the value having more than doubled, while the quantity increased less than 10 per cent. The average import price of the coffee brought in in the eight months ending with August, 1919, is about 18 cents per pound (these figures being the valuation in the country from which imported), as against about 9 cents per pound in the corresponding months of the preceding year, and in the month of August the import price was 21.8 cents per pound, as against 9.4 cents in August of last year. Sugar importations, despite the shortage at present, show large gains in quantity and a tremendous increase in value, the quantity imported from foreign countries and our islands aggregating in the eight months ending with August, 1919, 6,688,000,000 pounds, against 5,536,000,000 in the same months of last year, and the value \$391,000,000, as against \$275,000,000 in the corresponding months of last year. The average import price of sugar from foreign countries in the month of August, 1919, was five and sixty-four one-hundredths cents per pound, as against four and seventy-five one-hundredths cents per

pound in August of last year, these figures being the valuation of raw sugar in the country from which imported. Fresh meats show an importation of 25,000,000 pounds, against less than 9,000,000 in the same months of last year; olive oil, \$12,836,000 in the eight months of 1919, against \$303,000 in the same months of last year.

At the convention of the National Association of Purchasing Agents recently held in Philadelphia H. F. Feagans, purchasing agent for the Sperry Flour Company and president of the Purchasing Agents' Association of Northern California, introduced the Sperry invoice form, which has been tentatively adopted as the national standardized form. At the convention some 2000 or more samples were displayed in competition, to show what the purchasing and auditing departments of large companies now have to handle—a great variety of sizes, shapes, and styles, impossible of orderly arrangement in filing. Expert accountants, filing cabinet manufacturers, paper manufacturers, printers, Federal Reserve Bank representatives and government purchasing agents conferred with the standardization committee of the national association before its report was presented to the convention and finally adopted.

The October commercial letter of the Canadian Bank of Commerce has the following to say about the general business conditions in Canada:

"The settlement of the strike of mine employees in the Cobalt district will tend to stimulate the production of silver. It is not anticipated, however, that the output this year will exceed 10,000,000 ounces, as compared with 16,000,000 last year, the decrease being largely due to the loss of time caused by the strike. In British Columbia a discovery of iron ore is reported, and preliminary investigation leads to the hope that it will turn out to be of great commercial importance. Following the settlement of the coal strike in the Fernie district a large force of men returned to work, but it will be a considerable time before conditions become normal in this industry. Preparations are being made to resume the manufacture of coke. In northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan metalliferous developments of some importance are pending. Responsible financial interests are reported to have acquired control of deposits of copper ore in the Pas district, which they purpose to develop.

"The demands for lumber are reported to be greater than during the summer, and buyers from abroad have appeared in practically all of the Canadian lumber districts. Although lumber prices are relatively high, it is not probable that the cut next winter will be up to the average, owing to the cost of operations in the woods and the scarcity of efficient labor.

"Building activity is general; the August permits in thirty-five cities involving an estimated outlay of \$10,000,000, as compared with \$5,000,000 in 1918 and \$8,174,000 in July last. There continues to be a great demand in all parts of the country for dwelling accommodation, and the demand for farm lands in the prairie provinces is at present stronger than at any time since the war began."

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debts and inflation of currencies. This danger does not appear to be fully appreciated, nor is it yet generally realized that it can only be arrested by applying to production the same intensive energy that was applied to carrying on the war. Continued social and industrial disorganization is causing losses which add to the burden of an almost overwhelming mass of national debts. M. Clemenceau, in submitting the peace treaty to the French Chamber, and Mr. Lloyd George, in the British Parliament, warned their people of the dire consequences that must attend failure to carry on production in as thorough-going a manner as prior to the war. These warnings are just as applicable to Canada, and have frequently been given by the more thoughtful of our political leaders.

"This country, relatively speaking, is in a favorable position. Our debt abroad has not increased materially since the outbreak of the war; our chief products are foodstuffs, for which the demand remains great, while under the stress of war the machinery for their pro-

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duction has gained in efficiency. Favorable as these conditions are, we can reap the advantage from them only by husbanding our resources in credit and goods. By unnecessary personal expenditure, or by state interference in maintaining and artificially creating more costly standards of living which are not conducive to efficiency or social contentment, the advantages of the position now enjoyed by Canada may easily be lost. Social justice and prosperity have attained their fullest development in those countries where individual initiative has been least hampered by governmental restrictions, and such conditions have not only attracted commercial and industrial enterprises, but have fostered the best forms of humanitarian effort; all elements of a contentment which is the true measure of prosperity. It is a good augury at the present time that there is pressure to obtain passages to Canada by many who seek opportunity to recommence their careers free from the fear of undue state interference with their personal liberties.

"One of the chief obstacles to progress in

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reconstruction and repair will be removed when the peace terms are enforced and the political and geographical status of the reconstructed nations is definitely settled. The waning but still persistent belief in several European countries that the people as a whole would be better off if the state were to confiscate private property is another difficulty that will have to be overcome before conditions are conducive to stable trade relations. The example of Russia is doing much to remove unrest on that account, and the stern and painful experience of that country is dissipating the illusion that when the products of labor go to the state for the use of the

year oats and barley are higher in price, while the price of wheat is likely to be fixed at about the same level as a year ago. Taking the grain crop as a whole, the realizable value to the producer will be considerably in excess of that of a year ago.

The leading packers paid a total of \$61,351,905 for labor in 1918, compared with \$18,489,037 in 1912, an increase in six years of \$42,862,866, or 231.7 per cent. Sixteen packers in 1912 reported a total of 30,279 employees, while in 1918 the same companies reported 51,895 employees, an increase of 71.4 per cent., or 21,617 men. The average increase in the hourly wage rate between January 1, 1916, and January 1, 1919, was 132.9 per cent. The actual average wage per annum in 1912 was \$603.60, while in 1918 it increased to \$1163.44.—*Bradstreet's.*

The *Bankitaly* Life, a monthly magazine published by and for the employees of the Bank of Italy, edited by Philip J. Lawler, one of the bank's staff, has just published its October number, one of the best yet issued. It contains many instructive and interesting articles, and a letter from A. Giannini, president of the bank, to his co-workers. The cover is a work of art depicting in colors "Victory Crowning Italian Soldiers in the Alps."

RUSSIAN JERUSALEM.

Kieff, which has been captured from the Bosheviks, is known in history as the Mother of All Towns in Russia, and the Russian Jerusalem. Moreover, Kieff has been referred to as the Ravenna of the North, because it, like the Italian city, is a reliquary of Byzantine art. There is another point of similarity (says the *London Morning Post*). In far back days each was the most powerful city of its respective country. Before the barbaric hordes of Alaric the Emperor Honorius fled from Rome 1400 years ago to "impregnable" Ravenna, which was then a great naval base on the Adriatic lagoons. But the sea, slowly ebbing away, left the city and its splendid monuments of Byzantine art dammed up some five miles inland, among pestilential marshes and feverish mists. Although this fenland is now more or less drained, malaria around Ravenna has its seasons of dread, even to visitors of the most vigorous health, and the waters that at intervals ooze up through the soil and the moist air still seriously affect the churches both outside and in, the splendid mosaics suffering also in the general decay. The girls of Ravenna alone retain the beauty that makes them the most charming of Italian maidens.

The topography of Kieff is entirely different from that of Ravenna. Picturesquely set on a wooded height about 300 feet above the yellow Dnieper, the Ukraine capital has always been free from the physical and atmospheric conditions that with time have made the Ravenna churches resemble decaying tombs where are preserved the "dry bones" of antique art swathed in the gorgeous colors of Byzantium. Old Kieff was reduced to a ruin by other forces. In the middle of the eleventh century Kieff reached its most flourishing period. It had become a minor Byzantium. Its stone churches were resplendent with mosaics, frescoes, and sacred pictures, mainly the work of Greek artists.

But the Mongols invaded the Ukraine, and by and by the city and its artistic glory almost disappeared. Portions of the Cathedral of St. Sophia, founded by Yaroslav I in 1037, can still be traced, and behind the altar in the "Indestructible Wall," as it is called, there are effective mosaics of the Virgin, the Mystery of the Holy Eucharist, and an Annunciation, all unmistakably of Byzantine workmanship. On the other hand there is a fine specimen of early Russian art in the Zlatoverkh-Mikhailovsky Church. This work, which is in mosaic, represents the Holy Eucharist, and the figures, if somewhat elongated, have greater vitality than those of purely Byzantine origin. The mural paintings by Greek artists inside the old cathedral include scenes from the Apocrypha and realistic circus performances.

But Kieff lost its importance as an artistic centre and was supplanted by Novgorod, where, in the twelfth century, the first real school of Russian painters was founded. In recent years, however (before the war), Kieff again assumed an important place in artistic creation. The Cathedral of St. Vladimir, which was completed in 1896, is decorated by, among others, Victor Vasnetsov, one of the most imaginative and sincere of modern Russian artists, and he gave a new impulse to religious art in his native land. Kieff has an interesting art museum.

Some samples of proofreading on the country press of America have been compiled recently. One rural sheet says: "Last night the pastor took as his subject that well-known picture, The Last Supper, by Dr. Vinci." Another informs us that "The reredos of the altar is composed of seven gilt panels of Fra and Jellico's angels." A third newspaper, reviewing the performance of a visiting orchestra, says: "Among the pieces played was Grieg's 'Ass's Death.'"

HOLLAND'S OLD CUSTOMS.

War Failed to Check Traditional Festivals.

Just as in all other countries the war has caused a revival of patriotism in Holland, and the fact that Holland escaped the fate of being actually involved in the strife inspired the thought of celebrating the conclusion of the peace by organizing a patriotic festival, which was to take place in the surroundings of the open-air museum.

The preparations were already pretty far in progress when the Belgian demands upon Holland caused a change of these plans. Instead of a mere survey of old customs the festival was to become the monument of Dutch unity.

People from all parts of the country participated in the festival. They came from the islet of Marken, from the Frisian village of Hinloopen—both well known as "sights" to such visitors from abroad who spend more than two days in "doing Holland." They came from Giethoorn, very likely the only village in the world where there are no roads and where funerals and marriages and baptisms all take place in boats and punts and where the old traditions of the Saxon peasant are still preserved. They came from big towns and from hamlets so small that even a Dutchman has trouble in locating them at once. But the chief response came from Limburg and from Dutch Flanders.

Very likely, people from "down there" would have come to Arnheim, but the incentive was all the greater now because they felt the menace of Belgian annexation and wanted to prove their Dutch feelings.

The southern part of Holland is chiefly Catholic, and this may partly account for the fact that the traditions of joy and merry-making have been preserved there better and to a greater extent than in the Calvinistic north.

While the old guilds have almost disappeared in the north, they still flourish in the southern provinces. In the north people have preserved the old local dress and headgear, they still know their old folk songs by heart and do remember how their grandfathers used to go courting and how marriages were celebrated in those days. But they neither use those dresses and that headgear, nor do they sing these songs, and in their love-making now "she" sits behind "him" on the motorcycle, and "he" dons his flannels on the tennis court, exactly as other young people do. And going to the town hall on their marrying day he wears his lavender pants and morning coat and pearl gray kid gloves with the same ease of any other modern Western worldling. Nevertheless, the friends of the young couple probably will have looked up the old family dresses and the old song books, and will have acted a "seventeenth-century marriage" at the wedding feast the night before.

This is the chief use made there of these old dresses and customs. So it is in the more mater-of-fact north. But in the south these old traditions are still a thing of living reality. Fancy there a village Huysen, where year by year the Killing of the Dragon by the Knight of St. George and the subsequent liberation of the Beautiful Princess has been got up, every year since the custom originated in 1307 and where every item of dress and custom has been observed with the same rigorous decorum as in Ober-Ammergau.

People came from Boxmeer, representing the Honorable League of the Wonder Sausage, which was established in 1542 under the will of a rich villager who set aside an amount of money to make a sausage nine or ten yards in length to be carried about in procession and merrymaking before being divided among the poor. Even in the meatless months of 1917-1918 the Guild had observed that will, sparing the meagre meat coupons for weeks and weeks that the sausage might be made. Then they marched up in festive procession, the "King of the Sausage" leading, followed by the "Bearer of the Butchering Knife," the "Great Lord of the Black Bread," the "Carrier of the Swine's Chap," and the free beer foamed and the old dances were danced and the villagers of Boxmeer acted as their fathers and great-grandfathers before them were wont to act for centuries.

There came a Guild of Crossbowmen dating as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century, the men still using the old black bows and the old villagers' garb. Their president carried the forty-seven silver shields that are left of the innumerable prizes gained in contests. From Zelhem they came bearing the black rye bread, which—under another will—shall turn the scale at least 180 pounds and which has been divided among the Zelhem poor on every Ascension Day since 1559.

The Limburg rifle guilds, many from the Napoleonic period, many much older yet, marching in the cortège through the streets of Arnheim, carrying the long pole with the wooden bird which is the aim of these marksmen in their yearly contest for the kingship of the guild.

The peasants from Dutch Flanders were present, with their harvest wagons laden with rye and buckwheat, and with boys and girls, adorned, singing the old harvest songs; and

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the fishing folks from the sea coast were there, too, with their surf-carts, on which they used to go out into the sea to fetch the first herring of the year from the incoming yawl.

They all were there, and the visitors from all parts of Holland wondered that so many quaint customs and dresses were still extant within the narrow compass of the Dutch frontiers.

And nightly during that "All-Holland Week" Frisian and Hollander and Limburger and Brabander and the people from Dutch Flanders fraternized as they had never done before and cemented the unity of the nation.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Secret Service.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim gives us another story of the Secret Service, and one in which he combines his usual ingenuity of plot with a culmination which implies some sort of reconciliation between England and Ireland. It is to be feared that the wish was father to the thought.

Jocelyn Thew—for by that name he wishes to be known—Irish patriot and German sympathizer, is intent on conveying certain vital documents from America to Germany. Crawshaw of the British Secret Service has come to America to prevent him from doing so. Thew conceals the documents in the handbags of a man dying after an operation and who is sentimentally anxious to reach England before he expires, and the Secret Service men who are on the ship awake to the trick only when it is too late. Then comes the effort to find and seize the documents before they can be sent to Germany, and it must be admitted that Thew has the best of the game. There are two pretty girls involved, one of them an aristocratic maiden of New York who is at the head of a hospital and who becomes Thew's innocent confederate, and another New York damsel of low degree and dubious antecedents, but whom we must prefer. The story is one of Mr. Oppenheim's best, although we have our doubts as to the wholesale conversion of the Sinn Feiners.

THE BOX WITH BROKEN SEALS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Old English Interiors.

That there should be a demand for a third edition of "Old English Interiors," by C. J. Charles, is gratifying evidence that the American home is becoming more beautiful. Indeed Mr. Charles tells us that a keener appreciation is shown in America for the best of decoration than is found in England, where the finest of

models are so readily available. Moreover, he tells us that the American is willing to place the fullest confidence in the expert when once he has been chosen, and he will neither call in a variety of "decorative artists" nor start on curio-hunting expeditions on his own account.

In this volume the author gives us drawings of the many rooms that he has carried out in England and America. He has been engaged in this work for the last twenty years, "during which time I have learned to know how easy it is when making the necessary additions and restorations to miss the subtlety, true feeling and tone of the original, with the result that there is lacking that indefinable sense of satisfaction and harmony which arises in the mind only when a work is complete in all its detail." It is enough to say that these drawings are imposing and beautiful, and that the author's historical survey is ample and accurate.

OLD ENGLISH INTERIORS. By C. J. Charles. New York: John Lane Company.

Maeterlinck's Dogs

It may often be observed that unusual people have unusual dogs—or cats, as the case may be, as though there were a certain inspirational community of consciousness between masters and pets, as indeed there must be. No one would expect that Maeterlinck, for example, would possess common curs of low degree. Even though of plebeian origin, they would become in a sense glorified by some strange process of absorption. They would develop distinctive characteristics. They would be lifted above the herd.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck tell us about her husband's dogs in a witty and vivacious volume translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dogs gravitated toward Maeterlinck, all sorts of dogs, from the common or garden variety to the super dog. Mme. Maeterlinck interprets them for us. She translates their opinions on life, humanity, philosophy, and the animal world. It would be ungallant to dispute her renderings. Without doubt, all these dogs are exactly as described. It is all quite easy to believe as we examine their portraits by the same gifted hand that sketched their dispositions.

MAETERLINCK'S DOGS. By Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Singing Mountains.

This story—if it can be called a story, seeing that it has no definite beginning, culmination, nor end—is a sketch of life in the mountain regions of West Virginia, beyond reach of the railroads and their destructive influence upon local characteristics. It is a picture of the family life of the Rev. Peter Rhodes, who, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter, manage to sustain themselves by a curious combination of preaching, hunting, and fishing.

Although they are largely out of touch with the centres of civilization they are by no means primitive people. The children are alert and intelligent, and the father is a man of education and of liberal mind. The boys

have the usual yearnings for the city, but a little experience soon sends them home again. The little girl knows no greater tragedy than her inability to wear her first pair of real store shoes because the messenger has accidentally broken short the little piece of stick that was to serve as a measure of length. We are allowed to watch these kindly, simple people at their work, in their vacation camps, and at their rustic love-making, and we are by no means sure that they have not the best of it in the apportionment of destinies. The author has done a valuable piece of work in making us thus familiar with a little-known people. And he has done it exceedingly well.

SINGING MOUNTAINS. By A. B. Cunningham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Briefer Reviews.

A substantial story that should be welcome to little girls is "Daisy," by Ruth Brown MacArthur, just published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. It contains several colored illustrations.

"Drawing Made Easy," by Joseph Cummings Chase (Edward J. Clode), is a brief consideration of some of the essentials of the art, and with numerous and unusually helpful illustrations. Drawing can never be "made easy," but the author has certainly made it interesting, which perhaps is the next best thing.

An unusually attractive book is "The Burgess Bird Book for Children," by Thornton W. Burgess, just published by Little, Brown & Co., with fifty-seven illustrations in full color by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. The facts of bird life are conveyed in conversational form and in such a way as to impress the imagination of the child and produce a permanent interest and sympathy.

"Danger Signals for Teachers," by A. E. Winship, LL. D., editor of the *Journal of Education*, is a sort of inspirational summons to teachers to meet the new educational demands made upon them by the war. Dr. Winship is one of the foremost authorities of the country and he writes with a persuasive enthusiasm that is beyond praise. His book is published by Forbes & Co., Chicago.

"The Future Citizen and His Mother," by Charles Porter, M. D., B. Sc. (Houghton Mifflin Company), is "a book on the care of mother and child written for doctors and social workers, and for the enlightenment of parents who from ignorance of hygiene contribute to the high infant mortality rate. Dr. Porter suggests a comprehensive programme for the care of expectant mothers, and for the insurance of their babies' health after birth."

Dr. John Mahan English, D. D., in his "For Pulpit and Platform" gives us much sage advice and much definite information on the subject of public speaking, and particularly of preaching. We are hardly disposed to think that the art of the preacher is likely to come into new vogue. Rather the contrary, but none the less the public speaker can hardly fail to profit by the counsel that he will find here. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

BOOKS IN THE WAR. By Theodore Wesley Koch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The romance of literary war service.

AMERICAN PAINTING AND ITS TRADITION. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Illustrated with reproductions of paintings.

THE BURGESS BIRD BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

All about birds.

THE BOX WITH BROKEN SEALS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A war story of the Secret Service.

GUN FODDER. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The diary of four years of war.

COUNTY ADMINISTRATION. By C. C. Maxey. New York: Macmillan Company.

A study based upon a survey of county government in the State of Delaware.

TALES OF FOLK AND FAIRIES. By Katharine Pyle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

For children.

DUNSEY THE DRAMATIST. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

New revised edition.

THE THEATRE—ADVANCING. By Edward Gordon Craig. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

On the various aspects of the stage.

SHORTY McCABE GETS THE HAIL. By Sewell Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A novel.

DAISY. By Ruth Brown MacArthur. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

A story for girls.

NOT ALL THE KING'S HORSES. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A novel.

COMMERCIAL RESEARCH. By C. S. Duncan. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A discussion of scientific principles for the

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THE FUTURE CITIZEN AND HIS MOTHER. By Charles Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

On the care of mother and child. Written for doctors and social workers.

LITTLE CURELY HEAD THE PET LAMB. By the author of "Heidi." New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For children.

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles H. L. Johnston. Boston: The Page Company.

Some military biographies.

FOR PULPIT AND PLATFORM. By John Mahan English. New York: Macmillan Company.

A handbook on preparation.

ETIQUETTE MADE EASY. By Edward Summers Squier, M. A. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A complete dictionary of social behavior.

DRAWING MADE EASY. By Joseph Cummings Chase. New York: Edward J. Clode.

For students.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Life on the Water.

In this volume we have everything that we need know on canoeing, sailing, and motor-boating. Its author is Lieutenant Warren H. Miller, U. S. N. R., who seems to think a lot more of the crazy craft that he built and sailed as a boy than of the finest warship in the American navy.

The value of the book lies in that very fact. It is autobiographical, nearly all of it. Lieutenant Miller tells us of the days when a dollar was expected to go a long way, and when ten dollars was an almost unheard-of sum. He tells us precisely how he learned to outfit and to sail a boat and of how his maritime vistas gradually broadened until they included racing craft and power boats. He never bought anything if it was humanly possible to make it for himself, and he describes his efforts in so practical a way that any boy who has as many as two hands and who loves the water can do the same thing for himself. And he makes his meaning additionally clear by a large number of line and other illustrations that are positively inspiring in their simplicity.

It is not necessary to be even moderately wealthy, says the author, to enjoy your own craft. We may all go cruising if only there is enough water, and so this volume should have its appeal to those who would indulge in the cheapest and perhaps the most fascinating of all amusements for those within reach of ocean, lake, or river.

CANOEING, SAILING AND MOTOR BOATING. By Lieutenant Warren H. Miller, U. S. N. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Quixotic Character.

It is sad to be too noble and good in a naughty world, and that is what is the matter with John Walter Byrd's hero in "The Born Fool." Not from the reader's point of view, for Kirk, poor fellow, is most lovable. The reader admires him, pays tribute to his strength of character, and loves him. But with a sinking heart he perceives that this gifted young man, because he is, in some respects, an anchorite, and is cursed with a conscience too Quixotic and sensitive, is going to make ducks and drakes of his life by being constant to a humble sweetheart who is made of different and coarser clay, and speaks a different language.

Apparently the author, by calling the brilliant, conscientious young student, the gifted geologist, the untiring and resourceful engineer a "born fool" wished to convey the idea that

that is what he would be considered by the average person. So he would, when they judged him by that one calamitous decision. But the author has interpreted to his readers the character of Kirk, with its diverse elements struggling for mastery, and we clearly recognize that it couldn't be helped. He was born that kind of a being.

Incidentally Mr. Byrd, who has written his novel with an old-fashioned leisureliness that is rather enjoyable, has depicted in Kirk a youth with a cultured and well-stocked mind. And as we are allowed to more than glimpse the treasures of Kirk's knowledge we can not but perceive that the talented author's brains must be similarly equipped.

THE BORN FOOL. By John Walter Byrd. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Balkans.

We learn the heart of a people through its fiction and its poetry rather than through its politics and its wars. In this volume we are introduced to the people of the Balkans by means of a series of short stories translated into English by Edna Worthley Underwood. The stories represent the Czechs, the Montenegrins, the Roumanians, the Serbians, the Croats, and the Hungarians. They are well selected to display the sentiments, loves, hates, and superstitions of these peoples of eastern Europe, whose most binding laws are traditions and prejudices and whose distinctive characteristics are rooted in the history of centuries. So well has the translator done her work that we may count this book as belonging to the useful war literature of the day.

SHORT STORIES FROM THE BALKANS. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

The Girl and the Job.

The girl who is trying to choose a career for herself—other than matrimony—would do well to read this book by Helen Christene Hoerle and Florence B. Saltzberg. There will be found a review of nearly all the occupations open to women, skilled and unskilled, with summaries of qualifications, rewards, penalties, hours, and prospects. Conditions vary, naturally, in different parts of the country, and there will be other variations governed by supply and demand. But the general information contained in this book is likely to be valid for some time to come, and it can not fail to be helpful to the girl who wants something to do, and who is still uncertain what it shall be.

THE GIRL AND THE JOB. By Helen Christene Hoerle and Florence B. Saltzberg. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Berton Braley, author of "Buddy Ballads" (Doran), went to France as a correspondent for *Collier's*. These poems are a result of his war experiences and aim at expressing the war from the viewpoint of the ordinary soldier.

"On the Makaloa Mat" is the title of a new collection of short stories by Jack London. They are stories of Hawaii, the picturesque land Mr. London knew and loved so dearly and they reveal once more the power of his imagination and the vigor of his style.

Arthur Henderson, whose recent election to Parliament constitutes a smashing blow to the Coalition government, may now be obliged to postpone his promised visit to America. His "Aims of Labour" (Huebsch) is the authoritative statement of the Labor party's purposes. The book contains the famous Labour and New Social Order, the Labor party's radical pronouncement.

Mrs. Wiggin, whose latest book, entitled "Ladies in Waiting," is just appearing under the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company, is now on the high seas, returning to this country from England, where she has been visiting for the past few months.

E. H. Sotberr's return to the stage in Shakespearean repertory has been reflected in an increased demand for his notable autobiography, "The Melancholy Tale of Me," published in 1916 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The dispatch stating that Marshal Foch is to arrive in this country on November 11th adds particular timeliness to the announcement of the publication in a few weeks by Charles Scribner's Sons of Captain Raymond Recouly's authoritative biography of the Allied commander-in-chief. Captain Recouly's biography has already reached a sale of 20,000 copies in France.

Following are some of Benavente's maxims on writing and staging a play from the introduction to "Plays by Jacinto Benavente: Second Series," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons: "The public demands that serious things be treated frivolously, and that nonsense be taken seriously. What it will not tolerate is serious treatment of serious things, or speaking flippantly of nonsense. To paint in broad strokes, but so artfully that at a distance it appears as if we had painted in miniature, is at once the problem and the art of the theatre. One-fourth of the morality, rectitude, and sense of justice which an audience brings into the theatre

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would, if left outside, make the world over into paradise."

While the court stenographers in convention at Detroit recently were urging the completion of a fund to buy a monument in honor of Christopher Latham Sholes, known as the father of the typewriter, and commonly called the inventor of the machine, in 1868, there was a stirring of long silent bones in the city, according to press report. For a Detroit man, forty years before, built and operated a writing machine and had died and passed on before Mr. Sholes' typewriter was thought of. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington is seeking in Detroit members of the family of Judge William Austin Burt in the hope that a replica of his machine may be still owned by them. In 1868 the original model was destroyed in the fire that swept the Patent Office. The replica was made for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and at the close of the fair was taken in charge by some member of the family. Since that time all trace of it has been lost.

Before the war the number of people in Great Britain holding government securities was 340,000; today it is more than 20,000,000.

The palace of the former German Emperor in Berlin at one time kept 500 housemaids and 1800 liveried footmen in employment.



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"THE COUNTRY COUSIN."

The enterprising Alcazar management did well to secure rights to a presentation of Booth Tarkington's popular play. When it was put on at the Columbia some months ago an immense number of people went to see it, the approving verdict of Roosevelt and President Wilson having influenced a very considerable body of people. Having gone to see it, they came away such enthusiastic advertisers that those who had overlooked their opportunity recognized that the lost chance had returned as soon as they saw the familiar title billed at the Alcazar.

The play is put on in excellent shape, a very good disposition of the players of the company having been arranged in accordance with their fitness for the rôles. And the play is a delight. The American public does not take very kindly to sermonizing, but Booth Tarkington and Julian Street between them have shown the utmost dexterity in combining a delightful comedy with an admonition and a warning. And the audiences assimilate the lesson which shows up social snobbery and the cold-blooded insensibility of rich, self-indulgent idlers toward their civic duties with a quick-wittedness and a cordiality of reprobation toward the offenders which is very reassuring.

It is beautifully conveyed, this moral which wraps its self up so unobtrusively in the contrasting phases of a particularly enjoyable comedy. We do not see many plays nowadays that seem like real life. "The Country Cousin" does. It takes hold of us immediately, with its country-town and family atmosphere in the first act, and the hideous, selfish materialism which supplies the contrasting phases in the later acts. And the two collaborators have known how to evoke a warmly sympathetic comprehension and response to the underlying meanings of the play even while the audience is gleefully surrendering itself to a full enjoyment of its comedy aspects.

There is nothing that is too obviously conveyed in "The Country Cousin." By degrees we perceive the ugly relationships uniting the graceless crew who are profiting by her father's filchings of Eleanor's fortune. By degrees we comprehend that among the men and women thus dodging their duties toward life there are occasional individuals who, cotton-battened though they have been in selfish ease, and a profound conviction of their superiority to less fortunate beings, are worth the saving. The rest don't count; merely gnats buzzing in the brief sunshine before they retire to lives of lasting insignificance.

THE POPULAR CONCERT.

It was a great day for San Francisco when the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra first

decreed the popular concerts. There are many people that are still in the progressive stage in their love for the classic compositions usually played by a symphony orchestra. They have not yet learned the tranquil joys to be found sitting with closed eyes, dead to the world, and surrendering themselves to the profound pleasure of following an entire symphony through to its conclusion.

Some people never care to hear more than one symphony movement at a sitting. Others enjoy intensely only when the music is familiar. To such people the popular concerts are a godsend, for they love music, and they find themselves learning to enjoy with discrimination, and to appreciate the technical excellences and the emotional charm which Hertz draws from his body of players.

Last Sunday's audience was more than usually responsive during the really exquisite concert that was given. There was such diversity in the programme as the "Andante Cantabile" from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony and Dvorak's "Humoresque." There was the Bizet "Carmen" Suite and Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody, which was played with such splendor of expression that the audience, already excited by previous numbers, gave enthusiastic utterance to its intensity of enjoyment.

The airy, fairy joyousness of Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the delicate lace-like beauty of Beethoven's "Minuet in G" seemed to lead up, by a natural transition, to the always exciting call of the Valkyries. It was an enraptured audience that testified its enthusiasm at the close of the performance; an audience, by the way, that had bought out the house several days preceding the performance.

"A PRINCE THERE WAS."

George M. Cohan always does the trick. He forswears probabilities, he invokes the long arm, he employs exaggeration or sentimentality or the lack of it, as he feels inclined, but he always tickles our sense of humor, and gently titivates the sentimentalities flourishing greenly in the hearts of the theatre-going public.

"A Prince There Was" is very characteristic of Cohan's methods. He begins immediately to make us smile. The alleged prince, played delightfully by James Gleason, is so bored, so uninterested, so hopeless, yet so likable that we simply yearn for something to happen that will bring a smile—or even half a one—to his lips, and a gleam of interest to his eyes.

It happens. Clever George Cohan! It happens through the instrumentality of a child, just about the time we were saying to ourselves, "This bored, idle, enervated millionaire could be cured if he would adopt a lively and irrepressible youngster that would keep him on the jump."

The child, however, was a bright and taking little girl, too lovable and good to stir up much commotion. But the millionaire woke up from his trance induced by sad remembrance. And then we were transported from the subdued harmonies of Mr. Millionaire's apartments to a cheap boarding-house in a cheap quarter in which impecuniosity flourished like weeds that come up daily. And we saw types that were not too typical, because they were Cohan creations. And George M. invoked the long arm and we never batted a critical eyelash, because he entertained us so well in the doing of it.

And then, besides, he sprang a little surprise on us, and audiences love surprises. We were all the more ready to accept the eccentricities of the two rich ones, who seemed to

turn their backs wearily on riches, keeping, however, in the meanwhile, a tight grip on the connecting link which assured them a return to such vain gauds as expensive maids, valets, and Rolls-Royces, at any moment that they were imperiously desired. Finally there was a comfortable wind-up all round, and everybody settled down cozily to be happy ever after.

But in the meantime George M. Cohan, heing himself, gave us little excerpts of real life and human nature: the valet's brief sketch of his life's history and why he became and remained a valet; Gladys, the daughter of the house; the cheap boarding-house. Gladys is real. We see her every day downtown. And how tickled we were when Gladys became aroused by her mother's dire threat of giving the new girl-boarder a talking-to, and hung on to the old girl until she scared her into submission. It was one of those bits of reality that tickled us inordinately. So did Gladys herself with her habit of languid gum-chewing, her habitual non-chalant, "Oh! shut up!" The part was perfectly played by Lucile Webster, who developed and conveyed all the humor in the rôle.

But indeed all the parts were well played, John Bedouin registering with infallible skill all the changes of emotion through which the melancholy Prince put his much-enduring valet, Josephine Williams depicting the hardened and suspicious keeper of a cheap boarding-house with a robustness that fully expressed the lady's acquired distrust of human nature and her enduring trust in the efficacy of the elusive dollar.

James Gleason has that kind of personality that can successfully convey the idea of a character given over to habitual depression even while a persistent sense of humor survives. His comedy is most agreeable, so discreet, restrained, yet telling.

Murnel Nelson is a bright, talented child actress with the aplomb of a veteran. She fitted the rôle, with her bright, knowing little phiz because of the early development of little Comfort through the premature responsibilities resting on her child's shoulders.

James Bradbury, Jr., who, perhaps, burlesqued his rôle a trifle, nevertheless is very clever in touching up the character of the movie actor, and Miss Willey, Mr. Slider, and the two or three others in the cast handled their rôles well.

RUM 'UNS.

A lot of quiet, conventional women have volunteered, in response to request, to collect data for the school census. And, being rudely jolted out of their customary ruts, they are discovering that while they already knew, they did not actually realize how differently the other half of the world lives.

I am quite sure, as I peacefully navigate through the streets of my native city, that I am practically oblivious of the various queer birds that inhabit the numerous apartment houses I pass. Mixed in with the soiled doves are, of course, people of the highest respectability. In a great city we can not help but be neighbors, occasionally, to queer people. Sometimes we are reminded of this, and again the whole question placidly slips from the mind, and all the be-boudoir-capped and be-peignoured young women who are seen paying a warning visit to the corner grocery we accept as legitimate young matrons, and never think of them as being otherwise, because, after all, there is a strong family resemblance between the respectable and their opposites.

A wise woman of my acquaintance who volunteered for the census work ran into a block inhabited almost exclusively by queer fishes. The wise woman—whom I call wise because she never allowed her philosophical calm to be broken—had been sniffed at, and shouted at, and snubbed, and turned down. One woman, who had responded to her preliminary queries with faultless fluency, suddenly became fractious at the idea of supplying data concerning the numerous Miss Daisies, Miss Lilies, Miss Roses, and Miss Pansies and all the rest of the damaged human flora who populated her house. She said, "No spik English," and slammed the door in her interlocutor's face, ignoring the policeman Nemesis that must eventually run her down to her lair.

The wise woman, when she dropped on to the kind of neighborhood she was in, was a little dismayed. But she never hatted an eyelash when she interrogated the various heads of the various queer households, and discovered the placidity with which these human irregularities accept deviations from the decorous and the conventional. One reason why they were placid was because of the masterly serenity of the wise woman. She wanted to finish her unsavory job and get out, and when the manager of a dovecote full of city marked doves observed the stoic calm with which she accepted such names as Miss Flossy, Miss Tottie, and Miss Myrtle as the heads of families he settled down in a businesslike way, without any backings and fillings, to supply such information as was required.

"I must give the name of one person as the

MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Los Gatos, California

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
(Accredited)

head of each household group," said the wise woman. "Since there are no minors in Apartment 1 that is all that is necessary. 'Well,' said the manager, 'in here there are only two, Miss Pearlle Montmorency and Mr. Umpty Ump.'"

The wise woman's eyelashes still remained unbatted as she wrote down this curious combination.

"And could you tell me who lives in this next apartment?" she said. "Yes," replied the manager, easily, "four girls. Let me see. Blest if I can remember their names. Oh, yes; there's Mamie, Dimples, Cutie, and—let's see—and Posie."

"Could you supply me with their surnames?" asked the W. W. in a businesslike voice. "X-no," said the manager, tickling the crown of his head ruminatively; "they don't seem to have any." This was stated as a simple fact to a wise woman who, the manager saw, understood the whole situation and applied herself in businesslike mood to her end of it.

Later the wise woman ran across a man-



XXXI.

Two Ways of Talking

Suppose a candidate should say to the public at large:

"Elect me and I'll reduce wages."

How many votes would he get? Wage-earners would snow him under.

But if a candidate for office says:

"Vote for me and I'll reduce water rates"—

He is listened to with interest, and supported.

Why?

Because we all like to have our bills reduced:

Because some of us feel that no matter how low the water bill is, it ought to be lower:

Because few of us stop to think that rates, like wages, depend upon the cost of living and doing business.

The candidate who makes an unqualified promise to reduce rates is no more entitled to the votes of sensible, fair-minded men than the candidate who promises to reduce wages.

When rate-fixing engages the attention of the public authorities they don't talk that way. They say:

"We must find out what rates is fair to consumer and company. We may raise the rate, or we may lower it, but we must make it fair."

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

WE HAVE SOME VERY
BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENTALS

LARGE SPECIMEN Trees and Plants

WHICH WILL PRODUCE IMMEDIATE EFFECTS

Saves years of waiting. You can enjoy the trees the moment they are set.

As it takes time to lift and prepare these trees for shipment, we suggest that you order now for future delivery.

We have a magnificent stock of

YEW, CEDRUS DEODARA, ITALIAN CYPRESS AND EUROPEAN SYCAMORE

Our catalog of ornamentals, fruit and nut-bearing trees, roses, vines, etc., sent on request.

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1865

P. O. BOX 416, NILES, CAL.

MAITLAND PLAYHOUSE
"The Theatre Unusual"
Stockton St., above Post. Phone—Kearny 2520
City's Newest and Most Artistic Theatre
Last time Sat. night—"The Monkey's Paw"
and three other one-act gems

Week Starting Tues. Mat. and Eve., Nov. 11
Oscar Wilde's Greatest Comedy
**"THE IMPORTANCE
OF BEING EARNEST"**
Every Night (except Sun. and Mon.) at 8:30
Matinees Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30
ALL SEATS RESERVED—ONE DOLLAR
Tickets two weeks ahead at theatre and news-
stands of St. Francis and Palace hotels.

agers who came to the door in a slight con-
dition of morning frowsiness, abstractedly
fastening a very gauzy kimono. "That," she
said, in reply to the necessary queries, "was a
boarding-house. Her name?" She ruminated
a moment. "My name is Madam Coralie. Or
no, my name is Mrs. Charlemagne Effingham.
Don't you think I might just as well be Mrs.
Charlemagne Effingham?" she appealed to the
census taker. And that dazed functionary
assenting, the gauzy kimono was put down as
Mrs. Charlemagne Effingham.

Nobody was at home at No. So and So, but
the census taker was supplied with the name
of the resident. It was Mr. Archibald Claver-
ing. In order to obtain some item or other
the next day, our friend, when she was writing
out her report, rang up for information to
give her Archie's number. Information's re-
ply was, "There is no such person as Mr.
Archibald Clavering at No. So and So, Dash
Street. The number is entered under the
name of"—Information's voice dropped to a
hushed, deprecatory tone—"of Mrs. Rosa-
belle." It was plain that Information was on.
These business girls in downtown offices have
unpleasant things stamped upon their con-
sciousness that Providence permits us home
women to forget, or ignore.

The whole thing is like turning up an an-
cient mildewed plank, and momentarily noting
the disturbed animal life. Poor, frowsy lives;
poor, frowsy morals; how dismal the impres-
sion is that is left. All preying upon each
other, they find life a predatory condition,
and probably the Mrs. Charlemagne Effing-
hams are just the least little bit on the verge
of nuttiness.

Queer cattle indeed; and as we wake up to
a dismal realization of how numerous they
are we realize also with a sort of far-off pity
the paucity of their possessions: no people,
no standing, no name; a few feeble principles
perhaps, and nothing much in the line of
brains. And with nothing permanent or well
ordered in their lives. No homes, no real
comforts, few genuine friendships. As to
ability—it is too often the kind that fades
away when it is put to the test of being exer-
cised in the lines of regular occupations.

ANOTHER BABY THEATRE.

Apparently the Polk Community Theatre is
wanted, residents in the section neighboring
on the business part of Polk Street having lent
a hand to the new enterprise, and started in
with energy to give it the necessary support
and patronage. Whether it lasts depends on
the judgment shown in the selection of plays
and the business management.

I suppose the Garret and Garden Theatre
has departed this life; in spite of the fact
that it had exceedingly bright people in its
personnel and gave a number of really good
performances; always judging, of course, from
a different standpoint in enterprises of this
kind.

The Polk Community Theatre people have
got to prove themselves as yet. Their first
week's programme, "The Servant in the
House," had evidently been carefully re-
hearsed, and was listened to attentively by the

audience. The second week's play, "Her Hus-
band's Wife," supplies the virtue of contrast,
this being a Henry Miller comedy whose light-
ness and wit will appeal to a different mood
than did the severely ethical and rather action-
less play of last week.

The company of players, led and directed by
Mr. Norbert Cills, is small in number, but
rich in enthusiasm, and inspires respect for
the conscientiousness and courage with which
it attacks its brave enterprise.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

The association of Mark Swan, as author,
with George Broadhurst, as producer, com-
pletes the combination responsible for the pro-
duction of the successful farce, "She Walked
in Her Sleep," which will be offered for the
first time locally at the Curran Theatre, be-
ginning Sunday, November 2d, with Miss Nor-
ton and Paul Nicholson.

The action of "She Walked in Her Sleep"
takes place in a New York apartment hotel.
So when a young and beautiful girl attired in
a silken nightgown takes to somnambulizing,
who is there to deny that many embarrassing
and complex situations are apt to occur? An-
other thing to make it the more difficult is
that the young lady is not aware of the fact
that she does not sleep calmly through the
small wee hours.

The production is complete in every detail
and the cast includes such well-known artists
as Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, Eugene
Desmond, Norman Houston, A. Deen Cole,
John Maurice Sullivan, Teresa Dale, Agnes
Jepson, Francis Williams, and Margaret Phil-
lippi.

The Alcazar.

No play of recent years has achieved such
a success as "The Country Cousin," by Booth
Tarkington and Julian Street, which is the
attraction of this week at the Alcazar and
which will be continued for another seven
days at that popular playhouse.

Historionically and scenically the Alcazar
"has done itself proud," as one of the critics
announced. During his successful engagement
at the Alcazar Walter P. Richardson has
demonstrated his gifted versatility, but never
to the extent as in "The Country Cousin." Miss
Belle Bennett likewise rises to stellar
heights by her rendition of the title-role.

The story opens in a quaint Middle Western
home and introduces some appealing character
types. Then it shifts to the fashionable villa
of a set of rich snobs. The plot deals with
a foolish young girl who longs for the glamour
of life among the social elite. She gets a
taste of it, but encounters a series of situa-
tions which nearly cost her her self-respect
as well as her fortune. Then the country
cousin steps into the breach and by her calm,
shrewd woman's wit saves the girl from her-
self.

Sunday Symphony Concerts.

The third regular concert of the San Fran-
cisco Symphony Orchestra will be played on
the afternoon of November 9th in the Curran
Theatre, the programme being the same as
that rendered on Friday, popular prices pre-
vailing, however.

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony will be the
important number. Despite the fact that this
great work was written during one of the
darkest periods of Beethoven's life—when he
was completely deaf and harassed by troubles
and pronounced ill-health—he infused the sym-
phony with a greater measure of gayety and
good spirits than is found in any other.

Brahms' "Tragic Overture" will be repeated.
Liadow's "Kikimora" is a lively piece based
on a shuddery old Russian folk tale. Another
Liadow number, "The Enchanted Lake,"
forms a marked contrast, for it is an impres-
sionistic picture in sound of a tranquil forest
by a lake wherein are presumed to dwell, ac-
cording to Russian folk-lore, protecting guard-
ians in the form of nymphs and fairies.

That tickets for the third "Pop" concert,
announced for Sunday afternoon, November
16th, in the Curran, will be quickly disposed
of is certain, judging by the demand for ad-
mittance at the previous events of this series.
At the second "Pop" the entire house was
sold out several days before the giving of the

concert, and had the Curran twice its capacity
every seat would have been gone.

Tickets for all symphony events are to be
had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum offers for next week one of
the best hills in its history.

Lillian Shaw is one of the most celebrated
and popular stars of the vaudeville stage, and
as a vocal dialect comedienne she is unrivaled.
Her dialect ballads of the Italian-American
have become vaudeville classics and her He-
brew character portrayals are clever, accurate,
and amusing.

Harry Green, the clever character com-
edian, will appear in a satirical comedy playlet
called "George Washington Cohen," written
for him by Aaron Hoffman.

Ciccolini, the famous grand opera star, who
was principal tenor of the Royal Grand Opera,
Paris, London, Milan, Brussels, and Petro-
grad, will be heard in a programme which will
include arias from the grand operas in which
he has achieved his greatest triumphs.

Ben and Hazel Mann modestly style them-
selves "Nonsensical Nonentities." While they
cleverly and amusingly indulge in nonsense
they are far from being nonentities.

Flo and Ollie Walters, two winsome girls
who are delightful singers and dancers, will
fill up fifteen minutes most entertainingly.

The Pickfords, acrobats, jugglers, illusion-
ists, pantomimists, and comedians, will illus-
trate in a clever and entertaining manner
their various accomplishments.

Rosano will perform on the Nahimhaphone,
a new instrument which has a peculiar, vi-
brant quality of tone which can be found in
no other sound-producing medium.

Al Lydell and Carleton Macy in "Old
Cronies" and the U. S. Jazz Band in new
selections will be the only holdovers on the
bill.

Players Club Theatre.

Three remarkable one-act plays will be pre-
sented at the Players Club Theatre on Friday
and Saturday evenings, November 14-15, 21-
22, and 28-29. These plays, which are new
to San Francisco, are "Behind a Watteau Pic-
ture," by Robert Emmens Rogers; "The
Locked Chest," by John Masefield, and "Every-
body's Husband," by Gilbert Cannan.

Syncopated Orchestra.

Two races have contributed to the lore of
American music—the aboriginal Indian and
the transplanted African, or Southern negro.
What Cadman has done toward preserving
the feeling of the red man in musical com-
position, Will Marion Cook—doubtless the
foremost musician of his race—has accom-
plished in catching and adapting the rich har-
monies of the colored folk.

Cook will himself conduct during the ap-
pearance of the American Syncopated Orches-
tra and Singers here on Monday evening,
November 10th, at the Exposition Auditorium,
under the local management of Frank W.
Healy. More than thirty skilled musicians,
trained vocalists as well as expert upon their
chosen instruments, comprise this organiza-
tion, which differs from any of similar nature
in variety of offering and technic in interpreta-
tion.

There is nothing one-sided in any of the
programmes presented. A wide range of se-
lections, from those rendered by the most
noted symphony players to the plantation me-
lodies and negro spirituals that reflect the true
spirit of the childlike colored race are in-
cluded.

Wherever these artists appear they evoke
the most enthusiastic applause. No one can
listen to an evening's programme presented
in their inimitable manner without a feeling
that "God's in his heaven—all's right with
the world." Critics the country over are loud
in praise of this masterly organization.
Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay &
Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

"Importance of Being Earnest."

The Maitland Playhouse, on Stockton Street
near Post, will present for the coming week
Oscar Wilde's greatest comedy, "The Impor-
tance of Being Earnest." Monday's perfor-
mance will be for the subscribers who have
made the enterprise possible, the remaining
evenings, of the week, including the Tuesday
and Saturday matinees, being open to the
public.

The ramifications of the plot of "The Im-
portance of Being Earnest" defy the chroni-
cler, but the main point is that the play is
crammed with situations of the most fanciful
and humorous nature, and the lines sparkle
constantly with epigrams of the sort which
brought Wilde the name of being the greatest
wit of his century.

The new leading man, J. Anthony Smythe,
will have the rôle of Algernon Moncrieff;
Maitland himself will play John Worthing,
while Ann O'Day, the clever leading woman,
and Clair Taylor will play Gwendolyn and
Cecily. May Nannary will have an excellent
character rôle in Lady Brackwell, and Rupert
Drum, Malcolm Morley, and the other fa-



The Golden Pheasant
32-36 Geary Street
SAN FRANCISCO

The Restaurant Refined
Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique
Places, in which prevails the
old-fashioned idea of providing
excellent food and courteous
service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

vorites will be congenially placed. Director
Maitland promises some novel and skillful
arrangements of draperies in the scenic ef-
fects.

Tonight's performance will conclude the
presentation of W. W. Jacobs' grim thriller,
"The Monkey's Paw," and three other one-act
plays of the unusual.

Football has had a good many opponents in
its time, but none more fierce than the Puri-
tan Philip Stubbes, who in his "Anatomic of
Abuses" (1583) denounces it as nothing less
than a "bloodie and murdering practice."
"For," said he, "doth not every one lay in
wait for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow
him and to picke him on his nose, though it
be on the harde stones? In ditch or dale, in
valley or hill, he careth not so long as he have
him downe. And hereof groweth envie,
malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure,
enmitie, and what not else, and sometimes
hrawling, contention, quarrel-picking, murder,
homicide, and great effusion of bloode, as ex-
perience teacheth."

"I don't think I'll buy the house, but I've
enjoyed the ride out here. You run a good
car." "Yes, I'm agent for this make. Can I
hook your order?"—Louisville Courier-Jour-
nal.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE
Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Sat. night—Fanchon and Marco Revue

Starting Sunday Night, Nov. 9

GEORGE BROADHURST Presents

Mark Swan's Great Laugh Play

**"SHE WALKED
IN HER SLEEP"**

with
MISS NORTON—PAUL NICHOLSON
Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

ALCAZAR

SUCCESS! SUCCESS!

Second Big Week Starts Next Sun. Matinee

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Headed by

Walter P. Richardson -- Belle Bennett

in

"THE COUNTRY COUSIN"

By Booth Tarkington and Julian Street

Brilliantly Satirical! Sparkingly Witty!

Irresistibly Humorous!

Next Play—First Production of a big human

drama, "A DOLLAR DOWN"

Every Night Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

A NEW BILL OF HEADLINES

LILLIAN SHAW, America's Premier Vocal
Dialect Comedienne; HARRY GREEN in
"George Washington Cohen"; CICCOLINI,
Famous Grand Opera Star; BEN and HAZEL
MANN in "Nonsensical Nonentities"; FLO and
OLLIE WALTERS, "Two Sunbeams"; THE
PICKFORDS, Comedy Manipulators; RO-
SANO and His Nahimhaphone; LYDELL and
MACY in "Old Cronies"; U. S. JAZZ BAND
(Ensign Alfred J. Moore, Conductor), New
Selections.

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

nee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and
days), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Doug.

**American SYNCOPATED Orchestra
and Singers**
Frank W. Healy, Local Manager
EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM
Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:15
50c to \$2, war tax 10 per cent. extra.
Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and
Kohler & Chase's.

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY
Tuesday (Armistice Day), Nov. 11, at 8:15
(Steinway Piano)

Scottish Rite Auditorium
Friday Eve., Nov. 14
RUDOLPH GANZ
Master Pianist
Only San Francisco Recital
Other Ganz Recitals: Ye Liberty Theatre,
Oakland, Nov. 17; Assembly Hall, Stanford
University, Nov. 19.
Tickets now on sale at Sherman, Clay &
Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Usual prices,
war tax 10 per cent. extra.
(Steinway Piano)

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR
3rd SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT
CURRAN THEATRE
SUNDAY AFT., NOV. 9, at 2:30 Sharp
Programme—"Tragic Overture," Brahms;
(a) "The Enchanted Lake," (b) "Kikimora,"
Liadow; Symphony No. 8, Beethoven.
Prices—50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre
from 10 a. m. on concert days.
Next—Sun., Nov. 16, 3d "Pop" Concert.

VANITY FAIR.

One must regretfully concede that the life of the late Viscount Astor was a success, seeing that he obtained nearly all of the things for which he struggled. We can, of course, apply our own standards of success to the lives of other men and so pronounce them to be either successes or failures, but that seems hardly fair. Every man must be judged, so far as his success is concerned, by his own standards, and not by ours. The poor man who struggles successfully to become a millionaire, the rich man who struggles successfully to become a lord, the curate who struggles successfully to become a bishop, have all won the game for which they played. It may not be our game. We may not understand why any man should play it. It may be a mystery to us why any human being should wish to be a millionaire, a lord, or a bishop. It may seem to us as a sort of insanity, as indeed it is. But to win the game is a success. And it may be said that the ambition to become a lord is at least as intelligent and as reputable as the ambition to become a millionaire. Perhaps it is even more so, seeing that the millionaire has often prospered at the cost of other people, whereas one may become a lord without any one being a penny the worse for it. And we may note with some interest and as subversive of many of our economic theories that a man will do more "just for a ribbon to stick in his coat" than he will for the wealth of the Indies. Money is a very long way indeed from being the ruling passion.

William Waldorf Astor wanted to become a lord. What else could he want? He had more money than the average man can conceive of. His New York property alone was worth \$60,000,000. He might have wanted to be a bishop or an archbishop, but a career of official piety did not attract him. He would have had to study, and pass examinations, and do all sorts of difficult things of which he was incapable. For the same reason he could not become a general, or an admiral, or a judge. It is surprising how few are the things that can be done by a rich man who craves a decent distinction and who is not very intelligent. He might have become disreputable and broken the bank at Monte Carlo, or he might have made himself a great patron of the prize-ring or of the racing field. But these things need aptitudes and even abilities, and they are not needed for the House of Lords. Now it is all very well for us to sneer at Viscount Astor, forgetting that we are most of us engaged in reaching the point from which he started, the point of the millionaire. What would we have done if we had been born millionaires? Would we have led such relatively harmless lives as Viscount Astor? Would we have been contented to be merely silly? Or would we have been mischievous? Some of us would have been uplifters—or we

think we would—that is to say pests, clamoring for hateful legislation destructive to human liberty. Or we might have endowed missionary societies and provoked foreign wars. Ask the average man what he would do with a few million dollars for the benefit of the human race, and then thank God that he does not possess a few million dollars.

Mr. Astor fought a long time to become a lord. He thought that a peerage can be purchased, as indeed it can, but it has to be purchased in a particular way. It can not be bought just as one buys a cigar, by paying the money and taking the cigar. There is a certain finesse that must be observed, and above all, one must not be a boulder. One must know the ropes. Peerages are nominally conferred by the king, and the king is apt to be a little squeamish and even to consult his personal likes and dislikes. One must know the ropes and the rules of the game, and particularly where there are no great personal achievements as credentials. A great scientist or poet may be pardoned if he eats with his knife, or puts on his collar after breakfast instead of before, or tilts his soup plate in the wrong direction. But not the millionaire. He would do well to study his book on etiquette.

There was a time when Mr. Astor did not know the ropes. Otherwise he might have been a lord much sooner. He made a dreadful faux pas, and King Edward heard of it and put a black mark against his name. Mr. Astor gave a reception at his London house, and Admiral Sir Barclay Milne attended it uninvited and brought a party of dinner guests with him. Now Admiral Milne was quite entitled to do this. He was in the London social set and he was entitled to go to any social function, invited or uninvited, and to take his friends with him. A reception means open house, and is in no way confined to those who are specifically invited. But Mr. Astor was unaware of this. When he heard that the admiral was present he went in search of him, practically asked him for his card of invitation, and then ordered him to withdraw and to take his friends with him. The admiral told King Edward all about it, and the king struck Astor's name from the list as an inhospitable person who did not know how to behave himself. The social thermometer instantly dropped so far as Mr. Astor was concerned, and the peerage receded into the dim and distant future.

But the war made a difference. King Edward was gone, and his resentments with him. A thousand charities were clamoring for aid, and Mr. Astor had the wherewithal to sustain them. The society world had grown used to Mr. Astor and had tired of sneering at him. On the occasion of the king's birthday—June, 1917—he was made a viscount. The dream of his life had come true. Mr. Astor was a success.

There were a few cavilings, but people had

something else to think about. There were others who had given even more liberally than Mr. Astor and had been overlooked. It was said that the Astor contributions to the Lloyd George political funds counted more heavily in his favor than his donations to charity. Perhaps they did. It does not matter now. Mr. Astor has gone where lordships do not count, and perhaps he realized before he died that they do not count very much anywhere. Two years later the new viscount went into retirement at Brighton, and it was a real retirement. He was very rarely seen. No visitors were admitted, and a high board fence around the house was a sufficient check to public curiosity. It would be interesting to know what he thought about during those two years. Perhaps he reflected on the true nature of success, and on the bitterness of Dead Sea fruit. For actually there can be no greater calamity than success. For success means the end of effort, the end of activity. It brings us to places that are empty and dreadful. Pascal said somewhere that the delights of the chase are in the pursuit, and not in the capture. When the fox has been killed there is nothing to do but to go home, wet, tired, disconsolate. The fun is over, and the fox seems such a pitiful culmination.

Viscount Astor may have had some such thoughts during his retirement. He had spent his life in trying to be a lord, and now he was a lord. Some inner voice may have said insistently, "What of it?" Some other inner voice may have said, "Thou fool! This night shall thy soul be required of thee." Presumably there is no social arrangement of souls, nor such a thing as a titled soul, nor a celestial House of Lords. Viscount Astor doubtless asked himself what men would say of him after he was dead, whether there would be any so poor as to do him reverence. Well he left \$60,000,000 in New York and he was a viscount. By the way, who is his heir?

BURIALS OF AZTECS.

Under the auspices of the Huntington fund of the American Museum of Natural History, Earl H. Morris has uncovered a new section in one of the ancient Pueblo ruins in Aztec, New Mexico, revealing several rooms filled with sand and fallen debris. These rooms were in perfect condition, just as left by the last occupants. The ceilings were standing and the objects left by the inhabitants scattered about on the floor. Nothing had disturbed them except the fine layer of dust sifted over all. One of the rooms had been filled to the ceiling and was found to be a burial room. Mr. Morris wrote briefly to Dr. Clary Wissler, curator of the department of anthropology at the American Museum, concerning his most recent findings:

"In the second-story chambers there was a large accumulation of dry refuse. One of these yielded some excellent specimens of textiles and a burial with wrappings in a very good state of preservation. Above the refuse in the other there was upon the fallen third floor a surprising number of stone implements, several bone tools, some beautifully worked wooden boards, seven coiled basket plaques (three well preserved), and a digging implement with handle of wood and blade of mountain sheep horn.

"In the refuse beneath this layer we have to date found the burials of five children (three with wrappings perfectly preserved), four baskets in excellent shape, a wooden dipper, some beads and various odds and ends. Three-fourths of the deposit is still to be gone over. The outer covering of the wrapped bodies is particularly interesting. Each body was placed upon a rush mat. Then the sides were folded inward and one doubled upward. The whole was then tied into a long package, with cord or yucca strips. As yet I have not opened any of the bundles, so do not know what the interiors may contain besides the bones. These finds certainly are important. They are different from anything we have previously uncovered."

As a result of the excavations Aztec has become a popular resort for visitors. About one hundred miles southeast of the famous Mesa Verde Park (in which the finest cliff houses are to be found) and not more than a two hours' ride from Durango, Colorado, the ruin at Aztec is an attraction to all automobile tourists. During the present year more than 1200 persons visited the ruin. In contrast to the tiny cliff houses of the park the great Pueblo ruin, with its 300 square feet of area and its 400-odd rooms, is wonderfully impressive. The greater part of the remains is now uncovered, and visitors may walk over the tops of the massive walls, gazing down into the many chambers.

Very interesting are these walls, approximately three feet thick and built of dressed sandstone, carried piece by piece by the tireless builders from the quarries of which the nearest lies two and a half miles from the ruin. For this prehistoric people had no beasts of burden. The cedar logs, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, which support the floors and ceilings of all the rooms, were also conveyed from a distance. For no such trees grow in the vicinity of Aztec, nor are

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there indications that they have ever grown there.

But if one follows the course of the Animas River toward its source in the mountains he will, after a journey of 100 to 150 miles, reach an ancient forest where great cedars grow. This river passes within a few rods of the ruin. It is, therefore, safe to infer that the ancient builders of the present ruin journeyed to the forest above, cut these huge logs, and rafted them down the stream. As they lived in a stone age and had no tools of metal these logs were worked with stone axes. Their ends are cut smooth and square, and one can still see on their surfaces the marks of the stone tools.

Nearly a million and a quarter immigrants came to America in the year before the war, and ten millions of immigrants came during the decade before the war. There are more Irish in the United States than in Ireland, and fifteen times as many Jews in New York as in Palestine. We have some 8,000,000 immigrants from Great Britain and 6,000,000 from Germany. Our Italians would fill a city five times as large as Rome. We have twice as many Greeks as Athens, more Poles than Warsaw, and more Scandinavians than Stockholm. There are in use today in this country seventy-seven languages and dialects.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Young America is certainly growing practical if nothing else," remarked Dr. Brounger the other day, and added: "Only the other Sunday a little chap asked me: 'Do hees and cows go to heaven when they die?' I answered 'Of course not,' and he remarked: 'I was wondering if all that stuff about milk and honey in heaven wasn't bunk.'"

The new patient had been put to bed by the nurse. Upon waking he inquired: "Phwat did you say the doctor's name was?" "Dr. Kilpatrick," was the reply. "That settles it," replied the sick man. "That doctor won't get a chance to operate on me." "Why not?" asked the nurse. "He is a good doctor." "Maybe so, but not for me. You see, my name is Patrick."

Jay Gould is noted in New York society for his witty remarks. At a Newport Beach party last month, apropos of a discussion, he put this conundrum to the guests. "How do our American helles in their daring evening gowns resemble Lot's wife?" After several unsuccessful guesses by those present, Mr. Gould came to their aid. "Lot's wife looked back," he said, "and our helles look almost all back."

The new doorkeeper at the local museum had evidently learned the rules by heart before taking over the job. "Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who was going straight through the turnstile. "But I haven't an umbrella," the visitor pleaded. "Then you must go back and get one," was the stern reply. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door."

Once, when Sir Marcus Samuel was lord mayor of London, a certain civic dignitary, who was noted for his talkativeness, complained of the conduct of a fellow-guest at one of the Mansion House receptions. "Mr. Jones isn't very polite," he grumbled. "He yawned three times while I was talking to him just now." "Now maybe he wasn't yawning," objected Sir Marcus. "Perhaps he was only trying to say something."

At one of the big London hotels there is a page boy who in his spare moments is much given to the study of the best English literature. Recently he was paid his wages with a small fine deducted for some breach of regulations. Indignant, the boy said to the manager: "Sir, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wage for some trivial act alleged to have been committed by myself at some inopportune moment in the stress of

one's avocation, I would suggest that you refrain from exercising that prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation." The manager, tottering, reached a chair, and in gasps asked the boy what he meant. "In other words, if you fine me again I shall chuck the job!" said the lad.

The cultured young lady from Boston had mentioned so often that she spoke half a dozen different languages that the company was getting decidedly bored, as no one present was able to prove her powers as a linguist. Finally she turned to a tall, lank gentleman and asked: "And how many languages do you speak, Mr. Blank?" "Three, ma'am," drawled the Southerner; "poor English, fair Virginian, and perfect nigger."

Seven vicious swipes the green golfer made at the ball, but it still remained perched upon the tee. He was about to make another attempt when the caddie held up his hand. "There's a man going across in front of you, sir." "What if he is?" snapped the novice. "You must cry 'Fore!' if there's anybody in the way when you're going to hit the ball." "How in thunder do I know when I'm going to hit the ball?" cried the golfer angrily.

Holand de Witte Roberts recently told a story of the early days when he was a cub reporter on one of the Chicago dailies. Seems he was sent to cover a wedding and when he came back included in his copy the following line: "The blushing young bride, as she stood by the altar, revealed the proportions of a Jumbo." "Young man," said the editor, scowling at him, "if you value your life and my reputation, you will change that 'Jumbo' to 'Juno' whether it's the truth or not."

The old farmer was trying to impress upon his son, who wanted to play golf for exercise, that chopping wood would answer the purpose just as well. "Oh, no, father," said the boy, "it is the walking between strokes that makes golf such valuable exercise; that gives the legs a chance as well as the arms." "Oh, that's it, is it?" said the old man. And then he went into the yard and placed sticks of wood at intervals all around it. After this he handed the boy an ax and said: "Now, play the full course."

One of those country gentlemen who owns a farm in Brown County, but lives in Indianapolis and only spends his week-ends on the farm, asked one of his neighbors down in Brown: "Did you know that T. C. Steele sold the picture that he painted on your farm?" The farmer made no reply to this, and then the country gentleman told him the price Mr. Steele got for the canvas. "I just wish I had known the feller liked the place well enough to pay that for a picture of it," the farmer said. "I'd a' sold him the farm for \$200 less than that."

Irwin O. Biffle, one of the air mail pilots who fly between Chicago and Cleveland, received an unexpected lesson in geography one day. He was flying westward when a storm came up. Fog enveloped him, and he was driven by diverse air currents many miles out of his course. Then his engine went wrong, and he was forced to descend. He wasn't quite certain what state he was in. As he neared the ground, however, the skies grew lighter, and he saw a crowd of villagers running toward him through a field. They surrounded him as he reached land. "Where am I?" asked Biffle. "You're in Jerry Hendricks' cow pasture," said one of them.

The following is told of a certain mill over-looker, who always had his dinner at a local restaurant. One of the waitresses was very keen on this over-looker, who invariably sat at the same table. She fluttered around him, ogled and giggled and explained the young man's lack of response by the fact that he stammered. "Is there anything you want?" she asked one day. The young man glanced at her, and said: "Will you let me have a k-k-k—" The maiden blushed violently at this significant sound, and threw a glance of triumph at the other waitresses.—"a k-k-k-cup," finished the young over-looker. The girl flushed deeper than ever at this, and the young man went on: "I know why you're b-b-blushing. You thought I was g-g-g-going to ask for a k-k-k-clean cup."

McMackeral was defending a man in a murder case. The case looked hopeless; the prosecution was soon done. Then McMackeral rose. In a quiet conversational tone McMackeral began to talk to the jury. He made no mention of the murder. He just described in vivid colors a pretty country cottage hung with honeysuckle, a young wife preparing supper, and the rosy youngsters waiting at the gate to greet their father on his return home for the evening meal. Suddenly McMackeral stopped. He drew himself up to his full height. Then striking the table with his fist, he cried, in a voice that thrilled every bosom:

"Gentlemen, you must send him back to them!" A red-faced juror choked and blurted out: "By George, sir, we'll do it!" McMackeral, without another word, sat down, and ten minutes later the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. The prisoner wept as he shook his counsel's hand. "No other man on earth could have saved me as you have done, Mr. McMackeral," he sobbed. "I aint got no wife or family, sir."

An old Englishman, James Scott by name, traveled about on business until he was nearly eighty years of age. He became celebrated for his punctuality and methodical habits. Upon one occasion a gentleman stopped at an inn much frequented by Mr. Scott and saw a fine fowl cooking. "That looks very good," said the hungry guest. "You may serve that for my dinner." "You can not have that sir," replied the landlord. "That is being cooked for Mr. Scott, the traveler." "I know Mr. Scott very well," said the gentleman, "is he stopping here?" "Oh, no, sir," said the landlord, "but six months ago he ordered a fowl to be ready for him at precisely 2 o'clock today, and we are expecting him every minute."

"Scrambled eggs," ordered a customer in a city market restaurant. "Milk toast," murmured his companion, who was not feeling well. "Scramble two and a graveyard stew," sang out the waitress with the Titian hair. "Here," corrected the second man, "I want milk toast." "You'll get it, Buddy," replied the girl. "That's what they call milk toast down in Pittsburgh where I worked." The two customers held a conference and decided to "put one over" on the "hard boiled girl" from Pittsburgh. The first one wanted a glass of milk and the second a cup of black coffee. When the girl appeared to put a "set up" of restaurant artillery in front of the men the second man gave the following order: "A bottle of lactical fluid for my friend and scuttle of Java with no sea foam for me." "Chalk one an' a dipper of ink," shouted the girl. She didn't even grin.

THE MERRY MUSE.

It Happens in the Best Families.
With the customary obeisances.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Newport lie,
That I roused from sleep in a huddled heap
An elderly wealthy-guy.

His hair was graying, his hair was long,
And graying and long was he;
And I heard this grouch on the shore avouch,
In a singular jazzless key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a waitress trim
And the maid of the second floor,
And a strong chauffeur and a housekeeper,
And the man who tends the door!"

And he shook his fist and he tore his hair,
And he started to frisk and play,
Till I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
So I said (in the Gilbert way):

"Oh, elderly man, I don't know much
Of the ways of societe,
But I'll eat my friend if I comprehend
However you can be

"At once a cook and a waitress trim,
And the maid of the second floor,
And a strong chauffeur and a housekeeper,
And the man who tends the door."

Then he smooths his hair with a nervous air,
And a gulp in his throat he swallows,
And that elderly guy he then lets fly
Substantially as follows:

"We had a house down Newport way,
And we led a simple life;
There was only I," said the elderly guy,
"And my daughter and my wife.

"And of course the cook and the waitress trim,
And the maid of the second floor,
And a strong chauffeur and a housekeeper,
And the man who tends the door.

"One day the cook she up and left,
She up and left us flat.
She was getting a hundred and ten a month,
But she couldn't work for that.

"And the waitress trim was her bosom friend,
And she wouldn't stay no more;
And our strong chauffeur eloped with her
Who was maid of the second floor.

"And we couldn't get no other help,
So I had to cook and wait.
It was quite absurd," wept the elderly bird,
"I deserve a better fate.

"And I drove the car and I made the beds
Till the housekeeper up and quit;
And the man at the door found that a bore,
Which is why I am, to wit:

"At once a cook and a waitress trim
And the maid of the second floor,
And a strong chauffeur and a housekeeper,
And the man who tends the door."

—F. P. A., in *Detroit Saturday Night*.

"I can't marry you." "Ah?" "But I'll be a sister to you." His comeback was mean. "Thanks awfully. I've always felt the lack of an elder sister."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Rehuking the Kaiser.

The story of how Colonel Roosevelt saw through the Kaiser's move to enlist his friendship for the German cause in 1914 is being told by members of the Roosevelt Memorial Association to illustrate the Colonel's uncompromising attitude toward oppression.

Not until after Colonel Roosevelt's death has the interesting fact been brought to light that early in the great war the Kaiser deliberately tried to persuade Roosevelt that etiquette demanded that Roosevelt cease his opposition to Germany.

About a month after the war started—in September, 1914—the Kaiser sent a special envoy to Oyster Bay to wait upon Colonel Roosevelt. The Colonel received him formally in the Trophy Room. The envoy clicked his heels and bowed and said:

"Mr. Roosevelt, his majesty the German emperor sends you his cordial greetings and asks me to tell you that he remembers your visit to Berlin with the greatest pleasure and trusts that the cordial reception which you received there will always remain fresh in your memory as it does in his."

Roosevelt did not click his heels together, but he did click his teeth in a way that he had when he was about to utter something which was intended to end discussion.

"Tell his majesty for me that I thank him for his cordial message and that I remember my visit to Berlin with the greatest pleasure, precisely with the same pleasure that I remember a similar visit which I paid at the same time to the King and Queen of the Belgians."

The German envoy clicked his heels together, bowed, and left the room without another word.

"Ever dabble in the market?" "Well, the other day I got a hot tip that potatoes were due for a rise and I managed to buy three pecks and a quart before they jumped."—*Buffalo Express*.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Formal announcement is made of the engagement of Mrs. Charles W. Tuttle of Colusa and Mr. Frederick Scott of Boston. Mrs. Tuttle is the mother of Mrs. Herbert Yrex, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Charles Tuttle. The wedding will take place in San Francisco in January.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Louise Williams of Chattanooga and Dr. Cristenden Van Wyck of San Francisco. Dr. Van Wyck is a brother of Mrs. A. B. Chinn and Mr. Sydney Van Wyck. The marriage will be solemnized in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Armer of Los Angeles have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Armer, to Mr. John Warren Bissinger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bissinger.

The marriage of Miss Marguerite Raas and Mr. Uda Waldrop was solemnized Tuesday evening in the Bohemian Club. Rev. Edward Morgan officiating, assisted by Rev. Charles Deems. The bride was attended by Mrs. Howard Allen, Jr., as matron of honor, Miss Rhoda Niehling as maid of honor, and Miss Mary Armsby and Miss Kathleen Byrnes as bridesmaids. Mr. Wallace Sabin was the best man and the ushers included Mr. Ernest Raas, Mr. Henry Perry, Mr. Leslie Taylor, Mr. Austin Sperry, and Mr. Harris Allen.

The marriage of Miss Rhoda Niehling and Mr. John Meigs of Stockton was solemnized Wednesday evening at Grace Cathedral. Miss Fredda Smith attended her cousin as maid of honor and the bridesmaids included Miss Mary Armsby, Miss Hannah Dubois, and Miss Alice Palmer. Mr. Jerald Kennedy of Stockton was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Charles Shattuck, Mr. Ralph Palmer, Mr. Lloyd Hardie, Mr. Robert Hunt, Mr. Austin Sperry, and Mr. Alden Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee gave a hall Tuesday in compliment to their debutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Magee. Assisting in receiving were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Jessie Knowles, and Miss Ellita Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley were dinner hosts Tuesday at the Palace Hotel in honor of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Magee. Their guests included Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Betty Merrill, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Mora Macdonald, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Hugh Golden, Mr. Guy Earl, Jr., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Blair Brooks, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Herbert Tietzen, Mr. Monroe Greenwood, Mr. George McNear, Jr., and Mr. James Moffitt.

Mrs. Robert Nuttall gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Evelyn Cunningham, who is visiting here from England. Her guests were Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Anne Dibblee.

Miss Amanda McNear was a luncheon hostess Wednesday at her home on Greer Street, when she entertained Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss

Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Clare Knight, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Mora Macdonald, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Maria Louise Winslow, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Mary Julia Crocker.

Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt gave a tea yesterday at her home, her guests having been Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Mr. Frank Madison gave a ball last Friday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of his debutante daughter, Miss Margaret Madison. Four hundred guests attended.

Miss Helen Pierce was a dinner hostess last Friday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Margaret Madison. Bidden to meet the debutante were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Harold Pierce, Mr. Remi Knight, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. Dean Dillman, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Dearborn Clark, and Mr. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs gave a dinner Friday at the Fairmont Hotel. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Elizabeth Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Orel Goldar-cena, and Mr. George Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear entertained a house party over the week-end at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Harry Stetson presided over a luncheon last Wednesday at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans gave a fancy dress dance last Saturday evening at the Marin Golf and Country Club. Some of their guests were Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Milten Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz, Miss Mary Minton, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Lucio Minter, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. William Hendrickson.

Miss Mary Phelan gave a musicale last week at her home on Washington Street, at which Lieutenant Henri Deering of St. Louis was the pianist. One hundred guests attended, among them having been Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. John Irby, General Hunter Liggett and Miss Liggett, Admiral Joseph Jayne and Mrs. Jayne, Captain Frank Helm and Mrs. Helm, Mr. and Mrs. Morse Erskine, Sir Frank and Lady Popham Young, Dr. Henry Horn and Mrs. Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Gladys Sullivan, Miss Irene Ferguson, Colonel Robert Nohle, Mr. Noel Sullivan, Mr. William Gwin, Jr., and Mr. Enrique Grau.

Mrs. Frank Dillingham was a recent tea hostess in compliment to her mother, Mrs. R. G. Sneath. Bidden to the affair were Mrs. Cullen Welty, Mrs. William Wood, Mrs. Werner Lawson, Mrs. Edward Harrison, Mrs. Julia Dillingham, Mrs. James Ward, Mrs. Clemens Dorst, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Charles Fee, Miss Anna Beaver, Miss Kate Beaver, and Miss Ethel Beaver.

Mrs. Erle Brownell entertained at a luncheon Friday at her home on Broadway.

The meeting of the Musical and Dramatic Club was held last Thursday in Sorosis Hall, with Mrs. Harry Mendell presiding. Miss Christine and Miss Mary Donohoe presented an Irish play and Miss Margaret Underhill of Santa Barbara gave some musical selections.

Commander J. C. Poole and Mrs. Poole gave a dinner last Thursday at their home at Mare Island. Their guests were Vice-Admiral C. S. Williams and Mrs. Williams, Captain Hugo Osterhaus and Mrs. Osterhaus, Paymaster W. Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson, Commander James Gawue and Mrs. Gawue, Commander R. S. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, Captain J. J. Cheatham and Mrs. Cheatham, Captain Henry Gleason and Mrs. Gleason, Captain Leigh Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, Captain M. E. Reed and Mrs. Reed, Lieutenant-Commander J. F. Crowell and Mrs. Crowell, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. Ralph Phelps, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Carolyn Shoemaker, Miss Enid Cohen, Miss Cassie Hiller, Miss Katherine Shoemaker, Miss Eugenia Ryan, Admiral William Showmaker, Captain W. Crossley, Commander C. H. Kepler, Commander H. F. Saunders, Lieutenant R. B. Twining, Dr. A. M. Helper, Ensign C. V. Lee, and Ensign J. F. Gillon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Scott Street. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Corbet Moody, Miss Helen Garritt and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre Macneil of Los Angeles are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

In 1893 Elmer and Edgar Apperson, in co-operation with others, built with their own hands the first American-made mechanically successful automobile. This historic car is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C.

CURRENT VERSE.

Medical Officer's Clerk.

Let me recall the singing and the shine
Of the clear amher waters of the Tyne
Pouring, from peaty uplands of black moss,
Over gray boulders, while the salmon toss
Wet curving silver bodies in the light—
Tossing and tumbling in the frothing white
Tumultuous, roaring weir. . . .

Let me again

In that huge, clanking, eternal train
Over the prairies of Dakota go—
League after league of level stainless snow,
Stretching unbroken under the low sky,
World without end to all eternity—
Until desire and dream and all delight
Drown to oblivion in a timeless white
And never-ending wilderness. . . .

Or let me sail

Again up the blue Bosphorus, within hail
Of many-fountain gardens of the rose
Breathing out halm on every air that blows,
And minarets that soar like lily blooms
About the shimmering and white mushroom domes
Of marble mosques in groves of cypresses.

Till I no more remember histories
Of horror, or in drudgery and fret
Of endless days no longer quite forget
The stars and singing waters and the snow,
And how the roses of Arabia blow. . . .

—Yale Review.

A Prayer for My Daughter.

Once more the storm is howling, and half hid
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid
My child sleeps on. There is no obstacle
But Gregory's Wood and one hare hill
Whereby the haystack and roof-leveling wind,
Bred on the Atlantic, can be stayed;
And for an hour I have walked and prayed
Because of the great gloom that is in my mind.

I have walked and prayer for this young child an hour,

And heard the sea-wind scream upon the tower,
And under the arches of the bridge, and scream
In the elms above the flooded stream;

Imagining in excited reverie
That the future years had come
Dancing to a frenzied drum
Out of the murderous innocence of the sea.

May she be granted beauty, and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass; for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness, and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right, and never find a friend.

Helen, being chosen, found life flat and dull,
And later had much trouble from a fool;
While that great Queen that rose out of the spray,
Being fatherless, could have her way,
Yet chose a handy-legged smith for man.

It's certain that fine women eat
A crazy salad with their meat
Whereby the Horn of Plenty is undone.

In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;
Hearts are not had as a gift, but hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful.
Yet many, that have played the fool
For beauty's very self, has charm made wise;
And many a poor man that has roved,
Loved and thought himself beloved,
From a glad kindness can not takes his eyes.

May she become a flourishing hidden tree,
That all her thoughts may like the linnnet he,
And have no business but dispensing round
Their magnanimities of sound;
Nor hut in merriment begin a chase,
Nor hut in merriment a quarrel.
Oh, may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

My mind, because the minds that I have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late,
Yet knows that to be choked with hate
May well be of all evil chances chief.
If there's no hatred in a mind
Assault and battery of the wind
Can never tear the linnnet from the leaf.

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accused.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood
For an old hellows full of angry wind?

Considering that, all hatred driven hence,
The soul recovers radical innocence
And learns at last that it is self-delighting.
Self-appeasing, self-sufficing,
And that its own sweet will is heaven's will,
She can, though every face should scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every hellows hurst, he happy still.

And may her hridgegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?

Ceremony's a name for the rich horn.
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.
—William Butler Yeats in "Poetry," 543 Cass
Street, Chicago.

An engineer has figured that it takes eight men four hours (at a cost of about \$10) to lift off the drives, with jackscrews, a ten-wheel locomotive weighing 132,000 pounds. Four men with pneumatic tubes can do the job in one hour. An electric traveling crane requires only ten minutes to perform the task.

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The Charity Ball.

The Charity Ball which takes place at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening promises to be one of the social events of the winter and will be the largest affair of the season, judging by the sale of boxes and individual tickets.

The Palace Hotel court will be surrounded by boxes which will be filled with the representative families of the city.

Mrs. Edward J. Tobin is the chairman of the society, and associated with her are Mesdames D. C. Jackling, Walter Dean, Edward L. Eyre, Robert A. Bray, George Cameron, Frank Griffin, Charles Templeton Crocker, Harry Stetson, Platt Kent, Horace Hill, Jr., and a number of others.

Rudolph Ganz.

The art of Rudolph Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist, who will give a recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday evening, November 14th, at 8:15 sharp, is the art of sanity, wholesomeness, bravery—the fine cheerfulness of a robust soul and a keen mind.

This ought not to be so rare among artists as to be remarkable—but it is, and that is the pity of it. That is also the reason why it is such a delightful experience to hear Rudolph Ganz.

Ganz is primarily the intellectual pianist, if you take away from the "intellectual" its imputation of coldness. He is intellectual as Kreisler is intellectual—with a highly energetic grasp of the meaning that is in the notes, and an exceptionally clear way of foreseeing the effect needed to convey that meaning. The result is that the listener sees the piece of music spread out before him as though it were a picture—not an instantly dying fabric of sound, but a clearly stamped array of lights and shadows adequately setting forth the subject.

In 1714 Peter the First sent a commission to the Omsk region to erect a small fortress on the bank of the River Om, from which the city later took its name. In 1765 began the construction of a new and more solid fortress. It was the form of a polygon with five bastions. Beside it was erected later the wooden prison, surrounded by a big palisade, which served to imprison Russian political exiles, and in which Dostoiyevsky spent his four years for having been in the Pougachof riots. This was the "Dead House" which he later described to the world in protest of the horrors of Siberian banishment.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing, who have been summering in San Rafael, have taken an apartment on Webster Street for the winter. Mrs. Sidney Cushing will spend the coming season with them. Mrs. Stow Fithian has gone to the Yosemite Valley for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, who have been staying at the Ritz-Carlton for some weeks, have taken an apartment in New York until after the first of the year.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss returned last week from Tahoe.

Mr. Samuel Morse has returned from Del Monte, where Mrs. Morse has been recuperating from her recent illness.

Mrs. Charles Tuttle has returned to Colusa, after a week's sojourn in town.

Mrs. George Boyd and the Misses Jean and Cynthia Boyd have come to San Francisco to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and the Misses Katharine, Christine, Mary, and Barbara Donohoe came up the close of last week from Menlo and are established in the Minter house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Baron and Baroness J. C. van Eck have returned to San Francisco from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock will take possession of their new home in Burlingame next month.

Mr. Philip O'Connell of Stockton is spending a week in San Francisco.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering, and Mrs. Charles Keeney have returned to Oakland, after having spent the summer and autumn in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon has returned from France and is at the Palace.

Lieutenant-Commander Grey Skipworth, U. S. N., has returned to San Francisco, after a six months' absence in the East. He has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley have come up from Pebble Beach for a short visit in town.

Miss Hildreth Meiere left last Wednesday for New York, where she will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Meiere have reopened their house on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor left last week for the Atlantic coast to be gone three months.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Kroll have returned from Maryland to reside in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry St. Guar and Miss Helen St. Guar have returned from New York, having postponed their trip abroad until the spring.

Miss Ysabel Chase left Tuesday for the Atlantic

coast to spend the winter. While in New York Miss Chase will visit Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hecksher. In St. Louis, en route to the East, she will visit Rev. Henry Mizner and Mrs. Mizner.

Mr. Friedlander Bowie has returned from New York, where he has spent the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran have returned to Burlingame, after a week's stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ede have gone to Santa Barbara for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Anthony of Santa Barbara have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent in Burlingame for the winter.

Mr. Cyril Tobin has returned from the East for a week's visit. He will leave Monday for New York to join Mrs. Tobin, who is visiting Mrs. Haskell.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Elena Eyre have closed their country place in Menlo and are established in a house on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have reopened their residence on Broadway for the winter.

Miss Margaret Mee, who has been at Adler's Sanitarium for several weeks, is convalescing and will shortly be able to return to San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dodge have returned from their wedding trip and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., have returned from a fortnight's visit in Coronado.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop has returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell have returned to Ross from a week's stay at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Athearn Folger is in New York, where she will remain until the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. William Bourn and Miss Ida Bourn have gone to New York for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Mazie Langhorne Hammond has returned to Montreal to visit Mrs. Arthur Howard, after a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett have left for Philadelphia, where they will reside permanently. Mrs. Alice Ames Robbins has taken apartments in Boston for the winter season.

Mrs. James Murray has returned to Monterey, after a short visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer sailed last week for Paris, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. Robert Coleman and Miss Carra Coleman will return to California before the Christmas holidays. Miss Coleman is visiting friends at Cape Cod while Mr. Coleman is in Boston.

Miss Coralie Mejia spent the week-end in Burlingame with Miss Evelyn Barron.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Macdonald have returned to Santa Rosa from a brief visit in San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitecomb are Mr. F. Blok, Mr. A. L. Grashnis, Mr. Holy, Dutch East Indies; Major Jubert, France; Mr. James A. Barr, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Pratt, New York; Captain E. A. Coffin, U. S. A.; Mr. A. A. Barsley and family, New Orleans; Mr. D. L. McCarthy, Fresno; Mr. E. C. Gray, San Jose; Mr. Roy A. Legge, San Diego; Dr. J. C. Chapella, Chico; Captain H. C. Stone, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fraser, Los Angeles; Mr. J. B. Bennett, Sacramento; Mr. E. Katz, Fresno.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. A. W. Milburn, Haverstraw, New York; Mr. C. C. Loheck, Mr. W. D. Strack, New York; Mr. C. F. Weaver, St. Louis; Mr. A. L. Cheney, Mr. Lee A. Phillips, Mr. C. A. Duncommun, Los Angeles; Mr. R. L. Dutton, St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. J. J. McHutton, Butte, Montana; Mr. J. C. Anderson, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Los Angeles; Mr. S. M. Berger, Manila; Mr. W. O. Morton, Ranger, Texas; Judge and Mrs. Robert S. Lovett, New York; Mr. Howard Dndley, Los Angeles; Mr. J. R. Walker, Salt Lake City; Mr. H. M. Parsons, Los Angeles.

SECRETS OF THE CENSOR.

Since the British postal censorship closed its activities some of its secrets have been given to the press. Its work began the day before Great Britain declared war against Germany in 1914, and through its agency spies were traced and military and naval intelligence was intercepted. Letters in as many as sixty different languages came under the censorship and illicit code messages in thirty one languages were deciphered. Even letters in the haille characters used by the blind passed through the censor's hands, while the enemy used the Zulu, Chinese, and Korean languages to further his end. Says the London Times:

"A remarkable example of skill in detection is shown in the code room and consists of a photographic enlargement of a map of Amsterdam. Its original, the size of a postcard, was sent through the post in a letter. Almost indecipherable, along the tramway routes marked on the map, are rows of Morse dots and dashes. These when brought out in the photograph revealed a coded message which gave the identity of a dangerous spy and enabled the authorities to lay hands upon him.

"The branch of censorship which has been most successful in defeating German subterfuge against the postoffice is the secret writing laboratory. Probably there exists nowhere else a more complete equipment of its kind. In the early stages of the war the Germans resorted to no complex processes, and it was a little surprising to find in those demonstrated that writing can be surreptitiously transmitted by such simple media as lemon juice, saliva, and diluted milk.

"The first can be reduced by the application of a hot flatiron, the second by having ordinary writing ink lightly brushed over it, and the third by a dusting with fine graphite powder. These methods soon became more elaborate, but the censorship resources of

detection kept pace with everything the enemy could devise.

"Much had to do with the paper and substances had to be found capable of frustrating the most astute German wiles in secret-message fabrication. There were months of experiment, and the result of it all is contained in a bottle of red, somewhat viscous fluid. Applied with a brush to a suspected letter, it reveals at once any concealed writing, whatever its medium. It is a universal developer which can be washed off and the document sent on without obliteration of the surreptitious message.

"This was done in a good many cases, and there was one in which ferrocyanide of potassium was employed, whose deciphering by the censorship chemists resulted in a big coup in connection with the blockade."

Nose-Ring Riots.

Changing the style of wearing gold nose-rings by government order has aroused dissatisfaction in social circles in the San Blas Indian country on the Atlantic coast of Panama. Police were called in when the ladies insisted upon wearing the facial decoration, despite the order, and several women were fined.

The San Blas occupy the Atlantic coast and the adjacent island near the Colombian border and are among the best natural sailors in the world, many of them going to sea on ships from the Panama Canal. They are great fishermen and their coast and islands are said to produce the best coconuts in the world (says a writer in *Everybody's Magazine*). These natural seamen bring large loads of coconuts to Cristohal, piled high in their dugout sailboats, up the roughest hit of coast on the Caribbean, with the waves laving over the edge, and never lose a nut.

Their blood is probably the purest of any of the American Indians, as no men in the world have guarded their women with more jealousy and efficiency than the San Blas. In a country everywhere touched with the blood of the West Indian negroes the San Blas never show the slightest trace of any kind of mixture. Until a few years ago, and it is still often true, no men other than those of their own tribe were permitted to be ashore, on their coasts or on their islands after sunset. It is said that any San Blas woman who has become intimate with a foreigner to the extent of possible tainting of the blood of the race must suffer the death penalty. These Indians have other customs that are as peculiar as the nose-rings of their women and the tiny Weher-Field derbies, worn by the

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large-headed men when they come to Panama. Courtship in the San Blas is a strenuous matter, especially for the bride-to-be. In order to win her the suitor must chase her and catch her in the water.

It is possible to change the color of precious and semi-precious stones by exposing them to the action of radium. A Frenchman who has devoted himself to this study has obtained remarkable results. He bought sapphires of different kinds and put them in a box with a small quantity of radium. At the end of a month the transformations were as follows: White sapphires had become yellow; blue, green; violet, blue; wine-colored stones, red; dark blue, violet.

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NEXT SUNDAY'S

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

November 9, 1919



Knox Hats

for

Men and Women

THE KNOX SHOP

51 Grant Avenue

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Where are you going?" "To my doctor's." "Sick or thirsty?"—*Life*.

"We own the house we live in." "That's nothing. We're renting ours."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Nagging Wife—What I need is a new silk dress. *Tired Husband*—What you need is muslin.—*Judge*.

"So your daughter is musical?" "Yes." "Is she going in for classical works?" "No. Jazzical."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"A ruh with alcohol is a great beautifier," says a physician. Nowadays the ruh comes when you try to get the alcohol.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did her father receive you well? I've heard she's an extravagant girl. Did he give his consent?" "With disquieting alacrity."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Don't you think, doctor, that the secret of keeping young lies in keeping one's imagination?" "Undoubtedly, but keeping one's imagination is difficult when so little is left to it."—*Life*.

"What will I do," asked the anarchist orator, "if the police arrest me for denouncing the law as tyranny and oppression?" "What will you do?" echoed his friend. "Why, lose

no time in getting a good lawyer."—*Baltimore American*.

Mrs. A—I notice that your husband doesn't smoke. Is it because you object to it? *Mrs. B*—Oh, dear, no! If I objected to it he'd smoke.—*Houston Post*.

"Mme. La Mode has the nerve to call her department for young girls' dresses a perfect model of style." "Why nerve?" "Because it is a miss-fit establishment."—*Baltimore American*.

Bill—So you proposed to Lulu last night? *Gill*—Yes. *Bill*—And the old man kicked you out doors, I suppose? *Gill*—No, he didn't. He didn't wait until I got out doors.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"How about the high cost of living?" "We're investigating it." "But there's a complaint that you are getting nowhere." "So I've heard. We'll investigate that."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"In these days it's almost impossible to get what you want." "Yes. I remember when my husband would give me anything I wanted if I merely cried a little. Now I have to go into hysterics."—*Life*.

"I know a woman who never talks about anybody else and who does not even listen to scandal when others give utterance of it." "Poor thing! Was she always deaf and dumb?"—*Dallas News*.

"What do you intend to say in your next lecture?" "The same things in different language. That lecture is so profound that nobody is expected to understand it at the first hearing."—*Washington Star*.

"Now be careful. These canoes tip over very easily." "Would it be safe," began the girl timidly, "to—to—" "Yes?" "To shift my chewing gum to the other side of my mouth?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Johnson—I say, Jeems, dat chile o' yourn's mighty slow larnin' at school. *Jeems*—Yes, that's cause de school am seben miles from heah, an' de chile fo'gits all de teacher say afo' he gits half-way home.—*Judge*.

She—Really, if you persist in making love to me every time you call, I shall have to ask you to discontinue your visits. *He*—Darling, he my wife and I'll promise never to speak another word of love to you as long as I live.—*Toledo Blade*.

"We are going to investigate the geodetic survey. What do you know about it?" "Nothing, senator. I don't even know what

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that is a fact the cat next door certainly must know some other language beside English.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2225.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 15, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Our Impudent Supervisors.

The President and the government authorities at Washington are not likely to be greatly perturbed by the action of the San Francisco board of supervisors in protesting against the legal measures found to be necessary in the case of the coal strike. The eccentricities of the city in the matter of its local elections are well known, and this fresh example of impudence will occasion no surprise. The telegram announcing the action of the board will go straight into the wastepaper basket, the proper receptacle of all such rubbish.

The success of the coal strike would have meant intense misery to countless thousands of poor and innocent people throughout the country, people who are immeasurably worse off than the miners, and who are without advocates or champions. Coal is as much a necessity to these people as air or water. They can not live without it. Neither can industry nor transportation. The government interfered to prevent a calamity of incalculable magnitude, a calamity, not to wealth or capital, but to dense masses of helpless men, women, and children. To invite the supervisors to consider such facts as these would be useless. They have neither the mind nor the morals. But it is well that the citizens at large should understand the way in which their time and money are wasted. It is well also that there should be some protest on behalf and in the name of the decent elements of San Francisco. Let the supervisors attend to their normal business of mis-

governing the city and making of it a civic disgrace to the country. For that we can blame no one but ourselves. But it is time to call a halt when they obtrude their noxious activities into the affairs of the nation.

"In the Name of Liberty."

The document in which the American Federation of Labor declares its sympathy with the striking coal miners, with its protest against the action of the government in the same connection, is reminiscent of a time and of events still fresh in vital memories. When some twelve or fifteen years ago the government set about the business of curbing the "money power" there were heard the same moanings and groanings in the sacred name of liberty. There was the same "amazement" at proceedings "staggering to the human mind." Then it was the captains of industry—the great masters of capital—who demanded freedom to impose a selfish will upon the country; today it is the industrial organizers—the masters of labor—who claim the same privilege, the same exemption. Then, as now, it was argued that there was no remedy in reason or law to rebuke aggression and to protect its victims. Then, as now, it was argued that the principle of freedom implied license to establish a rule which in its logical application would have subordinated the government to an autocracy of selfishness and greed. Ways were found to bridle capital; the exploiters were put under restraint. When it came to the test government proved itself the stronger force.

The masters of labor are today in precisely the attitude once held by the masters of capital. They are undertaking to put the people of the United States under a rule as selfish and remorseless as any of which there is record in history. They seek to establish the authority of a class, and that class by no means the most intelligent and capable, and to dominate the affairs of the United States, including the government itself. What they want is a government weak enough to play second fiddle to a private organization—that organization which declines to make itself legally or otherwise responsible. And this they demand in the sacred name of liberty. Of all the words in the language there is none more abused than that of liberty; and it is never more grossly perverted than when it is presumed to imply license to any man or group of men to proceed in courses fatal to the rights and to the liberties of other men or groups of men. Granted the right, in the name of liberty, of one set of men to say who may or who may not work and live in this country, and the very name of liberty will become a farce and a stench.

Stripped of outward flourishes—of mystifying jargon and false logic—the issue now before the country is whether organized labor as inspired by socialistic theorists, as bossed by the Lewises, the Fitzpatricks, the Fosters, and as acquiesced in by Mr. Gompers—is to be permitted to override the government. Its pretensions are limitless. Its demands accompanied by threats that, unless complied with, the vital and essential forces of the country shall be paralyzed, are revolutionary. It peremptorily declines to wait for investigation. It presumes in matters of its own interest to be judge, jury, and executioner. Its attitude is that of the highwayman who stops not to argue, but whose slogan is, Stand and Deliver! The Administration at Washington, too long complacent under motives of sympathy or timidity, too fearful of political effects, has so temporized or yielded as to give to the leaders of this movement the hardihood of an overwrought exhilaration. Having in the threatened railroad strike of three years ago brought the Administration to a shameful acquiescence, they have now presumed to repeat this experience in all fields of industry. Labor, they declare

—and by labor they mean the organized minority—shall, without argument or recourse, define all the conditions in any way affecting it; and it will beat down whoever shall interpose denial or protest.

This threat has at last aroused to a sense of responsibility the controlling forces at Washington. Brought to a show-down, those who speak for the Administration have said to the masters of organized labor that its pretensions are out of all reason and of all equality, that its programme is tyranny. They have at last boldly asserted the responsibility of the government and have undertaken to sustain its authority and supremacy. In respect of this issue there is a situation in which, no matter what other differences may be, the Administration is entitled to the support of every loyal citizen of the republic. No issues of ordinary politics, no bias of partisanship may justly or properly come between the Administration and its declared purpose in respect of this issue. Whoever now shall fail to support the Administration as it stands in defense of great and vital principles, of principles essential alike to the integrity of government and to the rights of citizens under the Constitution and the laws, is recreant in his obligations and a traitor to the common weal. There is a real war on. The fight is between those who would set up the authority of a class above the powers of government and above the rights of citizenship.

If it be true—and we suspect it is—that the Lever Act is essentially a war measure and that it was not intended as a means to other ends, it is similarly true that in the immediate emergency it is serving a good purpose. It is argued that the government is proceeding under a law which in all but a technical sense has been made obsolete by the practical ending of the war. However this may be, the government is clearly within the law as it stands, and it has both a technical and a moral right to use the advantage in its hands for protection of the universal interest as against an outrageous imposition. And it is pertinent to add that the very logic of governmental organization implies the right of protection against any force seeking its paralysis or destruction. Threats to starve or to freeze a whole people are in their essential character lawless and treasonable; and if there were no law applicable to the case there would still remain in the hands of the government the responsibility of protecting the public against ruinous proposals, with the rights of action implied in such a situation.

The pronouncement of the American Federation of Labor argues that the inherent purpose of the injunction process is for the protection of property rights only. By implication it is denied that this process may be employed for the protection of the lives, the liberties, or the general welfare of the people. A logical deduction from this claim is that while the courts may protect the rights of a citizen in his farm, or his horse, or his chattels, it may not employ the same powers in the protection of those higher rights of liberty and the right to earn a livelihood, fundamental to our system and solemnly guaranteed by our charter of government.

The immediate contention—the immediate war, if that term be applicable—was cunningly brought on at a time when the government was thought to be weak-kneed in its attitude towards organized labor. Experience in recent years has given to the Lewises, the Fitzpatricks, the Fosters, hopes that in a crisis the Administration would yield as it did three years ago in the Adamson Act. There was further calculation in staging the movement at a time when the President had been stricken down and was presumably too weak physically and otherwise for robust resistance. Again there was political calculation in respect of the oncoming

dential election. These sinister calculations have failed. Instead of yielding to the storm, the Administration has risen in a strength it had not previously shown. It faces the black flag sword in hand. It is employing both the concrete and the moral forces at its command to resist unreason and treason and to sustain the rights to which government is pledged. The course has been admirably outlined; it is being admirably sustained.

In the document given to the public the American Federation of Labor attempts to confuse issues by mixing up the legal and moral phases of its demands with the merits of the immediate issue. In situations like the present the merits of a particular controversy, as that between the miners and mine operators, have only a remote and a non-vital connection with the main issue. Before the demands of the miners may be considered, the acts and proposals by which they have been urged must be disposed of. The question of wages and hours is trivial compared with the tremendous issue involved in demands accompanied by ultimatums, including threats to paralyze activities essential to the life of the country. A proper time to take up the merits of the miners' demands upon the operators will be when the pretensions of the labor bosses to override the authority of the government shall be disposed of. Until then all minor matters are irrelevant and impertinent.

The Supreme Issue.

Everywhere the strikes are in a bad way. The steel industry is practically on its feet again. The coal miners' strike has hoisted the white flag of surrender. The shipbuilders' strike is staggering around on shaky legs, and the local water-front strike is in its dying throes. These several movements, with other similar movements, had presumed too far upon the patience of the country at large and upon the toleration of the government. They have at last encountered the revolt that was sure to come with conviction of the public mind that organized labor was aiming, not to secure equitable adjustments in the working world, but to gain a dominating position in the industrial and political spheres.

There is on the part of the American public a general and proper disposition to yield to labor all that is due to it. In no other country is labor so respected or is the universal attitude towards labor so just and so generous. But presumption based upon this state of the public mind went too far when the claim was put forth by a minority faction in labor for a monopoly of all labor, when its projects in the political sphere were exposed, and when it presented unjustified demands coupled with threats to paralyze the vital activities of the country if these demands should be refused. Popular good will towards labor does not go to the length of conceding to a factional conspiracy, falsely assuming the right to speak in the name of labor, a dominating authority in the affairs of the country. The masters of organized labor overshot the mark when they sought to impose, not appeals in the name of equity, but arbitrary demands backed by force.

That faction in organized labor represented by Mr. Gompers, and which has hitherto claimed character for moderation and conservatism, has not shown up well in this crisis. It has yielded to the radical element and has made the cause of radicalism its own. The *Argonaut* is not among those to be surprised at this development. Has there ever been a crisis, great or small, in any labor contention in which the Gompers faction, for all its moderate pretensions, has not knocked under to radicalism? It is remembered that Mr. Gompers' Federation of Labor practically if not openly espoused the cause of the assassins who murdered some twenty or more workmen in the Los Angeles *Times* office several years ago, and was active in providing funds and other means of defense. It is remembered that in every other contest where criminal methods have been employed by unionism or those who acted for it this same Federation has in the end swung around to support of outrage and criminality. It is remembered that in efforts to hunt down and punish the perpetrators of the bomb outrage in this city the sympathies and funds of Mr. Gompers' followers have been given, not to the cause of the right, but to the cause of the wrong. It is remembered that whenever a selfish purpose might be promoted by political bargaining, by intimidation of officials, by expenditure of money, Mr. Gompers has—to borrow a phrase

from the street—been Johnny on the spot. The country, and more especially the government, has too long given a too sympathetic ear to this professional compromiser, this condoner of crime, this helper of criminals. It is time to classify Mr. Gompers where he belongs, with the radicals and anarchists to whose interest he promptly attaches himself in every crisis.

Collapse of the great strike—more particularly of the coal miners' strike—marks, not the end, but rather the beginning of a serious contest. There is little doubt that the Fitzpatricks, the Lewises, the Fosters, and their fellow-conspirators aim at nothing less than industrial, social, and political revolution. They have counted, and not without some reason, upon the timidity and acquiescence of the Wilson administration. Obviously they expected that the policy illustrated in certain exemptions from prosecution, and more particularly in the Adamson Act, would be continued in connection with new and even larger demands. In brief, they thought they held a mortgage upon the Administration and their calculation was that now was a favorable time to foreclose it. Happily, not only for the immediate welfare, but for the future integrity of our system, the Administration found courage to shake off its fears, disregard its implied engagements, and to stand firm for the cause of justice, for the public welfare, for the guaranties of the Constitution. The result has illustrated the power of the government, but probably it has not altered the spirit or the purposes of the radical masters of organized labor. They may now be expected to set on foot a colossal agitation looking to development of a political power strong enough in force of numbers to overpower alike the authorities of government and the integrity of the law.

Suggestions as to what a labor régime would be, if the movement inaugurated by the Fitzpatricks, the Lewises, the Fosters were to gain control, is afforded by a glance at the open record of recent years. The Western mining regions where unionism has held domination present a picture not pleasant to look upon. The story of Idaho and of Colorado—not to mention other regions—is one reeking of infamies. In its attempts to secure and hold monopoly of labor, unionism has committed innumerable crimes. It has employed every weapon known to the criminal code to gain and hold its ends. Professedly acting in the name of labor, its first and most bitter enmity has been directed towards the laboring class—other than its own membership. It regards any man who for any reason refuses its affiliation and declines its discipline as an enemy to be hunted down and punished without mercy. Murder, arson, all known forms of cruelty, are its familiar weapons. Here in California we have seen it murder a score or more independent workmen in the Los Angeles *Times* office; and the record of our local strikes is attended by a chronicle of outrages long, cruel, pitiful. Is there any reason to believe that if organized labor, as at present led, should gain a dominating position in the country that it would be more reasonable, more tolerant, more merciful than it has been in the past? There is, on the contrary, every reason to believe that the spirit of organized labor in its selfishness, its intolerance, and its ambitions is what it is shown to be by its past record. It is not in the name of labor, for all the glib use that is made of the name of labor, that organized labor pursues its projects. How little it cares for labor as such is illustrated by its whole history. Its project is to secure monopoly of labor with excess wages for its own membership, at the same time leaving the rank and file of the working and sweating world to shift for itself. The real attitude of organized labor towards general labor is shown first in its cruelties towards independent labor, again in its failure to include unorganized labor in its demands, again in the shutting of shop doors against independent labor and against the American youth, again and again, and still again, in the course of its discipline and its activities. What would happen if this selfish and remorseless minority should gain a preponderating influence it is not difficult to imagine. It would become a tyranny the like of which the world has not seen since that dark era in which autocratic power denied to any but a narrow and privileged class the simplest and most fundamental rights.

The issue has been drawn. It is one, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, that will tend to subordinate all other

issues. Is the government of the United States to be a government of all the people, or is it to be a government at the hands of a selfish class? Here is the issue which must be fought out in the period immediately ahead. It is an issue calculated to enlist a vast following of aggressive selfishness; and on the other hand it is an issue which should enlist the support of every reasonable patriotic citizen. Of the result we have not the first doubt. Government of the people, by the people, for the people will not surrender to that element which would establish a system comparable in many of its projects and aspects to the anarchy which for these two years past has run a cruel and destructive course in Russia. But the menace will not be overcome by indifference, inertia, and a too confident dependence upon tradition. There must be put into the fight something—indeed very much—of that vigilance, that energy, that patriotic determination which is and must ever be the price of liberty.

Editorial Notes.

Now that the coal miners' strike has collapsed in its larger demands and pretensions it is time to investigate and consider upon their merits the conditions under which the mines are operated. The demand of the miners was for a five-day week, for a six-hour day, and for a 60 per cent. increase in wages. Upon the face of things this demand appears to be unreasonable; yet there are those who claim that they rest upon considerations of equity. Now let the facts be determined, not under menaces and threats, not upon ultimatums, but upon considerations of equity and by processes founded in the spirit of good will and justice.

We are informed by the newspapers that the Bohemian Club, that unique social organization of which San Francisco is so justly proud, was last week the scene of a wedding. It is a new idea in club policy, but we see no reason why it should not become a permanent feature of club life. And while the Bohemian Club is in the way of developing its policy why not go at the matter thoroughly—why not a maternity ward and an undertaking parlor? Why limit the benedictions of the famous owl? Why not illuminate and grace the path of life from the cradle to the grave?

Very properly Congress has declined to receive in fellowship a man who throughout the late war stood in enmity to the policies of the country. Victor Berger holds to a destructive philosophy of government. He is at enmity with all that is fundamental and essential in our system. His candidacy for Congress was an impertinence, his election was a challenge. Congress has done right to spew him out; and has done it with the right emphasis in a practically unanimous vote of rejection.

Now having taken into custody some hundreds of anarchistic radicals, the government should devise ways and means of getting rid of them. Most of these enemies of social order are foreign-born, though some of them have been fraudulently admitted to citizenship. In every case where citizenship has been so granted it should be nullified. The whole outfit should be shipped back to the countries whence they came. Those who are really American-born should be put under bonds guaranteeing good behavior, or so held as to nullify vicious activities.

Now that the search is on for "reds," it would not be amiss to pretty thoroughly comb the college faculties of the country. In many of our colleges, notably at the State University in Berkeley, there is a group of professors or instructors making no secret of destructive principles and exercising a mischievous activity in poisoning the minds of our youth. California gladly pays the taxes required to support the State University, but that institution must not be made a school of heresy in relation to principles fundamental in our system.

For the first time in its history the government of the United States has registered a trade-mark under its own patent office laws. The word so distinguished is the familiar "Liberty" applied to airplane engines and parts. In connection with this unusual action it will be recalled that the engine was known as the "United States standard aircraft engine" back in the experimental days of 1917.

London gets a shower of soot to the extent of four and a half pounds an acre every day.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Concerning "Ill-Considered Attempts" On the Part of Irish Nationalists.

The following letter has been sent by Colonel H. Weinstock to Senator Walsh of Massachusetts:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 1, 1919.

MY DEAR SENATOR: In yours of September 18th, in which you made answer to mine of September 8th, you generously endeavor to excuse the Irish people and Sinn-Feiners for their pro-German war activities in Ireland. In your letter, among other things, you say: "A generous student of world affairs would look with more liberal allowance on even the ill-considered attempts of the Irish to attain the end for which so much effort has been vainly expended. It is not surprising either that the more hot-headed among them looked to the Germans as their deliverers."

Frankly, this defense for the Sinn-Feiners and their followers sounds not unlike the defense that was so often heard made by pro-Germans for the Germans in the endeavor to justify them for all the treacherous and unholy things that the Germans did and endeavored to do in order to attain their ends.

When your letter came I was in no position to offer authentic and accurate testimony to substantiate the charges made in my letter to you of September 8th against the Sinn-Feiners.

Now comes Rear-Admiral Sims in the November issue of *World's Work*, which I commend to your reading, and presents an indictment against the Sinn-Feiners that must make every America-loving Irishman and every American of Irish birth or of Irish parentage hide his head in shame and confusion.

Admiral Sims tells how the Sinn-Feiners in Ireland did everything in their power to help Germany, and how with their assistance German agents and German spies were landed in Ireland, all of which tended to weaken the American forces and to prolong the war.

He tells further how the Sinn-Feiners were sending information to Germany and constantly laying plots to interfere with the British and American navies.

Would you expect the American people to look with liberal allowances on such attempts of the Sinn-Feiners and their followers to attain the ends for which they were striving? In other words, would you be willing, in order that they should attain their ambition, that this country should be sacrificed? Have you ever heard in all history of a more flagrant case where a people were sticking a dagger with one hand in the backs of those who had befriended them, and were holding out the other hand asking these victims for assistance?

In view of the well-known fair-mindedness of Admiral Sims, his testimony carries with it the utmost conviction and can leave no doubt in the mind of any one that if the Sinn-Feiners had succeeded in their plots the Kaiser would have been in the saddle, the Allies (including the Americans) would have been suing for peace, and world democracy might have become an iridescent dream of the past.

I visited Ireland several times and have met many Irishmen on their native heath. They won my affection by their generous and gracious hospitality, and my admiration for their cleverness and mentality. I, for one, therefore, greatly deplore the fact that they stand before the world today as a people who have accepted the political leadership of these traitors to world democracy, the Sinn-Feiners. Until the Irish people shall have repudiated such leadership they have no right to expect nor are they likely to receive the sympathy nor the support of the rank and file of the American people.

The indictment by Admiral Sims of the Sinn-Feiners strongly emphasizes the gross blunder, to say nothing of the arrogant impertinence of the United States Senate in passing the resolutions it did, expressing sympathy with the political movement engineered and dominated as it is by the Sinn-Feiners.

I feel that such mayors of American cities, for example, who are extending in their official capacity a welcome to De Valera, the head of the Sinn-Feiners, are placing the American people in a false light before the world and deserve the severest condemnation for their acts. These mayors and other public officials who take part in such ceremonies falsely place the American people in the position of kissing the hand of him who would have placed a lash in the hands of the enemies to be used on our backs.

It may have seemed perfectly proper to the Sinn-Feiners willingly to sacrifice America and all that America stands for in order to further their own selfish interests. It may have seemed perfectly proper to these same Sinn-Feiners to endeavor to persuade, as they did, the American sailors of Irish birth or parentage on board American warships in Irish waters during the war to cooperate and sympathize with the Sinn-Feiners, and thus to prove themselves traitors to the American flag. But it must also seem proper to the American people to repudiate the Sinn-Feiners' movement and to refuse in any way to sympathize with their supporters or followers. The Sinn-Feiners and the support given them on the part of the Irish people have done more to damage the cause of Ireland in America than all other causes put together. In saying this I am not voicing merely my own sentiments, but I believe I am voicing the sentiment of untold millions of red-blooded and loyal American men and women the country over.

Sincerely yours, HARRIS WEINSTOCK.

Hon. Thos. J. Walsh,
United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

Musical Comment on the U. S. Uniform

SAN FRANCISCO, November 11, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: An article entitled "Beethoven's Symphony the Gem of the Concert," that appeared in last Saturday's *Examiner*, stated that the presence of men in uniform at the Curran Symphony Concert "was better than empty boxes."

Does Mr. Mason, who wrote the article, know of very many other habiliments with which he would prefer to fill the higher class attractions of our country? His phraseology, even taken relatively to the context, is decidedly ambiguous, and it is therefore pertinent to ask him to explain in explicit English, susceptible of one and but one signification, just what he does mean.

Further perusal of this article would lead one to think that odium should rest upon the society set for choosing more vulgar amusement in preference to the more æsthetic pleasure to be derived from classical music.

Let any should absent themselves through antagonism to German music it might be well for one so well versed in musical lore as Mr. Mason to hasten to assure his clientèle that it was only in exceptional cases that the German and Austrian composers were really Germanic, and that almost all of them were horn prior to our Declaration of Independence, before the demented Hohenzollerns and their clique broke their public promise and succeeded in foisting their militaristic gold brick on a hominely lethargic populace. Would it not curtail opposition to Wagner for the public at large to learn that he was bitterly anti-Hohenzollern, and fled from

Germany to Switzerland while still in his teens—fled just as Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel and Dr. Jacobi fled to this country, and as Karl Marx fled to Belgium. Seven thousand other Germans with General Franz Sigel were forced into Switzerland by the Hohenzollerns, whom I have termed demented because two of the three branches of their family have died out on the throne from insanity. Is it not fair that credit be given where it is due? Beethoven, here mentioned, was Belgian, as the name indicates, and his father's first name was Jean. They came from Louvain. Mendelssohn, Meyerheer, and Offenbach (reared from a child in France), were Jews, just as are the prominent medical men of Germany of late years, such men as Wasserman and Ehrlich. Bach and Liszt were Hungarians. Handel, born 1685, early departed to Italy, whence he proceeded to England, where he found the atmosphere for his great works, and became an English citizen. The Croatian Hayden, whose music is distinctly Slavonic, did much the same, while Gluck achieved his greatness in France. Schuher was a Moravian, and therefore not of German stock. Mozart was born in a Slavic community near Italy, and his work is distinctly and decidedly Italian throughout.

A SOLDIER.

A New Point in the League Discussion.

ROCKLIN, CAL., November 10, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Every provision in the covenant of the league of nations has been so thoroughly threshed out both pro and con that it seems well-nigh impossible that any new controversial point could be raised. But no matter what may be the known depth, a deeper depth ever remains to be discovered. Comes now Professor Albert Bushnell Hart with three columns in the *New York Times* of October 26, 1919, with new and renewed assurance that Great Britain's six votes to our one in the assembly not only make no difference in or on any count, but actually have no existence in reality, since the United States will have identically the same number of votes in the assembly that Great Britain will have, through protectorate or other control which we hold over the votes of Cuba, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Haiti, and Panama.

It is within the memory of man that P. M. G. Bursleson tried to exclude the *Metropolitan Magazine* from the mails for making this identical statement, not as to the league, but as to the control, but that's not only another story but the other fellow's Dovie as well.

Assuming for the sake of argument our control of the countries named and our exercise of that control in the way and manner Professor Hart points out (a way and manner, by the way, that can not possibly be made to square with the famous fourteen points), Great Britain absolutely controls the votes of Hedjaz and Persia to start with, and by economic or other pressure would probably be able to give certain direction to the votes of Greece, Liberia, Denmark, Portugal, and Norway, and, if they didn't steer in the indicated direction, could make Belgium, Siam, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Venezuela, and a number of other countries feel pretty sick in their financial stomachs.

Professor Hart then gives the following as the reason why Great Britain was given her justly famous six votes:

"Their forms of government [the British colonies] have, to be sure, been enacted for them by the British government, but in every case they have practically been drawn up by the people concerned, even at the expense of a part of the authority which Great Britain has previously exercised. They all elect their own legislative bodies, they all provide themselves with a prime minister, who is virtually the head of the state; they all have a cabinet government, which will undoubtedly designate the representatives in the world assembly and will instruct them. Furthermore, each one of those four communities has a larger population and a greater likelihood of power and prestige among future nations than several of the full and independent nations. Every one is more important to the world than any of the sixteen small powers mentioned above, each of which has a vote equal to that of Australia or Canada."

The sixteen powers referred to by Professor Hart are Bolivia, Ecuador, Greece, Guatemala, Hedjaz, Liberia, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Siam, Uruguay, Norway, Denmark, Persia, Switzerland, Paraguay.

This argument applies with as great and even greater force to the state government in the United States, which each possess a prime minister in its governor, a cabinet government, and elect their own legislative bodies.

Compare, too, the population of these colonies with that of individual states: Australia's 4,500,000 with Ohio's 4,700,000; Canada's 6,200,000 with Pennsylvania's 7,600,000; the 7,800,000 in the Union of South Africa with New York's mighty total of 9,100,000; or New Zealand's 1,200,000 with the 2,500,000 in the stepping stone State of New Jersey.

Since India can not hold place in Professor Hart's colonial formula, although he, so to speak, gags a hit, he puts forth the following to account for her vote:

"Two deviations from the advantage of this plan from the British point of view are India and the remaining colonies of Great Britain in the West Indies and elsewhere which are represented only by the central British government. That India should have a vote in the league of nations when it has none in the parliament of the empire, and has no parliament of its own, is a real anomaly and might be a cause of grievance."

Then in still another guise Professor Hart presents the following:

"The two lines of argument just discussed alone or taken together make it reasonably certain that no danger to the United States nor to the proper conduct of the world league is to be expected from the six votes which are printed in the terrifying official form, 'British Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India.' Even when the six communities all vote together they are outvoted several times over by aggregations of Central European, or Asiatic, or Latin-American powers; and in any event votes in the assembly are not decisive of either the policy or the action of the league."

The last paragraph in this contention is hut the restatement in another form of what Professor Hart describes as the President's "ripote" that it makes no difference how many votes Great Britain may cast, because the assembly is a talk-fest and not a work-fest."

One power possessed by the assembly gives complete negation to this claim (and there are others) and that is its power to elect members to the council. All the British colonies including India, are eligible to membership in the council and the elections to the council will be decided by a majority, and not by a unanimous vote. Whatever may be claimed to the contrary, or whatever the language in the covenant itself that may appear to give other direction, these elections will be decided by a majority vote.

To claim that they must be by unanimous vote is to say that there will be no elections, which is both absurd and manifestly not the intention of either sponsors or signatories.

If it will require a unanimous vote to replace the temporary members named in the covenant (Spain, Belgium, Brazil, and Greece), then these so-called temporary members will remain members of the council so long as the league shall last. Each country represented in the council will also have a vote in the assembly and it would be wanton to believe that they would

be either so foolish or so unselfish as to vote themselves out of a position of such supreme power and importance as would be a membership in the council.

Possession (if a unanimous vote should be required to replace) would not then prove to be the traditional nine-tenths of the law, but ten-tenths with an improper fraction over for self-preservation and good measure.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A Note From Judge Ben B. Lindsey.

DENVER, COLO., October 30, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Some one was good enough just recently to send me an editorial from the *Argonaut* of September 6, 1919—"Reformatory Enthusiasm and Common Sense."

I do not know that I should blame the *Argonaut* for newspaper confusion, but may I state to you the facts, which are so entirely contrary to anything suggested by your article?

An organization of young boys in Chicago, known I believe as the "Boys' Brotherhood Republic," have voluntarily undertaken to raise a certain sum for the expenses of fighting the case you refer to, to the Supreme Court of the United States, in strict accord with the law, if you please, and to vindicate the law.

I suppose the only reason you make *anarchy* out of such a movement is that you are misinformed. This is all I know about it, and since the facts are as above stated there was, of course, really no occasion for your criticism.

I appreciate the *Argonaut* very much or I would not take the trouble to call attention to your misunderstanding.

BEN B. LINDSEY.

From an Advocate of the Modern Shoe.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 7, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: For many a paterfamilias it is a serious problem to provide shoes for his children at the present high prices. Holland, Scandinavia, and adjacent countries have, for many centuries, almost exclusively used wooden shoes for men, women, and children, and sturdier races are hard to find.

Fashion or no fashion, custom or no custom, the United States should adopt wooden shoes—for children, at least. They keep the feet dry and warm, and are durable and cheap. The wearing of wooden shoes will be no more conspicuous than overalls worn by women on the farm, in packing-houses, and factories. What a blessing wooden shoes would have been to shoeless humanity in war-torn countries, 1914-1918. Holland, with her wooden shoes, founded the greatest city in America and called it New Amsterdam—now New York. The United States should induce Dutch wooden shoe makers to come over and get the idea started—it would prove a national economy.

JAMES B. CLIFFORD.

STRIKES AND WAGES

The anniversary of the signing of the armistice, proclaimed for some inscrutable reason as a public holiday, seems to have been celebrated throughout the country in a subdued manner. For the year has been one of disillusionment. The first flush of victory failed to be permanent. The peace conference did none of the things that were expected of it, and its furtive secrecies gave birth first to suspicions and then to disgust. At the present moment there is neither peace in Europe nor the prospects of peace. Nowhere can we place a finger on the map and say that here there has been a settlement so just and so equitable as to promise its endurance. The east of Europe is still a welter of chaotic furies. Large and aggressive enemy armies are moving over the country. There is something like civil war in Italy. We have not the least idea what is to be done in the Balkan States nor in Asia Minor and, worse still, no one seems to care. The vast populations of Asia are moving sullenly and volcanically, and with all the dreadful threats implied by their inconceivable size. Democracy is in the saddle everywhere, and democracy is thinking about its dinner-pails, and not about the wrath of God.

A year ago we were talking glibly about imposing American institutions and American ideals upon the world. We had the "chosen people" fever rather badly. Today it is we ourselves who are immersed in a very maelstrom of strikes and Bolshevism, while the greater countries of Europe seem to be steering their way out of that particular turmoil and into smoother waters. Italy, it is true, is suspended over the abyss, and almost anything may happen there. But we hear nothing from France and Great Britain. It is true that they are not throwing up their hats nor proclaiming an industrial kingdom of heaven. They are walking cannily, and praising God that they are alive. But the national stability seems to have been preserved. Their governments are solid, or seem so. There may be heavy waters ahead, and doubtless there are, but at the moment there is no crisis nor the immediate threat of one. The crisis is in America, and we are thinking more about our own situation than about the institutional derelictions of Europe.

There are fundamental differences between our own economic and industrial problems and those of the old world. We have a mixed population and a vast body of foreign, unassimilated, and perhaps unassimilable, workers. In France every man is a Frenchman, and in England every man is an Englishman. They may have their sectional passions, greeds, and resentments, but at least they all understand each other. They have the same history, tradition, and language. Somewhere underground there is a common platform upon which they all stand. But it is not so with us. We have millions of people among us who do not speak our language, who know nothing of our traditions, and who look upon the country very much as a cow to be milked. Their idea of liberty is a street barricade and a massacre. It is easy to persuade them that they are victims of oppression because they have never known anything else. They are victims of the revolutionist because they have never known any other way to reform than by violence. Perhaps it is our own fault.

that these people are still foreigners in our midst, but that is another story.

There have been four great strikes during the last few months, and they have been different in their essentials from any other strikes that the country has known. That is to say they have been revolutionary strikes. Their success would have meant the end of American government, and this irrespective of the specific pleas that were put forward in regard to wages and hours. The police strike of Boston may be dismissed in a few words. The issue was straight and clear cut. If the police might affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, then a theoretical and practical conflict of authorities became certain. At some time or other the police would be ordered by the authorities to do one thing, and they would be ordered by the Federation to do some other and contrary thing. The policeman was exactly in the position of a soldier. A divided command was impossible, and the public said so in unmistakable terms. The Boston police strike was a fiasco.

But the railroad strike was much more serious. It was a strike for socialism, pure and unadulterated. Now socialism may be a good thing or a bad thing. That is not now under discussion. There was a much larger question than the rights and wrongs of socialism. If a majority of the people of this or any other democratic country want socialism they will get it. The American Constitution, all democratic constitutions, are specifically devised for the purpose of enabling the people to get what they want. They can have a Mormon government if they wish. They can establish Voodoo as the national religion if they wish. But it must be done in constitutional ways, that is to say by counting heads. It must not be done by force or by strikes. The railroad men wanted the Plumb plan for the nationalization of the roads, and they said that the Plumb plan must forthwith be adopted or they would at once plunge the country into anarchy by tying up the roads. They made no pretense of securing their wish in proper ways. They did not say that they would advocate the Plumb plan in order to secure its adoption at the polls, that they would carry out a crusade in order to convince the voters of its propriety and wisdom. On the contrary they held a knife at the throat of the nation. They presented an ultimatum. They said that there must be instant obedience under penalties of national death.

If such a procedure could be tolerated we may ask ourselves where it would stop. Perhaps some other highly organized minority might demand free silver under a similar threat, or a high tariff, or free trade. It would be government by ultimatum. Every trace of democracy would disappear. The government allowed it to be known that it would use all the resources at its command to keep the trains running and to protect their crews. It meant what it said. There was to be no outrage, no sabotage, no crime. It was an innovation in the history of strikes, since no strike has much chance of success without crime. And so the railroad strike collapsed.

Then came the miners' strike, the most dangerous of them all. It was met by the procedure of injunction, which Mr. Gompers seems to think is a crime against the principles of democracy. Now we need not mince words about this matter. If the coal strike had succeeded it would probably have meant the death of thousands of poor people in the Eastern states. It would have meant misery greater than the misery of war. Not even Belgium under German occupation would have been so wretched as those extensive Atlantic and mid-continental areas. But Mr. Gompers could see nothing undemocratic about that. It would have been in full accord with those "principles of American government" that Mr. Gompers advocates so strenuously when it suits his book, and not otherwise. Mr. Gompers is moved to crocodile tears as he contemplates the devastations of an injunction, but the infinitely greater devastations of a coal strike leave him unmoved. Now there is much to be said for and against the injunction. As a normal method of government it leaves much to be desired. Probably we should never again have heard of the injunction in a labor dispute but for the bitter necessities produced by the action of the miners. And it may be said that the government was justified in using any measure whatsoever, legal or illegal, passive or active, to ward off the dreadful vista of want and misery that must have followed a coal strike. The coal strike meant the destruction of all government. It meant ruin and anarchy. The coal miners have now submitted to the orders of the court. They can not resist a government that is determined to govern. They know that they can not win without violence, and violence will not be tolerated. It is a new doctrine, a surprising one. No wonder the unions are pexplexed.

Now there is always much sympathy, and rightly so, for men who are doing dangerous and laborious work for a meagre wage, and a wage that tends to become ever more meagre as the cost of living is increased. It is on such a plea that we are asked to extend our sympathy to the coal miners, although it will be observed that they themselves had no kind of sympathy for the thousands of innocent people of their own class whom they were willing to torture by a withholding of their fuel supplies. But is the plea a justifiable one? Are we justified in looking upon the coal miners or upon the

steel men as underpaid workers forced to the desperate measure of a strike by the ever-mounting cost of commodities?

Now wages may be regarded as "money wages" and as "real wages." By the former designation we mean the actual amount of money received in dollars and cents. By "real wages" we mean the purchasing power of the money received, and it is obvious that this is the only way in which the actual status of the worker can be measured. If a man receives an increase in wages of \$10 a week, this \$10 is his money increase. But if the cost of living has increased to the extent of \$6 a week, then it is evident that he has had a "real wage" increase of only \$4 a week.

Now if we compare the wages received by the mine worker in 1912 with those that he receives today we find a very considerable increase in his "money wage" as well as in his "real wage." If we take the wages in the bituminous mines of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois we find that the increase in "real wages" since 1912 varies from 1 per cent. to 8 per cent., that is to say the worker is that much better off after allowing for the increase in the cost of living. In the anthracite mines the increase in the "real wages" varies from 2 per cent. to 27 per cent. For example, a driver in the anthracite mines received as "money wages" in April, 1914, the sum of \$1.46 a day. In April, 1916, this was raised to \$1.55 a day. In May, 1917, his "money wage" was again raised to \$1.97, and in July, 1919, it was further increased to \$3.15 a day. This is an increase of 115.8 per cent. in his "money wage," but after allowing carefully for the increased cost of living the "real wage" increase since 1912 is regarded as 23.9 per cent. That is to say, the driver is 23.9 per cent. better off in every sense of the word and by every standard than he was in 1912. He has not only been recouped for the increased cost of living, but he has received 23.9 per cent. in addition. Obviously he is not an object of sympathy on account of the increased cost of living. Here is a table showing the increase in "real wages" for all classes of men in the anthracite mines since 1912:

Engineer, slope and shaft.....	5.7
Fireman	11.2
Slate picker	27.3
Laborer (outside)	18.9
Driver	23.9
Bratticeman	9.1
Laborer (inside)	17.2
Pumpman	21.7
Contract miner	4.9
Miner's laborer	2.3

These figures and very many others of a like nature are supplied by Mr. Leonard Blakey in his book, "Has Labor Carried Its War Burden?"

Similar figures are furnished in regard to the steel trade, although in a tabulated form they are more complicated because of differences in pay in Eastern, Southern, and Western shops. Riveters in Eastern shops have received since 1913 various increases in "money wages" amounting to 219.9 per cent. But this is estimated to be an increase of 80.7 per cent. in "real wages." Here is a table showing the increases in "real wages" in Eastern shops:

Anglesmiths	29.3
Blacksmiths	39.0
Boilermakers	29.3
Bolters-up	48.9
Drillers, pneumatic	37.2
Shipfitters	22.2
Shipjoiners	7.0
Machinists	28.8
Laborers (common)	1.4
Moldloftsmen	22.5
Punch and shearmen	29.3
Riveters	80.7
Shipwrights	7.0

Once more, we need not condole with the shipyard men on account of the high cost of living. The cost of living has indeed soared high, but their wages have soared higher still, very much higher.

One other picture before bringing this writing to a close. We have seen the increase in "real wages" enjoyed by the steel men and the coal men during the last four years. Now look at a similar picture of another class of labor, also typical.

The "real wages" of schoolteachers have decreased 34.9 per cent.

Why? Because their class must pay the increases enjoyed by the steel and coal men. SIDNEY CORYN.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 12, 1919.

San Marino claims to be the oldest state in Europe. Next to Monaco it is in area the smallest independent country in the world. It has thirty square miles of territory. The coat of arms consists of three hills in gold upon a field of blue. These hills are Monte Guaito, Monte Cucco, and Monte Gista, each bearing a castle surmounted by a plume. The shield has a gold crown as a crest and is surrounded by branches of laurel and oak united by a ribbon inscribed with the word "Liberty."

The total resources of the investing institutions of the United States, exclusive of international banking houses, private banking houses and private banks, investment bankers and brokers, and traders in securities, are \$47,835,330,165.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Louise Fargo Brown, Ph. D., author of "The Freedom of the Seas," who is a college teacher of history, left academic life and entered government service to aid in the preparation of a historical study of the marines. Her personal history has been varied. From 1915 to 1917 she was dean of women at the University of Nevada.

In conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Professor Alexander Smith, author of a series of American text-books on chemistry at Columbia University, the University of Edinburgh referred to him in the following terms: "A most distinguished graduate of our own university, Professor Smith has risen to the rank of super-chemist in the United States."

"I had almost promised my father not to be a candidate for the United States Senate," Senator Frank B. Brandegee said to a news writer recently. "He had devoted almost fifty years in building up his business and it was profitable and he desired me to continue it. But he died late in the year 1904, and in the following May our Republican legislative caucus nominated me for senator to fill the unexpired term of Orville H. Platt. And here I am."

Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, was born in the same state (Virginia) as President Wilson, in the town of Culpepper. He was educated at William and Mary College, the University of the South, and the Navy Medical School. He entered the navy in 1903. From 1904 to 1907 he made a cruise around the world and saw service in the Philippines and China. Upon his return to this country he was assigned to the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*, where a part of his duties was attendance upon the family of the President. In January, 1913, he was assigned to the White House, so that when Mr. Wilson came into the presidency he already was prescribing for the presidential family.

Dr. Sterling Ruffin, the authority upon mental and nervous disorders, who was called into attendance on President Wilson during the latter's illness, lives in Washington and is a graduate of the George Washington University. He was born on July 20, 1866, and after graduating from the George Washington University took a course in the London School of Tropical Medicine, from which he was graduated with honors in 1893. Subsequently he became physician in chief at the George Washington University Hospital, and is a consulting physician at several other institutions, among them the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in Washington. He is an author of numerous medical works.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, before his adventure in invading Fiume, was called the most brilliant conversationalist in Europe. At the same time he was one of the most expert scholars of his time in Latin and Greek civilization, and it was his delight to stuff his books with obscure words and strange references that kept half the German universities busy in tracing them to their sources and explaining them. At Florence he used to live in the most startling luxury, surrounding himself with works of art and objects of beauty that were noteworthy even in Italy. His taste ranged from pictures and statuary to rare fabrics and precious stones. He had a laboratory even, in which he experimented with perfumes, trying to invent fragrances hitherto unknown, as simply one more refinement in a lifelong pursuit of the subtlest shades of sensation and enjoyment.

Bernard Baruch is described by a recent observer as being six feet two, trim, keen, open face, gray-eyed, candid as to countenance, quick moving, decisive, friendly, resourceful, and as little satisfied with himself as a handsome man dare to be. He is the newer type of American Jew. American life has pressed almost the last vestige of his blood from his mien. It is a strong blood, but this is a strong civilization we are making here, and in Baruch we see the two forces grappling with one another. And the Western civilization is fairly well prevailing. But he has all the high vision that his blood entitles him to, all the capacity for honorable compromise, the ability to put himself in the other man's place. He is facile, gentle, and has tremendous personal charm. He leads by charm rather than by force.

In describing personal impressions of Samuel Gompers at the Industrial Conference William Allen White said: "His face is mobile, his mouth is large and strong, his jaw is rather brutal and indomitable. He has the big nose of the ruler, but his eyes—there is the mystery! They are sheathed with thin saurian lids; when he opens them wide he gives a flaming effect to his face. Generally they are half closed, and back of them sits the Jew, the quiet Oriental, grim, purposeful, imaginative—the eyes of a man who sees great visions. The soul back of them dreams high dreams and yet the face around the eye is a mask, mobile, but on the whole secretive, furtive. Gompers looks curiously un-Western, curiously Oriental, curiously like a Persian potentate; all he would need would be the front hall rug and a fez to simulate the satrap in his power. Yet he is the ideal of the doughty bunch of Irish labor men who surround him, and his will prevails without discussion or argument."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Lawrence F. Abbot Gives Some of His Personal Impressions, the Results of Close Contact.

One wonders what place would be occupied by Mr. Roosevelt in a list of great Americans. It is, of course, far too soon to answer that question. It can be answered only by the impartialities of distance, by the impassionate judgments of the future. But perhaps there is no other political chieftain whose death has been so quickly followed by the hearty tributes of his opponents.

In one respect at least Mr. Roosevelt was unlike most of his peers in the honor roll of history. He seems to have had little or no faith in the star of his own destiny. He never imagined himself as in any way chosen by fate, and if this is necessarily a dangerous illusion, it is at least one that has often given force, faith, and victory. No man becomes supreme unless he has something of the mystic in his nature. Abraham Lincoln had it in no ordinary measure. Probably there is no real immortality of fame without it. Posterity may view the lack of it as a defect in Theodore Roosevelt.

This is brought out interestingly by Mr. Lawrence F. Abbot in his fine book of impressions, and it may be said incidentally that such volumes are usually so much more illuminating than the more formal biographies. Mr. Abbot tells us of an incident related by Brander Matthews in a note received after Roosevelt's death. He dined with Roosevelt in 1893 and he made some pleasant allusion to his future in public life. Roosevelt looked at him seriously and almost sadly. How, he asked, could he have a future in public life? "Don't you know as civil service commissioner I have made an enemy of every professional politician in the United States? I can't have any political prospects." Later on he said almost the same thing to the author in Khartum: "My political career is ended. No man in American life has ever reached the crest of the wave as I appear to have done without the wave's breaking and engulfing him. Remember Dewey."

Roosevelt was deeply affected by the fate of Dewey. He looked upon it almost as a prediction of his own end. He knew the masses of the American electorate—no man better. He knew their distrust of genius, their worship of the commonplace, their resentment against superiority. But he seems to have had little faith in his own power to dominate and to drive. "Remember Dewey" became almost a slogan with him and he used it very seriously. He did not believe in his own star.

Homer Davenport was on the ship that brought Roosevelt back to New York, and on one occasion he told the following story, which confirmed the almost superstitious prognostications which may have had some effect in creating their own fulfillment:

At the time when Admiral Dewey was being bitterly attacked in the newspapers, and criticized throughout the country because of the disposition which he made of the house presented to him in honor of his victory at Manila, I published in one of the newspapers a cartoon in his defense. I thought the admiral was most outrageously treated, and I rather laid myself out to make the cartoon a striking and effective one. A few days after it was published a friend of mine who knew Dewey met me on the street in New York and said: "Dewey has seen your cartoon and wants to see you. Will you go over to Washington?" "Sure," I replied. We went over, and my friend took me to the admiral's house. We entered the drawing-room: I was presented to Mrs. Dewey; and just as the admiral came forward to give me his hand, he burst into tears and threw himself upon a sofa in a paroxysm of weeping. Mrs. Dewey apologized and said: "You must excuse the admiral, Mr. Davenport. He has been wrought almost to a pitch of nervous prostration by the unjust attacks made upon him. We had decided to go to Europe, never to set foot on American soil again, and had actually packed our trunks when we saw your cartoon. It was the first ray of light, and made us change our minds, and we have decided to remain in America, although some of our trunks are still upstairs just as we packed them for our departure."

Roosevelt particularly asked Davenport if the incident was exactly as he had related it, and on being answered in the affirmative he said that he himself was "going down like Dewey," and added, *sotto voce*, "Lawrence, they may treat me like Dewey, but I'll tell you one thing, I shall neither weep nor shall I go to Europe." But somehow we wish that the story had not been told—on Dewey's account.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Roosevelt's gayety was usually unconquerable. The author tells us of an incident in 1910 and of a visit paid to Mr. Roosevelt by Senator Carter of Montana, whose "round face, surmounted with red hair, shone with pleasure":

To my intense amazement Mr. Roosevelt leaped out of his chair, seized the senator by the hands and they began dancing hack and forth across the room, chanting the following doggerel in unison:

Oh, the Irish and the Dutch
They don't amount to much,
But hurroo for the Scandino-vian!

After Senator Carter had left, Mr. Roosevelt, amused at the look of surprised interrogation on my face, volunteered the following explanation: "Tom Carter is a good friend of mine, although we have often disagreed radically on political principles and issues. He is something of a standpatter and I am afraid he sometimes thinks I am something of a visionary crank. Some years ago, during a political campaign, he and I were scheduled to speak on the same occasion in a town of the Northwest. When we came out of the hall and were walking along the boardwalk of the little village to our hotel we met a huge Swede or Norwegian who was somewhat

exhilarated from pouring too many libations in honor of the Republican party. As he zigzagged his way along the narrow sidewalk we had to step aside to avoid a collision. He was singing at the top of his lungs that song about the Irish and the Dutch. Now Senator Carter is Irish and I am Dutch and we thought it was a very good joke on us. So every time we have met since, unless there are too many people about, we are apt to greet each other as we did just now. It has become a kind of ritual."

Mr. Abbott prints a letter written to his father by Mr. Roosevelt in 1906. The elder Abbott had published an article describing Senator Lodge as "a boss of agreeable personality" who had undertaken to tell the people of Massachusetts what they ought to wish instead of what they did wish. Mr. Roosevelt quickly entered the lists to defend Mr. Lodge, and his letter becomes peculiarly interesting at a time when Mr. Lodge is once more displaying his powers of counsel and leadership:

You would be surprised to know how many men have spoken to me about the article on Lodge. Lodge has violent enemies. But he is a boss or the head of a machine only in the sense that Henry Clay and Webster were bosses and heads of political machines; that is, it is a very great injustice to couple his name with the names of those commonly called bosses, in any article. I know Massachusetts politics well. I know Lodge's share in them, and I know what he has done in the Senate. He and I differ radically on certain propositions, as for instance on the pending Rate Bill and on the arbitration treaties of a couple of years ago; but I say deliberately that during the twenty years he has been in Washington he has been on the whole the best and most useful servant of the public to be found in either house of Congress. I say also that he has during that period led politics in Massachusetts in the very way which, if it could only be adopted in all our states, would mean the elimination of graft, of bossism, and of every other of the evils which are most serious in our politics. Lodge is a man of very strong convictions, and this means that when his convictions differ from mine I am apt to substitute the word "narrow" and "obstinate" for "strong"; and he has a certain aloofness and coldness of manner that irritate people who do not live in New England. But he is an eminently fit successor of Webster and Sumner in the senatorship from Massachusetts.

Mr. Roosevelt's advocacy of a great navy has almost been accepted as a national policy, and this may be said to date from the around-the-world trip of the American warships. Mr. Roosevelt regarded it as a compliment to Japan that the fleet should go first to a Japanese port. At the same time it was an object lesson in the naval power of the United States:

This visit of the fleet to Japan was not in the slightest degree a threat, nor did Roosevelt so regard it. It was a visit of friendship—but made under such conditions as to strengthen the dignity of the United States and Japan's respect for the power and determination of the American people. In a word, it put into visible form the doctrine which he expressed in one of those aphorisms that have become inseparably connected with his name: "Speak softly, but carry a big stick."

At the same time he was somewhat anxious about the Japanese situation. There was and is a chauvinist or jingo faction in Japan just as there is a chauvinist or jingo faction in the United States. If Japan intended to make war, Roosevelt intended to be prepared for it and he told me that his instructions were that the fleet was always to be prepared for action no matter where it was. He did not propose to have anybody "pull a gun" on him and tell him to throw up his hands. He said that in an official speech privately addressed to a group of higher officers of the fleet he had told them if war came and any commander lost a ship because he was surprised or unprepared he might just as well never come home himself.

Mr. Abbott is able to give us a somewhat new light on the making of the Treaty of Portsmouth between Japan and Russia. Roosevelt, in spite of a somewhat heavy hand, was capable of a great deal of finesse, and he showed this to good advantage in his efforts to bring together the two great nations, both of whom were too proud openly to yield:

In talking with me, afterward, Roosevelt said: "As a matter of fact, in spite of their great naval and military victories, the Japanese statesmen—not the Japanese people—were sagacious and far-seeing enough to know that they were approaching the end of their resources of both men and material, while Russia's resources were unlimited. The Japanese came to me privately and, with some reluctance, expressed this point of view and asked me if I could not do something. I said I would try. I went to the Russians and pointed out the economic and political folly of continuing the war and asked if they would not join in a peace conference with the Japanese if I arranged it. They finally said: 'Yes, if the Japanese will consent, but we do not believe they will. We will come, however, if you can persuade them.' I replied that I would see what I could do, and [this with his characteristic chuckle] all the time I had the Japanese request in my breeches' pocket!"

A few weeks ago the *Argonaut* had occasion to refer to Roosevelt's summaries of Charles Dickens, summaries that were probably substantially just, alike from the literary and the ethical points of view. They were contained in personal letters to his children, and now we have another literary comment, this time on Tolstoi, and written from Africa with his own hand and in indelible pencil. It is a long letter, but the quotation of a single clause may suffice:

First as to Tolstoi's immortality. Have you ever read his "Kreutzer Sonata" (if that's the way to spell it)? I read it, or rather as much of it as was necessary to a pathological diagnosis. The man who wrote that was a sexual and a moral pervert. It is as unhealthy a hook, as vicious in its teaching to the young, as Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" or any other piece of pornographic literature—for I need hardly say that the worst pornographic literature is that which, with conscious or only half-conscious hypocrisy, calls itself by some other name; some of the very vilest of such books are often written under the pretense of being in the interests of social or hygienic reform.

The judgment seems to be a little harsh. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was the single extravagance of a

saint, and not to be accepted as characteristic of the mind or morals of the author.

Roosevelt's attitude toward the war is touched on somewhat lightly under the exigencies of a work devoted to personal impressions. On September 23, 1914, he published a sort of personal summary of his own position and of his opinion of American policies as they were then being unfolded. He wrote:

When once Belgium was invaded, every circumstance of national honor and interest forced England to act precisely as she did act. She could not have held up her head among nations had she acted otherwise. In particular, she is entitled to the praise of all true lovers of peace, for it is only by action such as she took that neutrality treaties and treaties guaranteeing the rights of small powers will ever be given any value. . . . What action our government can or will take, I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken that will interfere with our neutrality. . . . Neutrality may be of prime necessity in order to preserve our own interests and maintain peace in so much of the world as is not affected by the war. . . . But it is a grim comment on the professional pacifist theories as hitherto developed that our duty to preserve peace for ourselves may necessarily mean the abandonment of all effective effort to secure peace for other unoffending nations which through no fault of their own are dragged into the war.

Roosevelt's share in the public life of the country may well be left to his more formal biographers, but his own personal characteristics are perhaps best displayed by those who observed him at short range and to whom he gave his more intimate confidences. None the less it is from his autobiography that Mr. Abbott selects some curiously interesting confessions and counsel on the subject of fear. Its author says:

There were all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, ranging from grizzly bears to "mean" horses and gun-fighters; but by acting as if I was not afraid, I gradually ceased to be afraid. Most men can have the same experience if they choose. They will first learn to hear themselves well in trials which they anticipate, and which they school themselves in advance to meet. After a while the habit will grow on them, and they will behave well in sudden and unexpected emergencies which come upon them unawares.

It is, of course, much pleasanter if one is naturally fearless, and I envy and respect the men who are naturally fearless. But it is a good thing to remember that the man who does not enjoy this advantage can nevertheless stand beside the man who does, and can do his duty with the like efficiency, if he chooses to. Of course, he must not let his desire take the form merely of a day-dream. Let him dream about being a fearless man, and the more he dreams, the better he will be, always provided he does his best to realize the dream in practice. He can do his part honorably and well, provided only he sets fearlessness before himself as an ideal, schools himself to think of danger merely as something to be faced and overcome, and regards life itself as he should regard it—not as something to be thrown away, but as a pawn to be promptly hazarded whenever the hazard is warranted by the larger interests of the great game in which we are all engaged.

To compel oneself to act as though one were not afraid is perhaps "all the law and the gospels" on the subject of fear. It marks the frontier between body and soul, the body for whose fears we are unaccountable, and the soul of which we are the master. Here at least Roosevelt is entitled to speak as one having authority.

Roosevelt was by no means unaware of his own facial characteristics that for so many years were the unfailing delight of the cartoonist. On one occasion he remarked with surprise that the children of Brooklyn had instantly recognized him on the occasion of his visit to some model tenement houses:

Noticing the smiles on our faces he at once added: "Yes, I suppose there is something distinctive in my physiognomy. I remember that when I was running for the vice-presidency I had to speak in a Western town where the crowd in the hall was so dense that the officers in charge had great difficulty in making a way for me through the packed audience to get on the stage where I was to speak. Mr. Dooley's comment was [Mr. Dooley as every contemporary American knows is the newspaper pseudonym of one of our most delightful and accomplished humorists]: 'And thin along came Teddy Rosenfeld and bit his way to the platform!'"

Roosevelt recalled this genial caricature with evident gusto.

On one of the concluding pages of Mr. Abbott's book we are reminded of the advice given by Roosevelt to the American soldiers in France:

Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey; for these armies, in this crisis, stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth.

Love Mercy; treat prisoners well; succor the wounded; treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for the little children, and tender with the old and helpless.

Theodore Roosevelt's personality, says the author, was "an unsurpassed combination of the unfrightened fighter of what he believed to be the worst and the tender-hearted lover of what he believed to be the best in mankind." It is an estimate that the author has done much to demonstrate.

IMPRESSIONS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Lawrence F. Abbott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The enrollment in the schools of Mindanao and Sulu is now 40,000 pupils, most of them Mohammedans and pagans. The number of farm schools is above 150. This is the type of school found best adapted to the educational needs of the people of that region. The children are taught to make an honest living as well as how to read and write and work arithmetical sums. For the first time in the history of public education in Mindanao, Moro girls are attending the primary schools in large numbers. Breaking a set custom of the Moros, they attend the same classes as the boys. The plan has had more success where schools are taught by married couples, and the department is anxious to have married teachers in its service.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 8, 1919, were \$164,524,992.85; for the corresponding week last year, \$106,126,218.38; an increase over last year of \$59,398,774.47.

There was no change in the rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco on the weekly statement issued Saturday, although it is conceded even by officials of the institution that such will shortly be forthcoming. Another of the twelve banks making up the Federal Reserve system has raised the minimum rate to 4½ per cent., viz: the Boston bank, making the Boston and New York banks identical in this respect. The others are expected to follow.

The statement of the local institution for the week ending November 7th shows, but little change except that the gold in reserve is slightly less, as also is the total of bills on hand.

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ment of our railroads and coastwise shipping and merchant marine, building up utilities and their development as profitable and valuable properties is the greatest problem before the people. The utilities in any city or state are the largest employers of labor, the largest purchasers of lumber products and other materials, the largest taxpayers, the largest factor in building prosperous cities, suburbs, and inter-urban communities, and the largest developers of new resources, industries, and territory.

As such they are entitled to the hearty co-operation of all loyal and patriotic citizens on constructive lines, that they may be able to render the largest possible service to the community, that the largest amount of labor may be well employed at a wage based on American standards of living.

Every business man knows that fares and rates for service are fixed by the service commissions from time to time and that they should be from the standpoint of fair earnings on a fair basis of valuation, sufficient to pay operation, fixed charges, and create a reserve fund for betterments, replacements, and extensions of the plant. Rates must produce sufficient funds to care for extraordinary contingencies and make it possible to secure new capital whenever required.

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PRIVATE WIRES CONNECT-
ING ALL OFFICES

Public officials, taxing bodies, and public service commissions should employ only constructive methods to make utility properties, whether in public or private ownership, valuable and profitable and from the standpoint of the best possible public service for the community. The policies of the state and Federal banking laws, to build up and make banking properties strong and worthy of public support and to make banking stock a desirable investment for the people in the community in which the bank is located, and to make that stock profitable as an investment by the citizens, should be the policy of public service commissions and of the utility managers themselves.

Some of the largest and best managed utilities favor, on the broadest scale practicable, making customers and employees stockholders and creditors of their properties. Such divided ownership is made possible to employees on easy payment plans and the utility is given rates enabling it to pay a fair dividend to make such ownership attractive to local capital.

The taxpayer must be made to realize that there is only injury to the community in unloading an unprofitable and more or less bankrupt utility upon the community under various plans of so-called public ownership by the faction in control, and which always takes large and valuable properties off the assessment rolls, increases the burdens of the community by multiplying the official class, and never returns adequate revenue to the city treasury, such revenues being subject to political exploitation.

Every public utility contributes to the education of the entire mass of the citizenship along constructive lines. As the banks of the country made themselves conspicuous for their wonderful public service to the community in floating the Liberty Loan and have practically removed all former hostility and prejudice against banking institutions, so the well-managed utility wins the hearts of the people by service and by entering into the social life of the community.

Public utilities for general development purposes require new capital on a large scale and public service bodies, chambers of commerce and commercial clubs, and all citizens having funds should cooperate with them in securing from fifty to one hundred million dollars new capital to meet the increasing demands upon public utilities for industrial development.—*The Manufacturer and Industrial News Bureau.*

The Morris Plan Company of San Francisco has issued the following statement of condition at the close of business October 31, 1919:

ASSETS.	
Loans	\$392,912.52
Furniture and fixtures.....	\$6,861.69
Less depreciation	1,157.35
Miscellaneous items	7,183.32
Cash on hand and in bank.....	12,279.53
	\$418,079.71
LIABILITIES.	
Cash paid in.....	\$202,870.00
Other liabilities	168,160.00
Investment certificates	2,050.00
Received on installment certificates un-	
hypothecated	549.00
Discounts collected—Unearned	19,689.09
Surplus and reserves.....	24,761.62
	\$418,079.71

Published reports to the effect that South American buyers of merchandise from the United States were canceling orders seem to have been at least greatly exaggerated, according to official reports of the export trade to that continent. Exports to South America in the calendar year 1919, says a statement by the National City Bank of New York, will exceed those of any earlier year by more than \$100,000,000.

The largest total ever shown in any full calendar year in exports to South America was that of 1917 and amounted in that year to \$311,893,000, and as the total in the first nine months of 1919 is \$337,746,000, and running at the rate of over \$30,000,000 a month, it is quite apparent that the total exports to South America in the full calendar year 1919 will approximate \$425,000,000, as against the former high record of \$311,893,000. In the single month of September, the latest for which exact figures are available, the total is \$32,401,000, against \$24,792,000 in September of the preceding year, while for the nine months ending with September the total is \$337,746,000, against \$226,279,000 in the same months of last year.

In fact the exports to South America show a much greater gain proportionately than those to any other part of the world except Asia. For the month of September the exports to Europe show but a slight gain, those to North America a fall off, those to Oceania a reduction, the only continent to which the exports show a material gain being South America and Asia. To South America the increase for the single month is about \$8,000,000, and to Asia about \$26,000,000. The total to South America for the full calendar year will apparently be about three times as much in value as in the year before the war. Cotton goods, tin plate, and manufactures

of iron and steel are the more important of the articles in which the gain to South America has occurred. Of bleached cotton cloths, for example, the total exports to South America have grown from 2,000,000 yards in 1914 to 28,000,000 yards in 1918; of cotton cloths "dyed in the piece" from 4,000,000 yards in 1916 to 36,000,000 in 1918; and another group of colored cottons "dyed in the yarn" shows a similar growth, from less than 5,000,000 yards in 1915 to 33,000,000 in 1918. Tin plates exported to South America in the fiscal year 1914, all of which preceded the war, amounted to 10,000,000 pounds, and in 1918 to 142,000,000 pounds; iron sheets and plates increased from less than 4,000,000 pounds to over 14,000,000; galvanized iron from 13,000,000 pounds to 37,000,000; cast-iron pipes from 5,000,000 pounds to 37,000,000; wire nails from 3,000,000 pounds to approximately 10,000,000; and mining machinery from \$282,000 in 1915 to \$1,795,000 in 1918.

The report of the Anglo-South American Bank, Ltd., presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting on the 22d of October last, shows that the net profit, after making allowance for rebates and other charges, amounted to £320,083, which, together with £188,887 brought forward from the last account, makes a total of over nearly £709,000. It is proposed to apply this amount in payment of a final dividend, making a total distribution for the year of 15 per cent., which will absorb over £141,000; to place £150,000 to the reserve fund; to add £23,000 to the staff pension and guarantee fund, to pay £50,000 as a bonus to the staff, and to carry forward £242,000. It is proposed to take powers to increase the capital from five to ten millions sterling, but the extent of the new issue proposed to be made at present is 150,000 shares, which, if effected, would raise the subscribed capital to six millions, of which three millions would be paid up.

The growth of this bank has been remarkable during the past few years. So recently as 1912 the capital was only two and a half millions sterling. It is now five, and as we have just said, powers have been taken to increase it to ten millions. The current and deposits accounts were, in 1912, only a little over six and a quarter millions; they are now practically forty-two millions. The cash in hand, and at short notice, was then but little over one and a half millions; it now exceeds sixteen and a half millions. The bills receivable were then five millions; they are now nearly thirteen millions. The bank's investments then somewhat exceeded three-quarters of a million; they now exceed five and a quarter millions sterling. Its advances to customers were then somewhat over five and a half millions; they now exceed eighteen and a half millions.

Shingle, Brown & Co. are offering \$2,000,000 Great Western Power Company of California first and refunding 6 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, dated March 1, 1919, and due March 1, 1949.

The company owns and operates an established and increasingly successful electric light and power business in central California, serving San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and forty-five other municipalities, with an estimated population of 1,350,000, or nearly half the population of the state. In the last seven years the company's connected load has increased from 135,000 to about 280,000 horsepower, and the number of customers served from 12,000 to over 27,000. A recent report on the central California power market discloses a present demand of over 30,000 horsepower in excess of supply, and a probable normal increase in demand of over 25,000 horsepower per year.

These bonds are secured, in the opinion of counsel, by first mortgage on the new hydro-electric generating station, and also by pledge of \$5,261,000 underlying first mortgage bonds, being more than one-sixth of the underlying bonds outstanding. This is the only mortgage that covers all property of the company now owned or hereafter to be acquired. No further underlying bonds may be sold to the public. Aside from those reserved for refunding purposes, additional bonds may only be issued for 80 per cent. of the cost of additional property, and then only when net earnings, as defined in the mortgage, are at least one and three-fourths times the annual interest on the entire mortgage debt of the company, including the bonds requested to be certified.

These bonds are followed by \$4,529,600 convertible debentures and by capital stock, which have an aggregate present market value of \$15,000,000.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is a member of a syndicate just formed to underwrite \$15,000,000 each of Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles 6 per cent. gold bonds, due in fifteen years, principal and interest payable in New York without deduction for any French taxes. Denominations \$100, \$500, and \$1000. These bonds are offered at 92½ to yield over 6.80 per cent. semi-annual interest. The purpose of the issue is to refund \$36,-

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000,000 of bonds issued by these cities and sold in the United States, and which were matured and paid November 1st, and for purposes of additional financing.

The aggregate amount of these loans is comparatively so small and the interest yield so large for bonds of cities of such unquestionable character and credit, and offers such remarkable opportunity for profit, that they will undoubtedly be quickly taken. Long-term 6 per cent. general tax obligations of cities of such size and responsibility at a discount of seven and a half points provides an extraordinary investment; one certain to advance in market value.

One is forcibly impressed these days with the strange psychology of a rising stock market. After an advance in the market which equals \$30 per share in an average of fifty of the leading industrial stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, we find a fearless investment public speculating wildly even as they did in 1916 in the "great bull war mar-

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ket." It is useless to predict a "bear market" and utterly impossible to control the buying power these days. The "makers of markets" in days gone by found it an easy matter to control speculation. When stocks became inflated or the market over-bought a break in the general list was produced by deflating the leaders, which in those days were Union Pacific, Reading, and U. S. Steel. Now when an attempt is made to reduce long lines of stocks the insiders try the same method, but get no results of any importance. The public, who at present control about ten billion dollars worth of government bonds, simply walk over to their safe deposit boxes, take out their bonds and put them up to protect their margins, and order a new commitment at the lower levels. Thus the pool operators find it impossible to shake the public out.

Another thing to be considered: the public understands the game better than they did in former years, also they know the value of their stocks. Financial writers, who are making a success for their clients, are working along altogether different lines now. They

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are analyzing the stocks of each corporation, showing their clients the book value, surplus, and working capital; also keeping them informed of the technical position of the market and of the stock in question. No up-to-date brokerage house today is without its expert accountant. Most of the important houses are paying big salaries to men who can handle this line of work and thus keep their clients informed. Markets of former days were "bullied" on tips, markets of today rise on financial facts, and buying power comes from actual knowledge possessed by the clients regarding the intrinsic value of their stocks. An example of the above-mentioned method is shown by an analysis of Crucible Steel made this year and published in this column in March, 1919, when the stock was selling at \$68 per share. The book value was shown to be \$280 per share. In October this stock was selling at \$261, a rise of \$193 per share in six months' time.

Brokers and financial writers are all "at sea" just at present and are afraid to advise the purchase of stocks. Instead of accepting the opinion of our prominent financiers, who have been to Europe and studied the situation thoroughly, they continue to harp on the

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subject of "call money" and Federal Reserve discount rates. As a matter of fact the stock market at present is filled with stocks that are selling at bargain-counter prices. The stock of the companies controlling the basic metals, steels, coppers, nickel, and rails, are selling at ridiculously low prices, considering their financial position and the business ahead of them. Coal stocks are selling at the bottom. Oil stocks are cheap and millions will be made in them in the next three years. The price of crude oil has just been raised 25 cents per barrel and will go higher. We are living in a mechanical age. Keep your eye on an oil stock listed now on the New York curb called "Simms Petroleum." This stock will later be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It is selling now at \$40 per share. Colonel Simms, the man who owns the company, is a Kentuckian, one of the shrewdest men in the United States today. On the board of directors of the Simms Petroleum Company are some of the biggest bankers in the United States. This company owns and controls 425,000 acres in the Ranger field of Texas and this land is the best down there. They will develop some wells that will astonish the world. Write for information on this com-

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This is not a mining venture, get-rich-quick scheme or invention, but a dry-as-dust business of hard work, upon which the attention of other discerning men is now focused. If genuinely interested, grant an early interview, for time is the very essence of success. Do not ask for details by letter—it is the men (as well as the project) that are to be weighed.

Address Box B, The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street.

pany. The more you know about it the better you will like it. It has the strongest board of directors and one of the best oil properties in the United States today.

In closing let me advise you again not to be afraid of strikes and not to expect the market to rise every day. The bull market is still on and stocks will all ultimately sell much higher. When the treaty is signed and peace actually comes the orders from Europe for steel, copper, oil, sugar, automobiles, tractors, etc., will pour into the United States. In the meantime the greatest of all financiers, J. P. Morgan, is busily engaged in floating European loans and all of the money will be spent in the United States.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

Shingle, Brown & Co. are offering \$717,000 Cameron County Irrigation District No. 1 6 per cent. serial bonds. Dated October 1, 1914, and due serially 1924 to 1954, in denominations of \$1000 and \$500. The income derived from these bonds is wholly exempt from Federal income taxes, including normal taxes, surtaxes, and excess profit taxes, and need not be declared. Ownership certificates are not required when interest coupons are collected.

The validity of this bond issue has been established by the courts of Texas in an action brought by the district, prior to issuance, in accordance with the laws of Texas. The legality of the issuance and sale of these bonds has been approved by Dillon, Thomson & Clay of New York.

Cameron County Irrigation District No. 1, surrounding the city of Harlingen, Texas, is situated in the wonderfully fertile Lower Rio Grande Valley, a distance of seventy-five miles westerly from the Gulf of Mexico and northerly from the river a depth of about sixteen miles.

The district is traversed by the Gulf Coast Lines, affording adequate railroad transportation facilities for moving crops to the north and to Gulf Coast points.

An ample supply of water is obtained from the Rio Grande River, which is supplemented by an annual average rainfall of about twenty inches. The upward grade from the river is uniformly one foot to the mile, insuring proper drainage. Flood damage is unknown, natural arroyos carrying off surplus water.

Water rights were made secure by the act of the first Texas legislature in 1852, confirming century-old Spanish grants by which these lands were originally allotted to settlers, each allotment carrying with it the right to take from the Rio Grande sufficient water for purposes of irrigation.

Watt's Garret.

The problem of how to remove and preserve intact the garret in which James Watt, the engineering genius (who made the steam engine a practical proposition), pursued his studies is now puzzling the James Watt Centenary Committee, which arranged elaborate centenary celebrations at Birmingham last month.

It is proposed, if possible, to take this garret from its position at the top of Heathfield Hall, at the old manor house at Handsworth where Watt spent his last years, and to erect it intact in the central memorial building to be provided in the heart of Birmingham.

The difficulties of removal, however, are very great, and the house of which it is a part is at present in occupation. The garret is still in exactly the same condition as when Watt worked in it.

The piece of iron Watt was last engaged in turning lies on the lathe. The ashes of his last fire, where Watt used to do his own cooking because of his wife's objection to seeing her husband looking like a blacksmith, are in the grate; the last lump of coal is in its place over the stove and the frying-pan in which he cooked his meals is hanging on its accustomed nail.

A dish on the shelf contains a withered bunch of grapes. On the floor in a corner is a trunk containing Gregory's school books. Gregory was the youngest son of James Watt, who, to his father's infinite grief, died young and at the commencement of a promising career.

A lawsuit regarding Rhodesian mining rights, which has reached the House of Lords in its fourth year, serves to call the attention of some of the British press to some notable instances of the "law's delays." The Thellusson will case, for example, dragged out in the courts from 1797 to 1857. Another similar action at law, known as the Bishop-Remetra will case, lasted 122 years. Even this, however, is not a record. For in 1908 there was settled at Friern a lawsuit that had been in progress since 1430. The raising of a dam some few feet was the point at issue, and it occupied the courts for exactly 478 years.

At the reception at New York City Hall to Admiral Conz of the Italian navy the band started playing "Auld Lang Syne." A patriotic citizen took off his hat in respect. Several hundred others followed suit.

COMBATting OCEAN SANDS.

It is calculated that nine-tenths of the coasts of the world are covered with sand. What is the origin of this sand and to what circumstances is its abundance due? Men of science have explained this in part by saying that it is due to the erosive effect of the waves upon the rocks, but it is generally admitted that this is not sufficient to account for the vast quantity of sand that borders our beaches. Undoubtedly a very considerable portion represents the material carried to and toward the ocean by the storms and glaciers of the Ice Age.

The distribution of sand on the coast depends, in the first place, on marine currents and the topographical aspects of the coasts themselves. Where there is no protection in the shape of cliffs the coasts are covered with enormous quantities of sand, but its advance is checked by plants and vegetable growths. Sprouts, trailing vines, or dragging roots serve the purpose of keeping the sand in place and giving consistency to the appearance of the average beach. Of these vegetable growths, those are calculated to serve the purpose best which are most abundant and whose resisting power is strongest. In the time of Elizabeth a law was passed prohibiting the destruction of such beach plants, as they tended to keep back the sand otherwise carried by wind and rain to the detriment of crops.

It was thus early recognized that plant life had an influence not to be despised in the formation of sand hills such as one sees in such plenty on the coasts of England and Flanders. These banks, called "dunes," are either stationary or moving, as the case may be. When the sand deposited on the coast by the waves is not excessive and the wind blows intermittently one may see behind the sand hill the vegetable growth that is giving solidity to the mass from its roots up. In this way are formed the stationary dunes. When the vegetation is extended as far as the sea the dune grows in this direction and the curious spectacle is presented of the ocean receding before the advance of the coast.

A well-known building in Southport, England, was built on a beach formed in just this way. The moving dunes, although the same in origin as the stationary ones, owe their special characteristic to their great mass and the direction and constancy of the wind, which prevents their finding a base strong enough to constitute a hold on the earth. These dunes are tossed about, often advancing into the interior over cultivated ground to the despair of farmers.

On the coasts of Gascony there are points where the dunes push forward more than four yards annually. In 1780 the advance of sand upon the land of Bordeaux was the occasion of despair to horticulturists and crop growers, and the engineer, Bremonetier, made himself famous by converting movable dunes into stationary ones. The task was undertaken to form a wall against the sand invasion by making a palisade of the dunes a little more than a meter high and putting planks between each pair. When the sand swept over the boards it had to break up its volume in the effort, and little by little a stationary dune would form with an inclination of from seven to twelve degrees in the direction of the sea. Behind this palisade was conveniently disposed a wide zone of the hardier shrubs.

France is by no means the only country that has undertaken to contest the advance of sand. In Holland and also in Denmark the problem has been studied for centuries.

Light, But No Keeper.

Of recent years there have developed automatic lights, and even automatic lightships, but the first unattended rock lighthouse with a powerful fog signal is the recently completed Platte Fougere Lighthouse, marking the entrance to Russell Channel, leading to St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, a spot which figures in Victor Hugo's romance, "The Toilers of the Sea."

This tower built of ferro-concrete on a wave-washed rock, is of irregular octagonal shape, eighty feet high. The room below the gallery contains many ingenious electrical devices, the invention of the late engineer-in-chief, Mr. E. O. Catford, controlled from the shore by a submarine cable nearly a mile and a half long. This cable is of immense strength, being eleven inches in circumference and weighing forty-five tons to the nautical mile. By its aid the fog-horn and siren are regularly blown—they have been heard thirty miles away on the French coast—while the current it carries also controls the light in the lantern. For illuminating expanses of coast line where the erection of an ordinary tower would be prohibitive on account of its cost this type of lighthouse has certainly much to commend it. The Platte Fougere installation involved an expenditure of only ten thousand pounds.

It is proposed to use this type of automatic lighthouse for illuminating the Hudson Bay and Hudson Straits in connection with the opening of these waters and the carriage of wheat by the new railway to Fort Churchill

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on Hudson Bay. The various South American Straits have also considered the proposal of establishing similar lights on the more exposed and barren coasts of South America.

To crush the life out of disease germs, of the kinds that inhabit milk and other liquid foods, takes a pressure of 20,000 to 100,000 pounds to the square inch. The chemical expert of a West Virginia college, in discovering this fact, found also how to apply such pressures to liquids. It is found that the maleficent bacteria in milk are wholly destroyed by pressures considerably lower than 100,000 pounds, while the beneficent enzymes are unaffected as the pressure is applied at normal temperatures. For much of this work 30,000 pounds, applied twenty minutes, is found adequate.

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The White House

The Children's Life of the Bee

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

It has been said of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" that it is at the same time profound philosophy for thinkers and an enchanting fairy story for children. And this adaptability, so to speak, of Maeterlinck to big and little minds runs through many of his books. "The Life of the Bee," for example, has easily been converted into a wonderful book for children—a nature book on bees, which follows the thought and usually the language of one of the foremost writers of the present day. \$2.00

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Mrs. Marden.

From many quarters we have been told of a great revival of spiritualism in Europe as a result of the war, a revival largely stimulated by the approval of such men as Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge. Thousands of hereafter persons, indifferent to the consolations of conventional religion, have resorted to mediums and psychics who have reaped a rich harvest from the credulities and superstitions engendered by sorrow and despair.

Now comes the novelist with his picture of a strange situation, and considering that the novelist is no less a writer than Robert Hichens we must confess ourselves as somewhat disappointed with the result. Mr. Hichens does not seem to have studied the ground. Would he have us believe that Mrs. Marden is typical of the intelligence and culture that is deceived by the tawdry paraphernalia of the medium, that Peter Orwyn is representative of the charlatanism that misleads some of the best minds of the day.

Mrs. Marden is a frivolous society woman who is shocked into sobriety when her son is killed in France. Acting on the solicitations of a similarly bereaved friend she seeks the aid of Peter Orwyn, who has acquired a sort of notoriety by his claim that he can communicate with the dead. But Mrs. Marden is by no means a fool. Orwyn finds it hard to convince her of the reality of the cheap phenomena that he offers, but at last she is persuaded that she has actually heard the voice of her son and that she has conversed with him on matters known only to themselves. We can not see why Mrs. Marden should be convinced. We can not see why even an idiot should be convinced. Mr. Hichens might have made the evidence a hundred times stronger from the authenticated reports of the Society for Psychical Research.

Then Orwyn loses his own son and thus has

an opportunity to apply to himself the consolations that he has so profitably offered to others. He breaks down under the passion of his grief. He admits that he can not communicate with the dead, although he is not wholly a fraud. His trances are genuine. His automatic writing is beyond his control, and he has a sort of sensitivity that gives him glimpses of the thoughts and expectations of others. But he can not explain any of these phenomena. They happen, and that is all he knows about them. And so we leave Mrs. Marden groping for some inner and nebulous philosophy that shall take the place of her credulities.

The story is a disappointing one. We feel that Mr. Hichens has not studied his facts. He does not seem to know anything about psychic research or of the material that is so richly available for the construction and support of such a story as this.

MRS. MARDEN. By Robert Hichens. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Awakening of Asia.

Mr. Hyndman tells us that his book was delayed by the censorship for two years. Evidently he had something to say with a definite bearing upon the war, and something that must not be said while the war lasted. No one should complain of delay from such a cause as this. There could be no better advertisement.

Mr. Hyndman certainly has something to say, and it is of a kind so disquieting that the average mind will make itself impervious to its purport, on the well-understood principle that unpleasant facts can not be true. Mr. Hyndman has been studying the Far East for forty-five years. He has now seen the greatest war in history fought almost exclusively by the white and Christian races, while the dark and so-called Pagan races remained at peace. Finally he sees a demand for representation at the peace conference by Japan, China, and India, with their joint population of 700,000,000 of people. What is the Orient thinking about nowadays? The Orient does not say. She is past mistress in the art of concealing her thoughts. But does she acquiesce in the theory that seems so axiomatic to the white man, the theory that it is the unchanging will of God that the white man should be the master of the human race and that the dark man should be the hewers of wood and drawers of water? Probably not.

The white man has governed the world for a long time. He has looked upon whatever is not white as inferior. He has talked arrogantly of subject races. In the meantime he has been teaching Asia to fight, corrupting her ethics and debauching her soul. Now Japan refuses to be a subject race any longer. China is in a fair way to do the same. The Mohammedans of the world are sullen and resentful. Suppose Asia should burst her boundaries and flood into Europe. Could she be stopped? Is there any reason why Asia should not burst her boundaries? She detests the white man and she has every reason to do so. No wonder the censor delayed the

publication of Mr. Hyndman's book. Perhaps he feared the effects of suggestion.

But Mr. Hyndman is not merely an alarmist, still less a sensationalist. His opinions are based upon closely studied and well-digested facts. The growing strength of Japan and China are incontestable, and now he shows us that the government of India, particularly in its early stages, has produced a dangerous unrest among her people. No doubt we shall continue, like the ostrich, to bury our heads in the sand and to assert that no dangers are in sight, but for those who believe that just at the present time all things are possible, Mr. Hyndman's forebodings will not go unobserved.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Briefer Reviews.

The "Boy's Book of Famous Soldiers," by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), contains short and excellent military biographies of Washington, Grant, Lee, Napoleon, Wellington, Gordon, Roberts, Kitchener, Haig, Joffre, Foch, and Pershing. It contains portrait and other illustrations.

The Camp Fire Series of stories for girls is now so well known that it can hardly be advantaged by additional praise. The latest addition to the series is "Winona's Way," by Margaret Widdemer, whose name, it may be said, is a decoration to any title-page. The series is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Johanna Spyri author of "Heidi," is facile princeps in the writing of stories for children. Therefore there should be a welcome for a new story from her pen that seems to have all the original charm of "Heidi." It is entitled "Little Curly Head, the Pet Lamb," translated by Helen B. Dole and published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"The Shawnee's Warning," by D. Lange, is a story of the Oregon trail in 1843, when a thousand men and women went from the Missouri River to the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Here we have the story of two young men and two boys who are separated from the main caravan and make the journey alone. Their dangers and adventures are delightfully and vividly described. The book is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Under the title of "Peace and Patriotism" we have a collection of prose and verse in praise of peace. The collection has been made by Elva S. Smith and it is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. It is to be feared that peace has not proved as strong an inspiration to the poet as has war. Some great things have been written and they will be found in this collection. But the average level of poetical value is disappointingly low.

The average man will look with some indifference upon the problem of church unity, and particularly since the war has shown the impotence of the churches after a thousand years of nearly autocratic power. But those who believe that the question has vitality and significance would do well to read the scholarly discussion by Newman Smyth and Williston Walker just published by the Yale University Press under the title of "Approaches Towards Church Unity."

Gossip of Books and Authors.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published a unique holiday book for children called "Chinese Wonder Tales." For it Norman Hinsdale Pitman has brought together English versions of famous Chinese stories for children, while the illustrations are a dozen plates in color from paintings by the well-known Chinese artist, Li Chu t'ang.

MacGregor Jenkins, the author of a little book just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company entitled "Literature with a Large L," has been connected with the *Atlantic Monthly* as business manager and chief editorial adviser for over twenty years. It is with an equipment of real experience, therefore, that Mr. Jenkins comes to the writing of a wise discourse on the "folies of affected literarism."

Ernest Peixotto, the well-known American artist, went to France in 1918 as artist officially attached to the A. E. F. He was with the vanguard at Château-Thierry and the Marne, in the Toul sector, St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and in Germany with the army of occupation—sketching as he went his share of the great series of drawings for the War Department. Charles Scribner's Sons published on October 31st a volume containing many of these drawings, together with a narrative of Captain Peixotto's experiences.

Hugh Walpole, a descendant of the Bishop of Edinburgh, is now at the early age of thirty-four at the top of his art. He grew up in a little seaside village in Cornwall, took an honors degree in history at Cambridge, and started life as master in a boys' school. Later he went to London, worked at journalism, and published his first novel at the age of twenty-five. During the early years of the

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war he served with the Russian Red Cross. Then the British government sent him to Petrograd to help promote pro-British sentiment, and from these years in Russia came the two epics of Russian life, "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City." His other books are "The Duchess of Wrexhe," "The Green Mirror," "Fortitude," "The Prelude to Adventure," "The Golden Scarecrow," "The Wooden Horse," and "Maradick at Forty." Mr. Walpole is now in America and will give a series of lectures here throughout the winter.

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The New Map of Asia.

Our interest in the new frontiers of Europe—never at any time very keen since the armistice—has completely obscured the equally important problem of the disposition of Asia. What is to be done with Syria, Persia, and Armenia? Are they to be moved about as though they were pawns, without will of their own? Are they to be regarded as appanages to the European powers, or does the sublime principle of self-determination apply equally to them? What are we to say about Italian domination over the islands of the Aegean and over parts of Asia Minor? Greece, of course, bitterly resents this interposition of Italian influences, and rightly so, but how shall the quarrel be settled? Is it to be adjusted in the light of justice, or in favor of the strongest? Or will affairs be allowed to drift until a new conflict become inevitable. We much suspect the latter.

These are some of the questions discussed by Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons in his "The New Map of Asia." Mr. Gibbons is inclined to look at the matter cynically, as well he may. He tells us that the Chinese welcomed the German encroachments upon their territory, and he seems even to suggest that they may have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. China has no particular reason to love any of the European nations, and the day may not be far off when she shall decide that she has had enough of it. Mr. Gibbons has an enviable and a comprehensive knowledge of the Eastern problems in all their ramifications, and he also displays considerable skill in communicating it.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

Life of the Bee.

It sometimes happens that a great book for children makes its appearance among the pious drivels prepared for juvenile palates. Such a book is "The Children's Life of the Bee," by Maurice Maeterlinck, selected and arranged by Alfred Sutro and Herschel Williams and with the finest of colored illustrations by Edward J. Detmold. But the processes of selection and arrangement are hardly perceptible. It is a continuous narrative, and it is Maeterlinck's, an exquisite volume, beautifully printed, and containing a philosophy that perhaps will be even more visible to the mind of the child than to the mind of the adult.

THE CHILDREN'S LIFE OF THE BEE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

New Books Received.

ECSTASY. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
A novel.

A LABRADOR DOCTOR. By Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
An open-air autobiography.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN. By Ralph Berggren. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press.
Essays.

THE SHAWNEE'S WARNING. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
A story of the Oregon trail.

THE HAPPY YEARS. By Inez Haynes Irwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Episodes of American suburban life.

COLAS BREUGNON, BURGUNDIAN. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
A novel, translated from the French.

COMRADES OF PERIL. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
A novel.

MOUNTAIN PATHS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Essays.

THE FRANCE I KNOW. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Pictures of French life and thought.

THE ART OF THE NOVELIST. By Henry Burrows Lathrop. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
A book for readers.

THE KINGDOM THAT MUST BE BUILT. By Wal-

ter J. Carey. M. A. R. N. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A sketch of Christian effort.

LIFE CAN NEVER BE THE SAME. By W. R. Maxwell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.
War sketches.

WHAT HAPPENED TO INGER JOHANNE. By Emilie Poulsson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For girls. Translated from the Norwegian.

TABULAR VIEW OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. Compiled by George Palmer Putnam. A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A series of chronological tables from the earliest times to the present day.

THE ANATOMY OF SOCIETY. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
A survey of society.

WINONA'S WAY. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
Issued in the Camp Fire Series.

THE WONDER OF WAR IN THE HOLY LAND. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

The campaigns in Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Syria.

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE. By L. N. Tolstoy. In two volumes. New York: International Book Publishing Company.

Issued in Russian Authors' Library.

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM. By Elva S. Smith. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
A collection of poems in praise of peace.

THE BOOK OF FABLES AND FOLK STORIES. By H. E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
For children.

THE OUTBOUND ROAD. By Arnold Mulder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
A novel.

Girls' Book of the Red Cross. By Mary Kendall Hyde. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For girls.

Boys' Book of Famous Soldiers. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For boys.

Boys' Book of Battles. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Eleven famous land combats.

THE LABOR SITUATION IN GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Commission on Foreign Enquiry of the National Civic Federation, 1919.

OUR AMERICA. By Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright.

An interpretation of the spirit of the country.

COLOURED STARS. By Edward Powys Mathers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Versions of fifty Asiatic love poems.

THE YOUTH OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. By Marcus Dickey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Biography.

A TARPAULIN MUSTER. By John Masefield. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Sea sketches.

POINTED ROOFS. By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A novel.

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO.

AT THE TABLE



SHASTA WATER (In Syphons)

Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

With general introduction and critical preface. "Letty," "His House in Order."

BACKWATER. By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A novel.

HONEYCOMB. By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A novel.

PREJUDICES. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Essays. A first series.

MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS. By Harold Williams. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A study of imaginative literature, 1890-1914.

THE SMILING HILL-TOP. By Julia M. Sloane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
California sketches.

THE AMERICAN FRONT. By Captain Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
With illustrations by the author.

THE LAY ANTHONY. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A new edition.

MRS. MARDEN. By Robert Hichens. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A novel.

THE BLUE MOON. By David Anderson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.
A novel.

SONIA MARRIEO. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A novel.

PROFILES FROM CHINA. By Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A new edition.

HOW TO MAKE PERFECTION APPEAR. By Katha-

rine Francis Pedrick. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
New Thought.

HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
A new edition, with fourteen illustrations in color.

TALES FROM THE SECRET KINGDOM. By Ethel M. Gate. New York: Yale University Press.
For children.

CITY MANAGER IN DAYTON. By C. E. Rightor. New York: The Macmillan Company.
An experiment in city government.

DANCING MADE EASY. By Charles J. Coll. New York: Edward J. Clode.
A complete manual.

LIFE AND DESTINY. By Léon Denis. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Translated from the French by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

AS OTHERS SEE US. By Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
An Englishwoman's impressions of the American woman in war-time.

An amethyst is quartz crystal stained with manganese. Opal is crystal of another variety, containing from 5 to 13 per cent. of water. Both are formed by the deposition of silica from water, and it was in this way that three molluscan shells transformed into opal, recently given to Harvard College, underwent their strange metamorphosis. The shells were in a rock; their limy material dissolved out was replaced, particle by particle, with water-borne silica.

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VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ is the author also of

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Senor Blasco Ibanez is at present lecturing in America under the management of the J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau.

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The males, of course, extract a certain amount of philosophy from the situation, but as they generally have jealous wives, and the pretty somnambulist has a ramhuncious father, there are terrifying possibilities in their being surprised at the crucial moment, for everybody, male and female, immediately becomes a statue of suspicious incredulity at the words, "She walks in her sleep."

From this situation Mark Swan, the ingenious author, has extracted a number of farcical scenes fully charged with risible possibilities, of which the clever company at the Curran makes the utmost.

Of these Miss Norton, as a robust, galumphing comedienne, and Paul Nicholson, as a comedian of quiet, unisistent, but eminently carrying methods, fill the leading rôles. Miss Norton lays on her strokes broadly and vigorously, and her method suits the rôle, that of a hurled servant maid. Mr. Nicholson is one of those actors who, with a flicker of an eyelash, the roll of an eye, or a finger-motion, speaks volumes, and always speaks them amusingly.

The women in the play are pretty and personable, and smartly gowned. Frances Williams, plump, fashionable, and very decorative, is particularly good as Maude Bruce, the husband-discipliner, and a confirmed cynic in respect to the thoughts, words, and acts of that master deceiver, man. Margaret Phillip is a pretty little ingénue who represents the untried wife longing to absorb all of her husband's thoughts. Teresa Dale is the tolerant mother-in-law; a good dresser, a fine figure, but too much dog in her manner.

Agnes Jeppson is Daphne, the charming somnambulist, playing the part with pretty, statuesque motions and gestures, and quite ornamental enough in her transparent night-robe, with her golden hair a-hanging down her back to accent for the flutter among the masculine denizens of the apartment house.

Eugene Desmond, Norman Houston, and A. Dreen Cole are all slick farceurs, and John Maurice Sullivan has a sufficiently incisive, imperious manner, and a big, terrifying voice as the alarming father of the pretty Daphne to account for his domination over the others.

"She Walked in Her Sleep" is rather light fare, but that is what the audiences seem to take to kindly these times. Give them pretty, dressy actresses, brisk, snappy comedians, an amusing motive and funny situations to the play, and they are content.

For my part I want something substantial under the meringue; such as we have in "The Country Cousin." It leaves something behind. For instance, I have, since seeing the play, thought of the people in it and their future lives. I asked myself if Booth Tarkington did not paint that suggestion of priggishness in Eleanor's character as an indication of needing to be dressed down in the

future by the overmastering Sammy. And I recalled that Nancy, remembering that she was a guest, much as she scorned the gnats buzzing around Eleanor's fortune, never said one hitting word expressive of her inner convictions to George Tewksbury Reynolds during the enlightening moments when the veil was torn aside.

AN OSCAR WILDE PLAY.

At the Maitland Playhouse the play of the week is "The Importance of Being Earnest." I have seen this play two or three times before, and did not remember it at all. Now that I have seen it again I am not surprised, it is such an airy trifle; or seems to be, which is the main thing.

This well-known play, with its blend of farce, satire, and caricature, is a mighty difficult proposition to play. It takes finished artists to do it full justice, and on account of the varying degrees of merit in the performers the team work didn't jibe. Mr. Maitland and the new leading man, Mr. J. Anthony Smythe, being the only ones who seemed fairly at home in rendering the sparkling witticisms with which the dialogue is fairly crammed.

Miss O'Day, it is true, is rendering the portrait of an extremely literal young romanticist. But somewhere in the mental economy of the actress who impersonates Lady Gwendolen there should glimmer a tiny ray of latent humor, and we saw no such glimmer. And similarly Claire Taylor was careful, conscientious, distinct, and humorless.

May Nannery, as Lady Bracknell, boomed out her ladyship's sounding periods with the appropriate air of self-righteousness and self-belief, and made us feel that she was properly placed; for we recognized that the element of humor was, albeit dimly, evident, although discreetly suppressed. For the beauty of "The Importance of Being Earnest" is that everybody is so deadly in earnest in the absurd situations, and more particularly the absurd dialogue that is developed.

The burden of the play fell on the shoulders of Messrs. Maitland and Smythe, who supported it gallantly. This pair made a hit in the scene of the delightfully absurd row over the muffins and tea cakes, which they rendered with the quarrelsome zest with which people wrangle over trifles.

Mr. Smythe, the new leading man, is quite an acquisition. He has a good stage presence, ease, style, good looks, and a good voice. Much interest is felt as to how he will acquit himself in really dramatic rôles.

The principal fault in the performance was a tendency of the company to stand around in wooden attitudes. From this stricture we must except Messrs. Maitland and Smythe. But we can not leave out the leading lady, who as Lady Gwendolen testified a surprising interest in the voluminous discourse of her loquacious aunt when she was standing apart with her young man and would, presumably, have surrendered herself to the joys of some coquettish—or no, Lady Gwendolen couldn't be coquettish—of a few sentimental asides with him. Instead, she fixed a respectful gaze on the aunt from whose windy horsemanship she surely would have been only too glad to escape, and listened to the stream of platitudes with an air of the deepest attention.

THE ORPHEUM.

Lemme see; which made the bigger hit, Lillian Shaw or Ciccolini? "Shocking, shocking," cries Miss St. Cecilia. But the fact of the matter is that Lillian Shaw did the trick.

Not but what Ciccolini made a big hit, too, as he had every reason to do, being a tall, good-looking young man with a big, fine, flourishing, rather shallowly but indubitably emotional tenor. The young man's temperament is, in fact, rather shallow. He smiles too readily over his applause and one senses that he feels a youthful delight in his good looks, his fine voice and appearance, and his

picturesque costume. He ought to be something of a drawing card in opera, which should be his native air, judging from the need he seems to feel to dress up his scene operatically and to sing with the fervent gestures of the operatic tenor. The house enjoyed his performance thoroughly, and showed it as thoroughly; which brought to view a mouthful of white Italian teeth in flashing Italian smiles.

Lillian Shaw, the popular dialect comedienne, of course, is an old and tried and tested favorite. She follows the same line we are familiar with, and some of her Blanche Merrill material is new—although I am not sure—and some of it we know well. But we like it just the same. It is so good that it can't be improved on. The young lady has an elfish ability in making herself look like a freak, both as the hesitating bride and the resigned, perambulator-wheeling mother. That stunt—the maternal one, I mean, and the reckless hang of the costume that goes with it—is what always brings down the house, and what strongly contributed toward knocking out Ciccolini from what otherwise would have been his proud position of preeminence as head hit on the programme.

Harry Green is another favorite, and he made the usual hit this time in a new sketch called "George Washington Cohen"; not a very good title, but it was evidently used to show it was the same old George Wash with the meaching, deprecatory air, and the sudden dabs and darts of impudence.

The impudence this time was aimed at St. Peter, for Aaron Hoffman, author of the sketch, conceived the happy thought of placing G. W. Cohen at the gates of Paradise being passed on by St. Peter, toward whom the terrified Cohen preserved his characteristic air of respectful disrespect. They might have called the sketch "Cohen versus St. Peter," so persistently did the applicant for heavenly honors deal out his Hebraic hits of impertinence, under the very beard of the respectable, bearded old goat: which was exactly what this stage St. Peter looked.

The Pickfords gave a very neat tumbling-and-comedy act, which kept the audience both laughing and marveling, and the quips and cranks of the brother in the Mann pair were hailed with great appreciation.

Rosana and his nabimbaphone furnished freak music of a popular brand, and the Walters Sunbeams shone with a rather faint and feeble ray.

Lydel and Macy, in spite of being hold-overs, were so clever in the rustic octogenarianism of "The Cronics" that the audience enjoyed them with its usual gusto, and the U. S. Jazz Band, that fine body of former bluejackets, gave several serious selections in excellent style just to show that they could, winding up with a grand throwing around of themselves, the music, and any stray pieces of furniture that happened to be handy, in typical jazz style.

AMERICAN SYNCOPATED ORCHESTRA

Several thousand persons gathered at the Exposition Auditorium on Monday evening, as evidence of the still surviving American interest in jazz; and sublimated jazz, at that. It was not only jazz music that was offered, but the negro plantation melodies.

The orchestra is a complete one, all the elements being represented and each one of the negro members being selected because he can sing as well as play.

Under these circumstances the several thousand, in spite of the acoustic complexities of the building seeming more pronounced than usual, had their musical yearnings satisfied.

It was a wild night. The programme made a jazz-like leap into nowhere, and those who favor the unexpected had it, for nobody knew what was coming next.

They gave several numbers of the classics—not anything like so well as the more primitive music—a tremendous explosion of jazz, in which the instruments joked like end men, and caused the auditor to laugh gleefully.

The two quartets sang the familiar old plantation melodies, and sang them with a wild, plaintive sweetness. Altogether there was the variety which included pathos and humor.

Odd that an entertainment of this nature did not draw bigger crowds. In the East it stirred up considerable interest and attracted large numbers. But the fact that San Francisco is supporting an unusually large number of theatres at present may account for the lack of a wider public patronage, although in this city forty or forty-five hundred is a pretty sizable audience.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

First Ball Club.

Whether the national game of the United States was or was not developed from "rounders" may remain a disputed question. Certain it is that when it was first regularly organized baseball was a far different game from what it is today. It was seventy-four years ago, on September 23, 1845, that the first baseball club in the United States, and there-

MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Los Gatos, California

GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Accredited) HIGH SCHOOL

fore, of course, in the world, was organized. It was located in New York. The game was played at the Elysian Fields, Hohoken, New Jersey, then perhaps the chief pleasure resort of New Yorkers. In those days, instead of the game being won by the team which scored the most runs in nine innings, it was won by the team which first scored twenty-one runs. It was necessary to make twenty-one runs to win a game. Sometimes that number was scored in three or four innings; sometimes, indeed, in a single inning, and in consequence the game was then ended. On the other hand, a game was sometimes prolonged for four or five hours, through thirty or forty innings, before the requisite number of runs was scored. It was because of this uncertainty as to the length of the game that the rules were after some years radically altered. Because there were nine players on each side, nine was the number, of inning determined upon to constitute a game.

Italy has more theatres in proportion to population than any other country.



XXXII.

Rates and Credit

We can not serve you the way we should unless our credit is good.

A growing city always needs more water. New works must be built. And money to pay for them must be raised. We must issue stock or sell bonds to raise needed capital. That we can do when our credit is good.

That our credit may be good we must earn a fair return upon the value of the property we employ for your convenience.

That is another way of saying that you must pay a fair rate for water and service.

If the water rate is fixed without reference to this principle your rights are ignored, because we are prevented from doing our full duty toward you.

If the water rate is such as to safeguard our credit you have the right to demand that it be kept as low as is consistent with good management. Bad management always has a bad effect on the credit of a company.

So you see, when we talk about our credit we are discussing a matter that vitally affects you.

Unless you pay for what you get both of us suffer.

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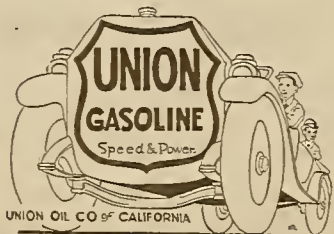
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City's Newest and Most Artistic Theatre

Last time Saturday night

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

Week Starting Tues. Mat. and Eve., Nov. 18
Revival of the Greatest of All Chinese Plays**"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB"**

By Chester Bailey Fernald

Together with Two Rattling Comedies

Every Night (except Sun and Mon.) at 8:30

Matinees Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30

ALL SEATS RESERVED—ONE DOLLAR

Tickets two weeks ahead at theatre and news-

stands of St. Francis and Palace hotels.

Next—Clyde Fitch's "THE TRUTH."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**Curran Theatre.**

"She Walked in Her Sleep" is proving a real merry-maker at the Curran Theatre, where this entertainment begins its last week on November 16th. Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, who are well known here, are the chief players.

The playwright, Mark Swan, has woven his ludicrous plot around a woman's hat and a girl who walks in her sleep, and he has done his work well.

Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, who head the cast, are seen at their best in "She Walked in Her Sleep." Miss Norton is one of the cleverest comedienne on the stage and she is thoroughly good as Mamie Cassidy, the maid. Nicholson carries the difficult part of the henpecked husband with consummate ease and is always effective, while the supporting company is excellent.

Sir Harry Lauder comes on November 24th.

The Alcazar.

In the first stage production of "A Dollar Down" next Sunday afternoon the Alcazar takes a decisive step toward San Francisco's development as a dramatic producing centre. "A Dollar Down" is an emotional exposition of a vital dramatic problem in this era of high prices and a tendency to live beyond one's income. There are humorous and eloquently dramatic angles to this story of young workers who resort to the "dollar down and dollar a week" methods of existence until swept under by a flood of financial obligations. Two young married sisters, whose husbands are struggling clerks, are tossed in the domestic whirlpool. The cast comprises Belle Bennett, Jean Oliver, Walter P. Richardson, and Rafael Brunetto as the installment-plan lovers; May Nannery as the eccentric mother of the girls; Thomas Chatterton as the Lothario stockbroker; Emily Pinter as an easiest way pathfinder; Al Cunningham as a detective. The lingo is that of modern Manhattan.

For Thanksgiving week David Belasco has consented to a farewell revival of "Polly with a Past."

The Orpheum.

Another show of merit and variety is announced for next week at the Orpheum.

"The Man Hunt," a somnambulistic comedy by Harlan Thompson, will be presented by Isolde Illian and a competent cast. Miss Illian plays a young lady who walks in her

sleep. The production is under the direction of William B. Friedlander.

Eva Shirley, assisted by Fid Gordon's versatile musical boys and Al Roth, jazz dancer, will appear in a musical skit entitled "Songs of the Moment." Miss Shirley is the youngest prima donna in vaudeville.

Miss Venita Gould may be briefly summed up as a host in herself, for she cleverly mimics and impersonates a great array of theatrical stars. Among those she imitates are Leonore Ulric, Mary Nash, Grace La Rue, Alla Nazimova, Eva Tanguay, George Cohan, Julian Eltinge, Jack Norworth, Harry Lauder, Al Jolson, and Bert Williams.

Ralph Kitner and Jim Reaney will appear in a maritime gabfest with a little music called "An Ocean Episode."

Arthur West, a clever comedian, will, with the assistance of Lucille Smith, present a comedietta entitled "What the Critic Said." It tells how Mr. West and his associate attempted to follow the advice given them by a theatrical critic and what happened to them.

Mary Nelson, who is the possessor of unique ideas, is a clever juggler and comedian and an originator.

A special attraction will be the Princess Radjah, who will be seen in her "Cleopatra Dance" and her "Arabian Chair Dance."

Harry Green in his great comedy hit, "George Washington Cohen," and Lillian Shaw, America's premier vocal dialect comedienne, in new songs and impersonations, will be included in the coming bill.

The Maitland Playhouse.

A revival of the greatest of all Chinese plays, "The Cat and the Cherub," by Chester Bailey Fernald, is announced as the attraction at the Maitland Playhouse for the coming week. Monday's performance will be for the subscribers who have made the enterprise possible, the remainder of the week being open to the public. Matinees are given on Tuesday and Saturday.

"The Cat and the Cherub" should hold especial interest to local theatre-goers, for the scenes are laid in San Francisco's Chinatown, and it is a sincere reproduction of a phase of Chinese life of its period.

"The Cat and the Cherub" takes barely an hour for performance, but it is a gripping little tragedy, and it has come to be regarded as a genuine classic of the stage. It calls for atmospheric effects of the kind in which Director Arthur Maitland excels. Maitland himself will have the part of Wing Shee, which was created by Holbrook Blinn in the original production, which held the London stage for two entire years.

J. Anthony Synthe, Ann O'Day, Rupert Drum, Ardell Cummings, and the other favorites will be congenially bestowed.

Two other short plays will round out the bill, "Another Way Out" and "The Potboilers." "The Potboilers" deals with the rehearsal of a small road company, the rehearsal being conducted by their stage manager, impersonated by Maitland, who takes his stand in the auditorium of the theatre.

Third "Pop" Concert.

Another programme of light masterpieces is announced for the third "Pop" concert of the season, to be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra of eighty musicians, on Sunday afternoon, November 16th, in the Curran Theatre.

Most important of the numbers to be played is Schubert's Eighth Symphony, generally termed the "Unfinished" Symphony, one of the greatest masterpieces ever written.

Louis Persinger's violinistic art will be heard in the obligato part of the Meditation from Massenet's "Thais" and in Saint-Saëns' Danse Macabre.

There should be interest in Fritz Kreisler's "Love's Joy," originally written for violin with piano accompaniment and well known through many renditions by Kreisler himself. Tchaikowsky's "Italian Caprice," Chabrier's "Espana," and that perennial favorite, Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," will be the remaining items.

Concertmaster Louis Persinger and Assistant Concertmaster Arthur Argiewicz will be the soloists at the fourth pair of regular symphonies, scheduled for Friday and Sunday afternoons, November 21st and 23rd, in the Curran. Messrs. Persinger and Argiewicz will play Bach's Double Concerto for two violins with the orchestra.

The symphony will be Tchaikowsky's Fourth. Schumann's overture to "Genoveva" is to be the remaining offering.

Tickets are to be obtained at the symphony box-office in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

Girls in England are said to have grown larger during the war. Waists now measure on an average 26 to 28 inches, while 7½ in gloves and sizes 7 and 8 in shoes are sold.

There have been a limited number of women admitted to the Order of the Garter, though for nearly 400 years no English sovereign conferred this honor on a woman.

NO TAXES HERE!

Islands of Britain Which Go Scot Free.

Scattered about the shores of the British Isles are a number of islands, large and small, whose proprietors are monarchs of all they survey. In many respects they possess greater power over their "subjects" than is possessed by King George himself. Although owing allegiance to the British crown, yet Parliament has no power to tax some of these island estates, nor can any one land on their shores without the permission of the owner.

Some of these islands are but a few acres in extent, while one of them is the largest island around the British coast, next after Ireland, and boasts of quite a large population.

The special privileges mentioned have been granted in times past by some sovereign to a favorite to whom he wished to give a mark of special favor. Like titles of nobility, these special privileges were made in perpetuity and still cling to the territories.

Those of us who have read "Westward Ho!" will remember Lundy Island, which lies in the British Channel. Now Lundy is one of the best known of the tiny island monarchies. It is a delightful little jewel that was once the haunt of pirates and smugglers. It was at one time captured by French pirates and at another time fell into the hands of Turkish privateers. No one can dwell on or even visit this bit of the earth's surface without the consent of the owner. It is exempt from taxation.

Lundy is probably not paradise, but it is actually the property of the Heaven family, and a clergyman by that name is the present owner. He rules over a kingdom of 1200 acres and fewer than a hundred souls.

Down near Land's End a great rock rises out of the bay which is known as St. Michael's Mount. It is an island and it is not, for at low tide a rough stone causeway connects it with the mainland. It is little more than a mile in circumference, and is probably the tiniest of the island kingdoms. Perched upon the summit of the rock, which is about 200 feet high, is the famous old castle in which the "King," Lord St. Levan, resides. Clustered at the base, facing the land, is a tiny village composed of a score of houses, where dwell the "subjects."

Just south of the Isle of Man is a little island called the "Calf of Man." The original owner received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of this island, which was declared to be forever free from taxation. No one can live there or even land on its shores without the consent of the owner. It is in every sense of the word private. The late owner was so engrossed in his books and lived so retired a life that years would sometimes elapse between his visits to the neighboring Isle of Man. Only a small part of the land is cultivated, and the whole is overrun with rabbits and rats, both of which are tailless. This little island kingdom was sold not long ago for \$100,000.

On the eastern coast of England is a tiny island called Osea. It is about a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is a delightful little retreat, covered with meadow land and charming old elm trees—an ideal place for bathing and sea fishing. This island has a history that dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, from which time it has always had a "king" and a small population. The present "king" is the son of a brewer who refused to continue in that business. In doing this he sacrificed more than a million dollars, so it is said, and has converted the island into a retreat for drunkards. His efforts have met with considerable success, for the isolation and the bracing sea air have worked wonders.

There are a number of these diminutive water-surrounded monarchies off the coast of Scotland. One of them is the Isle of Bute in the Firth of Clyde, which is owned by the Marquis of Bute. This kingdom contains almost fifty square miles and has a population of 11,000 people. There are as many as six little lakes in that monarchy, the largest of which, Loch Fad, is a quarter of a mile wide and about nine times that in length. The famous old home of the marquis, Rothesay Castle, dates from the year 1008. Arran is another of these sea-girt kingdoms in the same firth.

The ruler of this little principality is the Marchioness of Graham, and a wise ruler she has proven to her 5000 subjects. Although only nineteen miles long and ten broad, Arran has had a romantic history. Robert the Bruce is said to have hidden himself there for some time in a cave, and to have prepared one of his expeditions to recover the crown on the island. The ruins of a castle are shown which was one of the residences of Scotland's kings.

Another little kingdom is the island of Rhum, whose potentate is Sir John Bullough. Nearly all the island is deep forest and moorland, and it is all mountainous. Only 300 acres are tillable. The subjects of Sir John number fewer than eight score. The whole

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island is one vast game preserve, where deer and other game roam to provide sport for the nobility.

The largest of these island kingdoms is doubtless Lewis Land, one of the outer Hebrides group, off the west coast of Scotland. It covers an area of nearly 700 square miles and has nearly 37,000 people. It has several lochs where splendid fishing is to be had. Over the moors and forest land the red deer still roam.

This island has had a stirring history, for the people have always been fighters. Many times have royal troops been defeated by the islanders. Many members of the royal family of England have been entertained at Stornoway Castle, the residence of the owner.—*Ottawa Globe.*

Some of the tallest steeples and smokestacks in Cincinnati have been painted by Myrtle Kennett, a young matron, who makes a good living as a steeplejack.

Centipedes usually have thirty-four legs, but there are other species with as many as 100 or 200 legs.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

2d and Last Week Starts Sun. Eve., Nov. 16

George Broadhurst Presents
Mark Swan's Uproarious Farce**"SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"**

with

MISS NORTON—PAUL NICHOLSON

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

Next—Mon., Nov. 24, HARRY LAUDER.

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—*Argonaut.*

This Week—"THE COUNTRY COUSIN"
Booth Tarkington and Julian Street's Comedy
WEEK-COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., AUG. 16

534 Consecutive Week of Dramatic Season

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Walter P. Richardson -- Belle Bennett

First Production of John H. Blackwood's

Powerful New Domestic Comedy-Drama

"A DOLLAR DOWN"

Eloquently Dramatic and Humorous Exposition
of the Installment Plan Problem

SUN. MAT., NOV. 23—Farewell Revival

"POLLY WITH A PAST"

By arrangement with David Belasco

Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

"THE MAN HUNT," a Somnambulistic Comedy, with Isolde Illian; EVA SHIRLEY, Assisted by Fid Gordon's Versatile Musical Boys and Al Roth, Jazz Dancer, in "Songs of the Moment"; VENITA GOULD in "Impressions" of Well-Known Players; KITNER and REANEY in "An Ocean Episode"; HARRY GREEN in "George Washington Cohen"; LILLIAN SHAW, America's Premier Vocal Dialect Comedienne; ARTHUR WEST, Assisted by Lucille Smith, in "What the Critic Said"; MARK NELSON in Novel Eccentricities; PRINCESS RADJAH in Her Famous "Cleopatra Dance."

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—DIXIE

PLAYERS CLUB THEATRE

1737 Bush St., bet. Gough and Octavia

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS

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THREE REMARKABLE ONE-ACT PLAYS

New to San Francisco

"BEHIND A WATTEAU PICTURE"

"THE LOCKED CHEST"

"EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND"

Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and
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PRICES—\$1.00 and 75c

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Coming—"CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

3rd. "POP" CONCERT**CURRAN THEATRE**

SUNDAY AFT., NOV. 16, at 2:30 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Unfinished" Symphony, Schubert; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saëns; Italian Caprice, Tchaikowsky; Meditation, "Thais," Massenet; "Love's Joy," Kreisler; "Espana," Chabrier.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre
from 10 a. m. on concert days only.

Next—Nov. 21 and 23, 4th Pair of Symphonies (Soloists, Louis Persinger and Arthur Argiewicz).

VANITY FAIR.

Heaven forbid that there should be any disposition to kick a man when he is down, still less to listen to the tattle which is always ready to assail notoriety. But when so important a man as Captain Persius talks about so notorious a man as the late German Emperor we may assume that he knows what he is talking about and that it is worth saying. Captain Persius was German naval attaché at Washington for many years. During the war we learned to look upon him as Germany's foremost naval expert. Our newspapers quoted him whenever they had a chance to do so. He told us what instructed Germans were thinking about the war at sea.

Now Captain Persius was much in contact with the emperor. He had every facility to watch him at close quarters, and now in his "Personal Reminiscences" he tells us what sort of man he was. We all like to know how royalties behave in their off hours, and it may be confessed that the picture is usually a rather pleasing one. These kings and queens seem to be as human as the rest of us when they are not actually kinging and queening it.

But the picture of the German emperor in his hours of ease is an almost incredible one. If it came from any one less credible than Captain Persius we should reject it. No man can be great in the eyes of his valet. You can not shave a man and still hold him in awe. But here was a man, says Captain Persius, who was not only not great, but was "even contemptibly small, mean, and cowardly, enjoying the humiliation, degradation, and pain he inflicted upon those in his power." Only those maintained their position with the emperor who were willing to tolerate his buffoonery. Admiral Tirpitz, for example, allowed the emperor to pull his whiskers and to kick him in the stomach. It must be admitted that we ourselves, with all our decorum, have often wished to pull the whiskers of Admiral Tirpitz. They are provocative whiskers, exasperating whiskers. But to kick that venerable stomach! To kick any stomach. Perish the thought!

Here is another story told by Captain Persius:

"A cruiser was at target practice. William II was on board, the sun smiling, the weather calm and beautiful. William II happened to be in the 'best' of humor. With his strong right hand he was dealing blows right and left, as he was wont to do on occasions like this. His favorites considered themselves fortunate when they received an imperial punch.

"His majesty was very happy, jesting and joking. On the bridge his body surgeon was standing, leaning backward against the railing. The old man, a general in rank, seemed to be tired from standing. He was leaning heavily upon the railing, bending backward and dreamily looking into the sky.

"The old man was in a comfortable position, as comfortable as the circumstances, including the august presence of the imperial majesty, would permit. He was quietly basking in the warm sun.

"Suddenly William II sprang in front of the old man and in a most cruel and indecent manner, by hitting the old man a violent blow in a tender spot, inflicted terrible pain. In

doing this the emperor said something vulgar which I, standing several paces away from him, could not fully understand.

"The poor old general staggered. One could tell by the expression of his face that he was half mad from pain. He held on to the railing with his hands, and half fainting sank upon his knees.

"The emperor, proud of his splendid 'joke,' laughed vehemently. But when he saw the result his practical joke had had he merely turned away, without a word of apology. The old surgeon was no longer *persona grata*. He had winced while receiving an imperial favor!

"The old general had been insulted, humiliated, and painfully injured in front of a lot of bluejackets, signalmen, etc. An edifying spectacle indeed for those young fellows to witness!"

A correspondent who does not wish her letter to be published asks what we think of the late Viscount Astor for deserting his own country and becoming a subject of Great Britain. Was it not a "reprehensible act"?

Why should we so regard it? Several millions of Europeans have deserted their own countries in order to become American citizens. Why should not an occasional American reverse the process? Perhaps it hurts the national pride a little, but there seems to be nothing reprehensible in the matter. Henry James did the same thing.

Mr. Astor was a man of enormous wealth, and he had to face the fact that wealth was an absolute bar to political or public preferment in his own country, that it consigned him to perpetual espionage of the most searching and humiliating nature. The wealthy American must either devote himself to increasing his wealth, in which case he must join a class set apart as it were for opprobrium and slander, or he must confine himself to the frivolities of Newport and the other centres of fashion and become a social butterfly. His wealth would be an almost certain bar to Congress or to the cabinet. It is doubtful if he could get himself elected as a supervisor.

If Mr. Morgan or Mr. Harriman had been Europeans they would have been chancellors of the exchequer, or ministers of finance, or commerce, or railroads. It is very doubtful if they would have been rich men or would have wished to be rich men. Their genius would at once have been recognized and it would have been commandeered for the public good. They would have been national assets. In America they were practically barred from public life. They were not allowed to be active except in their own pursuits.

Now Mr. Astor was not a man of great capacity, but he was certainly not a fool. He was in no sense a social butterfly. He may not have wished to become one. But what chance had he in his own country, with relays of society reporters camping on his trail. He might conceivably have become a sort of financial magnate, and then he would have been a "malefactor of great wealth," an easy mark for the scorpions of radicalism. But he seems to have had no aspirations of this sort, nor does he seem to have been attracted by the Newport set. What, then, could he do? We may not think much of his peagee.

Truly, it was a rather pitiful sort of peagee, and yet one not wholly without its great associations. Chatham, Marlborough, Wellington, Beaconsfield, Salisbury must have left a sort of iridescence even in the House of Lords.

LOST TRIBE OF JEWS.

Found in Abyssinia by Jewish Traveler.

Today in far-off Abyssinia there are more than one hundred thousand swarthy color-religionists of the Jews of New York. They are appealing to their more fortunate Occidental brethren for succor. This is the message brought here by Dr. Jacques Faitlovitch, one of the pioneer workers among this interesting people.

Dr. Faitlovitch tells a strange story. He conjures a picture of swarthy men and women living their lives according to the dictates of the Bible and observing severely every requirement, including sacrificial offerings.

"The Jews of Abyssinia are called Falashas," said Dr. Faitlovitch to the writer. "This term means in the Abyssinian language strangers, exiles, or immigrants. The name is given to them by their neighbors, and accepted, too, by themselves. Among themselves they are also called Beta-Israel, the house of Israel. Their name shows that they are of foreign, not Ethiopian, origin, and the nobility of their descent is also recognized by their compatriots—Christians, Mohammedans, and heathens.

"From the religious standpoint the Falashas are Jews and belong to Judaism. Their faith is absolutely monotheistic. They believe in the existence of one, eternal, invisible God, far removed from any ideas of materialism. They reject, like all other Jews, any pictorial representation of God, they do not bow the knee before images, and they do not worship saints or prophets in any manner whatsoever.

"Their worship is the Mosaic law, as is pointed out in the Bible, modified by their religious literature. They possess the Bible and some other books of Jewish origin. Hebrew, however, is completely unknown to them, and all their books, like their prayers, are written in Gheez, the classical Abyssinian language."

"In what respects are their religious observances similar to those of modern Jewry?" I inquired.

"You would be surprised at some of the striking similarities," responded the doctor. "They observe the Sabbath and the biblical holy days with the utmost punctiliousness. They continue to offer sacrifices on every holy day with the ceremonies as prescribed in the Bible. They obey the biblical law of cleanliness, for example, by bathing and washing in a conscientious manner. Men and women, old people and children, are used in this way to cleanliness and habits of decency. This strict observance preserves them from the infectious diseases which ravage their neighbors.

"The Falashas occupy themselves with all kinds of work and crafts and are almost the only people among the Abyssinian population who are masters of their work," he responded. "They are almost the only artisans of the country. They are blacksmiths, masons, builders, joiners, potters, weavers, tanners, saddlers, and basket-makers. They have a special bent for agriculture and cattle-breeding. In former centuries they possessed much land of their own, but the wars and the recent events in Abyssinia have compelled them to abandon their land and to settle in all corners of the empire. Today they only rent their land from their neighbors."—*New York Herald.*

Since the year 1891 the State of South Australia has erected 29,148 miles of vermin fences, enough to encircle the world and with the remnant build a double line of fence along the southern border of the United States. New South Wales has spent more than \$27,000,000 for rabbit extermination and has within its borders 98,000 miles of fence. Or late years the rabbit has been paying his board. He goes to swell the total of food exports from the commonwealth. Along the country roads rabbits may be seen hung on the fences awaiting the rabbit carts that convey them to the packing-houses to be prepared for shipment as frozen meat and hides. During the year for which figures are last available Australia exported frozen rabbit and hare to the value of \$1,400,000 and skins to the value of \$3,000,000.

In a recent research into the causes of poverty the authorities of Baltimore found that out of the 8663 cases studied, 3902 showed physical illness as the cause of poverty, to which may be added 152 instances in which there was need for an oculist's or optician's services, and eighteen needing dental aid, making the total of 4072, or 47 per cent. of the whole number, suffering from physical ills. Of this total, 1470 are classified as "temporary illness." Tuberculosis accounts for 708 cases, and other long-continued physical disability and mental trouble for 1478, the two amounting to more than one-half of all those said to be incapacitated by disease.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rivers had come home and was stumbling over things in the dark hallway. "What are you growling about, dear?" called Mrs. Rivers from the floor above. "I am growling," he answered in his deepest bass voice, "to drown the barking of my shins."

Aunt Jane was desirous of purchasing a gun for her nephew. The shopkeeper produced a couple. "This one shoots caps and this one slugs," he said. "Oh, thank you," exclaimed Tommy's aunt. "I'll have the second one, for we're troubled terribly by those slugs."

Representative Homer Hoch was talking about governmental extravagance and the fearful taxes that are its consequences. "The government," he ended, "seems to think that it only needs to say to the American people, 'Cough up! Cough up!' But how will we cough up when our coffers are empty?"

M. Painlevé's "revelations" as to the disastrous French offensive of April, 1917, recall two stories. General Nivelle had been appointed generalissimo of the French and British armies for the emergency, and there was much curiosity about his powers. A member of the French ministry said to him: "And will you be able to remove a British general if you don't approve of him?" "Je m'en garderai bien!" said Nivelle, vehemently—

"I'll take good care not to try!" Later, M. Painlevé's detractors spread the calumny that he had stopped the offensive when it was on the verge of a decisive success. Some one told the story to M. Anatole France. "M. Painlevé?" said he mildly. "But it wasn't M. Painlevé who stopped the offensive. It was the Germans."

The grocer observed that his best customer was a bit ruffled over something, so strove to be obliging and pleasant. "I think," he said blandly, "living is getting cheaper. For instance, a year ago those eggs would have cost you 10 cents more." "A year ago," replied the customer, "when those eggs were fresh, they would have been worth more."

John Donlon, a guest at the Atlantic City Hotel during the recent convention of the Federation of Labor, took occasion to notice a very beautiful young woman in evening gown who sauntered past his table. Said he: "Ankle-biters annoy all these ladies who wear open-work stockings and I expect that the ladies' dresses offer a splendid opportunity for backbiters."

Carl Emily Junck, the Chicago millionaire importer, said at a sangerfest: "Only an incurable optimist like my friend Wash White could regard Germany's future as promising and hopeful. I met Wash the other day with a big raw gash in his forehead. 'What does that gash mean, Washington?' I asked. 'What does it mean?' grinned Wash. 'Why, Mr. Junck, it means good luck, dat's what it

means. I prayed de Lawd last night to gimme a good luck sign and de fust t'ing dis mawnin' when I opened de stable do', de mule Lazurus up wid his hoof and fetched me a kick in de face. Dar's luck fo' you, Mr. Junck—a hoss shoe in yo' face befo' breakfas'. Golly, but I hopes de luck keeps up de same fo' de rest o' de year."

A young matron of Baltimore, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears. "Why, what's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse. "He's mad, mum," explained the nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to the Simmonses across the strate." "And why wouldn't you let him go, Norah?" "Because, mum, they're having charades, so he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he had had them or not."

George M. Cohan is regarded as intensely patriotic. All his songs are filled with American sentiment, and yet at least once in his life he might have been accused of being unpatriotic. Indeed it was the occasion of his first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. "What do you think of her?" asked Cohan senior. "Not much," said George. "She looks to me like a great big woman holding an ice-cream cone over her head."

The following is told of a late railway magnate and a prominent Philadelphia lawyer: "I want you to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think you can manage it?" said the magnate to the lawyer. "Easily," answered the lawyer. "Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case." "I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."

Two newsboys sat in a theatre gallery while "Hamlet" was being played. It was the first time they had seen a play, and they were quivering with excitement. In the last scene, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the king, the queen had died of poison, and the "Moody Dane" of a poisoned wound, the younger of the lads could contain himself no longer. Turning to his chum of the streets, in rapturous tones he said, "Gosh, Bill, what a time for selling extras."

Apropos of the death of the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford, friend of Mark Twain and original Harris in the latter's "A Tramp Abroad," Dr. F. P. Perkins said the other day: "Some years ago Dr. J. M. Buckley, the noted Methodist editor, took some of his clerical brethren severely to task for their tendency to draw on the ideals and even the language of Joseph Parker without due acknowledgment. While the discussion was at its height Mark Twain attended Joe Twichell's church and heard one of the latter's finest efforts. After the sermon he came forward, grasped the preacher's hand, and said: 'Joe, that was a good sermon, but I have a book at home that contains every word of it.' Dr. Twichell was taken aback, and then he waxed indignant. 'If you can show me the book I'd certainly like to see it,' he rejoined. 'I gave a great deal of brain sweat to that sermon.' The next day Mark Twain sent him a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Peep Into the Future.

When the argument is over,
And the world goes on its way,
Through a universe of clover,
Reaching past the Milky Way—
Then on history's page we'll ponder,
With its sorrow and its doubt,
And we'll wonder what in thunder
The whole business was about!
—Philander Johnson, in *Washington Post*.

New Poetry.

Then you give me and I'll give you
More pay!
Then all will have for all they do
More pay!
And though we'll pay them higher yet
For everything we buy, you bet!
Who'll care, since all of us will get
More pay?
—Boston Transcript.

The Public.

Says capital to labor,
"We will talk it over, neighbor,
And the public shall admire the wisdom deep."
Says labor, "I am willing,
For my mind I have been filling
With some information far too good to keep."
They argued and expounded,
And each topic they surrounded
With a vast and indefatigable din,
Here and there they grabbed a missile
Silencing the factory whistle,
And the public murmured, "Where do I come in?"
Then the discord rising thickly
Turning the harmony right quickly
As the two exclaimed in a convincing way,
"Don't feel nervous or dejected,
You shall never be neglected—
You shall be the audience who has to pay."
—Washington Evening Star.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Alice Palmer and Mr. Lloyd Mervyn Hardie was solemnized Wednesday at St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross, Rev. Charles Deems officiating. Miss Mary Armsby was the maid of honor and the matron of honor was Mrs. Chauncey Needham. The other bridal attendants included Miss Marie Allen, Miss Janet Tobriner, Miss Doris Bornemann, and Mrs. Frank Roller. Mr. Ralph Palmer was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Alden Martin, Mr. Mercer Runyon, Mr. Adolph Morbio, Mr. Paul Shattuck, and Mr. Willis Davis. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer.

The marriage of Miss Priscilla White of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mr. Norman Schaff of New York took place November 1st at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Helmsley Johnson in Baltimore. Mrs. Johnson is an aunt of the bride. Mrs. Schaff spent the greater part of the summer in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Harry White and Mr. Walter White, the group having come to California to attend the wedding of Lieutenant Harry White, U. S. N., and Miss Jean Wheeler.

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Mr. Schaff is the son of Rev. and Mrs. David Schaff of Pittsburgh.

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Little Children's Aid was held Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel. A number of dinners were given preceding the affair, one of the largest having been that presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson, Miss Emilie Parrott, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Kathleen Finnegan, Miss Sophie Beylard, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Chouteau Johnson, and Mr. Wilberforce Williams.

Miss Amanda McNear gave a luncheon Wednesday, her guests having included Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Mary Elena Macondray.

Mrs. Edward Tobin entertained at tea Sunday afternoon in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee gave a ball Friday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of their daughter, Miss Anne Dibblee. Preceding the ball Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee entertained at dinner in honor of Miss Dibblee. Their guests were Miss Dibblee, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Elena Macondray,

Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Nicholas Boyd, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Robert Elliott, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Dearborn Clark, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, and Mr. Richard McLaren.

A "no-host" dinner party, which was given last evening before the Flood ball, included among its members Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Macondray Moore, Mr. Maurice Hall, Mr. Philip Lansdale, and Major Purvance.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle entertained a group of friends at tea Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bray entertained a group of guests at the Charity Ball Tuesday evening. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Suro, Naval Constructor and Mrs. Henry Gleason, Miss Anne Bowley, Miss Dorothea Coon, and Mr. Frank Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Becker of Piedmont gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. R. S. Mackenno of London and Miss Jean Mackenno.

Mrs. John McDonald gave a reception Monday afternoon at her new home on Alcatraz. Mrs. William Butler, Mrs. Gordon McPherson, and Miss Sue Alston McDonald assisted Mrs. McDonald in receiving her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin gave a dinner Tuesday evening before the Charity Ball, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Miss Gertrude Tower of Boston, Miss Cornelia Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Douglas Alexander, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mrs. Joseph Jayne gave a luncheon Saturday at her home at Yerba Buena, her guests having been Mrs. H. B. Price, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. H. P. Focke, Miss Catherine Shoemaker, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Elsie Focke, Miss Dorothy Sewall, Miss Caroline Shoemaker, Miss Elizabeth Adams, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Mrs. Edward Barron gave a dinner Tuesday evening, with her guests later attending the Charity Ball. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Coralia Mejia, Mr. Robert Elliott, Mr. William Jackson, and Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker entertained at dinner Tuesday evening before the Charity Ball, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone and Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott.

Mrs. George Ebricht gave a luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests having been Admiral and Mrs. William Shoemaker, Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe entertained at dinner Tuesday evening before the Charity Ball, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Mary Donohoe, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. R. C. Turneur, and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Miss Anne Dibblee entertained a group of the younger set at supper Friday evening at the Palace. In the party were Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Aileen McIntosh, and a complement of men.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre entertained a few guests at dinner Tuesday evening, the group having included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. John Cusbing, Miss Mauricia Minter, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., and Mr. Lucio Minter.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Tuesday evening before the Charity Ball, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Miss Helen Garritt, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Mrs. Horace Van Sicken gave a luncheon last Thursday, her guests having included Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Hugh Porter, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Alice Hanchett, and Miss Lucy Hanchett.

Miss Doris Kilgariff entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening at the Fairmont.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foss of Boston and their children will arrive in San Francisco Wednesday to spend the winter. They have taken a house on Broadway and Gough for the season.

Mr. William Gwin, who has been in France for more than a year, has returned from abroad and is with Mr. and Mrs. Gwin. He will leave for the Atlantic coast in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, the Misses Alice and Amy Requa, and Mr. Lawrence Requa arrived Monday from Washington and are at their home in Piedmont. The wedding of Miss Amy Requa and Mr. John Russell of Los Angeles will take place next Friday.

General Hunter Liggett left Saturday on a trip through the Northwest. He will be gone a month. The Misses Marion and Mary Julia Crocker left Monday for New York. Mrs. Crocker will join her daughters in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe have closed their San Rafael home and are spending the winter at the Cecil Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter. Major and Mrs. Mark Gerstle will leave today

for Boston to visit Mr. Mark Gerstle, Jr. They will spend the greater part of the winter in New York and will sail for France in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Sr., have gone to Del Monte for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley returned Wednesday to Pebble Beach, after a fortnight's stay in San Francisco.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman left Wednesday for New York. She will join Mrs. Maud Payne Bogue in the Eastern city and will sail with her next Friday on a trip around the world.

Mrs. C. S. Wheeler has returned from Missoula, Montana, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Ulysses Grant, who went to Yosemite for their wedding trip, have returned to Montecito, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. James Armsby has returned to Ross from New York.

Mrs. Willard Drown left Monday for Chicago, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman, Sr.

Miss May Colburn has reopened her apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Margaret Williams has gone to New York for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. George Frechorn left the first of the week for New York, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. Charles Oelrichs Martin has returned from abroad and is attending the Canterbury School at Millford, Connecticut.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie have taken a house on Broadway for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, who spent the summer in San Mateo, have taken apartments at the Ritz-Carlton in New York for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton and their children have returned from San Mateo, where they passed the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Hawkins of Hollister is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John Wright for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have left for New York to remain until after the first of the year. Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are staying at the De Young home until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have arrived from Hollister and will spend the winter at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith have closed their country place in Ross and have come to town for the winter.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale left Thursday for Washington to visit her sisters, Mrs. George Pillsbury and Mrs. George Hood.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Anthony have taken the Vincent house in Burlingame for three months.

Captain Miles Gorgas and Miss Mary Gorgas have gone to Coronado to remain for several weeks.

Mr. Frederick Kohl has returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg have closed their country place in San Rafael and are in town for the winter.

Mrs. William Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs have taken a house on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard and Mr. Joseph Howard will arrive the first of December and will reopen their San Mateo home, after an absence of several years. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood and their little daughter, who have been occupying the Howard house, will sail soon for Honolulu to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger and the Misses Betty and Elena Folger will leave for New York December 7th. They will be away for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. MacLeod have moved to their home on Ashbury Heights. Mr. MacLeod returned this week from a short visit to England.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Dr. C. H. Archibald, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bruere, Sanger; Mr. H. Kamm, San Luis Obispo; Captain W. J. Preston, U. S. A.; Mr. K. K. Darbinian, Fresno; Mr. W. H. French, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Murphy, Stockton; Mr. E. J. Thompson, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hudson, Sanger; Dr. A. Humphreys, Sacramento; Mr. C. F. Scott, London; Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Durand, Colfax; Mr. J. R. B. Smith, Botley Hants, England; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans Sacramento; Mr. S. A. Bowley, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wagner, Novato.

Arrivals at the Palace Hotel include Mr. R. Grierson, Captain and Mrs. A. Meares, Mr. M. Hobart, London, England; Mr. E. J. Taylor, Aberdeen, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Dominguez, San Diego; Mr. D. E. Llewellyn, Los Angeles; Dr. E. Harbert, Stockton; Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles; Mr. A. J. Weatherwax, Detroit; Mr. A. F. Haines, Mr. A. B. Galoway, Seattle; Mr. E. J. Grant, Mr. Maynard McPhier, Los Angeles; Mr. H. A. Benning, Mr. C. A. Johnson, Huntington Beach; Mr. T. B. Watson, Seattle; Mr. E. W. Hill, Spokane; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jansen, Java; Dr. Paul Henius, Copenhagen; Mr. John W. Marker, Manila; Mr. George F. Morse, Singapore.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fulton are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Old-Time Institution Passing.

Even London can not hold on to all of the best traditions and old-time institutions in the face of progress and changing conditions. To be numbered with the things that were is the well-known city chop house in Change Alley, known as Baker's (says the *Queen*), the site being required for the erection of a bank. The war had prolonged its life, but now the fiat has gone forth, and the quaint old place with its odd corners, collection of pewter pots, willow pattern plates, and other old-time objects, as well as its open grill, are swept away to make room for "modern improvements." Though not always known under the same title the house was an old one, extending back to Stuart times, and it has often figured in drawings of London. It scarcely had the reputation of others of its

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kind, as, for instance, the famous Dolly's Chop House in Queen's Head Passage, Pater-noster Row, which is said to have occupied the site of an eating house or ordinary, as it was then called, kept by no less a personage than Richard Tarlton, the well-known Elizabethan jester. The lady who gave her name to the house was, as might have been expected, a woman of some character, and her portrait, which legend had it was painted by Gainsborough, was made the sign of the house. The place was often alluded to by writers of the day, and Smollett refers to it in his well-known work, "Humphrey Clinker."

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Millie—How did Mr. Bonds get his eldest daughter off his hands? *Clarence*—By putting the man she married on his feet.—*New York Globe*.

"I don't want my boy to be fast when he grows up. What sort of training would you give him?" "Why not make him a messenger boy?"—*Baltimore American*.

Pot—Go aisy, Mike; it's three moiles we have before us. *Mike*—Sure, that's why Oi'm hurryin'; Oi want to get there before Oi'm tired out.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?" "Yessum; he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggab's gwine ter git caught at it."—*Houston Chronicle*.

Wife (with newspaper)—Just think of it! A couple got married a few days ago after a courtship which lasted fifty years. *Hub*—I suppose the poor old man was too feeble to hold out any longer.—*Dallas News*.

Creditor—How often must I climb these five flights of stairs before I get the amount that is due me? *Debtor*—Do you think I am going to rent a place on the ground floor just

to accommodate my creditors?—*Boston Transcript*.

"You say the fight was suspended. Did the defendant go home in the interim?" "No, sir; he went to the hospital in an ambulance."—*Baltimore American*.

Small Brother—Mr. Jaggs, are you a base-ball player? *Coller*—No, Willie. *Small Brother*—Then why did sis tell ma that you were such a good catch?—*Baltimore American*.

"Are you sure your voice will fill this large hall?" asked the friend. "I only hope," sadly replied the amateur singer, "that it won't empty it."—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

"I sometimes wish you'd give me a little money without my having to ask for it," said she. "I sometimes wish you'd give me the chance," said he.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I understand that Mrs. Sharp was not satisfied with her doctor's treatment." "No; so when he asked to see her tongue, she gave him a piece of it."—*Baltimore American*.

Patience—Do you know the name of that piece? *Patrice*—Do you mean the one the woman was singing or the one her accompanist was playing?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Why is your son making all that racket with the monkey-wrench?" "Preparing his thesis. He graduates next week from an automobile college."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Client—This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items in it that I don't understand at all. *Louyer*—I am perfectly willing to explain it; the explanation will cost you \$10.—*Toledo Blade*.

Wife—How do you like your new radium watch, dear? *Husband*—It would be wonderful if I did not have to light the lamp every time to find my glasses.—*New York Evening Post*.

"I wonder will Smithers always allude to his wife so lovingly as 'my own'?" "Well, she is his own. Everything else in his home he is paying for on the installment plan."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"You do not speak as you did of the gentle dove of peace." "No," said Senator Sorghum. "I no longer refer to it as 'gentle.' After what the dove of peace has gone through I regard it as a pretty tough little bird."—*Washington Star*.

"In some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her," said Mrs. Gabb, as she looked up from the

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newspaper she was reading. "Huh!" replied Mr. Gabb. "Why mention Africa especially?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

He—I never eat lobsters myself, Miss Gwace. *She*—I'd think you'd feel like a cannibal if you did.—*Baltimore American*.

Lady—Here, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you. It must be dreadful to be lame, but I think it must be worse to be blind. *Tramp*—It is, mum. When I was blind they was always handing me counterfeit quarters.—*American Legion Weekly*.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the man, with as much fierceness as

he could assume. "Well," said the young man, "I don't particularly want to, but I suppose I shall have to be if I marry your daughter."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"Money isn't everything in this life." "Try to convince the profiteers of that, will you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"And so you learned French thoroughly while over there, son?" said the proud father of the returned soldier. "Sure! I got so I could say 'Hello' and 'Good-night' and order ham and eggs, and I could ask a fellow to lend me money and tell a girl I loved her better'n anything, and that's all a fellow needs in any language."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

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VOL. LXXXV. No. 2226.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 22, 1919.

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Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

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FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President and the Reservations.

That President Wilson will carry into effect his threat to "pocket the treaty" if the Senate reservations are insisted upon is not easily believable. And if, in anger and resentment, he should do it, the recoil will be, not upon the Senate, but upon himself. The reservations are not radical or whimsical; they go to no greater length than to guarantee principles and conditions fixed in the Federal Constitution or long established by tradition or custom. They represent the judgment and the authority of the Senate, a body whose powers in such matters are drawn from the Constitution and are coördinate with the powers of the President.

The plain truth is that President Wilson has bungled this whole business and that the Senate has to a certain extent sought to protect the country against the possible consequences of his defective diplomacy. The first blunder was to treat with the enemy in the matter of the armistice. When application was made to the President he should have declined to accept the German communications and have referred those who proffered them to Marshal Foch. The second blunder was submission of the famous Fourteen Points involved with implied commitments impossible of fulfillment or even of interpretation. More serious still was the President's speech-making tour in Europe and his subsequent personal participation in the conference at Paris. We should have been represented, not by the

head of the government, but by a commission representative of our best legal and diplomatic talent. Mr. Wilson lacked alike the temperament and the training for the work of treaty-making; and he was further disqualified by his enthusiasm for sentimental and Utopian projects. In "matching minds" with the diplomats of Europe, men of practical experience and familiar with the peoples and the problems with which they had to deal, he was plainly and pitifully over-matched. In the end he was led to sign what we may characterize as a blank check upon America, calling for support in European contentions, to be given upon the judgment—or interest—of a league dominated in its organization by an alien majority.

The Senate could do nothing else than impose upon this unequal and dangerous contract limitations drawn from our Constitution and our established laws of tradition and custom. And if now, in childish spirit—in the anger of wounded vanity and of resentment—Mr. Wilson shall "pocket the treaty," the consequences will rest with him. And they will stand to his name and fame an everlasting reproach. If the President should, as he threatens, "pocket the treaty," Congress has the power by resolution to bring about the formal terminal of the war. All that it needs to do is to declare that the United States is at peace with Germany, thus confirming in terms a condition now for more than a year practically existent. "One-man power" has had in this matter of peace and war a long and unchallenged inning, but regarded as a principle and rule of national conduct it has its limits—as President Wilson may discover to his further discomfiture.

Good from Evil.

The four members of the American Legion, victims of the "red" assault upon the Armistice parade at Centralia in the State of Washington last week, did not die in vain. The circumstances of their assassination have tended to a mighty stirring of patriotic spirit throughout the country. It is not too much to say that not in half a century has the mind of America been so definitely aroused. The government, too long tolerant and even complacent under the menaces of open enmity, has set about a clearance campaign. Over four hundred incendiary agitators have been jailed and are in the way of being shipped out of the country. The House of Representatives, taking its cue from an aroused public opinion, has denied to Victor Berger, a notorious Socialist and German sympathizer in the late war, a seat to which he had been elected from Wisconsin. Throughout the country civic, social, semi-military, and other societies and associations—organized labor conspicuously excepted—have put forth formal statements in condemnation of the Centralia outrage and of the political and social theories of its inspiration. Officials state and national, members of Congress, and others in political life, commonly reserved to the degree of cowardice in respect of matters where votes are trumps, have found courage to speak indignant minds. Summed up, the Centralia incident has served to redefine and confirm the foundation principles of our system and to bring to them a species of patriotic rededication of the public mind.

Vastly to be regretted is the fact that following the assassination of the four Legionaries at Centralia the infuriated crowd so far yielded to its passions as to seize a "red" sympathizer and summarily dispatch him. But even this act of violence was turned to the moral side of the account by the act of the Legionaries, who promptly gave support to the lawful authorities in protecting from violence a group of arrested suspects. The history of the country does not afford a finer illustration of patriotic and humane poise. The spirit of self-control thus admirably exercised under the severest provocation is a fine reflection of the training and dis-

cipline of our recent experience in war. The angry and unrestrained crowd at Centralia lost its head, forgot its obligations to sovereign law, and in its frenzy committed an outrage only second in atrocity to the act which inspired its rage. The Legionaries, though under special motives of grief and resentment, held to the line of subordination to the law and of obligation to duty.

We have only to study the record of recent years in the Southern states to discover the mischiefs which inevitably flow from a disregarding and contemptuous attitude of the public mind toward sovereign law. Throughout the South, and more particularly in the regions where the black population outnumbers the white, certain very gross forms of crime are habitually subject to mob violence. Scarcely a week passes without additions to the lurid record of blood reprisals. The practice in the more densely black belt tends to increase and to extend itself to wider regions. It tends, furthermore, to less assurance as to the identity of persons accused, and to more cruel methods of execution. And with it all there is in the Southern region a progressive contempt of law with a progressive moral deterioration. No community, no country, can cast restraint to the winds, flout its established ordinances, permit the mob to become a law unto itself without loss of qualities essential to a sound social organization.

Very important and very timely is the revival of patriotic spirit brought about by the Centralia incident. A time had come when there seemed to be a question as to whether or not our people had lost the essential virtue of patriotism. We now know that the spirit of the American people when aroused is all that it ever was. What is now needed is translation of that spirit into our politics. Much will be gained if in respect of the freshly inspired mind there shall come to our citizenship in general, and to our political leadership in particular, a revived sense of moral obligation and a larger measure of patriotic courage.

An Immediate Need.

If it be true that the law evoked by the Administration to smash the coal miners' strike is merely a temporary statute and that it will cease to be effective with the formal ending of the war, then there is an immediate need which it is the business of Congress to supply. Break-down in coal supply, paralysis of transportation or of any one of several great lines of public service, would be as calamitous as foreign invasion or universal pestilence. That under the threat of paralyzing a vital public service the government should be helpless—impotent to save the country from disaster—is unthinkable. It would give to the masters of unionistic or other organized groups opportunity and power to enforce exactions, just or otherwise, under penalties of fatal import; and the coal miners' strike illustrates the length to which selfishness and greed under organization and sinister leadership may go. At the same time it illustrates the need of meeting the spirit of aggressive selfishness with the THOU SHALT NOT of definite and authoritative law.

In view of the spirit which now obtains widely in the industrial sphere it is not safe to leave the country for a single day without the protection of specific laws. If such laws have not been needed in times past it is because in times past there has been nobody to challenge the authority of the government, nobody to assert and seek to enforce powers in contempt of the government. It is because there has arisen in the country a new force of class organization grown arrogant under the theory that might makes right, that it now becomes necessary to protect by formal laws that which has hitherto been held secure under the restraints of patriotic respect and humane feeling.

No other business before Congress can be more im-

portant than that of defining ways and means under which the government, without question as to its authority, may meet aggression with whatever powers may be necessary to rebuke and overcome it. The matter is not one which may safely be postponed. Neither the pretensions nor the purposes of radicalism have been altered by defeat in the matter of the coal miners' strike. Failure has rather intensified than diminished the passions which animate the Fitzpatricks, the Lewises, the Fosters. Mr. Gompers, for all his pretensions of conservatism and moderation, has practically gone over to the radicals. The Administration has assumed a strong attitude; its commitments are on the side of law and order and for the protection of the public welfare. It should have the backing, not merely of a sound cause and of plain duty, but of definite law—of a law, not borrowed from another occasion and another purpose, but a law enacted for the specific end of putting into the hands of authority the power to safeguard the public interest against any form of destructive assault.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Palmer.

On his own initiative and to clear up the situation from the party standpoint Mr. Homer Cummings, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, last week interrogated each of the five physicians who have been attending the President as to his physical condition and prospects. The five, so Cummings has informed his colleagues of the committee, were unanimous in the opinion that it will be physically impossible for Mr. Wilson ever to be sufficiently active in affairs to assume the rôle of candidate. For him to go into another campaign would be to subject himself to a nervous strain practically suicidal. Mr. Cummings' conclusion eliminates Mr. Wilson from further consideration in connection with the party nomination in 1920.

It is the common belief at Washington that the President is entirely conscious of the situation and that he has abandoned the idea of a political career beyond the date of his retirement from the presidency in March, 1921. That he has made no announcement to this effect is interpreted as reflecting his purpose to hold fast to such powers as he may continue for the time to employ in party affairs. A President in office under the possibility of succeeding himself has a portentous grip upon the party machinery. Mr. Wilson, whose love of power is well known, is the last man in the world to strip himself of an authority which may continue his command of the party councils.

Recent events, in conjunction with the President's illness, have tended to bring Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer to the fore as a presidential possibility. In the recent coal crisis Mr. Palmer has practically exercised the powers of the presidential office. He is presumed to be the author, in collaboration with his associates in the cabinet, of the "Statement" of two weeks ago put forth by authority of President Wilson, defining the attitude of the Administration in the matter of the coal miners' strike. He has further exercised an energetic initiative in the matter of rounding up for deportation some hundreds of red radicals, anarchists, and I. W. W. incendiaries. These activities and successes taken together have established him before the country as an energetic and courageous personality.

To the present situation, however, there is a cynical angle. How comes it that Palmer, who for many months has been a ready agent of the Administration in its supine attitude toward radicalism, has all of a sudden girded himself in shining armor and gone forth as the champion of law and order? Why did not Mr. Palmer months ago take the action which has now so suddenly brought him into notice and to fame? The law was then precisely what it is now; he had the same information then that he had before the round-up of last week. Hearings before the Bolshevik investigating committee of the Senate last winter showed who the incendiaries were and where they were to be found. The need of enforcement of the law was as marked half a year ago as it is now. The answer is that only now has the Administration been brought to the point of abandoning the policy of compromise, conciliation, and concession and to present a bold front against a great iniquity and a great menace. President Wilson may be a very sick man, but evidently he has his political wits about him, as the changed attitude of the Administration, and above all the Coolidge telegram, abundantly shows. What-

ever he may have lost in illness, he still has the ability to turn about-face faster than anybody who has ever before sat in the presidential chair. Mr. Palmer may be the arm of the administrative change of front, but the Coolidge telegram is of itself sufficient demonstration that the new policy is the President's own.

The Presidential Succession.

The Constitution bestows the powers of the President upon the Vice-President in the event of death or "disability." At the death of the President the Vice-President automatically becomes President; but there is no prescription of means by which disability is to be established, no defined procedure for transfer of the powers of the President, disabled but still alive, to the Vice-President. Under the suggestion of President Wilson's illness, now happily yielding to physical and mental rest, Mr. Clark, late Speaker of the House, has been giving the matter serious study, and incidentally he has discovered that there are several other possible situations in the matter of the presidential succession which might prove embarrassing. The country, Mr. Clark declares, would be in an awkward mess if a successful presidential candidate should die between election day and the day of inauguration. He points out that:

1. The election of presidential electors is held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.
2. The Electoral Colleges of the forty-eight states meet at their state capitals to cast their votes on the second Wednesday in December.
3. The two houses of Congress count the vote of the electors on the third Wednesday in February.

Now suppose a successful candidate should die before the electors meet in December? How would the electors determine who to vote for? After the state electors have cast their ballot their power expires. If the successful candidate should die after the electors have formally voted for him there is no authority to be found anywhere that can call them together again. Congress, when it meets in February, has no right to change the names on the ballots in such a contingency.

Suppose that after Congress has formally canvassed the vote in February the President-elect should die before inauguration in March? The Constitution provides for no power that could reconvene the Electoral College, or Congress for that purpose, if it should have adjourned.

Mr. Clark suggests a remedy. It is that in any one of the contingencies the governors of the states be given power to reconvene the electors for a further ballot, or that the Secretary of State be authorized to call another joint meeting of Congress to take consideration of the matter. Mr. Clark proposes to introduce a resolution shortly that will bring about a discussion of this whole matter by Congress and result, he hopes, in supplying a definite procedure for all contingencies. Mr. Clark is preparing bills embodying his own ideas for the consideration of Congress.

Another curious fact in connection with this general subject is that there is no provision for notifying the successful presidential candidate of his election. Nominees of national party conventions are always notified in a formal and impressive manner, but there is no such ceremony for the President-elect. He is supposed to "get wind" of it in one way or another and to be on hand for inauguration at the appointed date and place.

Characteristic Dishonesty.

The attempt of certain labor leaders, including Mr. Gompers, to make it appear that the coal miners of the country have been forced or directed into an "involuntary servitude" is cheaply dishonest. It is nothing more or less than a play upon the ignorance and the prejudice of the coal miners and their sympathizers. The processes of injunction in this case, instigated by the Department of Justice and issued by Judge Anderson, touch not at all upon the individual miner, either upon his right to work or to refrain from working. In it all there is no command to the individual miner, no attempt to exercise upon him, directly or otherwise, the forces of compulsion or of restraint. There has not been in connection with this whole controversy one moment in which the individual miner was not free to go to work or to quit work at his pleasure.

What the government has sought to enforce—and in fact has enforced—is a rule of "bands off" on the part

of labor leaders who never by any chance work with their hands. Your Fitzpatricks, your Lewises, your Fosters, your Gomperses, whatever they may have been in time past, are not now working men. They are whippers-in, directors, taxers, and tax-eaters who have imposed themselves upon labor. What the government did was to say to these parasitic masters of labor that they must not conspire to paralyze the coal-mining service or to give direction and counsel to men on strike. Further they have been enjoined from using funds in their hands to support men on strike. The fact sought, and the fact attained, was to leave the coal miners—the men who actually worked the mines—free to work or to quit work at their own will, uninfluenced and unsupported by professional masters of labor.

Attempts to characterize this action as an enforcement of involuntary servitude, as a species of enslavement of labor, is nothing more nor less than gross dishonesty supported by false interpretations and urged with sinister intent upon credulity and prejudice.

Editorial Notes.

A sweetly inspired development of the time is a "movement" to free one of the McNamara brothers under the parole system. It makes instant appeal to our finer sensibilities. All that McNamara did was to blow up the Los Angeles Times office some seven or eight years ago and, incidentally, kill twenty-two men at work therein. It appears to have been a trivial matter. Furthermore, McNamara's victims had brought their fate upon themselves, since, forsooth, they were earning their living and the support of their families in defiance of the orders of organized labor. What right had they to work and live, independent of the rules of the union and of the orders of the walking delegate? In "removing" these recalcitrants the McNamaras were merely serving the purpose of an organization whose mission it is to safeguard the interest, the honor, and the dignity of labor. The method of the Times assassination was in keeping with its noble motive. Explosives were placed and fuses laid, and the thing touched off—from a safe distance—with a neatness unparalleled in a job of such magnitude. By all means, let McNamara be restored to liberty—to the enjoyment of the distinction which his high-deed merits. Besides, now that bombing of lookers-on and murder of paraders is the order of the day wherever there is a patriotic demonstration, there is need of "direct actionists." Mooney is where he may not serve the good cause, so by all means let us have McNamara on the job again.

We are not without hope that our new prosecuting attorney, Mr. Brady, may be able to free Tom Mooney, whose expert capabilities would just now be a tremendous aid to the cause. Men able to lay out good jobs and then sick on others in the dangerous part of the business—themselves remaining safe in the background—are none too numerous. There is just now, under the revival of patriotic spirit in the country as an after-clap of the Centralia business, serious need of ready, firm, and experienced hands. The good cause must be kept alive, and Mooney, released and exhilarated, would be an invaluable aid in the noble work of killing off obstructionists and weak-kneed backsliders. Furthermore, release of Mooney, more particularly if it should come in conjunction with the restoration of McNamara, would tend mightily to sustain morale in the business of assassination, incendiarism, and sabotage. The blood of the martyrs, we are told, was in other days the seed of the church. But times have altered; it is not the blood of our modern martyrs, but their triumphant victory over the law, that will give vigor and momentum to the movement for which our McNamaras and our Mooneys stand.

Mr. Brady has sure made a good beginning; and from the mental and moral pose he has assumed much may be expected. His release of sixteen malefactors the day following election, in the spirit of personal gratitude, showed a delicate sense of the propriety of things. This gracious act, besides directly calculated to put the new prosecutor into immediate relations with the criminal class, has inspired high hopes for the future. Our McNamaras, Mooneys, Billingses—not to mention the ordinary run of murderers, burglars, hold-up artists, sneak thieves, prostitutes, pimps, and other champions of freedom and virtue—are able to

hold their heads higher and breathe freer in confidence of friendship where friendship may count and ultimately be repaid at the ballot-box.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From an Indignant Citizen.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 18, 1919.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Regarding our municipal, official, recognition of De Valera, allow me to suggest a parallel. In Hawaii, which on the principle of self-determination could never have become American, because a majority of her people wanted independence, there are still plenty of intelligent Hawaiians who would set up an independent republic—if they could. Also, there is a controlling majority of the male population who would like to annex the islands to Japan—I mean controlling in numbers and in physical power if United States forces withdrew. But Americans realize that a Japanese Hawaii, or an independent Hawaiian Hawaii, is too great a practical danger to our own country to be considered. Suppose a hand of Hawaiians should organize a Hawaiian Republic; or, under the self-determination doctrine, the Japanese should elect a governor of their own and claim that they, being a majority, own the country; and suppose that the Hawaiians should send a President, or the Japanese a governor, to Japan, to stir in that nation the support of its people for rebellion in Hawaii against America; and suppose the head of the Tokyo city government, officially, recognized these rebels against our government? I wonder if America would be as patient as Britain is now. I fear not, and I know full well that those who are working, mainly with the aid of the Irish, to bring about the horror of war between America and England—with Japan used as a cause of animosity partly because she has an alliance with England—would declare such action by official Tokyo a *casus belli*.

There was a small vote in the recent local election. For thousands of citizens had given up the problem of how to cast an intelligent vote—it can not be done. If we are to vote on our local affairs, on bond issues, on taxes, on public improvements, on local ordinances, on everything that concerns our daily life, according to our views of an internal problem of the British Empire—that of Ireland—what is the use of voting at all? As long as candidates appear to agree that they have no chance without the "Irish vote" it is of no use to try for intelligent consideration of our own local problems. So, many real Americans stay away from the polls. They don't care to vote on issues that are Irish. The curse of American politics, municipal and other, for more than a generation, has been the Irish vote—more solidly ruled by an alien land than even the German vote was, the Irish vote is a worse plague today than ever it was. In the body politic of the United States the Irish are quite as unassimilable as the Japanese—they are always Irish first and Americans, if it suits, next.

CITIZEN.

A Point Well Taken.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1919.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Colonel Weinstock's letter has given me the inspiration to ask a pertinent question regarding the recognition of the Irish Republic. If American people honor and sympathized with people who have fought for their freedom—political and religious—why not recognize those peoples who have been successful in securing it? Have no fear that I refer to the Bolsheviks. No, it is the law-abiding Scotchman, Canadian, Australian, etc., I have in mind. Everywhere in American papers and magazines I read about the "English" government and the "English" army and navy, and a man standing beside me on the ferryboat points to the "English" flag. I am a Celt, but not one of those afflicted with Anglophobia. I merely wish to mention that to my knowledge I have never heard an Englishman refer to the "English" government—not even in London. And one does not find any prominent London paper substituting the adjective "English" for "British."

This error is peculiar to foreigners, and partly excusable because their vocabularies offer them no choice. But for American people who speak our language and know our history—the creation of the British kingdom and the Canadian dominion—to habitually make this mistake and thereby perpetuate the idea that the British government is the exclusive possession of one race of people is wholly unjust. And as for the reference to the "colonies," it would be insulting if not so utterly absurd to suggest that our great self-governing dominions are still pioneer settlements.

The frequent and unhesitating reference to the "freedom" of Ireland is, if I mistake not, an agony to many a self-respecting Irishman, as it is an unpardonable insult to the other races under the British government, including the English people. And as to the Scotch—a race quite as distinct as the Irish and of whom Froude said, "except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history"—why obliterate their noble record and their existing political independence by refusing to apply the word "British" where it belongs? One would suppose there were no Scotchmen anywhere but in Ulster, Ireland; yet surely a race who next to the English have given more premiers and statesmen to Great Britain and Canada and more Presidents to the United States than any other are worthy of recognition. It is not always the man or the nation who does the most kicking who is the most independent in spirit.

THRISTLE.

A legal historian of England states that "the chancellor was at first a humble personage. He resided in the royal palace and had a daily allowance of five shillings, a sinner, two seasoned sinners, one sextary of clear wine and one sextary of household wine. Under Henry II this money allowance was made only if he dined out; if he dined at home he got three-and-sixpence." Yet the position increased so in dignity that Lord Brougham complained bitterly of the state he was compelled to keep. Giving evidence before a committee appointed in 1831 to effect economies in official salaries, Brougham said his ministerial colleagues obliged him to change his mode of living on becoming chancellor. In deference to them he had moved to a large house in Berkeley Square and set up two chariots and two coaches instead of the one chariot which formerly sufficed him.

In Japan hissing means delight and usually signifies a greeting; in West Africa it denotes astonishment; in the New Hebrides it is evoked by anything beautiful; with the Basutos it is a sign of cordial agreement.

VICTOR BERGER LEAVES THE STAGE.

The House of Representatives was well advised in declining to bring any specific charges against Victor L. Berger. Specific charges were not needed. They might have led to an interminable wrangle as to facts, and to all the technicalities of the law courts. The House of Representatives is supreme in matters relating to its own membership. Like any social club, it may exclude an applicant on the simple ground that it does not like him. It need not say why it does not like him, nor need it prove that he has offended in any respect whatsoever. For these reasons the House contented itself with the resolution:

That under the facts and circumstances of this case Victor L. Berger is not entitled to take the oath of office as a representative in this House for the Fifth Congressional District of the State of Wisconsin, or to hold a seat therein as such representative.

This resolution was passed on Monday, November 10th, after a debate of many hours and after a long defensive speech by Mr. Berger himself. Three hundred and eleven members voted for it. One member voted against it. One hundred and nineteen members abstained from voting. It would be interesting to know why they abstained. Perhaps their constituents will ask them.

The resolution brought no specific charge against Mr. Berger, but it was sustained by charges of the most definite kind. The resolution was moved by Mr. Dallinger of Massachusetts, who reminded the House that Mr. Berger is now under sentence of twenty years' imprisonment for violation of the espionage law, that his case had been fully considered by a House committee that had given to Mr. Berger a full and complete and impartial hearing, that the committee had made its report, and that the House must now act upon that report.

Mr. Dallinger wished it to be understood that the contemplated action of the House was not due to the fact that Mr. Berger was a Socialist. Any man had the right to be a Socialist. It was not due to the fact that he disapproved of the war. Any man had a right to do that. The German and English Socialists had disapproved of the war, but when war came they had sustained their nations. There were other American Socialists who had disapproved of the war, but they had been Americans first and Socialists afterwards. John Spargo, for example, had tried to persuade the Socialist convention to pass a resolution to the effect that:

Now that the war is an accomplished fact, for the reason stated we hold that it is our Socialist duty to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to enable our nation and its allies to win the war as speedily as possible.

That resolution had been voted down at the instigation of Mr. Berger, who had left no stone unturned to prevent the war—which he had a right to do—and to make its conduct impossible, which he had no right to do. His platform proclaimed:

We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world. They (the people) have been plunged into this war by the trickery and treachery of the ruling class of the country through its representatives in the national administration and national Congress.

There were innumerable facts of a like kind. Why should Mr. Berger wish to associate with men guilty of "trickery and treachery"? Why should he complain if the men thus charged should decline to associate with him? The *American Socialist* of April 14, 1917, for which Mr. Berger was responsible, had spoken of women who had used their influence to persuade young men to enlist. It had said:

Women soliciting for such a purpose are only a step higher than women who solicit for the sale of their bodies; and, in fact, the latter deserve only deepest compassion while the former are entitled only to contempt. Such women are unworthy of their sex.

There was another abominable article brought to the attention of the House by Mr. Luhring of Indiana. It was written by Mr. Irwin St. John Tucker and published in the *Milwaukee Leader* with the approval of Mr. Berger, who said that it was most brilliantly written. Here is a choice specimen:

Into your homes the recruiting officers are coming. They will take your sons of military age and thrust them into the army. Stand them up in long rows, break them into squads and platoons, teach them to deploy and wheel; guns will be put in their hands; they will be taught, not to think, but to obey without questioning. Then they will be shipped through the submarine zone by the hundreds of thousands to the bloody quagmire of Europe. Into that seething, heaving, swamp of torn flesh and floating entrails they will be plunged, in regiments, divisions, and armies, screaming as they go.

Mr. Luhring brought forth the further fact that Mr. Berger had contributed to the *I. W. W.* and that he had written a letter saying, "I admire the magnificent class spirit of the *I. W. W.*" Certainly it is strange how pro-Germanism, pacifism, and anarchism go hand in hand. We think we are dealing with a poor, deluded, weak-minded pacifist, and we make allowances for his congenital deficiencies. Or we charitably discount his pro-Germanism on the ground of natal influences. But we have only to scratch a little deeper and we shall find anarchism also. They are alternative costumes, to be assumed as occasion may dictate. Mr. Berger is a pacifist or a pro-German, according to the needs of the moment and the particular brand of imbecility with which he is dealing. But underneath both of them we find the red revolutionist, the anarchist,

the Bolshevik. Here is what Mr. Berger says over his own signature while playing the third of his usual rôles:

In view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day, it is easy to predict that the safety and hope of this country will finally be in one direction only, that of a violent and bloody revolution. I predict that a large part of the capital class will be wiped out for much smaller things than the settling of the great social questions; that before any settlement is possible most of the plutocratic class, together with the politicians, will have to disappear as completely as the feudal lords and their retinue disappeared during the French Revolution. That can not be done by the ballot. And in order to be prepared for all emergencies, Socialists and working men should make it their duty to have rifles and the necessary rounds of ammunition at their homes and be prepared to back up their ballots with their bullets if necessary.

It seems that Mr. Berger's pacifism is applicable only to wars against Germany. It goes into his pocket when it comes to civil war, to a war of Americans against Americans. And yet there were 119 members of the House of Representatives who had no opinion to express by their votes as to Mr. Berger's qualifications for a seat in their midst.

And what about the Fifth Congressional District of the State of Wisconsin, which elected Mr. Berger with a full knowledge of his pacifism, his pro-Germanism, and his Bolshevism? Is it ashamed of itself? Penitent? Not at all. Mr. Dallinger informed the House that he had been visited by Mr. Berger's counsel, who had notified him that the State of Wisconsin was supreme in the matter and that the House must accept its choice. "But," asked Mr. Dallinger, "suppose that a man had actually taken arms against the United States and had actually taken part in killing soldiers of this country and officials of this government, and later on, having escaped, returned to this country and was elected by a constituency and asked admission to this House, is it your contention that this House could not exclude him?" "Yes," was the reply, "that is just what I mean." And so it may be suggested with all diffidence that when the House decided to exclude Mr. Berger it had done only half of its proper work. It should now proceed to disfranchise the Fifth Congressional District of the State of Wisconsin for some suitable number of years. If its electors prefer bullets to ballots, as seems to be the case, the House might at least meet its wishes half way by depriving it of ballots. Mr. Dallinger dealt with the constitutional point of view in a few well-chosen sentences:

The men who framed our Constitution in 1787 never had the faintest idea that any constituency in this country would deliberately and intentionally choose as a representative in the Congress of the United States a man who, when the country was at war, fighting for its existence—because counsel for Mr. Berger admitted before our committee that he believed that if England and France had been annihilated our turn would have come next—I say, if they had had any idea that any constituency would choose a man who had done everything he could to destroy the government, they would undoubtedly have placed a direct provision in the Constitution making such a thing impossible.

The State of Wisconsin, or an integral part of it, has placed itself upon record as preferring a German, a pacifist, and an anarchist as its representative in Congress. Let us hasten to agree that Wisconsin is indeed represented by its representative.

Mr. Berger was rightly allowed a very considerable latitude in his defense. He profited to the full by the absence of definite charges. He roamed up and down the world and to and fro in it. Wherever he found a glass window he deftly threw a stone at it. He felt that he had a roving commission to do as he pleased, since he knew well, and said he knew, that he could not change the decision that was pending. It is not easy to see what Mr. Berger was trying to prove, if indeed he was trying to prove anything. Certainly he could not have expected to remove the dislike in which he was held, seeing that he dealt almost exclusively in blisters and burns. He showed that the cost of the war had been enormously greater than had been expected, or than the public was aware of. He showed that the casualty lists had been deplorably large and that the profiteers had profited. He talked about the increase in the cost of living, the submergence of popular liberties, the growth of imperialism. Of course it was all quite irrelevant. Mr. Berger, being a materialist, failed to understand that if the cost of the war had been a hundred times what it was it would still have been cheap, that neither human lives nor money would have had any value at all, would have been in any way worth saving, if his German friends had won the war. One does not expect him to understand such matters. He is not cerebrally equipped.

Now and then Mr. Berger deviated into offensiveness, and perhaps it is hardly fair to blame him for it. He had to change his rôle so often and so quickly. Sometimes he was the German, sometimes the pacifist, sometimes the anarchist. He read his speech, and doubtless it will be published. He was talking, not to the House, but to the camps of his friends. Thus we find him making a bid for the reds when he said:

We are so far in America that the regular army is being used to disperse peaceful assemblages of steel strikers at Gary, Indiana, and that the Cossacks of the Steel Trust are riding down and terrorizing the steel strikers in Pennsylvania, because they might interfere with the immense profits of the Steel Trust. America has taken the place of Czarist Russia, not only in the war, but even after the war.

But why should Mr. Berger complain? Had he not himself recommended the workmen to arm themselves with rifles and ammunition because their ballots were of no value to them? Or are we to understand that

is only the workmen who should be armed, that they alone may imitate Cossacks, that only their leaders may be czars? Mr. Berger, the German, is pacifist. He shudders at the very thought of bloodshed. As Bolshevik he is militant and screams for gore. But it is only German blood that is sacrosanct, that must not be spilled. When it comes to Americans, he predicts "a violent and a bloody revolution."

Mr. Berger is a clever man, undeniably clever. He had been officially accused of nothing except, by inference, of being an unpleasant person with whom the House did not wish to associate. Therefore he assumed that he was accused of all sorts of things. Had he expressed himself as being friendly toward Germany? Well, what of it? Did not the President himself telegraph to the German Emperor on January 27, 1915:

In behalf of the government and people of the United States I have the pleasure to extend to your majesty cordial felicitations on the anniversary of your birth, as well as my own good wishes for your welfare.

And this in the face of Belgian atrocities. And after the war was a year old did not the President again telegraph to the German government:

Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the imperial government in matters of international right . . . Having learned to recognize German views and German influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged on the side of justice and humanity. . . .

On May 5, 1916, the President had said that the people of America "have nothing to do with the present quarrel." Was that not exactly what Mr. Berger had said? Did not the President say on December 18, 1916, that the objects of the belligerents "are virtually the same"? Had he not threatened the nation with embroilment if they voted the Republican ticket? Had he not been elected on the plea that he had kept us out of war? What was the difference between the President and Mr. Berger himself except that the President's utterances were made before American participation and Mr. Berger's were made afterwards?

Then again Mr. Berger had been accused of saying that the war was not fought for ideals, but for money. Certainly it had not been fought for democracy, said Mr. Berger, seeing that as a result of the war democracy had almost disappeared. He himself had been convicted under the espionage act, but as a matter of fact not a single citizen had been convicted of trying to find out military secrets, although citizens had been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for remarks made in private conversations.

The Postmaster-General had made it a crime to say that the war was one of commercial rivalry. Mr. Berger had said it himself, and it had been counted against him. But the President had said this, and even after the war was over. Speaking at the St. Louis Coliseum on September 5, 1919, he had said:

The real reason that the war we have just finished took place was that Germany was afraid that her commercial rivals were going to get the better of her, and the reason why some nations went into the war against Germany was that they were afraid that Germany would get the commercial advantage of them.

And again on the same date at St. Louis he had said:

This war was a commercial and industrial war. It was not a political war.

Mr. Berger had been sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for saying these very things—at least so he pretended. Was it a crime, he asked, to tell the truth before Mr. Woodrow Wilson permitted it to be told?

I believe that a verdict like the one rendered in Landis' court in Chicago—and a sentence like his—would have been impossible under the Czar in Russia or under the Kaiser in Germany.

That, of course, is true. In Germany or in Russia Mr. Berger would have been tried by court-martial and shot forthwith. And he knows it. He would have been shot for his treason. He would have been shot for his pacifism. He would have been shot for his anarchism. Any one count would have been enough. Mr. Berger went on to say that in Germany or Russia he would not have been imprisoned for twenty minutes. That, also, is true. He would have been shot in ten minutes.

And so Mr. Berger had his day in court. He said proudly that Wisconsin would reelect him if it had a chance, that he was the "true choice" of that electorate. Once more we are disposed to agree with Mr. Berger, regretfully and ashamedly. But we should still like to know why 119 members of the House of Representatives found it expedient to abstain from voting on a resolution that "under the facts and circumstances" Mr. Berger was not entitled to take his seat.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 19, 1919.

Asbestos has been known for many centuries. Many of the peoples of ancient times used it, and it was sometimes wrought into soft and flexible cloth, which was used as a shroud for the dead. There are many varieties, and a large number of common and descriptive names have been applied to these varieties. Ligniform asbestos, popularly called "mountain wood," is a variety presenting an irregular filamentous structure like wood. Other varieties are popularly called rock cork, mountain leather, fossil paper, and fossil flax.

LONDON UNDER PEACE CONDITIONS.

Miss Heyneman Writes of Her Return to London and What She Found There.

LONDON, October 25, 1919.

After nearly five months holiday in America—joyous months spent in breaking every good rule of "plain living" painfully acquired during the war—the mere arrival in Liverpool is enough to remind us, with a rude jolt, that though the war is long over—here in England, at any rate—the resultant restrictions and privations are not.

The Irish coast had welcome us with sunshine; sea and sky of deep Mediterranean blue; but the enthusiasm of arrival was dampened in the approach to Liverpool by blustering winds, rough seas, and a downpour of positively glacial rain. The failure of another ocean steamer to leave on schedule time kept us for hours shivering in midstream, while the tender, wallowing alongside, strained like an impatient steed towards the shore. Again I have to record that those of us who had learned a kind of brazen hardihood under the most adverse conditions during the last five grim years showed the universal after-war slump in fortitude, and were vociferous in complaints at the weather, the delays, the passport intricacies, the deficient landing facilities, even joining in chorus in an appeal to high heaven to know why the boat train had no diner! At the hurried meal served at noon on the *Celtic* just before landing we had failed to do sufficient justice to the unlimited steak and onions, butter, sugar, and good things galore prosperous, well-fed America had accustomed us to take for granted.

Distracted hours were spent after landing chasing our lost, strayed, or stolen luggage, or hanging over the moving staircase on which, in solemn procession, with a majestic effect of leisure, at least three trunks at a time appeared, with the maximum of noise and the minimum of speed, from out of the black depths below, but the cup of our resentment overflowed when we were all seated at last in the special train and discovered that even old-time tea or dinner baskets were out of the question. By the breathless effort of a perspiring porter we did finally acquire refreshments in the shape of a small, square, pasteboard box (price one shilling and sixpence) containing four transparent slices of dry bread enfolding a bit of equally dry ham, a forbidding object referred to in print on the cover as a fish cutlet, a clammy tart with a button of jam in the centre, and the smallest, sourest apple any one ever put protesting teeth into. Fortified by this repast, we finally reached Euston at 10:30, to be greeted by an incredibly magnified edition of the usual station uproar and confusion. So much for first impressions.

To the superficial observer London presents an unchanged front. The color of the crowds has merely reverted from khaki to black. Signs and posters, exhorting, pleading, threatening—so new and so potent an element in the education of the masses—have almost disappeared. Many of the buildings loaned for charitable purposes are in process of renovation. Carpenters and painters must be among the most fortunate demobilized men. In every district there are houses hidden by scaffolding or shining in all the unfamiliar glory of fresh paint. The Stars and Stripes are less evident than at any time since 1914; they are missing from many notable mansions once converted into emergency hospitals. Victoria station and its immediate environs are no longer sacred to the "Doughboy" and his multifarious activities. Our Belgian friends, soldiers and civilians, are equally conspicuous by their absence.

In spite, however, of the removal of a few millions, more or less, the streets, trams, and trains, the theatres, restaurants, and hotels are crowded to their utmost capacity. Evidently there is an epidemic of overcrowding prevalent in the whole world. Flats or small houses are practically unobtainable; it is difficult to accomplish removals or to store furniture. Daily the papers bring harrowing tales of unfortunates served with writs who plead before the courts that they can not obtain shelter of any description. What is true of London is no less true of other large industrial centres in England, France, and Italy.

Road traffic is tremendous, and locomotion is made more difficult by the fact that long delayed repairs have been begun, and streets are torn up in every direction—main thoroughfares for the most part—so that narrow and tortuous side streets present the only alternative alike to the wary chauffeur, the heavy lumbering horsevan, or the unwary, undesired pedestrian.

The parks begin to show a little of the effect of the return of the gardeners from the front, but temporary war structures still mar and obstruct their sylvan beauty. The air force has its busy and ugly headquarters in the very heart of lovely Regent's Park; and the Washington Inn, empty and desolate, sits firmly and forlornly upon the one-time lovely lawns of St. James' Square.

So much for externals! Food problems, as has been hinted, still present conundrums to all but the uncorked, who may fall back upon poultry, at impossible prices, when "edible offal," as it is known to the food controller, fails them. Rationing during the summer has not been strictly enforced, but on the first day of

October ration books became compulsory. Sugar, butter, and meat are reduced to war rations. Milk at 11 pence (22 cents) a quart is the subject of much controversy. Desperate people, determined not to pay extortionate demands, have been driven in self-defense to the use of condensed milk, and the situation shows at present the extraordinary anomaly of an immense surplus which people refuse to buy at the price permitted by the ministry.

Long under-feeding makes for an amazing abstemiousness. The enforcement of self-denial during the war has made frugality the rule, and I have heard no complaints even of the shortage of coal in this first hard frost of the season. New arrivals, however, lament openly, and go about seeking hungrily what they may devour. Since my arrival a week ago I have not seen nor tasted butter, and with American abundance all too fresh in my memory I regard the universal use of that detestable substitute, bad margarine, with secret aversion and dismay.

There is a distinct improvement in manners. The telephone girl is positively mellifluous. The shop clerks begin to smile upon a modest purchase or express an inability "to oblige" with some return to previous standards of civility. The taxi driver is no longer contemptuously oblivious, and the conductor in the "two-penny tube" (long a misnomer) is far less explosively harassed. But discomfort and inconvenience are the rule, and not the exception. *Arise au lecteur*, and especially to the would-be traveler. What the conditions will be when the tide of travel is no longer dammed by passport and other difficulties one shudders to contemplate.

In the splendid autumn sunshine there is an air of cheerfulness and bustle, even of gaiety. There is an immense revulsion from war sadness; a wholly natural and irrepressible desire for amusement. The jazz band is as ubiquitous as at home. Apparently youth elects to dance to the same discords the world over.

Beneath the surface, however, there is a tangible depression, an accent of weariness and disillusion. This reluctant pessimism finds a vent in sharp criticism of existing conditions, the government, labor, the burden of taxation—bearing so heavily on small incomes as well as on the investment of capital—the lack of harmony and cordial coöperation in foreign relations, all these are the topics of everyday discussion in the press, the pulpit, the drawing-room, and at every dinner-table.

Is this, people are asking themselves, the era for which we have all longed, for which we have endured and suffered, surrendering our loved ones and our dearest privileges and liberties, in anguish and tears? It is with a kind of stupefaction that they note that it is an era of international suspicions, of carping criticism, of petty jealousies, of fierce industrial rancors, of violence and crime.

Was the serenity of service, the self-denial, the calm fortitude in peril, the cheerful devotion "to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow" only possible in war-time?

Common sense insists that the present manifestations are all incidental, the foam on the top of storm-driven breakers, the chaos and disorder inevitable after any tremendous upheaval. JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN.

A mining plant that produces both coal and sand is located in Ohio. It covers about 150 acres. The surface stratum is high-grade moulding sand and has an average depth of about nine feet. It is deposited on a bed of shale about five feet in thickness and under this is a seam of excellent coal averaging from four to five feet. Shipments of sand already have been made to foundries throughout the country. A considerable tonnage of coal also has been mined. As the shale stratum is uncovered by the removal of the sand steam shovels will be utilized to strip the shale, thereby exposing the seam of coal, which will be mined in the open. In comparatively few localities is the coal seam sufficiently near the surface to permit of stripping. The sand is mined by steam shovel and is conveyed by mine cars to a stockhouse from which it is loaded into cars by a belt conveyor. A force of nine men can load 400 tons of sand a day.

Mr. Carnegie shared an almost unique honor with the Empress Eugénie in having a planet named after him during his lifetime. Two of the remarkable family of minor planets situated between the orbits of Jupiter and Mars were named Carnegie and Eugenia. In Mr. Carnegie's case the honor was paid him by the international committee who give the minor planets their names in recognition of his munificent gifts to American observatories and scientific research work generally. It was once suggested that he should buy the right to name the asteroids—of which there are several discovered every year—and that the money thus obtained should be used to endow research observatories in the southern hemisphere, but nothing came of the proposal.

These figures represent the number of savings bank depositors a thousand of population: Switzerland, 552; Denmark, 462; Norway, 426; Sweden, 404; Belgium, 391; France, 362; Germany, 346; England, 320; Italy, 232, and United States, 115.

THE FRANCE I KNOW.

Winifred Stephens Writes About the French and Particularly the French Women in War-Time

In spite of the admitted impossibility of impeaching a nation there has been a well-nigh universal attempt to impeach the French nation of frivolity and degeneracy. For this there have been various reasons over and above the general disposition of human nature to summarize and to accuse. Self-depreciation is a not uncommon European fault, and one that the American finds it hard to credit or to understand. The French are apt to plead guilty without even an effort to rebut the evidence. A second reason may be found in the familiarity of the traveler with Paris and his unfamiliarity with the rest of France, with the result that his dominant memories are of a hectic kind. Still a third reason is to be found in the popularity of Zola, who set forth to expose and to cure the depravities of France, only to find that his picture was accepted as of the normal and the characteristic. Mme. Adam, writing of Zola, says: "One's gorge rises as one reads his pages. Not only is he a danger for French morality, but he serves our enemies better than any of their paid agents. More than any of our authors he is read abroad, where his writings are cited to prove our degeneracy proclaimed by one of our greatest writers."

But the war has brought with it a recognition of virtues rather than of faults. Obviously enough, France was not decadent, and therefore she could not have possessed the vices from which only decay springs. "To think," writes a popular French author, "that people believed us to be, and that we believed ourselves to be, light-minded! On the contrary, we are almost too serious."

This seems to be the view taken by Winifred Stephens, who tells us of seven visits to France in war-time and who tries to forecast certain phases of French national development in the years immediately to come. It is still difficult for the English to regard the French as essentially serious:

But we English, after years of comradeship, while we admire the gallantry and heroism of our Allies still find it difficult to regard them as essentially serious. An English lawyer, settled in Canada, whom I used to think intelligent, writes to me that he found Paris "vicious and materialistic. French literature neither elevating nor instructive and much of it puerile." Then he adds a sentence which may explain, if not excuse, his error: "Out here we have French both from France and Canadian born, and there are some charming people among them; but we don't mix much. There is a difference. They are clever and tasty in many ways, but seem lacking in that vision or idealism, or whatever it is, that makes the average Anglo-Saxon strive more or less for better things."

Here persists the age-old prejudice, arising doubtless from long centuries of military warfare and commercial rivalry, proceeding also, as we shall show, from our own and from the French national temperament; and not unconnected with the intrigues of our common enemy.

The author was educated in France, and she thinks herself fortunate that she was sent, not to some fashionable Parisian pensionnat, but to Protestant Provence. An English girl was there something of a curiosity, and she, on her part, was able to realize, not only that there was such a thing as the French "family," but that it was a sacred institution, largely unknown because so inaccessible:

In this circle the young English girl heard freely discussed fundamental questions which Anglo-Saxon shyness, to call it by its most charitable name, causes to be tabooed in British drawing-rooms. Occasionally, when it was proposed to read aloud some rather advanced play, or to discuss some progressive book, the youthfulness of *Mees* might be called in question. But the touchstone was: "Have you read Shakespeare?" And her affirmative reply banished all misgivings. If *Mees* had read Shakespeare, then she might read anything, discuss anything. *Mees* refrained from explaining that her knowledge of her great national poet had been gained from the well-expurgated Clarendon Press Edition. Indeed at that time she had probably never even heard of the estimable Mr. Bowdler.

The death in the early days of the war of Charles Péguy, who founded *Les Cahiers* and who fell in the first battle of the Marne, led the author to the reflection that in France no profession has suffered more from the war than that of literature. So early as November, 1914, it was recorded that seventeen French authors had already fallen on the field of honor. By the following February there were fifty, and toward the end of the year the number was creeping up to two hundred:

How many a familiar figure has vanished from the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter, from the book-stall galleries beneath the Odéon, from the hook-boxes on those quays which now gleam so picturesquely in the moonlight with a beauty unsuspected in the glaring nights of peace. By 9 o'clock Paris streets and even the boulevards were almost deserted. But one might wander along them without fear of apaches, for they were all at the front.

"Have you ever commanded apaches?" I inquired of a French officer.

"Madame," he replied, "I have never commanded anything else."

"And how do you find them?"

"In the attack they are magnificent, but when they are resting they turn your hair gray."

The French love politics, but it is the politics of the nation, and on a large scale. Henry James said once that every French dinner party resembles a meeting of the National Convention, and this reminds the author of a luncheon that she attended in the autumn of 1917, when Clemenceau was forming his government. Her hostess was at the telephone receiving the names of

the new cabinet as they were nominated, and therefore she was able to inform several ex-ministers as they arrived who were their successors. The talk that morning was all of Clemenceau:

Ever full in the limelight, "the Tiger," as he is called, has long been one of the most picturesque figures of French life. Probably more stories have been told about him than of any other living Frenchman. One of the best relates to his early years, when he was combining with the practice of a medical man the functions of mayor of Montmartre. The double career led to some confusion. One morning, much pressed for time, M. le Maire-Docteur, rushing into his consulting-room, found two men awaiting him and took them both for patients. "While I talk to this gentleman, you, sir, may undress," said Dr. Clemenceau. The second monsieur, somewhat amazed, but hypnotized into obedience, did as he was told. It was only after a shivering quarter of an hour that he had his first chance to explain what he wanted was employment in the postoffice.

The author tells us of the great Lyons fair which, with magnificent audacity, was held in 1916. She saw two hundred German prisoners engaged in building an enormous stadium. It was one of the mayor's flashes of genius, to show the Boche that France, far from being exhausted, was preparing to amuse herself on a stupendous scale after victory:

I hardly know which interested me the most—the colossal circle of the stadium, looming like another Colosseum out of the river mist, or the camp of its constructors. The prisoners looked well and sturdy. Their rations are those of the French soldier. Responding to the word of command, when we entered the long sheds where they sleep and eat, they stood to attention, each man at the foot of his mattress. Dogged brutality was stamped on most faces, defiance on a few, but some appeared merely sheepish, while one, tall, thin, with blue eyes gazing benevolently from behind spectacles, looked the typical German professor, a veritable Teufelsdröckh. Even in captivity Germans can not exist without music, and the prisoners showed me the violins they had themselves ingeniously fashioned out of nothing but cardboard.

The author speaks warmly of the patriotism of the French priesthood, which, she tells us, has led the British government to send French ecclesiastics, among them at least two bishops and one archdeacon, to Ireland, "in order there to counteract the pro-German tendencies of the native priesthood":

That the Catholics should be eager to suck every advantage from this turn in the religious tide was perfectly natural. Not unnatural also was their tendency to exaggerate its extent. They were too prone to ascribe the wounded Poilu's eagerness to attend mass to religious zeal rather than to the inevitable desire for a break in the dull routine of hospital life. To the same religious sentiment they attributed his wearing of religious medals and symbols, to which in reality he was often attached merely because they were the gifts of his women relatives and friends.

Misinterpreting these signs, and confident that the nation was about to return to the bosom of the church, French Catholics began to give themselves airs, to assume a pontifical manner, which, so I am told by an impartial observer, reacted against them. This, combined with what was believed to be the Pope's pro-German attitude, began, about the second year of the war, to impose a check on the Catholic reaction. Today, however, there are indications that an extremely well-organized propaganda may be producing a new Catholic revival.

The comparative position of the married woman in America, France, and Germany has been briefly summed up by the current saying: In America the wife walks in front of her husband, in France at his side, in Germany behind him, but in France, says the author, there are many who would dissent from so sweeping a generalization:

To a superficial observer of French family life the wife may in all things appear her husband's equal. In domestic affairs they run in double harness to an extent unknown in this country. Have you ever, at some lower middle-class French resort, watched both parents busy on the sands fussing over their children's bath or paddle, father as well as mother taking off tiny shoes and tucking up little skirts, when the average British father would at such a moment carefully avoid his family circle?

There is no country in the world where family life is more intense than in France or where motherhood is more beautiful. Owing partly to the institution of marriages of convenience, it is in maternity that the average Frenchwoman expresses all the passion of her nature.

Alexandre Dumas (*fils*), when with no delicate pen he is about to expose the weaknesses and failings of women, announces that woman as mother is to be excepted from his criticism. He will regard woman as merely wife or courtesan. Woman as mother is too sacred for dissection.

The author devotes a chapter to the ideals of George Sand, who bitterly resented the inferiority of women, but who was none the less a staunch advocate of the family. George Sand was vividly conscious of the servile position in which Frenchwomen had been placed by the law and she championed their cause with trenchant pen:

Like every true-hearted woman she was loyal to her sex; and she grew furious when she heard it abused by her anti-feminist friend, Lamennais, who was a latter-day St. Paul. But in reality she was under no illusion with regard to woman's weaknesses and failings. "Weak and inquisitive, easy victims of caprice, agitated by whimsical fancies," is the description given of them by Porpora in "Consuela." As friends and acquaintances Mme. Sand herself always preferred men to women. But, as she points out, woman is what men have made her. Her inferiority results from man's refusal to grant her educational facilities. By education alone, she maintains, can effectually be eradicated the deplorable results of the social position to which men had relegated women.

The Frenchwoman crowned herself with glory during the war. Let England, says the author, now have a Joan of Arc's day, seeing that but for the women of France the war must have been lost:

But as the past history of France has presented a long procession of brave, patriotic women, so they have not been lacking in this war. First on the roll of honor must stand

the noble nuns of Gerbéviller. The châtelaine of Gerbéviller had established a hospital in her beautiful Louis XIV château. Over it, visible to a great distance, floated the Red Cross flag. But, as it has so often happened in this war, the standard of healing afforded no protection. During the German bombardment of the village, the château suffered first and most terribly. Its utter destruction, followed by the systematic burning of the village with petroleum and by the slaughter of thirty of its inhabitants—men, women, and children—provoked even a German officer to exclaim: "This is pure Vandalism." Throughout this frightfulness, amidst the smoking ruins, the nuns, tranquil and undismayed, directed by the valiant *Sœur Julie*, whose name has now become a household word in France, labored unceasingly, binding up wounds, carrying succor to the dying, and performing countless other deeds of mercy.

The customs of France are eminently kindly. The death of the American or English soldiers was brutally communicated to the relatives by telegram, but in France the notification was made to the mayor of the town, who deputed some sympathetic person, usually a woman volunteer, to break the news in a personal visit:

Then there were the widows. The writer of the article proudly testifies to the loyalty and devotion she discovered among the stricken recipients of her sorrowful tidings, and to tell how often, in the course of her preliminary inquiries, she heard the expression: "What a pity! They were such a united couple!" And where, as among the poor, there is little privacy, where everything is known such testimony may be trusted. "There are far more united couples among our people than is often thought," she remarks. "There is more sexual morality among the populace of Paris than you might believe." "I be faithless to my husband whilst he is at the front!" exclaimed a Paris washerwoman. "No, indeed, he could not protect himself."

The author gives a high place to the bicycle as the instrument of the Frenchwoman's emancipation. It carried her away from the supervision of her family and even out-distanced the chaperon:

Mademoiselle, who had been brought up to regard a draught as fatal, learned to love fresh air and exercise. Her muscles grew supple, her chest expanded, swoons and megrims faded into the past. Diderot's definition of a woman, as a creature who faints at the sight of a mouse or a spider, began to sound ridiculous. Rarer and rarer became the *Lydia* Languish type of female, the fragile being whom the sentimentalist, Michelet, would raise out of the grime and the dust of everyday life on to the pedestal of idealism where somehow should be handed up to her *suaves nourritures qui flattent l'odorat autant que le goût*.

It was the bicycle that began to revolutionize feminine attire. Tight lacing went out and bloomers came in. Then tennis, following the bicycle, required the *jeune fille sportive* to don the comfortable loose blouse and skirt. Finally came the vogue of the tailor-made, now so indispensable an item of a French girl's wardrobe.

From the *lycénne* and the *bicyclist garconnière* to the *avocate* and the *doctoresse* seemed but a step. It was a step, however, which could not be taken without a hard struggle against masculine jealousy, prejudice, and that ridicule which ever since Molière has clung to the *femme savante*. Women themselves in this matter were their own worst enemies. Even that witty woman, Mme. Emile de Girardin, was evidently on the side of the *petite oie blanche*, for she wrote: "*Toutes les femmes ont de l'esprit sauf les bas bleus*." The prejudice against educated women was a very old one, older even than Molière, for we find Montaigne, who himself liked to talk to learned ladies, compelled to admit that he was an exception, and that neither Frenchmen nor theologians required much learning from women. But from Montaigne to la Rochefoucauld and from Condorcet to Brioux the cause of woman's education and independence in France has seldom been without some among the élite of French manhood to champion it. *Ah! les braves peuples*, exclaims Romain Rolland as he admires the courage and energy with which *les vierges guerrières* of 1910 were carving out for themselves careers in literature, science, and art.

The author's prevision of the future must be left for the reader to discover and to admire for himself. It is sufficient to quote her concluding words: "In every direction, therefore, we may descry the dawn of a classic age of womanhood. The Frenchwoman's natural ability, enhanced by technical training and the widening of her mental horizon, is fitting her to collaborate with her fellow-countrymen in the most stupendous task of national rebuilding Humanity has ever been called upon to accomplish."

THE FRANCE I KNOW. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A curious example of the effects of environment and changed conditions of life upon the forms of animals is furnished by a species of partridge that lives in the Canary Islands. More than 100 years ago the Spaniards took the red-legged partridge from Europe to those islands and the bird has continued to flourish there; but, as a recent examination proves, it has undergone changes clearly brought about by the conditions under which it lives. Its back has turned from russet to gray. Its beak has become one-fourth longer and thicker than that of its ancestors and of its European relatives, and its legs also have increased in length and grown stouter. Those changes are exactly such as were needed to suit it to the life that it is now compelled to lead amid the rocks and on the mountain sides of the island, where it needs a stronger physical development than it needed in its former home.

According to the investigations of a botanist, out of 4300 species of flowers cultivated in Europe, only 420 possess an agreeable perfume. Flowers with white or cream-colored petals, we are told, are more frequently odoriferous than others. Next in order come the yellow flowers, then the red, then the blue, and finally the violet, whereof only thirteen varieties out of the 308 give off a pleasant perfume. In the whole list, according to this authority, 3380 varieties are offensive in odor, and 2300 have no perceptible smell, either good or bad.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 15, 1919, were \$153,435,743.75; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), \$115,438,081.97; an increase of \$37,997,361.78.

Resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco again come near the \$400,000,000 mark in the week just closed, when they gained \$5,600,000 to \$398,880,000. Gold reserves jumped nearly \$10,000,000 to \$157,399,999, while gross deposits increased nearly \$5,000,000 to \$153,386,000.

In its monthly financial letter issued November 15th the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles has the following to say about the general business outlook:

"Some economist estimates that production is today 40 per cent. less, the world over, than it was in 1914.

"The shrinkage in production results from many causes. The destruction of man power, and of productive capacity, so to speak, caused by the war, resulting in large areas of land and many manufacturing units being rendered useless, and the utter destruction of the tools and implements of labor, and of farm ani-

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mals, have all undoubtedly aided to reduce production. Social unrest, and money easily earned during the war, which has rendered the owners of it less ambitious for physical or mental exertion than they formerly were, are also contributing factors.

"But in America the greatest loss in production has been incurred by shortening the hours of labor, whereby individual output has been very materially reduced. Furthermore, for the past six months it has become a regular thing for those engaged in manual labor to strike without the slightest provocation. When thousands of men lay down their tools at the same time in hundreds of localities throughout the country the loss of productive capacity resulting therefrom is almost beyond calculation.

"The idea of striking has become epidemic. The disease, from being acute, has become chronic. The general public, which is the goat in all upheavals, is not showing any sympathy for the strikers, or their complaints. For that reason, all strikes of late have been utter failures.

"The war has been ended over a year. The survivors, of the twenty-five million men and women engaged, directly or indirectly, in the war, have been mostly demoralized. Many of them have returned to work and again be-

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come producers. As a rule, you do not find the returned soldiers among the strikers.

"The dire wastage of war has long since been ended. True, millions of men will necessarily be, for a long time, engaged in reconstruction work. While they are not producers in the sense of the man who tills the soil, or manufactures some useful article, still they are laying the foundation for production in the future. They are preparing shelters for the homeless and putting battle-scarred lands in the condition for tillage.

"Crops throughout the world have generally been abundant and in most countries starvation has been averted. Without doubt there are many lands yet enveloped in misery and suffering, but the turning point has been reached; destruction has given way to production; waste to conservation of resources.

"Gradually the idea will be universally developed that the salvation of mankind lies in increased production. When that idea becomes firmly rooted in the human mind individual effort will be stimulated. Germany, with all her faults, guilty as she has been of past atrocities, is setting the world an example by extending the hours of the working day. Sixty million people, freed from the idea and deadening price of militarism, will, with industry and application, make a wonderful revival.

"Belgium has set the world an example by practicing strict economy and patiently and industriously resuming the ordinary burdens of life.

"Italy also, although torn by political dissensions, is settling down to hard work. Gradually all of the powers involved in the late war will find themselves, and the world will be jogging along as it has been doing for centuries."

Announcement has been made by Strassburger & Co., members of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, that they have opened a bond department to buy and sell government, municipal, and corporation issues. This will be under the management of Charles A. Davis, formerly with F. M. Brown & Co., and with the Hanchett Bond Company of Chicago.

There is an element that is entering more and more into the high cost of living, which is exciting some and at times has its very definite influence on the stock market. This is the high cost of striking, and it would seem that the radical element in our labor unions had in most cases secured temporary control and were trying to launch a definite battle against the interests of the country at large and in favor of their particular class.

However one may regard his activity in other lines, every true American must accord hearty agreement with President Wilson's published warning to the coal miners when they threatened to stop production of coal at the beginning of winter time unless their absurd demands were accepted.

The labor situation could never have reached its present crisis if it had not been for the continuous rise in the cost of living, and it is easy enough to see that extravagance and thriftlessness and profiteering and striking have all gone hand in hand to help along in the high cost of living, which only increased and properly directed energies resulting in greater productive capacity will correct.

We can't but think that the main element in our labor unionism is against the radicalism that is on top, and it would appear likely that if this issue were forced to the limit it will result in the practical breaking up of the Federation of Labor as it is now constituted.

There are some bargains in the market list. It is well enough not to be committed too heavily in the market that has advanced so far as this one in the last two months or so, but we may take advantage of the recurring reactions to pick up good stocks.—*The Investor*.

Whether prohibition has or has not increased the use of coffee it is at least a fact that the people of the United States are now consuming more coffee than has been their custom and paying far greater sums for it than ever before. A statement by the National City Bank of New York shows that the quantity of coffee brought into the United States in the calendar year 1919 will probably be greater than ever before, notwithstanding the fact that the cost is about three times as much per pound as formerly. The imports for the ten months ending with October approximate 1,140,000,000 pounds, against 940,000,000 pounds in the same months of last year and 1,122,000,000 pounds in the corresponding months of 1917, the former high record year in importation.

In fact, says the bank's statement, the people of the United States are consuming this year over one-half of the world's coffee crop. The total crop of the world for the coffee year 1918-19 is, according to the latest available figures, slightly less than 14,000,000 bags (of 132 pounds per bag), while the quantity entering the United States in the ten months of 1919 for which figures are available is slightly more than 8,000,000 bags, and

while the quantity reexported during the fiscal year may reach a half-million bags, it is apparent that the coffee consumption in the United States in the calendar year 1919 will be more than 50 per cent. of the world's production in the crop year 1918-19, which was, however, but 13,640,000 bags, against 18,847,000 in 1917-18.

Per capita consumption, despite the fact that the cost is now nearly three times as great as formerly, is running very high, and may "break the record" in the calendar year 1919. The average consumption, which was slightly less than five pounds per capita in the period 1861-70, eight and one-half pounds per capita in the period 1891-5, about nine and one-half pounds per capita in the period 1906-12, has averaged over ten pounds per capita since 1912, and seems likely to be fully twelve pounds per capita in 1919, irrespective of the question of cost. The average import price of coffee, according to the official figures of the Department of Commerce, was in August, 1919, the latest official record, 21.8 cents per pound, as against 9.4 cents per pound in August, 1918, these figures being the average wholesale price of the coffee in the countries from which imported into the United States.

The stated value of the coffee imported in the eight months ending with August, 1919, is \$156,000,000, against \$76,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1918, while for the single month of August, 1919, the value of the coffee imported was \$26,431,000, as against \$8,096,000 in the same month of the preceding year. Present indications are that the value of the coffee imported into the United States in the year which ends with next month will approximate \$250,000,000, while the amounts paid by the consumers will probably be double that sum, since the import figures are, as above indicated, the wholesale prices in the countries of production, and do not include cost of transportation to the United States, or of preparation for domestic consumption and distribution through the hands of the wholesalers and retailers.

Brazil continues to be the chief source of coffee brought into the United States, the total quantity imported from Brazil in the eight months ending with August, the latest official figures, having been 493,000,000 pounds out of 883,000,000 pounds imported in that period, the next highest figure being that from Central America (116,000,000 pounds), while Colombia supplied 88,000,000 pounds, Venezuela 83,000,000, and Mexico 26,000,000 pounds.

In France there seems to be an absolute lack of silver coin and the merchants are driven to ludicrous limits in their efforts to make change. A similar situation seems to be approaching in England, and of course there are many countries in Europe where metal money has practically disappeared. In the Orient the demand for silver is nowhere near satisfied, and even in Mexico, the "silver country of the world," there is a good deal of hoarding of silver coins, and recently the amount of silver in the various coins has been materially reduced to counteract this tendency. The situation in the silver market is so strong as to suggest that it will not be long before silver metal is selling far above the old 16-to-1 parity. What the government should do, and do as quickly as possible, is to abolish the excess profits tax so far as it concerns silver production and encourage in every other way possible the mining of silver.

There has been an advancing tendency recently in iron and steel and coal due to the labor situation and the restricted production. There has also been an advance in lead, and only the fact that considerable copper metal had been left in the hands of weak holders has prevented copper also joining in the rise.

Of course the industrial world is paying great attention just now to the labor situation, but otherwise everything points to a period of the most remarkable prosperity we have ever seen in this country. Europe's demands are almost incomprehensibly large, and steps are being taken to finance the requirements of that continent. It remains to be seen whether labor will intervene to prevent the prosperity that would find reflection, not only in enormous earnings for our principal industries, but in gratifyingly large profits to those who toil with their hands.

The scarcity of cotton as compared with the underlying demands for both foreign and domestic use brings heavy buying into that market on every reaction and the tendency of cotton prices is very bullish. The food requirements in Europe are such as to make for a strong undertone in the various grain markets which may be bought whenever they are under any particular selling pressure.—*The Trader*.

In view of the general upheaval and drastic changes in commercial circles in northern Syria during the war, American firms seeking export trade should at present grant few if any concessions in the way of credit to purchasers. Sales should be made on a cash with order basis, or at least a liberal payment in advance and the balance "against documents."

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Exports to the United States will again become important with the reestablishment of pre-war transportation lines, and such new ones as obviously may soon be in operation between Syrian ports and the United States. No material change in the articles exported is expected.

While a number of firms are conversant with English, French is the language in general use in commercial circles, and correspondence, catalogues, and price lists should be in that language whenever possible.

A list of business firms in the Aleppo consular district can be secured from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce or its district or coöperative offices by referring to File No. 125005.

The United States consul at Valparaiso, Chile, reports there is a good demand there

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for American gas stoves. The most popular brand of gas stoves in Valparaiso is one manufactured by a Chicago company, and a close second in popularity is the product of a New York factory. An American water heater is also the most popular in its line. Other American makes of gas ranges and water heaters are found in the local market.

The most popular American gas stove retails in Valparaiso at from \$66 to \$102 United States currency, according to model, all with four burners. A still larger model with four large burners, one small and one oven, sells for about \$190. Another American range with four large and one small burners and two ovens brings about \$131. Another American make provides a small range with three burners at \$40 and a larger with four burners at \$86. British competitors of the above sell at lower prices. One which is not widely used is priced at \$87, while another with three burners and an oven sells at \$49. The same, with a small stove and oven, costs \$25.

Water heaters for bathrooms, made by an

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American company, sell at \$60, while an automatic heater retails at \$130. Other American appliances of this kind sell at about \$55. In this line there is competition from a number of British makes and one French. The latter, of a fancy design and made largely of copper, retails at \$109.50. The various British makes range from \$77 down to \$31.

Gas heaters for heating rooms have also been introduced here, but do not seem to meet with favor. Recently a trial order has been placed for American gas-heating stoves, and it is hoped to increase their use by the public. Oil stoves for heating have been still less successful.

A certain bandicap has been put on the

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local sale of gas and oil stoves by the fact that their packing by the shippers has not always been of the best. Three firms in Valparaiso make a specialty of gas stoves and ranges, and all three handle the American as well as the British makes.

A list of the three firms mentioned may be obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, or its district and co-operative offices, by referring to File No. 126347.

Adoption of rules by the board of standards and appeals in New York City covering

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storage and use of fuel oil for steam generation is expected to result in a number of large office buildings changing from coal to fuel oil.

Several large oil companies which have facilities for delivering fuel oil in the city have been working on the use of oil for five or six months. This work includes preparation of plans covering installation of necessary equipment to convert coal-burning boilers to fuel-oil burners, storage tanks, and contracts for fuel oil.

One large office building downtown made a test of fuel oil on one of its boilers some months ago with entire satisfaction. This building will probably be one of the first to

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make application for using fuel oil under rules just adopted. Oil men state that numerous other office buildings, hotels, department stores, and the Brooklyn Edison Company are seriously considering the change.

Oil men express approval of rules covering use of oil. They say all needed safeguards have been placed for its use and that the minimum flashpoint for 150 degrees Fahrenheit for closed-cup burners and 175 degrees for open-cup burners will not retard a general use of fuel oil in this city.

Deliveries of oil will be made by tank wagons, the oil being delivered through pipes from the street level to the storage tanks below ground.—*Boston Financial News.*

Commercial reports show increases in the number of failures and the amount of liabilities involved therein throughout the country. The increases are not sufficient as yet to cause alarm. They, however, are danger signals which must be taken due notice of.

Speculation is rapid. Buyers are not showing as much discretion in making stock purchases as they should. Promised quick returns influence many buyers, who should know, from past experience, that promoters' hopes, in many instances, are never realized.

The bond market has been exceedingly active. Since the war the issuance of preferred stock by reputable industrial corporations has been a popular method of refinancing. These preferred stocks bear fixed dividend rates, and are usually made redeemable at a fixed time at a stated premium. The public has invested large sums in such stocks in the past few years. Heavy issues thereof are readily absorbed. The form of investment thus offered holds out some advantages over bond issues.

There has been no lack of funds for legitimate, honestly handled, new enterprises.—*Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles.*

The state mineralogist announces the receipt of a telegram from Washington, D. C., stating that President Wilson approved Public Resolution No. 241 on November 13, 1919.

This resolution, which is now a law, suspends the requirements for assessment work during the year 1919 on unpatented claims of every description, whether they be quartz, placer, or oil, and sets no limit to the number of claims for which exemption may be asked by the owner.

This satisfactorily relieves the situation created by the act of August 15, 1919, which limited the exempt number of claims to five for each individual, partnership, or corporation owning unpatented mining property.

Blank notices of desire to hold mining claims under this act will be distributed free by the state mining bureau from its main office, third floor Ferry Building, San Francisco, and also from its branch offices at Redding, Auburn, and 312 Union League Building, Los Angeles.

The Ojibway Indians of the Northwest, with ceremonial rites, have taken Eamonn de Valera into their nation, where he will henceforth be known as "Nay-nay-onge-gehe" or "Dressing Feather." The pow-wow which ended this climax drew a record crowd from Reserve, Wisconsin, for dances that white men have not seen since the days of Indian wars, and ancient relics which included the sacred drum, were featured. Nine chiefs and the queen of the Ojibway nation officiated at the gathering, whose real purpose was not the adoption of De Valera, but the honoring of the fifty-six braves of the Couderay reservation who fell in the war. Mr. de Valera is named for the last of the great Ojibway chiefs, the father of the queen. His gifts, made by many different tribes, were moccasins, a tobacco pouch, beadwork, and his feather. "A nation that has been greets the nation that is to be," said Billy Boy, the spokesman. De Valera responded in Gaelic, then in English. "You of the Ojibways were free-born, as were the Irish," he said among much else.

Armenia had a Homer. His name was Moses of Khorene. Like Homer, Moses of Khorene, who wrote in the seventh century, was held to be dealing altogether with tradition until archaeological discoveries revealed the fact that some of his personages were historic. Semiramis, the queen who built the city of Van, much as Homer describes Dido building the city of Carthage, has been found in the records of the past; but the civilization of her day was overthrown by Cyrus and his successors, and the land became Armenia, and entered upon a period of about a thousand years when general illiteracy obtained among the population. Concerning this period practically no record survives.

The lightest weight, in wood, that is known is "Balsa." Cork is three times as heavy as this wood. It can easily be indented with the finger nail. It is treated with paraffin and used in making floats of life-preservers and in constructing life-rafts.

TO USE LATIN NIAGARA.

Plans to Harness the Great Falls of Iguazu.

In the northeastern part of Argentina, where the boundaries of Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay meet, the Iguazu River empties into the Upper Parana River, the waters foam and fret and leap and bound over a perpendicular cliff some 213 feet high, forming one of the great cataclysms of the world. In grandeur and scenic beauty the Iguazu Falls compare favorably with Niagara.

The Iguazu Falls are fifty feet higher and have a lateral extent of 1250 feet greater than their North American rival. But Niagara has a greater volume of water.

The Iguazu Falls, it is estimated, have an energy of 14,000,000 horsepower. The government of the Argentine Republic is now giving serious consideration to the problem of harnessing a portion of this tremendous horsepower and transmitting it in the form of electricity a thousand miles to the Argentine capital, Buenos Ayres. Dr. Tomas A. Le Breton, ambassador of Argentina to the United States, has submitted to his government a report on the water-power development that has been done and is contemplated in the United States, including the work at Niagara Falls, where the great power has been harnessed and used to produce electricity to run factories and mills in manufacturing centres.

The World War showed Buenos Ayres the danger of a coal shortage, and it is now estimated that electric power can be carried from the Iguazu Falls and sold at a price that will bring it in easy competition with the cheaper grades of coal. The present plan contemplates using 150,000 horsepower, which later can be increased to 300,000. Four lines will be built, each one being capable of carrying the entire amount of electricity needed, so that in the event of a breakdown on one line the others can carry the current and there will be no interruption of the service to the public. Other cities where the electric power can be distributed are Parana, Rosario, Corrientes, and Santa Fé. The project will cost from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

As the Iguazu Falls lie on the boundary line between Brazil and Argentina, a decision as to the amount of water power to which each country is entitled must be made, the same as Canada and the United States determined their respective water-power rights from the Niagara Falls.

At one time both Brazil and Argentina laid exclusive claim to the Iguazu Falls, and the matter was part of a boundary line dispute that was referred to President Grover Cleveland of the United States in 1894 for determination (says the *Kansas City Times*). In his "missions award" he held that the boundary should run from where the Pequira River empties into the Uruguay River, up the Pequira to its source, and in a direct line to the source of the Santo Antonio, a small tributary of the Iguazu River, thence down the Santo Antonio and Iguazu to the Upper Parana River, which forms the southern boundary of Paraguay. This award ran the line directly through the Iguazu Falls.

Iguazu means in Spanish "great waters." Above the falls a little island, beautiful with tropical vegetation, divides the river into two arms, so that the total width is about two miles and a half. The Brazilian arm of the river forms a tremendous horseshoe and plunges into a great chasm with a deafening roar, while the arm on the Argentine side spreads out in a sort of amphitheatre form and finishes with one grand leap a little over 229 feet.

Below the island the two arms unite and flow on into the Parana River. From the Brazilian bank the spectator, at a height of 280 feet, gazes out over two and a half miles of some of the wildest and most fantastic water scenery known in nature's handiwork. Large and small, there are 275 cascades altogether. One writer who visited the falls says of this wonderful scene that the "waters stream, seethe, leap, bound, froth and foam, throwing the sweat of their agony high in the air, and, writhing, twisting, screaming, and moaning, bear off to the Parana. Under a blue sky these iridescent waters, heaten into foam, pearls, and glittering mist, bathe the great background in a shower of beauty that all the more adds to the riot of tropical hues already there."

When a high wind is blowing the roar of the cataract can be heard twenty miles away. Few sightseers ever visit these wonderful Iguazu Falls because it takes six days to make the long, tedious, but picturesque journey of a thousand miles from Buenos Ayres through the fertile plains of Santa Fé and the wild luxuriance of the virgin forest, passing over the territory of the missions and the ruins of Jesuit churches and convents.

Indian Paper in Shorthand.

One of the queerest newspapers in the world is the Kamloops *Wawa*, a paper printed entirely in shorthand for the British Columbia Indians in the Frazer River district. The idea of the paper belongs to Monsignor Le Jeune,

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a French-Canadian priest, who works among the Indians. He had difficulty in noting down the sounds of the word spoken by the Indians and hethought himself of shorthand signs and found them suitable to the task. The Indians became interested in this "talk language" and studied it until they mastered it. Then the priest wrote various parts of the Gospels in this language. Later the Indians showed a desire to know the things of the day, and the priest turned out a daily bulletin on a mimeograph. This paper sold out so quickly each week that he found it worth while to have type cast and the weekly printed on the presses of a journal in the nearest town, Kamloops. Today the paper has a circulation of 3500 copies every week, and carries a lot of advertising matter.

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LARKSPUR. By Jane D. Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"A Peep at the Front," by Inez N. McFee, consists of war stories for boys and girls. The object is to show what life at the front really meant, and so we have a glimpse at the various services and at different parts of the long line. The author has done her work commendably well and with a condensation that fulfills its purpose without detracting

from the interest of the narrative. The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"Wunks" consists of a set of verses by Douglas Gihbons and drawings by "Duffy." It is intended for extremely small and helpless children and it is published by Duffield & Co.

"Tales of Folk and Fairies," written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle, is a collection of fairy stories from many parts of the world, from Scotland and Scandinavia, from the Cossacks and the Russians and the Serbians, from Persia and India and Arabia and Bengal. They have all been translated directly from the originals and their interest is enhanced by the good illustrations in color. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co.

The Yale University Press has published "Tales from the Secret Kingdom," by Ethel M. Gate. They are fairy stories, eighteen in number, and, like all well-told fairy stories, they are obviously true. Those who want something of high class about the "secret king-

dom" will find it here. The reader will particularly admire the detachable illustrations—silhouettes they are called—by Katharine Buffum.

We know a good deal about the fairy stories of other countries, but not much of their general literature for children. This deficiency has been partially supplied by Emilie Poulsen who has translated from the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer "What Happened to Inger Johanne," as told by herself (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Company). Inger is an adventurous child. She gravitates toward happenings, and happenings gravitate toward her. It is a capital story, well illustrated, and its Norwegian setting gives it peculiar interest.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Four Seas Company has taken over from Mitchell Kennerley all the plates and publication rights of Arnold Genthe's famous "Book of the Dance."

In addition to the biography of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson by her sister, Mrs. Sanchez, Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication shortly "A Book of R. L. S.," by George E. Brown, a gathering of information about Stevenson, his "works, travels, friends, and commentators."

The thousands of American readers who have made acquaintance with the novels of Vicente Blasco Ibañez, published in English translations by E. P. Dutton & Co., will be interested in his American tour, undertaken for the double purpose of delivering a series of lectures and studying the country. Señor Blasco Ibañez landed in New York recently, and was at once besieged by interviewers from all the New York papers, to whom he was enthusiastic about the approach to the city. "Americans seem to have a mania," he told them, "for going up and down Europe declaring that they come from an ugly country. But I come to New York and find the most beautiful harbor in the world. I know the great ports of the world, and there is none that makes such a tremendous impression. When I looked up at the tall buildings it seemed as if I was sailing into a city of giants. It was magnificent! When I realized that it is all the work of men it made me proud that I am a man." Blasco Ibañez fears that a social war in Europe is inevitable, and he told his questioners that it would "probably be more terrible than the great war" because it would be "between class and class in city, town, and country."

New Books Received.

THE SPEECHES OF AESCHINES. Translated by C. D. Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

PROCOPIUS. Volume III. Translated by H. B. Ewing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

A CAVALIER MAID. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A novel.

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The French Book Store

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from the Russian by Clarence Augustus Manning, Ph. D. New York: Duffield & Co.

Short stories.

DR. JONATHAN. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A play in three acts.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. Translated by G. W. Butterworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

HOMER. THE ODYSSEY. Translated by A. T. Murray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. Translated by Bernadotte Perrin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

SUNRISE FROM THE HILL-TOP. By Beatrice Barby. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

SPLENDORS OF THE SKY. By Isabel Martin Lewis, A. M. New York: Duffield & Co. Astronomy for the general reader.

BURIED TREASURE. By Everett McNeil. New York: Duffield & Co. For boys.

THE RUSSIAN PENDULUM. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company. Autocracy—Democracy—Bolshevism.

HANDS OFF. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company. A novel.

LINDA CONDON. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A novel.

A PEEP AT THE FRONT. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. A war book for young people.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Authorized translation by Charlotte Brewster Jordan.

SHORTY McCABE GETS THE HAIL. By Sewell Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode. A Shorty McCabe story.

ON THE MAKALOA MAT. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Short stories.

THE RED MARK. By John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Short stories.

SEQUOIA SONNETS. By Charles Keeler. Berkeley: Live Oak Publishing Company. A volume of verse.

THE BARTLETT MYSTERY. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode. A novel.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM HAYES TO McKinley, 1877-1896. By James Ford Rhodes, LL. D., D. Litt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The New Asia.

According to Herbert Adams Gibbons, the well-known contemporary historian, the key to the whole present Asiatic situation is the "British policy of becoming master of every approach to India by land and sea."

With this as his theme, Mr. Gibbons has written a most valuable and enlightening work on "The New Map of Asia." It is the sequel to his two previous books on "The New Map of Europe" and "The New Map of Africa."

Expanding upon his theme, Mr. Gibbons says in the first chapter of his work: "If the British policy was partly unconscious and instinctive, the result is as logical an evolution toward a goal as if every step had been thought out and planned beforehand. In the first two decades of the twentieth century momentous decisions were taken to make effective and conclusive the work of a hundred years (in the nineteenth century). The unsuccessful attempt of Germany to challenge Britain's world empire made possible the consecration of the British plans by the conference at Paris. British possession of all the approaches to India is written into the compact of the society of nations."

From this central thought the historian leads through the long chain of commercial, diplomatic, and martial steps by which Britain has acquired its signal position, fitting into his narrative graphically and convincingly the story of the acquiring of control over Egypt, Afghanistan, the strategic ports on the coast of Arabia, Ceylon, the Malay States, Hongkong, North Borneo, and Wei-hai-wei in China. Even Tibet figures in the tale. The Bagdad Railway plays its part, Mr. Gibbons concluding with the statement: "The Bagdad Railway question was decided on the battlefields from Flanders to Mesopotamia."

Of course, the narrative as Mr. Gibbons gives it does not always reflect glory upon England, but no more does it reflect honor upon England's rivals in the contention for the great Indian prize. Russia's intrigues for the control of Tibet, China's deceptive manoeuvres to the same end, France's shameful efforts to absorb Siam, Holland's war *à outrance* in Sumatra, Germany's belated but unscrupulous aggressions, and Japan's insistent pressure for territorial elbow-room, the ultimate aim of which appears to be the enforcement of the policy of Asia-for-the-Asiatics, are all described frankly by Mr. Gibbons and are all connected quite directly with his central theme of Britain's efforts to remain in command of access to India.

Opponents of the British advantages which it is contended are carried in the covenant of the league of nations will find much valuable material in Mr. Gibbons' work.

The author, however, is too broad-minded and too careful an observer to allow himself to become "obsessed" by this central theme. He reflects clearly enough the extent and gravity of the British policy, but he also discovers beneath the surface a current of reconstruction which appears threatening to the continuity of the Anglican aim. This subcurrent is the aspiration of the peoples of Asia for self-determination.

Mr. Gibbons does not hesitate to make bare the strength of the independence movement in India, and to indicate that the "loyalty" of India to Great Britain during the war was merely temporary. He also brings forward impressively the great capacity for progress manifested by the Siamese and the consequent warning that capacity contains against further aggression by the French.

Concerning such smaller nations in Asia as the new kingdom of Hedjaz, Mr. Gibbons notes that "the Arabs of the Yemen warned the Entente powers that after centuries of successful resistance to the Turks, it could not be expected that they would tamely submit to the rule of infidels." This was apropos of the remark of the King of Hedjaz that he would prefer the granting of a mandate over his country to the Emir of Nejd to the protection of Great Britain or any other European power.

Mr. Gibbons sees the possibility of a union of Indians, Afghans, and Persians with Uzbeks and Kirghiz in challenging European eminent domain in northern Asia, and in this is contained the possibility of the extinction of the influence of Russia, as well as of the other European powers.

Necessarily the author deals with the position of Japan at some length, and he sees here, as in the rest of his considerations, the possibility that Japanese ambitions must give way before the same subcurrents that threaten Britain in India and France in Indo-China. He says of Korea that "Japan may in the end find that the friendship of an independent neighbor is more valuable than the hatred of an alien race in a subjugated province." Of China, he insists that Japan's temporary advantage at Shantung has but served to draw together the hostile factions of the north and the south, and to weaken the faith of the Chinese in the sense of justice and disinterestedness even of the United States.

In summary, Mr. Gibbons sees on the wall handwriting that foretells the complete

wiping out of the principle of "European eminent domain" in Asia. He declares this principle to be simply "the German doctrine of *Uebermensch* put into practice—races, believing in their superiority, imposing their rule and *Kultur* upon inferior races." As this doctrine was overthrown in the late war, so eventually it will be overthrown in Asia, and from that eventuation the new map of Asia will be constructed.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA. By Henry Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

Dayton, Ohio.

Some little time ago a book was published about Chicago. It was intended to show that Chicago had an ideal government. It left behind it the general impression that Chicago was a sort of miniature Kingdom of Heaven and that those so unfortunate as to live elsewhere had much to deplore. Then came the race riots in Chicago, and we perceived with regret that there was a screw loose somewhere. Chicago, in spite of her ideal government, seemed to be ill-equipped for such an emergency.

Now we have a book about Dayton, Ohio. It is written with elaborate detail, and the enthusiastic sincerity of its authors is unquestionable. But we wonder if we must make allowances for civic pride.

Dayton adopted the commission manager form of government on August 12, 1913, and a few months later it went into effect. Now we have the story of four years' results and a comparison with the four preceding years under the mayor-council plan. It is a notable showing, none more so. Dayton is governed just like any large commercial enterprise. There is no politics, as politics is usually understood. There is no graft and no secrecy. Any citizen can see at a glance the extent of the city's revenue, how it is raised, and how it is spent. The government exists for the benefit of the people. It stands in *loco parentis* to all the citizens, young and old, rich and

poor. The city buys in open market and it keeps house with frugal but efficient economy. The city's institutions have been humanized, but the authors tell us frankly that much remains to be done, and they tell us what it is. It is an alluring picture and a credible one. It goes far to remove the reproach from American municipal government.

But the eye of the reader is arrested by what we may hope is a misprint. Speaking of the struggle against houses of commercialized vice we are told that a "policy of persecution (*sic*) of all the former inmates and of questionable women was instituted." Surely this should be "prosecution." Let us hope so.

The interest of the book is much increased by the numerous illustrations.

CITY MANAGER IN DAYTON. By Chester E. Rightor, B. A., in collaboration with Don C. Sowers, Ph. D., and Walter Matschek, M. A. New York: Macmillan Company.

Books in the War.

A book of nearly four hundred pages on the supply of reading matter to the men at the front may seem somewhat full measure, but Mr. Koch, who is chief of the Order Division of the Library of Congress, manages to justify its length and to make it interesting. To supply several million men with books and newspapers is no easy matter, and although it may be true that almost anything "goes" when it comes to killing the tedium of camp life it is none the less to be remembered that the beneficiaries of these book activities spoke many languages, and ranged in education from the university professor down to the wholly illiterate.

It was a stupendous task and the author shows how it was done. He describes the selection of the books, their transmission and distribution. He shows us many of the circumstances under which they were read, how the palm of popularity was awarded, the multifarious tastes that were catered to, and the part played by books, not only in making bearable some of the hardships of war, but in

aiding the men to find employment on discharge. Mr. Koch deals with British activities as well as with American, and his book gains much in convincingness from the very numerous and excellent illustrations that it contains.

BOOKS IN THE WAR. By Theodore Wesley Koch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Massachusetts.

The editors of this collection of speeches and messages by Calvin Coolidge, governor of Massachusetts, say in their introduction: "His speeches and messages abound in evidences of this gift (of brevity), but in the main the speeches are not easily accessible. It has seemed to some of Governor Coolidge's admirers, as it has to the publishers of this little volume, that a real public service might be rendered by making a careful selection from the best of his speeches and issuing them in an attractive and convenient form. With his permission this has been done, and it is hoped that many readers will welcome the book in this time of special need of inspiring and steady influences."

Governor Coolidge is known as one of the strong men of the nation. He it was who said: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." A glance through this little book shows that he has said many such things. It was well worth publication. It should be read widely.

FIVE FAITH IN MASSACHUSETTS. By Calvin Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

In Japan chrysanthemums are a very popular dish. The Japanese housewife procures a large bunch and soaks them in a bowl of clear water. When scrupulously clean they are boiled, and they can then be eaten as they are or chopped up into small flakes.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Penology.

The value of this new edition of Dr Wines' book on "Punishment and Reformation" lies mainly in the chapters that have been added by Mr. Winthrop D. Lane, who retains the first eleven chapters of the original work and adds four of his own with appendices. We can see little value in the first five chapters written by Dr. Wines. They are historical and therefore they are horrible and revolting. Our general knowledge on the early history of punishment is already ample. But the chapters on the reaction against earlier methods, and on the Pennsylvania, Auburn, and Elmira systems are useful, although it is now a quarter of a century since they were written.

Mr. Lane's additional chapters are devoted to the study of the individual delinquent, the treatment that should be accorded to him, the principle of self-government in prisons, and such social agencies for reform as the home, the school, the church, and recreational life.

It is in no way to detract from the value of these disquisitions on crime to say that they are unsatisfying. They are too mechanistic. For example, the author tells us that, during the war, "we have seen the effect of widespread opportunity for work, of attractive wages and conditions of labor . . . in reducing somewhat the volume of crime." We have also seen the frightful portent of the riots in Boston, Washington, Chicago, and Seattle, and the I. W. W. outbreaks of murder and violence. Again, we are reminded that "Mayor Pullman, in his 1918 report as superintendent of police of that district (Columbia), attributes the falling-off of 58 per cent. in arrests to the recent enactment of prohibition." But the District of Columbia has since been the scene of an incendiary outbreak which prohibition certainly did nothing

to check. Moreover, there are those who tell us that the recent increase in crime, and particularly in anarchist crime, is largely due to prohibition. Obviously we can not axiomatise about prohibition.

The same may be said of eugenics. The author disclaims any coercive intention on the part of the eugenist. None the less the eugenist has already put his theories into the most coercive form, as though eugenism in its relation to crime were already a science, which certainly it is not.

The problem of crime is primarily an ethical one. A society that has adopted the materialism of Haeckel can hardly wonder that it should be plagued with crime. And if the malady is an ethical one, so also must be the remedy. We may seek for many contributory aids, but eventually we shall be driven back to a revision of our basic habits of thought, of our fundamental concepts, and the sooner the better.

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION. By Frederick Howard Wines, LL. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Heidi.

Amid the stream of drivel so constantly offered for the literary consumption of children it is gratifying to find that such a book as "Heidi" maintains its place and makes its periodical appearance in new editions and new translations. The present issue is probably the best of them all. Certainly it is the most attractive. The type and pages are of luxurious size and the tinted marginal sketches are distinctive and artistic. Maria L. Kirk contributes fourteen illustrations in color, and thus adds largely to the beauty of the book. Anything better calculated to bring delight to the heart of the child it would be hard to find.

The translation by Elisabeth P. Stork is particularly good. It is a real English ren-

dering of the Swiss idea, easy, fluent, and colloquial.

HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Elisabeth P. Stork. With an introduction by Charles Wharton Stork, A. M., Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

American Foreign Trade.

Persons who relish the hard and unsentimental practicalities of business, as contrasted with the doctrinaire views of economists and professors, will find in Charles M. Pepper's new work, "American Foreign Trade," something both to their liking and to their service. Mr. Pepper's writings on commercial subjects have always been known for their direct and explicit commercialism, and this new volume is no exception to the rule. The author observes, apropos of the fact that this volume has to do with the "new era of international coöperation," that "emotional economics have no part in international commerce." He adds: "International trade benevolence, with its overlapping bureaucracy, is likely to be as demoralizing as indiscriminate charity."

Starting from this viewpoint, Mr. Pepper brings together an extended and thoughtful cumulation of information and instruction, calculated to guide American business men in the competition for world trade. He points out the changes in money movements and in interest payment on securities held abroad, as caused by the war, the advantage that has accrued to the United States through the dislocation of production and distribution abroad, and the peculiarly strong position arising from the magnitude and efficiency of American agriculture.

Rather tersely, then, the author phrases the next step in trade evolution as follows: "England's nationalized industrial organization is the world trade factor of tomorrow. Germany's monarchical socialized system of production and distribution is the experience of yesterday. America's individualized efficiency is the realization of yesterday and the prospect of tomorrow. France's industrial reorganization is the hope of the future."

Justification of these generalizations is to be found in the succeeding chapters, wherein the author reflects, in turn, the various points of strength and weakness of the nations with which America is to carry on her competition, noting particularly the increase of strength acquired by France as a result of the territorial adjustments of the peace conference. "France, as a consequence of the great war, has come into her own as the mistress of the raw materials of the iron and steel industry. . . . Her deficiency in coal is now cured."

Mr. Pepper continues regarding iron, steel, and coal: "The possession of these raw materials by England and France is an index of the future trade of the world. They are also a warning against over-confidence (on the part of America)."

It is impossible, of course, to summarize so important and detailed a book as Mr. Pepper's in a brief review of this kind. It may be said, however, that it is really a graphic picture, or map, of the whole strategy of commercial warfare as it is now laid out by the armies and leaders of trade. Both large traders and small will, therefore, find it most valuable. There is also much in it to stimulate and quicken the imagination and resourcefulness of the younger business men whose aspirations incline toward achievement in the field of foreign trade. Pacific Coast business men will find in it much that will be helpful in shaping up plans for action in the territories naturally tributary to this part of the United States.

AMERICAN FOREIGN TRADE. By George Wharton Pepper. New York: The Century Company.

Belgian Fairy Tales.

There is a surprising similarity between the fairy stories of all peoples, a similarity not wholly to be explained by theories about the "lispings of infant humanities." Mr. Griffiths, who gives us this collection of Belgian tales, is responsible for a little shelf of similar collections, and in all of them we find the same ideas set forth in the distinctive national dress of the country to which they belong. It is a useful work.

But it is primarily to provide literary amusement for children that Mr. Griffiths has compiled his collections, and here, too, he has succeeded admirably. He gives us some twenty-six examples of the fairy food on which young Belgium has been raised, and it seems to be good food and equally suited to American palates. Mr. Griffiths has a worldwide field from which to gather his bouquets and we shall hope for more.

BELGIAN FAIRY TALES. By William Elliot Griffiths. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The first kangaroo to enter the boxing ring in America earned a sum in five years that allowed himself and his owner to retire from the limelight and spend the rest of their lives in peace and quiet. This was the first of a long line of pugilistic kangaroos which "made" their masters. Much of the success of Hagenbeck's Wonder Zoo at Olympia a few years back was undoubtedly due to the engagement of Max and Moritz, the "human apes."

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THE CRIME. Volumes III and IV. Translated by Alexander Gray. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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PRUSSIANISM AND PACIFISM. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

War Poetry.

Those who expected great literary events from the war have so far been disappointed. But let them possess their souls in patience. These are still early days. It must take time to irrigate the soil rendered barren and sterile by a generation of materialism and the search for a non-existent equality. The great war literature has yet to come, but we need not doubt that it will come.

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A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY. Second Series. Edited by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Dr. Gjerset, although a Norwegian, is a graduate of Heidelberg and his historic thought is decidedly Teutonic. It lacks in excitement and emotion as much as it contains facts and evidences. The reader, therefore, finishes it, if he has the patience

or the stimulus for so doing, without any very vivid sense of the underlying spirit and the inbred impulses and passions which distinguish the Norwegians from the rest of the world.

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Dr. Gjerset's work brings the history of the Norwegian people down to the beginning of the late war in Europe, and therefore involves a detailed narrative of the severance from Sweden. It is copiously illustrated, and has the necessary maps.

HISTORY OF THE NORWEGIAN PEOPLE. By Dr. Knut Gjerset. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

New Work on Alaska.

Another travel book has issued from the press of the Page Company, this time on "Alaska, Our Beautiful Northland of Opportunity." The volume is well made up, both editorially and typographically, and forms an ornament to library shelves.

Agnes Rush Burr is the author of the work. She brings to bear good powers of observation, excellent responsiveness to "atmosphere," and a certain diligence in assembling "promotive" facts—with the general result that her book stimulates curiosity to visit Alaska and challenges, more or less, the impulse to try one's fortune in the country's undeveloped resources.

Alaska's "romantic history" is briefly and interestingly reviewed by the author, as are also the various phases of its territorial peculiarities, such as its wild animal life, its fishing industries, its fur-gathering, and its newly expanding agricultural possibilities. The eagerness of the natives for modern education is dwelt upon at some length, and is used as a transition into a discussion of present social and political conditions in general. The writer closes with a chapter on the present "confused" legislative status of the territory and the local injustices which result from this condition. The people of America are appealed to to take an enlarged interest in the territory, and they are assured that it will more than repay the attention bestowed upon it.

ALASKA, OUR BEAUTIFUL NORTHLAND OF OPPORTUNITY. By Agnes Rush Burr. Boston: The Page Company.

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REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Selected by Margaret Gardner Mayorga, M. A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

National Ballads.

Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" at the request of Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who had expressed his earnest wish for a poem to be sung to the tune of "John Brown." This is one of the interesting facts to be found in "The Story of Our National Ballads," by C. A. Browne.

There is much else that is relatively new and important in the sixteen chapters comprised in a most readable volume. Each chapter is devoted to the inspiration and history of a national ballad, including chapters on "Occasional Songs," "Spanish War Songs," "Songs of the Great War—British," and "Songs of the Great War—American." There are also a few good illustrations.

THE STORY OF OUR NATIONAL BALLADS. By C. A. Browne. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

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A FARM IN SAHARA.

Desert Not Altogether Unfit for Human Life.

As far back as 1893 Henri Schirmer, whose ideas on the geography of the Sahara and its climate are today accepted by all the world and no longer inspire criticism, proved that the Sahara is not entirely lacking in rain, although the regimen of the winds occasions its present sterility; he has explained that the Sahara is not absolutely unfit for life, either for plant life or for animal life; but that Saharan agriculture has but little resemblance to that of other countries; that the European can not suppress a desert as some of them dream of doing, and that a strategic road could be constructed across it as far as Soudan; that its oases should be developed, and "that land long left barren should be restored to cultivation." The surface of the Sahara is estimated at 2,394,200 square kilometers, and its population at 450,000 inhabitants. It is incorrect to believe that this expanse is a recently emerged bottom of the ocean. It consists of a vast series of plateaux with a few groups of mountains.

The Sahara has been incorrectly represented as an immense expanse composed of shifting sands, receiving no rain whatever, and entirely destitute of vegetation.

The Sahara, is to be sure, a very dry region; but it does rain there. It also contains a number of wells or pools of water—without mentioning the numerous Ghedirs "temporary ponds or water holes, spots where rain water stands for a certain length of time." But for many centuries these wells have received no attention and no care.

Another legend which does injustice to the Sahara is that this immense expanse is entirely deprived of vegetation; but the largest portion of this immense surface proclaimed as a desert in reality possesses a plant life which is quite various and often very abundant. It contains numerous pastures and some pieces of woodland, even outside the oases.

Besides the palm tree, which requires rather a large sheet of water, various other sorts of trees are found in the Sahara aside from numerous shrubs and tamarisks; principally the rubber tree and the ethel, a variety of the tamarisk. In the southern Sahara the Doumour Egyptian palm is found; it does not bear fruit, but the trunk and branches serve various purposes. The Apir possesses other arborescent species—notably mimosas of all sorts in the most unpromising region. Fourau believes that wooded plateaux still exist.

The Sahara contains a number of forage plants and shrubs. It was upon these that the caravans pastured, and that even the 1200 or 1300 camels of the Fourau-Lamy expedition and its auxiliary convoys succeeded in sustaining themselves.

It must not be forgotten that we are speaking here of spontaneous vegetation, which grows without demanding help or labor from man. It is, therefore, an incontestable fact that these pasture lands are capable of a cer-

tain degree of improvement, provided there is an initial establishment of roads of communication. This improvement can be attained by the selection of the best grasses, forage plants, and arborescent species. According to Messrs. L. Trabut and R. Marcs, the Saharan plants are very remarkable in their adaptation to a dry climate and a salty earth. The date tree is adapted to those Saharan regions, which are well provided with water; beneath the date trees cultivation of the kitchen garden is very well developed. In the oases are found the fig tree, the apricot, the peach, and the grape. Agriculture succeeds well in the oases of the north at Biska. The cultivated cereals are barley, wheat, sorghum, and millet; lucerne is the forage plant of the oasis. It is of a very beautiful variety, with wide leaves, and seems very resistant to salt. Industrial cultivation is now confined to a few plants, such as madder and a variety of tobacco used for snuff.—J. Nicholas Brusse in *La Nation*.

Webster at College.

Webster is the greatest man Dartmouth has produced in its century and a half of usefulness. His memory is doubly revered for his victory in the Dartmouth College case, one of the greatest landmarks of American law. "Black Dan" wrote of his Dartmouth days:

"Of my college life I can say but little. I was graduated, in course, in August, 1801. Owing to some difficulties *hac non meminisse juvat*. I took no part in the commencement exercises. I spoke an oration to the Society of the United Fraternity, which I suspect was a sufficiently boyish performance. My college life was not an idle one. Besides the regular attendance of prescribed duties and studies I read something of English history and English literature. Perhaps my reading was too miscellaneous. I even paid my board for a year by superintending a little weekly newspaper and making selections for it from books of literature and from contemporary publications. I suppose I sometimes wrote a foolish paragraph myself. While in college I delivered two or three occasional addresses which were published. I trust they are forgotten; they were in very bad taste. I had not then learned that all true power of writing is in the idea, not in the style; an error into which the *ars rhetorica*, as it is usually taught, may easily lead stronger heads than mine."

A few letters written by Webster in his Hanover period are extant. He gossips in normal college style of New Hampshire youths and maidens—to whose charms he was not insensible—then all of a sudden changes the subject to Napoleon Bonaparte and becomes quite grandiloquent, these passages reading like a parody of his mature orations.

Birds can not open the foot when the leg is bent; that is the reason they do not fall off their perches when asleep. If you watch a hen walking, you will notice that it closes its toes as it raises the foot, and opens them when it touches the ground.



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ORIGIN OF CUSTOMS.

The origin of offering the right hand is the same as that of baring the head and firing salutes. Formerly, when one man met another and wished to show that his intentions were friendly, he held out his unarmed sword hand, thereby giving to understand that his sword was in its sheath and was not going to leave it and that his friend had no reason to fear an attack. The sword is also responsible for our habit of mounting a horse on the near side—a custom, in all probability, of comparatively modern origin, for the swords of civilized nations before and at the beginning of the Christian era were not only very short, generally speaking, but worn on the right side of the person. But when blades began to lengthen the sword case was of necessity worn on the left, as a very long weapon can not be drawn with any speed or convenience by the hand on the side at which it is worn, and, in consequence, men took to mounting their horses from the near side because it was impossible to do it otherwise with any convenience.

The consequence of attempting to mount from the off side when wearing a sword are apt to be disastrous, as any military man can testify. To the sword, likewise, we owe the two buttons that are placed on the back of a tail coat. Their original reason was to support the sword belt, as they do on a soldier's tunic to this day. They are not of any great antiquity—probably not two hundred years.

Those who have been on board a man-of-war know that you are expected to salute the quarterdeck as soon as you come onto it, but perhaps not many are aware of the origin of this practice. A good many people probably have a hazy idea that the ensign is its object, while some perhaps think that it is a naval fad, but of venerable age. In a certain sense it is a naval fad, for in days gone by when a crucifix was always placed at the stern of a vessel it was saluted as a matter of course by every one coming on board. The crucifix was taken away, but the old feelings remained, and men still saluted the place where it had been. The younger generation which succeeded the survivors of the old order knew nothing of the sacred emblem, but imitated their seniors, and the salute became a habit to them as it had been to their fathers. Thus the mark of respect, though the object of it has gone, continues to be given to this day.

Native Samoan Soldiers.

The Fita-Fitas, as the native soldiers of Samoa are called, constitute an important unit in the government of the American part of the Samoan Islands.

It would be hard to find a more picturesque body of men than these, our South Sea Island soldiers. Tall, broad-shouldered, handsome in features, possessing a splendid poise, they are admirable types of their race.

Their fatigue uniform consists of a sort of black kilt with a bright red stripe around the border. Above the waist and below the knees the uniform is "nature's own."

A leather belt carrying a dagger on the side holds the kilt, or lava-lava, in place. A bright red turban is the head-dress.

For dress uniforms the Fita-Fitas wear with the lava-lava, a sleeveless white undervest similar to the X. Y. Z. or A. B. C. garments graphically described in the advertising sections of magazines.

When the native soldiers were first taken into the service of the United States a less abbreviated and more conventional uniform was provided them, with the result that they were constantly suffering from colds; so there

was a wise reversion to a uniform on the lines of their native dress.

The Fita-Fitas have municipal as well as military duties. They act as policemen in and about Pago Pago, guard all prisoners in the Pago Pago jail, and frequently are called upon to settle fights at cricket games between rival native villages. The last-named duty is sometimes a severe test for the soldier as an arbitrator, especially when his own village is involved in the controversy.

Not long ago the government received \$99.40 in payment for a single sugar pine tree that a trespasser cut in the Stanislaus National Forest in California. It yielded more than enough actual timber for a good-sized house, or for a two-foot board walk nearly two miles long. The tree scaled 18,933 board feet, and was valued at \$5.25 a thousand feet. Officers of the Forest Service believe that although national forest timber is frequently sold at a higher rate a foot, no other tree ever felled in a national forest has been worth so much.

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SO ON through the ages, I have been built, either as an expression of family remembrance or public acknowledgment of the virtues and achievements of a distinguished citizen.

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PLAYERS CLUB THEATRE.

For these two weeks the Players Club Theatre has resumed one-act plays, the first, "Everybody's Husband," by the well-known English novelist, Gilbert Cannan, being a decidedly cynical attack on the tyrant man, as he is known through the eyes of his wife. There is a dash of poetry in the sketch—for it is scarcely more—in that a fair young bride-to-be, on the eve of her wedding day, looks from the chamber window onto a garden of dreams, and rebelliously seeks therein for a lover of more ideal shape than the one she is to wed.

Nearly all girls do have these insurrectionary and dooming moods on the eve of marriage, as nearly all women know. And while the bride-to-be dreams she is visited by the shapes of those august rulers of her destiny, her mother, her grandmother, and—wicked rebel that she was in her youth—her great-grandmother. And all three sighingly admit that *He* always thought she was a happy wife, but—; and when the dream-lover enters, the naughty, warning great-grandmother strips him of the romantic investiture woven in the dream-looks of the bride-to-be, and behold! he is but a typical husband, grumbling about underdone meat and overdone toast.

Wicked, wicked Gilbert Cannan! Is this the way you stand up for your fellow-men? Why, if we had not been forewarned in advance, I should have believed the sketch was written by a middle-aged, disillusioned, ex-married woman.

Four attractive women—Mesdames Duffy, Gump, Gantner, and Hall—interpreted the sketch to the amused comprehension of the audience, their appearance in the varying costumes suitable to the period in which their individual destinies had reached their apex lending chronological variety and atmosphere to the piece.

"Behind a Watteau Picture," a fantasy in verse by Robert Emmons Rogers, is a strange, haffling but fascinating hit of symbolism, the intrinsic meaning of which is the imperishability of real love. It begins very charmingly with a tableaue representation of a genre painting, the subjects of which, in the succeeding scene, are seen endowed with life and eager to explore the unknown territory back of the picture.

And here they find "the melancholy Pierrot" also known as Death, condemning to the grave the beautiful light o' love Columbine. But Columbine does not die. She can not die, for in her shape of beauty are embodied the pure as well as the impure loves of man. Passion, indeed, personified by the two inflammable lovers of Columbine, is slain, but Columbine, dancing like a swaying flame from heart to heart, and forever softening the fell purpose of Death, lives on.

This strange little fantasy was really impressively rendered by the group of a dozen or

more young people whose talents entitled them to interpret fittingly the poet's idea. The atmosphere of poetic symbolism was successfully maintained, and each impersonation had its distinct value. The three players—Miss Deniville, and Messrs. Purrington and Mitchell—carried their court costumes gracefully, and the lady expressed sympathetically the womanly emotions of the marquise.

No matter what he does, Carl Kroenke can be relied on for sterling work. He gave the jealous and revengeful harlequin in the spirit of the fantasy, and all, even Paul Ritter in the minor rôle of the gravedigger, had that touch of solemnity suggestive of tragedy.

For the light and airy Columbine was condemned to death. It was strange and lovely, in that tragic hush, to see the light, lithe figure flutter its butterfly wings and green its plumage of youthful beauty when melancholy Death, full of yearning tenderness for the love that would not die, granted the reprieve. Marie Louise Myers, the youthful actress who played Ophelia, gave Columbine with an effect of actual exquisiteness. Her airy motions, her sudden, capricious moods, the daintiness and grace of her girlish shape were like living poetry, and the contrast between Columbine and the melancholy figure of Death—the latter rôle rendered impressively by William Hanley, who, I am told, is a youth of twenty—was very striking.

Everybody does not enjoy poetic pieces on the stage. I found one of the "47 workshop" fantasy pieces a distinct bore, I freely, if shamelessly, admit. But there is a haunting beauty to this fantasy of Mr. Rogers, who has, by the way, cast it in a metric form that lends itself readily to stage dialogue. I believe if the author had seen the interpretation of his piece offered by the Players Club Theatre he would have scarcely been conscious of the minor faults in his satisfaction with the general result. However, an even greater triumph was reserved for the management in the pronounced success of Masfield's "The Locked Chest." This extremely dramatic episode was rendered with a histrionic intensity of treatment that would win warm encomiums for practiced professionals. I had seen Miss Mae O'Keefe in lighter work, but I was unaware of the full scope of her talents, as evidenced in her impassioned delivery of the wild, improvised, poetic lament with which Bigdis mourns the death of her boy cousin. That he was still living did not detract from the effect, for the brutal avenger was still near, seeking the life of the beautiful boy; and there was, too, a suggestion of woman's wiles in Bigdis thus strategically causing Ingold to believe that the youth was hiding outside instead of in "The Locked Chest."

Carl Kroenke as the foolish, hectoring, but cowardly Thord, Harold Wuele as the threatening pursuer, and K. Elmo Lowe as the fugitive each contributed notably toward placing the representation of this piece up high among the bright and shining triumphs won by this interesting dramatic organization.

"A DOLLAR DOWN."

At the Alcazar this week we have the opportunity of seeing a play in the making; for no play, until it has been before the public several times, is ready for the public. Mr. Blackwood's play began well, albeit there is too great a suggestion in its first act and in its general motive of "Paid in Full." Probably the author is unconscious of the fact, but he was subconsciously influenced by the Walter's play when he wrote "A Dollar Down." There is the same conscientious, womanly wife immersed uncomplainingly in household cares,

the same snarlyow of a husband, a mean, yellow, conscienceless cur, like Walter's creation, and the hard-hearted, self-absorbed sister. The fact that the Haskells come from lowly life and that the grouchy husband does not assist in the household work does not constitute a sufficient divergence to make us overlook the marked resemblance, more particularly as Joe Crosby, the husband, like his prototype in "Paid in Full," urges Stella, the wife, to lunch and motor with her dissolute admirer, who—another resemblance—happens to be Joe's employer. And—still another similarity—Joe wishes Stella's attractiveness in her moneyed admirer's eyes to be the lever by which he, Joe, is to have a raise in salary.

Such marked resemblances as these were ill-advised on the author's part, but in the two subsequent acts he managed to get farther away from Walter and stand on his own hoot-soles.

The play, however, calls for more action and a cutting down of the conversation. This, always a terrible wrench to an author, will be no great loss, for the dialogue, while natural, colloquial, and of a thoroughly up-to-date slanginess, is neither brilliant nor witty. What the author aims at, in the words he puts in the mouths of the people in the play, is to paint character and motives, and a lessening of the stream of talk will considerably improve the play.

Mr. Blackwood's theme is the dangerous tendency of young people to meet the high cost of living by huying on the installment plan various articles that they should go without. The grouchy husband, for instance, when his income is increased, huys a mistress. The merit of the play is a certain homely naturalness about the characters, whose talk amuses the audience, exciting in them a fellow-feeling. A certain naïveté, too, in the play finds reflection in the receptive hosoms of the auditors.

However, the whole thing needs to be tautened up; plot, dialogue, and action. More business needs to be provided for the characters. Cora, the sister, for example, is apparently expected in the second act to stand a long time by the sideboard, perfectly motionless. As Jean Oliver is as yet too immature an actress to have evolved a system of facial hy-play, and as her pretty face remains too immobile during this long stand, the effect is not satisfying.

As the wife Belle Bennett—as was the case with the earnest young matron in "Paid in Full"—seems to have been supplied with a sufficiency of stage business to keep her occupied, although it is possible she evolved some of it herself. Walter Richardson, always easy, and abounding in little simple but telling devices for seeming natural and at home, I suspect also of having planned, for instance, that clothes-hrushing bout, which provided the note of intimacy in the Crosby household.

Mr. Richardson, by the way, as the stern and outraged young husband of a selfish, misconducting, and rather unscrupulous young wife, is obliged to inflict upon his marital partner the castigation of a blow. It was a very gentle blow; a dubious, timid, apologetic imitation of the real thing, but it was rather a difficult job that the actor was called on to do, as the blow was right in the lady's face. This cave-man act was followed by a scene instancing the tendency of one type of woman to adore the husband and kiss the rod that castigates. This was really the most snappy scene in the play, tickling the audience hugely.

The company showed the usual conscientious spirit, but evidently felt a slight sense of uncertainty in taking the initiative, since there were no traditions to follow, in a brand-new play. Under the circumstances they did very creditably.

Mr. Rafael Brunetto is being brought forward more and more, on account of his conscientious study and hard work, no doubt. This being the case, however, the young man needs to brush up on two points: one distinctness of enunciation; the other, greater variety and change in facial expression.

Today—Monday—the stage director and the author are no doubt busy with the shears, and by the end of the week the piece will probably be in more compact shape. It is not a brilliant effort, but it has its merits, the greatest of which is its claim on the sympathetic attention of the numerous young people in audiences of the Alcazar type who live the lives and think the thoughts of the people in Mr. Blackwood's play.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS.

At the Maitland Playhouse they have, for the week, returned to one-act plays, the once famous play of Chester Bailey Fernald's, "The Cat and the Cherub," being revived for this occasion. This pioneer among Chinese playlets has been so frequently and so thoroughly imitated that we are no longer able to do full justice to its merits. But it was an excellent idea to revive it and to place it between two gay little comedies that served as a foil to its sombreness.

The company, although pretty well disguised in the Chinese rôles, appeared to better advantage in "Another Way Out" and "The Pot-

MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL
FOR BOYS

Los Gatos, California

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
(Accredited)

boiler." Both of these playlets were tested and won favorable verdicts during one of the seasons at the St. Francis. The first is a hit of satire on the irregular union between a pair who thought matrimony too dull, and who, after five years' constancy, discovered that themselves, their union, and their household were regarded as so many dully and prosaically settled institutions.

"The Potholer" will be remembered as a very amusing representation of a rehearsal, in which the various members of the rehearsal company artlessly exhibit their varying idiosyncrasies, while their equally artless director tears his hair.

Next week there will be a return to a full-length play, Clyde Fitch's masterpiece, "The Truth," being in preparation. It has turned out to be good policy to present these notable plays, and it is hoped by a number that have become steady patrons of the Maitland Playhouse that its director will continue looking up notable plays that have never received representation in this city. There are several plays by Henry Arthur Jones, Pinero, Gals-



XXXIII.

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worthy, and Granville Barker that we have never seen. We never had here "Letty" or "The Thunderbolt." We have never seen a single one of Granville Barker's plays, have not had presented here Jones' "Michael and His Lost Angel," have seen none of Rostand's except "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "The Chantecler," and only "The Bluebird" by Maeterlinck. We saw Nazimova, oh, eight or ten years ago give a Schnitzler play, and no others by him that I remember except the Anatol pieces. Quantities of the numerous Brieux plays have never had representation here, and some of Hauptmann's powerful dramas would bear transplantation. Then there are translated French plays, of which "Samson" is an instance, Mr. Maitland's clientele having testified a lively interest in that play. There are, of course, Ibsen, and our friend G. B. S., and there is Tchekov; to us, as regards stage representation, only a famous name.

Of course, there are in this list of possible plays some that would have to be counted out because of royalty difficulties. But I should judge, from the interest felt in those four plays, "The Pigeon," "The Master," "Samson," and "Arms and the Man," that this line of plays that are avoided in terror by the more regularly commercial theatres can be safely regarded as drawing cards by the management of the smaller playhouses, which are usually sui generis.

GORGEOUS MELODRAMA.

There is mystery, thick, thick mystery at the Columbia this week. There are dark-stage scenes, pitch-black rooms stabbed by darts of light, which are momentarily blotted out by stealthily passing figures, which sometimes throw out dancing gleams from pocket-lanterns. There are detectives of the plain, ornery brand, and a super-detective that is related to Raffles. There are automatics till you can't rest. There are crossings and double-crossings by the detectives and the black-hearted villain. There is a gullible partner who sires an angel daughter who hugs him to pieces and calls him "Dad." There is the stimulating atmosphere of wealth, for the ebony-hearted villain owns an island in Florida—yes, I am quite sure of that fact—and in his sumptuous country palace he entertains a house party. A queer, conglomerate lot they are, too; among them a sleuth male and a sleuth female, a crook or so—wasn't there? I admit to being wobbly on this point—and a relation or so to preserve the balance.

The settings are gorgeous in the extreme. Mr. Villain's place is some palace believe me; and m'm, m'm, girls, but the clothes that Beverly Bayne wears! (Beverly Bayne: good combination that, for the stage, well alliter-

ated.) Beverly Bayne is a handsome, white-skinned, black-haired young woman with tragic eyebrows. She is a little movieish, but only a little, and she'll do, that is for melodrama. Francis X. Bushman, her partner in the interested regard of the public, is a highly effective young man who speaks surprisingly well considering that he has for so long been expressing his burning sentiments to an unresponsive camera. He, also, is rather movieish, but so is the play. But he is a very effective central figure.

"The Master Thief" has a plot so thick you could stir it with a porridge spoon. If they gave prizes for the best synopses of the plot written by an appreciative public I'd never get one, for I lost count.

But oh, boys and girls, that last act! The whole switchboard entered the ring, and the electricity fairly danced, while Beverly gasped "Oh, dad, dad!" at intervals, as she combined electricity and telegraphy and summoned Dad from his suicidal despair by the employment of the code.

Well, let's see, what else was there? Oh, yes, a sumptuous villainess—or was she a detective? or perhaps a secret service dame. I'm afraid I'll have to give it up. But anyway she had long eyes, and a long train, and clothes to burn, in spite of a lot of fine, uncovered back and shoulders. And there were surprises; so many surprises that we became inordinately suspicious and ceased to be surprised. Yes, it was a two-dollar show, all right: two movie stars, fine settings, fine feathers, a big cast, and plenty of electric fluid dancing about. But whenever I try to think out the plot there is a kind of buzzing in the place where my brains are supposed to be, and I am obliged to give it up and think of something else.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Harry Lauder.

Sir Harry Lauder has returned from a tour of Australia, and will appear at the Curran for a week commencing Monday, November 24th. Beginning Tuesday there will be a daily matinee.

Lauder's return to the United States is an incident in his world tour, which he inaugurated last season. He had originally intended sailing direct to Australia, via the Suez Canal, but finding that impossible owing to shipping conditions, he yielded to the request of William Morris, his American manager, to sail from San Francisco, and to entertain the American public en route across the continent. Another shipping congestion made it impossible to sail direct for South Africa, the next objective in his world tour, and so the United States will again have an opportunity to see and hear the comedian before his departure for the Far South. According to his present plans he will leave New York in February and sail for South Africa early in March.

For his Australian tour Lauder prepared a number of new and characteristic songs, and many of these will be utilized for the American tour. Among them are "We All Go Home the Same Way," "I Think I'll Get Wed in the Summertime," "When I Was Twenty-One," which is said to rival in popularity the famous drollette, "She Is Ma Daisy," and other songs that are distinctly Lauderesque.

Sir Harry still carries his company of Highland pipers—strapping fellows in the inevitable kilts—and he is assisted by a notable company of internationally famous entertainers.

The Alcazar.

"A Dollar Down" has the largest advance sale in the history of the Belasco and Mayer playhouse. Its continuance a second week is a matter of course. John H. Blackwood's domestic comedy-drama is human and true to life and its characters are everyday persons typical of thousands of young home-builders who are fighting the cost of living and at the same time reckless in indulgences. Shouts of laughter, volleys of applause, and many recalls after each act all register public approval of what will prove the most popular and profitable new drama that the Alcazar has ever staged.

The revival of "Polly with a Past" is necessarily postponed until November 30th, during which week a special matinee performance will be given in aid of the Actors' Fund. Every theatre in America will join in a national memorial movement for this charity.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Truth," which has the reputation of being the most brilliant play ever written by Clyde Fitch, will be the attraction at the Maitland Playhouse for the week beginning Tuesday matinee and night, November 25th.

In "The Truth" Fitch has dissected womanhood in fascinating fashion, the handling of the first two acts being not unreminiscent of Wilde and Shaw. In the last two acts the playwright rises to strong dramatic heights.

"The Truth" should prove a most happy medium for the Maitland players, several of whom will have unusual opportunity for character drawing. The character rôles, in fact,

stand out in the play. Most conspicuous of these is Stephen Roland, the parasitical father of the heroine, which will employ the best talents of Rupert Drum. The landlady, Mrs. Genevieve Crespiigny, who has "set her cap" for Roland, should have excellent interpretation at the hands of the versatile Julia Blanc.

Ann O'Day will play the central feminine rôle, that of Becky Warder (created by Clara Bloodgood), whose unvarnished habits form the theme of the play. Arthur Maitland will be her husband and J. Anthony Smythe, whose work has caught on famously with Maitland patrons, is cast as Fred Lindon, the butterfly. The other favorites will be well bestowed.

Unusual lighting and scenic effects will be features.

Tonight's performance will be the last of Chester Bailey Fernald's Chinese classic, "The Cat and the Cherub," and the two clever comedies which have made such excellent entertainment this week.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present next week a new bill, with Gertrude Hoffmann as its headline attraction. She will appear in an entirely new offering, elaborate as her previous ones, staged as usual with infinite pains and compelling originality, and accepted where it has been presented as the best product of her long-recognized genius. It is a one-woman revue and composed of dances and impersonations which constitute a marvel of delight.

Erwin and Jane Connelly, who will be remembered for their successful presentation of W. B. Gilbert's dramatic contrast, "Sweethearts," will present a new one-act play entitled "The Tale of a Shirt," which concerns a laundry girl who, having no friend or relative in the recent war, creates a hero for herself. An uncalled-for shirt at the laundry she imagines to be the possession of a soldier who has made the supreme sacrifice in France. Much to her surprise, the garment is one day called for, and thereby hangs the tale of a shirt.

Franker Wood and Bunce Wyde will bid for popular approval with their latest vehicle, which they style "A Satire of Greenwich Village."

Claudia Coleman, a newcomer in vaudeville, makes odd types live before her audiences with the assistance of a few hats and wonderful facial expression. She impersonates women every one knows, including "The Woman in the Hotel Lobby," "The Girl Behind the Music Counter," and "Women at an Afternoon Club Meeting."

Samaroff and Sonia, who were members of the Russian Royal Court Ballet, will appear in a series of Russian dances.

Enrico Aresoni will be heard in operatic selections.

Venita Gould in impressions of stage celebrities and Eva Shirley, assisted by Fido Gordon's Musical Boys and Al Roth, dancer, will complete one of the finest bills ever presented in vaudeville.

Syncoated Orchestra.

The American Syncoated Orchestra, the organization of colored musicians and singers, will give a second concert in San Francisco at the Curran Theatre this Sunday evening, November 23d, at 8:15 sharp, under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

The American Syncoated Orchestra and Singers created such widespread enthusiasm and satisfaction that it was necessary for Mr. L. E. Behymer, the impresario of Southern California, to deprive the smaller adjacent towns of this favorable attraction and play them in lieu in five consecutive concerts at Temple Auditorium, Los Angeles. This in order to satisfy the demands of Los Angeles music lovers.

Seats are now on sale at the Curran Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and Kohler & Chase's.

Symphony Orchestra.

Louis Persinger and Artur Argiewicz, concertmaster and assistant concertmaster, respectively, of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will again be soloists on Sunday afternoon, November 23d, in the Curran Theatre.

Beginning with this event, the Sunday concerts will begin at 2:45 o'clock, instead of 2:30, as has hitherto been the custom. The Friday concerts will begin as before at 3 o'clock.

Persinger and Argiewicz' violinistic art will again be displayed in Bach's Concerto for two violins and orchestra.

Persinger has been concertmaster and assistant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony for five seasons. He is also director of the Chamber Music Society.

Argiewicz has been assistant concertmaster of the Hertz organization for three seasons. For seven years he was a member of the faculty of the New York Institute of Musical Art. Later he was assistant concertmaster of the New York Symphony.

The orchestra alone will on Sunday be heard in Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, the or-



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One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

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with the famous pizzicato movement, and in the overture to Schumann's sole opera, "Genoveva," the latter being offered for the first times in San Francisco at this pair of concerts.

Conductor Hertz will offer another fine programme for the fourth "Pop" concert, to be played Sunday afternoon, November 30th, in the Curran. These are the numbers: Overture, "Oberon," Auber; Allegretto gracioso, from Symphony No. 2, Brahms; Ballet Suite, Gluck-Gevaert; "The Preludes," Liszt; Funeral March of a Marionette, Gounod; Prelude, Jarnfelt; Berceuse, Jarnfelt; Serenade, Pierre; Polonaise, Chopin.

The symphony management again urges concert-goers to make immediate ticket reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, for at all of the previous "Pop" events the theatre has been completely sold out several days in advance of the concert day.

The total capital invested in British fisheries is estimated at figures ranging from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. A tremendous boom in fishing is regarded as certain, one authority estimating that the annual catch of 24,000,000 hundredweight will increase in a few months to 40,000,000 hundredweight.

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Last Time Saturday Night
"SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"
6 Nights—Beginning Monday Night, Nov. 24
Matinee Daily After Monday
William Morris Presents
Sir HARRY LAUDER
The World's Greatest Entertainer
Nights and Sat. Mat., \$2.50 to 50c
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Next—Com. Sun., Nov. 30, WILLIAM COURTENAY in "CIVILIAN CLOTHES."

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—Argonaut.

THE TREMENDOUS HIT
Of John H. Blackwood's Vivid True-to-Life Comedy-Drama

"A DOLLAR DOWN"
Compels Its Continuance

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The 54th Consecutive Week of the Present Brilliant Dramatic Season

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Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

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Matinee Every Day

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN in Dances and Impersonations; ERWIN and JANE CONNELLY in "A Tale of a Shirt"; FRANKER WOOD and BUNCE WYDE in a Satire of Greenwich Village; CLAUDIA COLEMAN in "Feminine Types"; VENITA GOULD in Impressions of Well-Known Players; CASTING WARD. American Gymnasts; SAMAROFF and SONIA, Russian Peasants in Their Native Dances; ENRICO ARESONI, Dramatic Tenor; EVA SHIRLEY, Assisted by Fido Gordon's Versatile Musical Boys and Al Roth, Jazz Dancer.

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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City's Newest and Most Artistic Theatre
Last time Saturday night
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Clyde Fitch's Most Brilliant Play

"THE TRUTH"
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Every Night (except Sun and Mon.) at 8:30
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SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
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4th SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT
CURRAN THEATRE
SUNDAY AFT., NOV. 23, at 2:30 Sharp

Soloists—LOUIS PERSINGER and
ARTUR ARGIEWICZ, Violinists

Schumann Overture, "Genoveva"
Bach "Double Concerto"
(For two violins and orchestra)
Tchaikowsky Symphony No. 4

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre from 10 a. m. on concert days only.

Next—Sun., Nov. 30, 4th "Pop" Concert.

VANITY FAIR.

Royalty is usually supposed to be cautious when it comes to the making of speeches. So much may depend upon an unconsidered word. Bismarck was once bold enough to tell the late German Emperor that he made too many speeches, and to suggest that henceforth he say nothing in public except from the written copy which had first been censored by the chancellor himself. The emperor never forgave that slur upon his verbal inspiration. It was the beginning of the end for Bismarck.

There is a good deal of curiosity as to the origin of the speeches that are being delivered by the Prince of Wales. There are two versions, so to speak, of those utterances. First there is the printed copy of what the prince is supposed to have said and that he was doubtless instructed to say. This is handed to the press representatives and to any who care to have it. Then there is the speech that is actually delivered, and the careful observer, indeed the quite careless observer, will note that there is no resemblance between the two. Those who are privileged to hear these flights of oratory are requested to adopt the pleasing fiction that the prince actually said what the printed sheet represents him to have said and to make no attempts at emendation.

No one has explained why there should be so wide a gulf between the two versions. It may be that the prince refuses to commit to memory the speeches written for him, but it is more likely that he has been given a free hand to say anything he pleases, the written version being a sufficient protection against indiscretions. Not that there could be any real indiscretions. No part of the English-speaking world is quite so silly as to attach political importance to anything said by a very much embarrassed boy who so evidently wishes to be liked. But the real speeches are said to be quite good ones, in spite of an occasional hostility between nouns and verbs. They have a touch of humor withal, as, for example, where he expressed his recognition of the fact that Americans loved democracy just as much as Britishers.

Vice-President Marshall gave a dinner to the prince while he was in Washington, but the guest of the evening slipped away for a time in order to visit the National Press Club, where nearly two hundred newspaper men had gathered to meet him. A little platform had been erected with the usual table and the deadly pitcher of water that has drowned so much elaborately prepared oratory. The prince glanced at the little platform, and then turned on his heel and made his speech from the floor. No one knows what he said except those who heard him say it. The newspaper men had been asked to repeat nothing, and although public opinion runs rather in the

contrary direction it may be said that there is no one so safe to entrust with a confidence as a newspaper man. There is no first-class newspaper man in Washington who might not have done illimitable mischief over and over again, even to the point of war, by repeating the confidences of Presidents and statesmen.

The representative of the New York *Globe*, describing the prince's behavior under a somewhat trying ordeal, says that his eyes roved from face to face while the hand-clapping continued, smiling his appreciation. Then Earl Godwin, president of the National Press Club, stepped forward to welcome him in a neat little speech. As Mr. Godwin continued and the battery of eyes concentrated with closer and closer interest upon the prince's face, his embarrassment became increasingly comical and likeable. He fiddled with his finger-nails; he twisted a signet ring, the only piece of jewelry he wore—pulled it off and put it on again; he tugged at his white dress necktie; he even reached under his coat and appeared to make certain that his suspenders were safely adjusted. His naturally ruddy, healthy complexion became brick-red in hue. Ever now and then he cast a whimsical glance toward the wall of faces surrounding him. Once he looked rather despairingly at Mr. Godwin, who continued with smiling implacability.

When the speech was ended and Mr. Godwin said, "Gentlemen, I have the honor of introducing to you his royal highness the Prince of Wales," the hand-clapping broke out again in a rattle like miniature drum-fire, the prince drew chest at least several inches, thrust his hands behind his back and smiled cheerfully again. Nobody who watched him during those trying moments could help liking him, he was so plainly genuine and boyish.

With the last bit of applause the prince took a step forward and began his own impromptu speech of acknowledgment, which was entirely different from the formal, prepared speech, copies of which were given out for publication and to which he only referred briefly. He spoke straightforwardly and distinctly with a clipped, precise English accent with perfect self-command, but occasionally with some confusion of grammar and syntax— which served to emphasize the earnestness of his utterance and his plain sincerity.

Convention has allowed to royalty and even to great statesmen a single road of escape from the results of a verbal indiscretion. The accuracy of the report may always be denied, and the denial is accepted as an expression of regret or as a withdrawal. But there must be no such denial of a speech that has been officially reported.

The importance of the spoken word has given a peculiar sanctity to private or confidential utterances. President Roosevelt often talked in a blood-curdling way to the press representatives at Washington. He seemed to withhold nothing from them. But his confidence was never abused. No newspaper man was ever known to divulge anything, directly or indirectly, that had been given to him as "not for publication."

The New York authorities threaten to challenge the right of a restaurant-keeper to make a charge for the glasses furnished to customers who bring their own liquor with them. There had been no question of the legality of this "corkage" charge until the coming of prohibition. It has always been the practice of some bon vivants to bring their favorite liquors with them to a restaurant, and the charge that was then made for glasses was in the nature of a protest against the implied slur on the restaurant wines. But the new situation makes a difference. It may have been lawful to make the "corkage" charge when the restaurant was in a position to supply its own liquor. But is the charge a legal one at a time when the restaurant has no liquor to supply? Is not the charge equivalent to selling the liquor?

The restaurant men are likely to lose, says the New York *Times* editorially. No man will fight very hard for the inalienable right to pay a dollar for the privilege of drinking the contents of his own flask. And the hotel men, whose services to civilization have been considerable, ought to have remembered that the corkage charge involved a grave menace to public manners. There are those who, rather than pay corkage, will stay at home; others who will affront the proprieties by sitting down in dignified restaurants and drinking straight from the bottle.

While isinglass, made from seaweed, is produced in practically every part of Japan where climatic conditions are favorable, the prefectures of Osaka, Kyoto, and Iyogo are said to produce more than two-thirds of the entire amount, which was about 2,809,207 pounds, valued at \$977,492, in 1917.

Scandinavian labor unions have decided to lend German workmen \$2,680,000, four-tenths from Sweden, three-tenths from Denmark and Norway each, to buy victuals in Scandinavian countries without loss from the rate of German money.

THE RED-HEADED.

"Salute no red-haired man nearer than thirty feet off," runs an old French saying, "and even so, hold three stones in the fist wherewith to defend thyself."

From biblical times to the present day can he traced the prejudice against red hair. "Never lodge at red-haired people's houses," runs a precept in the fifteenth century "Boke of Curtasye," "for these be folks that are to drede." According to one tradition this distrust of red-haired people dates from the times of Judas, who, himself red-haired, caused treachery to be ever afterward connected with hair of that color.

Shakespeare alludes to this belief. Says Rosalind, complaining of her lover, "His very hair is of the dissembling color." Whereupon Celia answers her: "Something browner than Judas's." Marston, too, in "The Inisatiate Countess," makes one of his characters remark: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas."

In Sweden prejudice against red hair was very strong; here its connection with treachery was twofold, for the traitor, Ashjorn, who betrayed Canute, possessed red hair. In Germany, also, red hair met with scant regard. "The short in stature," says a German proverb, "are naturally proud, and the red-haired untrustworthy."

Red hair, however unjustly, is still associated with deceit (says the Philadelphia *Ledger*), and, in Ireland and Scotland, with ill luck as well. In the Highlands he who meets a red-haired woman when starting on a journey will be well advised, say the wise-ones, to return home and start the journey afresh; and in Ireland red-haired people are supposed to exercise the same baleful influence upon any undertaking.

A man staying in western Connecticut for brown trout fishing complained one day that sport had been unusually poor. The landlord smoothed his chin and pondered for some little time upon the reason for this lack of fish. Then, suddenly, his face lighted—the lakes, after all, it seemed, were not at fault. "Sure," said he, "ye'll have me! Red Maggie Murphy on the way to the lake? 'Twas herself that passed by the minute after!"

The fairy folk are at one with human beings in disliking red-haired people, although in other connections they are by no means averse to red. Pixies, indeed, are sometimes known in the west of England by the names of "red caps," owing to their fondness for caps of the color; while fairy cows, those strange, hornless animals which have the power of crossing the sea by themselves, are invariably red.

But the unfortunate human possessor of red hair meets with scant courtesy from the fairy folk: he it is who suffers most acutely from the unwelcome attentions of spriggans and buccas. He will be decoyed across the bogland at night by lights like those of cottage windows, only to find that these lights have, in truth, no existence; his cattle will be pixy-ridden, his colts chased all night long. Only, indeed, by wearing his coat turned inside out, and drawing his cap well over that obnoxious hair, can he hope to mitigate such unwelcome attentions.

Sacred Cedars Vanish.

The cedars of Lebanon have almost disappeared from their native home in the picturesque mountains of Palestine, and yet one hears no great protest. Trees 2000 years old, that passed through their infancy a hundred years before the opening of the Christian era, were cut to supply fuel for military locomotives during the war.

The wholesale destruction of wonderful works of art during the war brought forth groans that were heard around the world, but the woodchopper, without a murmur being heard in the world outside, has destroyed this living thing that for centuries has been used as a symbol of physical strength by nations forgotten except in the pages of history.

These beautiful giants thrived best in their native home in the mountains of Lebanon in Palestine just south of Beirut. Their wood is so durable that Pliny, the Roman historian, said it was everlasting. For this reason the ancients made of it their gods. The Arabs regarded the trees as endowed with the principle of continual existence, and when the great age of some individual specimens is considered they had very good reason for holding this belief. They also credited the trees with reasoning powers.

Timbers unearthed by excavators in the ruins of the ancient Assyrian cities were found to be practically unchanged after passing through 2000 years of various vicissitudes.

The cedar forests, which were historic when the armies of Sennacherib laid them waste in 608 B. C. as recorded in the Bible and which are beautifully mentioned in the Psalms of David, have now been ravaged as a war necessity by the Turks to feed their locomotives which drew trains between the military station at Beirut and the ancient capital at Damascus. This destruction was made imperative by the severance of all outside sup-

plies of coal. The conquerors of the Turks continued the practice. It became a common sight to see long lines of automobile trucks of the invaders make their way to the "goodly mountains" for a load of the wood.

The cedars of Lebanon have the reputation of being particularly fragrant. In ancient times the oil of this tree was thought to have curative properties and as such was applied to the body by those suffering from leprosy. The Roman used the oil for the preservation of their manuscripts.

The great size of individual trees produced a profound impression upon the beholder. The trunk often reached the girth of forty-two feet, which is not beggarly even when compared with the giants of our California forests. A height of ninety feet was common and with this is to be considered the fact that the spread of the tree's branches exceeded this. Four city lots might be covered by one single specimen.

Originally the practice of hoisting flags on public buildings only part of the way up the flagpoles when a prominent man dies was a military one. Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the victor's flag to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token, not only of submission, but of respect. In like manner when a famous soldier died flags were lowered, not only to indicate respect to his memory, but to show that he had succumbed to the greatest conqueror of all, death, for which flag space was left at the top of the staff.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There was an epidemic of chicken-pox in the village, but fortunately little Johnny had kept free from it. One morning, however, he came rushing downstairs excitedly. "Oh, daddy!" he shouted. "I'm sure I've got chicken-pox. I've just found a feather in the bed!"

An individual who would probably have answered to the name of "Weary Willie" was presented with sixpence by a kind old lady. "I am not giving you this sixpence," she said, "because you begged, but for my own pleasure." "Oh, ma'am," he replied, "make it a quid, and have a thundering good time."

A tourist traveling in the Rocky Mountains was introduced to an old hunter who claimed to have killed no fewer than a hundred bears. "Bill," said the introducer, "this fellow wants to hear some narrer escapes you had from bears." "Young man," said Bill, "if that's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em."

It was a little argument between two ladies. "There is one thing no one can say about you," said one of the combatants; "no one can ever call you two-faced." "No, they can't," snapped the other. "No; if you had two faces you would never be seen out with the one you are wearing now," was the rejoinder. Then hostilities became furious.

Poor father had been worried by his son's knotty questions all the evening, and he had at last been able to get some peace by giving his tormentor a book to look at. Suddenly the boy put the book down with a puzzled expression on his face. "Father, do ships ever faint?" "What a ridiculous question? Of course not." "But it says here that the ship came to." "Hurried departure of the son to bed."

Cornelius Husk, on his first visit to the sea-side, went down to the beach at low tide, and saw a big fishing-smack lying high and dry on the mud flats. "Hey, mister," he said to a fisherman, "how do you get that big boat down to the water?" "We don't take the boat down to the water, mate," said the fisherman. "The water comes up to the boat." Cornelius Husk gave a harsh laugh. "Say, mister," he said, "I may be from the country, but I aint goin' to swaller that."

"I should like to tell you," said one of two women who were discussing a pair of twins that had just been born to a neighbor, "I should like to tell you about an Irishwoman from County Clare who was blessed with twins, two dear little boys, so exactly alike

that the ladies who came to see them could not tell the difference between them. But the mother knew—ah! those mothers, what a lot they know! 'One of them,' she said, 'has a little way of his own of hitting, so when I want to be sure which is which I put my finger in Mike's mouth, and if he bites I know he's Patrick. I can always tell.'"

Little seven-year-old James came home from school the first day with a determined look on his face. He was decided on one point. "Mother," he cried, "I'm going to quit school and be a schoolteacher." "Why, James," said his mother, laughing, "how can you? You don't know enough." "Don't know enough?" exclaimed the would-be teacher. "You don't have to know anything. All you have to do is ask questions."

The commercial traveler entered the small restaurant and chose his seat with the discrimination of the careful diner. Then he looked at the menu. "Waiter!" he called. "Bring me some flyspecks." "Sir!" said the waiter, angrily. "Haven't you got any flyspecks?" asked the man. "No, sir," returned the waiter, still more haughtily. "Then," remarked the traveler, "why don't you take them off the bill of fare?"

"Mr. Grahcoin spent thousands of dollars on his daughter's education. She attended some of the most expensive schools in America and Europe. She was taught to sing, to paint, to play various musical instruments, and to speak three or four languages?" "Fine." "But let me tell you how shamelessly she repaid her father's tender care. She came back home and married his chauffeur." "Splendid! A girl with her wealth and accomplishments might have married a broken-down duke."

In the good old days, months ago, a baseball player turned up at the game with a load on. When he went to bat he said to the umpire with a silly smile, "I see three hats and three balls. What am I—hic—to do?" "Hit the middle ball," said the umpire. But the boozy hatter struck out. "Hang it, Bill," said the captain, "why didn't you hit the middle ball, as the umpire told you?" "I did," replied Bill with an injured air, "only I hit it with the—hic—outside bat."

In midwinter, 1918, a six-foot huck private in a colored labor battalion returned to the big American supply base at Is-Sur-Tille from a nearby base hospital and aroused the other members of his outfit to a high pitch of envy by his glowing account of the life of sinful ease he had led for three weeks during an attack of the mumps. That evening a white officer on a tour of inspection heard muffled cries of protest coming from one of the har-

racks occupied by the battalion. He investigated and found a helpless and panting black stretched out on a lower bunk. "The lieutenant doctor says I've got the mumps and told me to fetch my harracks bag down to the infirmary so's I could be sent to the hospital," explained the victim, "and all these heah fellows done make me hlow in their mouths so's they could get 'em, too."

A young Swede in South Dakota, who had been sent out to collect hills for the general store, returned with this report: "Yon Brown, he say he pay when he sell his wheat; Ole Oleson, he say he pay when he sell his oats; and Yon Yonson, he say he pay in Yanuary." "In Yanuary?" repeated the proprietor, surprised. "Why he never set a date before. Are you sure he said Yanuary?" "Vell, Ay tank it hane Yanuary. He say it hane dam cold day when you get your money."

Apropos of the modern fashions, Senator Watson told a story at a Rushville dinner. "A struggling business man," he said, "came home one evening with a joyful countenance. 'My poor dear,' he said to his wife, 'I have just been admitted to the League of Reconstruction Profiteers. Our hard times are now over. At last you can have some decent dresses.' A steely glitter came into the woman's eyes. 'No you don't, Joseph,' she said, 'I'll have just the same kind of dresses all the other women are wearing.'"

On one occasion up in the Argonne, during a particularly brisk bombardment, an infantry lieutenant was worming his way over the ground in search of shelter. He presently came upon a deep and narrow hole and, with much joy, commenced to lower himself into it. He had scarcely provided cover for one leg when a head, apparently belonging to an orderly, emerged from another orifice close by. "Don't go in there, lieutenant," said the orderly in a strong foreign accent. "That's the hole Captain Schmidt jumps into."

After a somewhat hilarious Christmas Day a man called up his son before it was light and told him to go and harness the donkey. The young man obeyed, but did not take a light with him. It so happened that the night before had been very frosty, and an old cow had strayed into the stable and driven the donkey out. Thinking the young man a long time absent the father went to ascertain the cause of the delay. "Jack, what are you doing?" he called when he found the stable in darkness. "Why, I can't get the collar over the donkey's head," replied Jack. "His ears are frozen."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Lowly Warning.

O Labor, watch the pig,
For you can learn from him;
Though little, fat, or big,
He still knows how to swim.

If in the water he
Should fall, he straightway starts
To strike out valiantly—
He needs no maps nor charts.

He doesn't give a groat
How many others drown;
Yet swimming cuts his throat,
And thus himself goes down.
—W. W. Whitlock, in New York Sun.

Felicity of the Flat Dweller.

If existing as a flatter
You are conscious of a matter
Which is causing much rejoicing in such places.
There's a difference in the atmos-
Phere; the temperature's like Patmos,
And the mercury is prancing through its paces.

Every rubber plant is stretching,
The mosquito now is fetching
Out his weapons for a supplementary season,
While each corpulent canary
Pipes a march tune military;
And it is not difficult to guess the reason.

On arising in the morning
Those chill shivers die a-borning,
While the bathroom's almost tropic in its greeting,
And your customary frolic
When the infant has the colic
Isn't frigid—nay, in fact it's sometimes heating!

There's an odor like a dozen
Warm flatirons, and a huzzin'
As from hiving bees on hedges of Hymetus.
It's the radiator's sizzle!
Steam has started in to mizzle.
We'll be happy—if the janitor will let us.
—Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.

His Plunder.

A man will chase a dollar as a dog would chase
a hare,
And after it he runs up hill, down dale, and
everywhere.
And as he keeps pursuing it for many a weary
mile
It seems as if 'twas shrinking, growing smaller
all the while.
When first he starts out after it its size is huge,
immense,
But when he catches it at last it looks like thirty
cents.
—Tennyson J. Daft, in Kansas City Star.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Mr. F. Somers Peterson and Miss Helen Miller Holton took place October 30th in the Central Presbyterian Church at Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, the bride's birthplace. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holton of Hamilton and niece of Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton of this city. The maid of honor was Miss Eleanor Holton, sister of the bride, and the bridesmaid Miss Miriam Birks of Toronto. Miss Jean Moody, niece of the bride, was flower girl. Mr. G. Baltzer Peterson, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Mr. Raymond Asbton of San Francisco, Mr. Edward L.

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Shea of New York, Mr. Thomas Hudner of Boston, and Mr. Kenneth Murry of Hamilton. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, which was largely attended. Many telegrams were received by the bride and groom from friends in Canada and the United States, a great number coming from California. The young married couple will spend their honeymoon in the East and later make their home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a ball Friday evening in compliment to their debutante daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood. A number of the winter's debutantes assisted in receiving the guests, among them having been Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, and Miss Aileen McIntosh. Miss Flood entertained the same group with a complement of men at her table later in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe entertained nearly

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twoscore guests at dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a dinner Friday evening, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Dr. and Mrs. James Black, Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell, and Mr. and Mrs. Ather-ton Macondray.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a luncheon Monday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. Douglas Alexander, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett were the guests of honor at a dinner given Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gillespie.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury entertained a group of friends at dinner a few evenings ago, the party having included Mr. and Mrs. Willard

Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cooper, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willard, Miss Augusta Foute, and Mr. William Gwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. De Lancey Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Miss Edith Bull, Mr. Arthur Watson, and Mr. Stewart Lowery.

Mrs. Edward Eyre gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in compliment to her nieces, Miss Elena Eyre and Miss Mary Elena Macondray.

Mrs. Marshall Williams gave a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Miss Louise Baldwin of New York.

Miss Elena Eyre gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of the Misses Doris and Elizabeth Schmiedell, the guests having included Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Anne Dibblee, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Mrs. Arthur Lord gave a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis, her guests having been Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. Frank Johnson, and Mrs. Horace Chase.

Dr. Grant Selfridge gave a stag dinner Wednesday evening at his home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner Monday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin.

Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen gave a luncheon Wednesday in compliment to Miss Margaret Madison. Among the guests were Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Evelyn Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Orel Goldarena, Captain Augustus Leadbetter, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at luncheon last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Newman and Mrs. Tenney of Honolulu. In the party were Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Berthe Welch, Mrs. Murray Innes, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. Willis Polk, and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

A "no-host" dinner was given Friday evening at the St. Francis, the members of the party later attending the Flood ball. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Miss Evelyn Barron, Mr. William Gwin, Jr., and Mr. Frank Shaughnessy.

Mrs. George Van Deusen gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Hotel Whitcomb in compliment to Mrs. Hunter Liggett. Among the guests were Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. Walter Wright, Mrs. William Gambrell, Mrs. P. D. Wheeler, Mrs. Francis Davis, Mrs. William Bartlett, and Mrs. William Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner before the Flood ball on Friday evening, those in their party having included Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Miss Maude Fay, and Dr. Harry Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, and Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott.

Miss Eleanor Welty gave a dinner Friday evening, entertaining a number of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Murdoch gave a dance Thursday evening at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hostatter, who have just returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., gave a luncheon Tuesday, entertaining several of the younger set.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a dinner last Tuesday at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Negro of the French Army entertained at luncheon Tuesday at the Palace, his guests having included Mrs. Willard Williamson, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mr. Maurice Hall, and Mr. Paul Verdier.

Colonel and Mrs. Lincoln Karmany entertained at dinner Wednesday evening at Mare Island, their guests having included Governor and Mrs. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bray, Admiral and Mrs. Hugh Rodman, Captain and Mrs. Edward Beach, Captain and Mrs. Henry Gleason, Mrs. Louise George of Pasadena, Mrs. Randolph Zane, and Captain Frank Clark.

Preceding the Flood ball Mrs. George W. McNear gave a dinner in honor of her niece, Miss Mora Macdonald, her guests including Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Cornelia Clamptett, Miss Marian Baker, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mora Macdonald, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Blair Brooks, Mr. George McNear, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train.

The "fireless locomotive" is a German war-time invention. It has a large hot-water tank which is filled to capacity with high-pressure steam from a stationary boiler. Naturally, the quantity and pressure of the pumped-in steam limit also the running capacity and time of the engine. As a compensation, the engine is of an extremely simple construction and perfectly safe in operation. All delicate boiler parts are eliminated; there is no firing, and therefore no smoke, soot, and coal dust; explosions are out of the question. The fireless engine, therefore, is employed chiefly in munition and chemical plants, also in factory yards where they can be kept under steam without any attendance.

CURRENT VERSE.

From One Drowned at Sea.

O friend, who thought me forever silent,
Hear a voice from the wave.
You who, when you die, in that day
Shall have earth for a grave,
Hark, whom I loved, to what I say.

To the bottom of the water-mountains
I fell from the crest;
There were weeds wrapt about my head,
And, hushing my breast,
The soft-knocking fishes as they fled.

I stand erect or I wander
Two-thirds of the world's space—
But you'll lie, who once were with me,
In a close place,
You the earth, I the separate sea.

I shall always be part of water,
You of cities and land;
I shall be flood and foam and tide,
You the fields, the strand.
But friend, friend, we shall no divide.

On every sea's coast, on the faint pond's margin,
On the ocean shore,
At the stream's edge, on the river-beach,
We shall meet once more,
We shall meet once more each to each.

—Viola Meynell, in *London Westminster Gazette*.

The Gathering of the Ships.

Every vessel of the fleet is now in Sydney Harbor.
These have come back from the grey seas,
And these have come home from the green,
They have tasted the tang of the battle breeze
And their eyes in the dark have seen
The high death talking, the low death creeping,
And the flame-death's banners unfurled,
While, at watch and ward, they steamed to guard
The faith of a shaken world.

These are our own, these are our own,
Steel of our heart and dream!
Never for us were the trumpets blown;
We knew not the death-fire's gleam;
But a thought came stealing, a thought came calling,
Till rivet and hammer wrought
The furnace steel and the deep-laid keel
To the force that the ages taught.

Under the cliffs and the sea-walls
These from their wanderings cease;
The skies are blue and the sunlight falls
And the great cold guns keep peace.
But they still shall listen at dawn and midnight,
And their watch of the seas is ours;
For Australia speaks where the Spring wind seeks
To whisper about their towers.

Castles that rode on the grey seas
And stems that furrowed the green,
Let it be peace; but we hold by these,
For our eyes and our hearts have seen
The high death stalking, the low death creeping;
And this shall our children prize:
That a nation's youth stood bold for truth
And her ships were her hands and eyes.

—George Street, in *Sydney Bulletin*.

Jean d'Arc.

She came into the presence as a martyred Saint
might come,
Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very rever-
ence dumb,
She stood as a straight young soldier, confident,
gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden
hush of the drum.

She said: "Now I have stayed too long in this my
place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what
sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed
to come to this.

"But lo, a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long
I stayed,
Like a trumpet's call at Heaven's wall from a
herald unafraid,
A million voice in one cry: 'Where is the Maid,
the Maid?'"

"I had forgot from too much joy that olden task
of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the chant
divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before mine
eyes for sign.

"I would return to that my land flung in the teeth
of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that
pleasure me no more,
And don the armor that I knew, the valiant sword
I bore.

"And angels militant shall fling the gates of
Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like
leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our necks and cheer
us as we ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint
Michael of the sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside
his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a
sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the
end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long
agony;
I would go singing down that road where fagots
wait for me.

"Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke about
my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path my
heroes tread;
My Captain! Oh, my Captain, let me go back!"
she said.

—Theodosia Garrison, in *"A Treasury of War Poetry."*

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Homeless Children.

The Exposition Auditorium will be the scene of a prize masquerade hall next Wednesday night, Thanksgiving Eve, when the Homeless Children Committee of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West will invite the general public to participate in aiding their fund. The Native Daughters and Native Sons annually raise funds for the support of a central committee, which undertakes the work of placing homeless children in individual homes and see that they are properly raised. During the past ten years over 1600 children have been placed in congenial homes, and as all of this takes money and there is no state or outside aid of any kind, the Thanksgiving Eve hall is to be given.

Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., will lead the grand march, followed by the queen, Miss Helen Becker, a member of Calaveras Parlor, No. 103, N. D. G. W., and the king, Nicholas J. Meinert, of Niantic Parlor, No. 105, N. S. G. W.

Many handsome prizes will be awarded to groups of maskers, as well as to the best-sustained characters and wearers of the handsomest and most original costumes. There will be plenty of good music, and as tickets are but 50 cents each the spacious Auditorium will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors.

An Art Exhibit.

Louise Mahony will exhibit twelve pastels in the Schussler galleries, commencing November 24th. Miss Mahony will exhibit pictures of several beautiful California gardens and sketches around San Francisco and Monterey.

In most countries thirteen is always spoken of as "the haker's dozen," but in Italy it is called "a cohler's dozen." There is a tradition in that land that formerly there was a law compelling cohlers to put twelve nails around the edge of a hoot heel, and that when nails were cheap a thirteenth nail was driven in the centre for luck.

English scientists have decided that passing electricity through freshly-cut timber makes it more resistant against decay and fungus growths.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have gone to their ranch at Playto to remain over Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering has left for Washington to spend the winter.

Miss Mary Eyre is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin at Del Monte.

Mrs. Matthew Tomlinson, who is visiting in Berkeley, will leave within the near future for Colenz to join Major Tomlinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman have taken possession of their new house in Burlingame, which was formerly the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have taken apartments at the Burlingame Club for the winter.

Mrs. J. R. Laine will spend the winter at the Cliff Hotel, her house on Broadway having been taken for the season by Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour.

Mrs. John Ellicott is visiting in Washington with Colonel and Mrs. C. H. Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Irwin have sailed for Paris, where they will remain for several months.

Mrs. Joseph Redding, who is staying at the Ritz-Carlton in New York, will leave within a few days for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop returned to San Francisco the first of the week.

Miss Cornelia Clappett has gone to Chicago for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois are spending a fortnight at Del Monte.

Miss Margaret Scheld is spending several days in San Francisco as the house guest of Miss Elena Eyre.

Mr. Addison Mizner, who has been in Florida for several months, has reopened his home on Long Island for the winter season. Miss Ysabel Chase, who is at present with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hecksher, will visit her uncle over the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali have returned from a trip to New York.

Governor and Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Randolph Zane have been spending several days at Mare Island with Colonel and Mrs. Lincoln Karman.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross have arrived from Santa Barbara for a sojourn of several weeks. They are at the Fairmont.

Miss Elizabeth Witter has left for New York,

where she will enjoy a brief visit before sailing for France to resume her work with the Red Cross.

Captain Negro of the French army is spending a few weeks in San Francisco.

Major and Mrs. Haldimand Young have returned to make their home in San Francisco.

Admiral and Mrs. Hugh Rodman have been spending several days at Mare Island with Captain and Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have come to town for the winter. They are with Mrs. William Taylor, Sr., at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron will spend the winter at the De Young residence.

Mrs. Palmer Fuller has arrived from Enrope and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel will leave next week for Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Gorgas returned Tuesday from Colorado.

Mrs. E. H. Tenney of Honolulu is visiting in San Francisco, having come to meet Miss Wilhelmina Tenney, who has just returned from France.

Mrs. John Howard of New York is visiting Mrs. Duncan McDuffie in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman have taken an apartment on Gough Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Tuttle returned Monday to Colusa, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann are spending several weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay have taken a house at Buchanan and Jackson Streets for the winter season.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury has returned from a sojourn of several months in Boston.

Mrs. William Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara, who have been in Newport for several months, will return in December to California.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Captain L. A. Jenkins, Winnipeg, Canada; Mr. John D. Booch, Geyersville; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Maze, Modesto; Mr. E. B. Stowe, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. A. Griffiths, Walnut Creek; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lawrence, San Jose; Mr. Louis R. Reed, Sacramento; Mr. Sam O. Dugger, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wilder, Stockton; Mr. J. G. Moody, Fresno; Lieutenant A. G. Barker, London, England; Mr. F. A. Dixon, Los Gatos; Mr. A. R. Meister, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. K. Law, Los Angeles; Mr. C. K. Stowe, Peking, China.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. Oswald Spier, Mr. W. L. Valentine, Mr. L. M. McCray, Mr. W. R. Beattie, Mr. F. S. Coates, Los Angeles; Mr. W. F. Banks, Pasadena; Mr. Eldred Tucker, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cohn, Los Angeles; Captain R. F. Mackay, Mr. A. Mackay, Mr. James Wright, London, England; Mr. H. H. Jones, San Diego; Mr. John S. Ryan, Hollister; Mr. J. W. Stanford, Adelaide, Australia; Mr. C. H. Coates, Chicago; Mr. W. R. Woolwine, Los Angeles; Colonel and Mrs. C. B. Blethen, Seattle.

Can a Snail Smell?

This is not a silly season topic. It is a question which scientists and naturalists can not answer, according to Professor Thomson in his book, "Secrets of Animal Life."

It is not even known, he tells us, in what part of its body a snail has its sense of smell. At the same time he regards it as "likely enough" that the scent of its slimy trail may help a snail to find its way.

Snails, we know, are sluggish, but an instance cited by Professor Thomson of a snail which disappeared for twenty-four hours, leaving behind a sickly companion, while it searched for food, illustrates a kindly thought and feeling not generally known.

And those who contend that snails are without sense may be referred to the experiment of an American lady who proved otherwise. First she touched the mouth of a water-snail with a little piece of lettuce, producing as a result a number of rapid mouth movements. At a later stage, as she was doing this, she also touched its foot or creeping sole with a glass rod. Finally she so accustomed the snail to associate the touch of the glass rod with the coming of food that its mouth would begin to move hungrily at the pressure of the rod on its foot, even when no food was offered. The effect of the training, we are told, lasted for ninety-six hours after it had ceased. Then, like a human being might, the snail began to sulk, and responded no further.

An Early Reflected Light.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century one of the members of a scientific society in Liverpool laid a curious wager. He declared that he would read a newspaper by the light of a "farthing dip" at a distance of thirty feet. His companion, knowing that the feat was difficult at even a sixth of that distance, challenged his statement.

The scientist merely coated the inside of a shallow wooden box with sloping pieces of looking-glass so as to form a concave lens, put his farthing dip into the box and readily deciphered the small print at the stipulated distance.

The experiment was witnessed by a Liverpool dockmaster. He was a thinking man and saw great possibilities in this learned jest. He straightway adapted the principle to lighthouse requirements and forthwith the modern reflected light, with its mile of range and greatly multiplied life-saving powers, sprang into being.

In Hawaiian "uku" means flea, and "lele" means to jump, so the literal translation of "ukulele" is "jumping flea."

MAKING DENMARK OVER.

Five and fifty years ago Denmark was prey to dark despair; today she is one of the most prosperous and contented countries in all Europe. Yet half a century is only a small span in the life of a nation. It is a great achievement in that time—and less than that time—for a country to have lost its soul and to have found it anew (writes a special correspondent of the London *Times* lately in Denmark).

In 1866, the year of the foundation of the Danish Heath Society, most Danes saw no tolerable future before them. Two-fifths of Denmark had been stolen in an unjust war—and Europe had stood by silently, an accessory after the theft. All that Denmark could apparently expect was a career of poverty and subservience, a process of gradual absorption, economic if not political, by the great neighbor she had such good reason to fear.

That she has so fully recovered her prosperity and with it her soul and her faith in her national destiny is due in no small measure to the faith, the perseverance, and the vision of one man, Lieutenant-Colonel Enrico Mylius Dalgas, who in the hour of his country's deepest humiliation gave her a new motto and a new hope. When he founded the Danish Heath Society, Dalgas reasoned thus, and thus expounded to his countrymen the faith that was in him: "We have lost much of Denmark. We must see to it that the lands that remain are made to pay in full and more than to pay in full for all we have lost." Jutland was a land of many heaths and barren moors from which not even the most devoted industry could wring a scanty livelihood. It was through the initiative of Dalgas that the Danes resolutely set about the reclamation of the heath, the fertilization of barren moors, the irrigation of dry and desolate solitudes, the plantation of rich woods and forests.

Membership of the Heath Society, which has never flagged in its fight with the wild places, is open to any Dane on payment of a minimum annual subscription of 5s.—many gladly pay a good deal more—and the present number of members is 9416. The society also, and very properly, depends to a considerable extent on state aid. The record of its activities is inspiring. In 1860 there existed in Jutland 2244 square miles of heather, 396 square miles of marsh, and 220 square miles of uncultivated down. Now this area of unproductive land is reduced by more than one-half, nor will the Heath Society relax its

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labors until not one ounce of soil remains which does not contribute its share to the national economy.

The work of the society is largely educative and advisory. It has taught the dwellers on the heath to help themselves, has shown them how by scientific methods and by wise cooperation they can turn moors into smiling landscapes. By scientific plantation of the most unpromising soil, first with mountain pine, then with spruce, then by treatment with marl, it has been found that desert may be turned into arable land in some thirty years' time.

There is, too, a very flourishing forestry industry. In Jutland there are now over 2200 plantations and each year their number is increasing. It is all the result of working with an eye to the future, of being content to sow for the next generation, or perhaps for the generation after that.

The Japanese government follows rather closely the German model, as that was before the recent German revolution. The ministers, or members of the cabinet, are responsible to the emperor, and not to the Diet. The members of the upper house are either nobles by birth or are appointed by the emperor. Only men over twenty-five, who pay taxes of at least \$7.50 a year, are allowed to vote for members of the lower house. These taxpayers number only twelve in each 1000 of the population. Servants of the emperor's household, priests, soldiers, sailors, policemen, bankrupts, and criminals can not vote even if they do pay \$7.50 taxes.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Arrogant, isn't he?" "Very. I think he must have been a railroad conductor at one time."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I know a fellow who is very successful in handling the grip." "Is he a doctor or a bell-hop?"—*Baltimore American*.

"You seem fond of the druggist's little boy." "Yes, he kin git all the pills he wants fer our air guns."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Boss—Can't you find something to do? Office Boy—Gee whiz! Am I expected to do the work and find it, too?—*Kansas City Star*.

"Wonder why that newly returned captain always salutes his wife?" "She underwent a major operation while he was away."—*Home Sector*.

"Yes, they sometimes launder the soiled money at the treasury." "Can you tell me where they hang it out?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is your wife's mother enjoying her trip to the mountains?" "I'm afraid not. She's found something at last that she can't walk over."—*Dallas News*.

"A man never ought to be allowed to leave so much money," says a labor leader, discussing the will of an American. It ought to

be pointed out that the millionaire in question did not really want to leave it.—*London Punch*.

"Gladys and her husband have started for their honeymoon in a veritable ecstasy." "That must be a new make."—*Baltimore American*.

"What makes you think our friend knows very little about running a railroad?" "The fact," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "that he is so willing to try it."—*Washington Star*.

Client—Can I bring proceedings in court to set aside my wife's will? Lawyer—Why, your wife isn't dead, is she? Client—No, that's just the trouble.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Were you annoyed because I sharpened a pencil with your razor?" "Twice," replied the patient husband. "After I had given up trying to shave I tried to write with the pencil."—*Washington Star*.

"Do you think a girl should give up working after she is married?" "She may resign her position, but she'll find after she marries that she will never be able to give up working."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"We might brighten the Congressional Record a whole lot," said Senator Sorghum, reflectively. "How?" "By cutting out a lot of these speeches and putting in cloakroom gossip."—*Washington Star*.

Bix—So your friend became wealthy through a sudden upward movement in oil. What oil stock did he buy? Dix—He didn't buy any. A rich old aunt tried to start a fire with a can of it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why did you turn out for that truck? According to the traffic rules you had the right-of-way." "Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, patiently; "but the truck had the right of weight."—*Washington Star*.

Little Girl (to film actress)—My father says he often saw you act on the stage before you went into pictures. Excited Actress—What did he say he had seen me in? Little Girl—The 'eighties.—*London Tit-Bits*.

Master (showing pupil a picture of a deer)—Now, Tommy, surely you know what that picture represents. What does your mother call your father sometimes? Tommy—But that don't look like a pig, sir.—*Farm and Home*.

Friend—A hull, then, is an optimist and a bear is a pessimist. Operator—Well, not exactly. I should call a bear an optimistic pes-

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simist. He thinks things are going to smash and hopes to make money if they do.—*Boston Transcript*.

Teacher—Now, can any of you tell me which is the most dangerous part of an automobile? Tommy (who walks to and from school)—Yes, ma'am; the driver!—*Judge*.

"I should think you'd find electric power better than these old windmills." "We do. We maintain the windmills to interest tourists and for artists to paint."—*Kansas City Journal*.

New Curate (to village gossip)—Don't you think it's about time your son learnt some trade? Village Gossip—Bless yer 'eart, no;

'e's all right. 'Is father's done very well this many a year as oldest inhabitant, and 'e'll just step into the business when the time comes.—*Farm and Home*.

Mrs. Flynn—The neighborhood seems a bit noisy, Mrs. O'Brien. Mrs. O'Brien—Yis. Th' only time it's quiet here is whin the trucks go by an' drown th' noise.—*London Answers*.

Plaintiff's Counsel—Your honor, unfortunately in this case I am opposed by the most unmitigated scoundrel—*Defendant's Counsel*—My learned friend is such a notorious perverter—*Judge*—Will counsel kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2227.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 29, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 8995. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Just Demand.

During the war the German armies carried out of France something like a million head of horned cattle, of which more than half were milking cows. The effect of this wholesale theft was not merely the impoverishment of large numbers of people; it was reflected in malnutrition and death of many thousands of French children dependent upon cow's milk. The peace conference imposed on the Germans an obligation to return 90,000 cows, or about one for every eighteen stolen. Now the Germans set up a plea that to return these animals will impose upon the children of their country a cruel hardship; and the British authorities who have the matter immediately in hand have shown a tender leniency in the matter of enforcing the treaty requirements. Naturally the French are indignant. A French official is quoted as declaring the German plea invalid in respect with the fact that the vast majority of children in northern France do not even yet taste fresh milk once a week. "Here and there," he says, "one finds a milch cow that has been sent to us from America or England, but the principal sustenance of the thousands of children is condensed milk. Even that is by no means always obtainable. Thousands of prisoners, too, who have come back from the horrors of German prisons, nothing but skin and bones, have died through want of milk and other nourishing foods which are indispensable to them to regain their strength. In both America and England, I am afraid, you have heard

so much about our ruined houses you have got tired of them. I believe the actual physical misery of our people in regard to food, clothing, and shelter, especially now that bad weather has come, is far worse than is generally realized by the happy people of uninvaded America. The fact that there can be a single person to lend an ear to the plea that it is their duty to preserve the lives of the children of our enemies at the expense of French children seems incredible."

Another French authority declares that the fact that: German babies may be deprived of milk if these cattle are restored to France is, even from a humanitarian point of view, a matter of entirely secondary importance in view of the much more heartbreaking fact that French babies are dying today for want of the very milk the Germans are getting. Remember that these pitiful babies are all we have to look to to replace so far as possible the million and a half men, the flower of our race, who were killed in the war. Lord Parmoor and his committee seem to think Germany, not France, is their ally. If the German babies want milk that is the fault of their fathers. Ours have indisputable prior claims.

The Public Interest in Railroad Legislation.

The first business before Congress when it meets in regular session next week will be consideration of measures incidental to return of the railroads to their owners. Pre-war regulations affecting the roads are obsolete, practically void; and it now becomes necessary to prescribe a new system—an order of things under the principle of private ownership subject to governmental oversight and regulation. It is serious business, not more because it has to deal with vast and complicated equities than that it is connected vitally with the welfare of the country. In the modern order of things transportation, regarded as a public interest, is fundamental. Every community and even every individual activity is connected with it and is dependent upon it; it can no more be treated as a private matter than the food supply or any other universal necessity. To the body social transportation is what circulation of the blood is to the individual organism; and it may not with propriety or safety be dealt with in legislation regardless of its relation to the public welfare.

In providing laws and regulations to govern the railroads of the country the paramount consideration is the public interest. Whatever may make for efficiency—for service—is primary; all else is secondary. For if there are uncertainties, failure at any point or in any form, they work out in widespread hardship and disaster. Much of the traffic of the country is in perishable goods—very notably the fruit products of our own state—and all of it is more or less subject to deterioration or to loss of values in relation to timely markets. There is no possible compensation in reduced or low rates for inferior service. Patrons of the roads can better afford to pay rates that will make the service efficient than to have insufficient service at any price. Nobody, certainly no shipper of experience, will for one moment question the soundness of this principle—a principle strikingly illustrated in the past two years in the large volume of goods shipped by express at high rates in consideration of expedition in transit and promptness in delivery.

Some ten or twelve years ago, when the pressure of rapidly developing traffic began to put a strain upon the railroad facilities of the country—a strain that has steadily augmented—Mr. James J. Hill declared that the roads should invest at least a billion dollars annually for five years to catch up with and afford the business of the country adequate service. Time and events have proved the soundness of this dictum. And what was true then is doubly true today; the money requirements for investment in new or enlarged transportation facilities are certainly not less and probably are greater than at any previous time. The volume of

traffic is short of ratio with existing facilities, even if no account be taken of deteriorated conditions resulting from government administration. If the railroads are to give the country adequate service they must have for investment in extensions and betterments for a term of years funds certainly not less than the annual sum suggested by Mr. Hill.

The problem which railroad managements must face immediately upon taking back the roads from the government is how to get money necessary for development of the properties to the end that they may adequately serve the public interest. They can not get it unless they shall be in position to offer investors the inducements of sound security and of rates of interest at least equal to the earnings of capital in other forms of enterprise. In view of the situation and of the necessities involved in it Congress has at once a large and a delicate task in the work immediately before it. The matter is one in which mistakes may not be made without disastrously affecting interests of wide range and great magnitude and which it is an obligation of government to conserve.

A bill before the Senate, introduced by Senator Cummins, proposes a limitation of five and one-half per cent. on the annual return of money invested in the railroads; the value of the investment, with authority to provide rates designed to yield necessary revenues, being referred to the Interstate Commerce Commission. In its discretion the Commission may allow an additional one-half of one per cent. for non-productive improvements. If any road should earn more than six per cent. and not more than seven per cent., one-half of such excess must be paid to the government and the other half put in a reserve fund by the railroad to cover the contingency of its lean years. If over seven per cent. is earned the railroad is to keep one-quarter and turn into the government three-quarters. If the reserve fund of any road reaches one-twentieth or five per cent. of the value of its property, then earnings above six per cent. are to be divided, one-third to the railroad and two-thirds to the government. There is no guaranty of five and one-half per cent. to any road. A further provision empowers the government to expend the money received from prosperous systems in building up other systems less successful in their operation, either through lending money to purchase equipment or otherwise adding to its facilities. Thus foresight, energy, careful management, and successful enterprise on the part of a road may result in building up a surplus for the development of a competing line—certainly a suicidal reward for good work, disheartening alike to capable management and investors.

The Senate bill further requires consolidation of the railroads of the country into not less than twenty nor more than thirty-five competitive systems, such systems to be arranged by a transportation board of five members, each member to be paid a salary of twelve thousand dollars per year, a reward certainly not sufficient to command the best expert ability. If within seven years the roads are unwilling or unable to arrange voluntary consolidations in accordance with this plan, the transportation board, acting for and through the government, is to have power to enforce such consolidation.

In view of these provisions, is there likelihood that investors will seek railroad securities in preference to other investment fields not subject to such conditions? Will the railroads thus limited in their net returns to stockholders, thus subject to motives more or less connected with politics, thus hedged about with arbitrary and restrictive conditions, be able to get from the investing public funds for betterments and extensions essential to establishment and maintenance of that efficiency in service which the interest of the public

requires? Any banker or financial expert, any investor, will have a ready answer to these queries.

There has come about a condition in which the railroads, in their relations to the public welfare, are less in need of restrictive than of promotive regulation. The lessons of moderation and equity which they once needed to learn have duly been learned. What is now required—and required imperatively—is such coöperative regulation as will permit them to do their work. The new legislation should provide machinery for helping the roads at the point where they need help, namely, of creating and sustaining their financial credit. To this end it is pertinent to suggest as essential points in new legislation:

(1) The creation of a railway transportation board, composed of men of large experience in transportation and general business, charged with the obligation of seeing to it that the railroads be permitted to earn such net income as will attract to them the new capital necessary to their efficiency in public service. The determinations of this board, certified to the Interstate Commerce Commission, should authorize and bind that body to permit such changes in freight rates and fares—up or down—as will be equitable to the companies and enable them to maintain adequate facilities and conditions for the transportation needs of the country.

(2) As a proper reward of foresight, energy, and enterprise, and of sound economic management, each road should be entitled to keep and dispose of for its own purposes such net revenues as it may earn. There could be no hazard to any interest, under this rule, while the government holds power and has in operation machinery by which rates may be reduced at any time.

(3) Voluntary consolidation of roads or systems, when approved by competent public authority, ought to be permitted. By this means certain roads weak as independent units, but still capable of public service when properly connected and supported, may be conserved either as main lines or as feeders; and to universal advantage. But forced consolidations can have no other effect than that of sustaining "lame ducks," which are found in the transportation world as in other departments of human enterprise. Evidently the thought underlying that clause in the Senate bill providing for a minimum of twenty regional consolidations is that of endowing with value and continuing in existence certain roads that have nothing in their immediate and normal conditions to justify their maintenance. A local example is the Ocean Shore road, which runs between the sea and a chain of mountains and which from its inception has been a failure—a failure because it does not and in the nature of things can not perform a public service commensurate with its cost and the charges of its operation.

(4) Again, with reference to the Senate bill, we suspect that it would not be possible in the country at large to devise twenty regional consolidations that would not do harm rather than good, as related to the public interest, by limiting the wholesome factor of competition in service. Where time and events demonstrate that involuntary consolidation are required in the public interest, legislation to that end may be enacted. An obviously fixed idea embodied in the Senate bill is that of nullifying competition. To a degree, there is merit in this idea. The competitive principle was carried too far in the period preceding the war—so far as to prevent economic coöperation. But there is a kind and measure of competition in service that makes largely for convenience and therefore for public advantage. It is due, we suspect, in very considerable measure to nullification of competition in matters great and small that governmental administration stands discredited in the public judgment. It has not been easy to do business with the government administration; and on both sides of the counter much has been lost through this condition. In the new order of things there should be allowance for such competition in service as may serve the convenience of shippers and passengers and through convenience yield public advantage.

In summarization, it can not be said with too great emphasis that the first consideration in this whole matter is efficiency in transportation—in other words, service. Adequate service can only be secured and maintained by immediate and heavy investment in extensions and betterments. Capital for these essential

purposes is dependent upon conditions that will enable the railroads to offer to owners of capital an inviting field of investment. For the establishment of these conditions it is necessary that legislation should tend to security and permit a just profit from railroad investments. The need for government oversight and regulation of railroads is now universally admitted. Accompanying it there must be such breadth of intelligence, such comprehension of the transportation interest in all its aspects, such freedom from prejudice or bias and political calculation, as will recognize the truth, namely, that efficiency of service is more important than freight rates—that the first consideration is to make the roads answer the needs of the country, certainly, securely, expeditiously. The power of regulation, always in the hands of the government, is a sufficient safeguard against extravagance or abuse.

A Way to Mutual Understanding

A hopeful sign of the time is a series of informal conferences of a social rather than an official sort now being held throughout the country to consider the labor question. Upon these occasions all interests are usually represented, the effect being that a good deal is being brought out tending to mutual enlightenment and general good-will.

At such a dinner in New York City last week Mr. Frank Vanderlip, who recently graduated from Wall Street into the larger sphere of miscellaneous public service, had to say a good deal that was worth hearing. The country, he declared, now pretty generally understands that limitations must be—as they already have been—put on combinations of capital. "They have been put there," he said, "with a firm hand, and they are desirable and necessary." Continuing, Mr. Vanderlip declared that, "if we have a combination of labor without limit over the entire industrial field, I believe we have a situation as dangerous as any caused by the combination of capital."

At the same meeting Mr. Paul Litchfield, factory manager of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, contended for the shop-committee idea as tending more to protection of the interests of employer and employed than the system of outside and federated labor organization. "It is my own observation," he said, "that the shop organization gives promise of development, especially where employers and employees sit down with each other weekly or daily in times when there is no great stress. They become educated in the economic principles involved and they learn what is fair. We are only just coming to understand the ethics involved in the mutual relations between capital and labor."

Mr. Hugh Frayne, a national organizer of the American Federation of Labor, spoke at the same conference in place of Mr. Gompers. He presented an interesting picture as to how the outside labor man—agent of the Federation—enters into an industrial dispute to bring about harmony. But Mr. Frayne ignored certain characteristic phases of this method in labor diplomacy. He was unable to meet with satisfactory rebuttal Mr. Vanderlip's side remark that as frequently as otherwise employees are satisfied with the situation until they are made dissatisfied by the outsider.

Professor Seager of Columbia University contended that the shop plan of collective bargaining is unfair to the employee, who is seldom equipped to meet the employer on his own ground. And here spoke the academic theorist as distinct from the practical observer. Whoever has had experience in respect of contentions between the working man and the so-called business man knows that nine times out of ten the latter is pitifully overmatched by the former. Probably it is the concentration of the employee's mind that gives directness and force to his presentments. But whatever the explanation, a committee of working men invariably puts it over a group of employers.

It is, we repeat, a hopeful sign when conferences like that above outlined become frequent. Differences between men and interests rest in a surprising measure upon lack of mutual understandings. If employers and employees, labor leaders and doctrinaires would come together in frequent conferences for common study of common interest, it would be fortunate for all concerned.

Editorial Notes.

Newspapers on both sides of the water are applauding Sir Thomas Lipton as a "game sport." Probably so, yet

his persistent efforts to "lift" the *America* cup would command a larger measure of enthusiasm if the effort to do it were less closely connected with the trade in tea.

It is high time that college students in California should understand that hoodlumism and vulgar conduct are none the less unworthy and shameful because carried out in the name of "sport" and by men or boys claiming character as gentlemen. The first mark of a gentleman—after personal cleanliness, a rule much neglected both at Berkeley and Stanford—is moderation in manners and consideration of others. Horse-play is vulgarity wherever you find it; and it is rarely more marked than in the silly reprisals of college rivalry as worked out in acts of vandalism. In the immediate instance, and in connection with the recent high state of inter-collegian sentiment promoted by last week's football game, the boys at Stanford are primarily at fault. Smearing red paint upon architectural monuments is a nasty business resting upon vulgar conceptions, and it can be executed only in vulgar spirit. Reprimands have failed. It is now time for sharper discipline. The youths guilty of last week's outrage should promptly and summarily be dismissed from Stanford.

Is there no way by which college boys may be impressed with the gentlemanly idea? Is there no way to eliminate the notion that a dirty and foul-smelling sweater embodies something of dignity and that a set of corduroys fit only for the ash heap entitles the wearer thereof to special consideration? Our schools are maintained at great cost. Nobody begrudges the cost if the result shall be a contribution to the wisdom and dignity of life in California. But obviously something is wrong in the system which works out in loud manners, loud clothes, and boorish horse-play.

Detective Schoombs, killed by a thug last week, had a consuming ambition "to see his daughter seated at her own piano." There is on foot a drive to make this dream come true. A kindly sentiment is exhibited in this movement; but would it not be wiser to devote the fund now being raised to a more practicable purpose—say to the purchase of staple groceries?

Question as to whether a former Oakland city physician, Dr. Kirby Smith, returned from oversea service, should be reinstated rests upon considerations of which outsiders may not fairly presume to judge. But assuredly it is not a matter for determination at the hands of the American Legion; and if this organization shall persist in its over-noisy demand for Dr. Smith's reinstatement, it will tend to discredit the assertion that the Legion is free from political motives. It is no argument for any man's fitness for a particular employment that he served in the war. Unquestionably the country owes much to those who fought its battles or who made sacrifices in a common behoof, but war service is not a proof of qualification for any particular public employment, nor is there embodied in it a sound claim for political preferment. The Legion, if it will make good its pretensions and if it would command public respect, would better keep hands off contentions like that over the case of Dr. Smith.

The argument for the nationalization of the railroads presented by the Four Brotherhoods declares that as at present capitalized the rail highways of the country represent a volume of "water" loosely appraised at two billions of dollars. It is probably true that the railroad capitalization of the country represents a sum that was not originally put into properties. Nevertheless it is a fact that the reproduction value of the railroads today is probably greater than the current price of their outstanding securities. In other words, there is at this time little "water" or none at all in the railroads of the country. Explanation lies largely in the increased worth of terminal properties which have shared in the values created by growth of cities and the general advance in the business of the country. Then most of the prosperous systems have systematically invested a considerable share of their earnings, over and above dividend payments, in extensions and betterments. That is, money which might have been taken out of the business and divided among the stockholders has been reinvested in the properties. Furthermore, most of the roads were built at times when labor and materials measured by dollars were much cheaper than now.

These augmented values legitimately belong to the owners of the properties, and it would be confiscation in a rank form to take over the roads on the basis of the capital originally put into them. Owners of railroad property are as fairly entitled as owners of property in other forms to the increment of past years.

Affiliation of the employees of the San Francisco Fire Department with the Labor Council, regarded as to propriety, is precisely on a par with the movement in Boston some weeks back for affiliation of the local police with the Federation of Labor. The thing is unthinkable. Under the principles and practice of the Labor Council coöperation of all its members and affiliated associates is required in strikes or other contentions. Thus if there should be a strike of carpenters or bricklayers or hodcarriers, for any reason or no reason, firemen would be subject to a call-out that would leave the city unprotected. This, of course, is the calculation; fire hazard is to be a pawn in the game by which organized labor is to maintain its whip over San Francisco. The thing must not be. We would as well have no Fire Department at all as to have one so subjected to a selfish class interest as to make it useless at times when most needed. Commissioners in immediate control of the Fire Department have assumed a right attitude in this matter; and if Mayor Rolph has any sense of propriety—if he has any backbone at all—he will give them definite and authoritative support.

The death of Senator Martin of Virginia leaves vacant the leadership of the Democratic minority in the Senate. Senators Hitchcock of Nebraska and Underwood of Alabama aspire to this responsibility. Underwood is much the sounder man. Yet it is to be noted that although in the House of Representatives he became so great a figure as to be widely regarded as a man proper for the presidency, he has somehow lost distinction in the transfer to the Senate. In some inscrutable manner he appears to have become submerged by the larger dignity of the senatorial office. This experience illustrates for the ten-thousandth time that a man may serve admirably in one station or relationship of life and fall into nonentity or failure under changed conditions. It is perhaps true of most men that success is dependent largely if not wholly upon falling in with conditions favorable to individual endowment or propensity. General Grant was a failure until the Civil War gave him the conditions essential to the exercise of his powers. Similarly with many another famous man.

De Valera has become a weariness and a nuisance, less, however, on the score of his own dubious activities than through the conduct of politico-Irish sympathizers in this country. The distemper has been peculiarly virulent in San Francisco. Our Irish politicians and our politicians bidding for the Irish vote have fairly turned themselves inside out in exhibitions of sincere or assumed sympathy with what they stupidly accept as the "cause of Ireland." The plain truth is that De Valera is the representative of a movement which has about the same rank in Ireland as the I. W. W. movement in this country. The Sinn-Feiners are the agitators, the radicals, the emotional and extravagant element in Ireland. And by their absurd activities they are doing immeasurable harm to the Irish cause as it stands defined in the mind of intelligence, reason, and patriotism.

The peace treaty is not dead, as the headline makers of the daily papers made it appear last week. It is now in position for presentment by the President to the new Congress with compromise proposals. There are of course no certainties in the matter, but probabilities are that the treaty, so amended as to Americanize it, will ultimately be approved by the Senate.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Again!

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The courtesy is again asked of you to receive in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission the fifty dollars enclosed herewith. It is given, as usual, to aid in providing Thanksgiving dinners for the clientele of the Mission.

M. R.-M. F.

TO M. R.-M. F.: And once more your check has been sent us. We can not begin to tell you how much we appreciate your faithfulness through all these years. The material help you give us is very great, but even greater is the encouragement to the Mission workers, who know that wherever M. R.-M. F. may be, our work is never forgotten.

HELEN S. LOWENTHAL,
Corresponding Secretary.

LAWS AGAINST THE RADICALS.

Our newspapers and the current literature of the day will not allow us to forget Bolshevism and anarchy, even if otherwise we were disposed to do so. Congress indulges nearly every day in a little debate on the social unrest, and sometimes it is a full-dress, grand-parade debate. It is true that nothing very much comes of it all. It is usually of the "pass a law" variety, with clamorous demands for retribution for all and sundry who shall indulge in the opinions that we call radical. Of statesmanlike utterances there are none. Never was there such a dearth of political wisdom in the face of a crisis.

Turning from Congress to the newspapers, there, too, we find endless discussions about Bolshevism. The New York Times prints column after column from Attorney-General Palmer as to the laws that we now have and as to the other laws that we ought to have. Turning to the New York Evening Post, we find more columns from John Spargo explaining that we must on no account pass repressive laws. Look at Russia, says Mr. Spargo, not inaptly. For half a century Russia has been trying to suppress the revolutionist. Russia, so far as her governing classes were concerned, thought of nothing else. She passed innumerable repressive laws, and she created a vast army of spies, secret police, and agents provocateurs to enforce them. Terrorism became the order of the day in Russia. And now we can see the results. The revolutionists multiplied like flies in the dark places to which they had been consigned. If there are false ideas abroad in the land, says Mr. Spargo, let us send true ideas into the lists against them. Ten thousand intelligent citizens who understood the essentials of sane government could do more to overthrow Bolshevism than a hundred thousand police agents.

Glancing over another metropolitan newspaper selected at random, we find Nicholas Murray Butler saying practically the same thing at the annual dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce held at the Waldorf Hotel on November 13th:

Our difficulty at the present time is that we have not yet wholly recognized how largely the problem that confronts us has been artificially created. Do you realize how many men there are making their living by going up and down this country telling other groups of men that they ought to be discontented, that they ought to be unhappy, that they ought to be dissatisfied, and that they ought to make trouble for their fellows and their comrades? There are thousands upon thousands of such men, many of them speaking your language and mine with difficulty, who are going up and down this land day by day, adding to your difficulties and mine, embarrassing the government of the nation and of the states, stopping the wheels of industry, impeding production, increasing the cost of living, because they, these comparatively few agitators, are the heralds of a revolution.

We can not combat things like those with force. Force is the proper instrument for repression and punishment of improper and illegal acts; but force can not reach a wrong idea. The history of the world is that ideas flourish when attacked by force, he they good or bad. The only instrument that will combat a wrong idea, a wrong state of feeling, is a right idea. We have got to reach these propagandist doctrines on the plane in which they move. We have got to reach them by instruments that are like in kind, and we have got to prepare ourselves and exert ourselves by reflection and by action to institute in this country so great, so overwhelming a propaganda for America that the voice of the agitator will be stilled in this land.

Now those are wise words. In western Europe, where Bolshevism is recognized as a new name for a very old thing, they do not attempt to suppress Bolshevism unless or until it becomes criminal. The danger of Bolshevism was infinitely greater in France, Italy, and Great Britain than it was in America. But no one even suggested the passing of laws against Bolshevism or an effort to suppress its advocates. The ordinary criminal law of the land was considered to be good enough. Their repressive measures even during the progress of the war were far less stringent than our own. Europe has learned that compulsory silence is one of the most explosive things in the world and that so long as a man is talking he is not likely to be doing anything else. It is true that conditions in Europe are very different from conditions here. In France every man is a Frenchman and in Italy every man is an Italian. At least they understand one another. But here in America we have a cosmopolitan population. We have millions of people, speaking other languages; not even naturalized and with no pretense to an American patriotism. But the principle is largely the same. You can not legislate a man's opinions out of him, although you may be able to argue them out of him. You may temporarily suppress him, render him invisible and inaudible. But there are limits. The revolutionist in Russia was suppressed in all conscience. Doubtless the Russian police believed that they had the dossier of every revolutionist in the country, and now we see precisely what their efforts amounted to. Nothing at all.

In seeking for the causes of radicalism in America there are some fundamental considerations that it would be unwise to overlook, and particularly as we do not know to what extent the mischief continues or is likely to be renewed. Mr. Arthur Bullard in the course of his new book on Russia touches upon them in a single pregnant sentence. He is talking about revolutionary Europe and its possible effects upon America. He says that we must expect revolutions in the old world and that they will be violent and destructive. And then he says: "We have planned to bring them about in Central Europe."

That is precisely what we did plan to do under the fatal conviction that we would make revolution one of our munitions of war, something like artillery fire that could be regulated, stopped, or resumed whenever we pleased. Most of us hoped that there would be a revolution in Germany and Austria, forgetting that while a Teutonic revolution might put an end to the war it would be likely at the same time to light another fire that would be far more difficult to extinguish. Now there has been no revolution in Germany, no real revolution, and we may sincerely hope that there will be none. If we were wise we should look with a benevolent solicitude upon Germany's efforts to maintain her social stability. For revolution in Germany would mean Bolshevism, and if Germany were to succumb to Bolshevism there is no power on earth that could save the rest of civilization. None the less we did our best to make revolution in Germany under the tenuous delusion that in some mysterious way it could be administered in regulated doses, and that having stopped the war it could then be leashed up again.

But we did more than that. No one knows what President Wilson intended to do when he went to Europe. Of course we know all about the league of nations and the fundamentals of his public policies. But certainly he intended to do much more than this. He intended to establish what he called democracy throughout Europe. He intended to "free the slaves." He intended to break up the old systems of militarism and autocracy, and he intended to do this by inciting the people to do it for themselves. Just as he believed that there might be a nicely regulated and eminently lady-like revolution in Germany, so he believed that there might be a finely adjusted threat of revolution throughout Europe and that this would be sufficient to establish the universal rule of the millennial ballot-box.

Just how far he intended to go we do not know. But we know just how far his supporters in America wished him to go. There are some weekly newspapers in America as frankly Bolshevik and much more dangerously so than any journalistic rag printed in Bohemian or German. They are generally "run" by college professors and literary firebrands who are much more dangerous than the Fosters and Bergers, although not at all likely to fall within the meshes of any law, new or old. These newspapers said that the President had the ball at his feet, so to speak. He had only to command and to be obeyed. He would appeal to the peoples of Europe over the heads of their governments. He could summon spirits from the vasty deep, and revolutions from the social abysses.

Now the President knew nothing about Europe, particularly about southern and eastern Europe. He did not know that his commonplaces about freedom and democracy and the rule of the people would be interpreted in terms of street barricades and communes and terrors. But they were. A lady writing from Italy said: "Your President has been making speeches, and with every speech the ground heaves beneath our feet." Of course it did. The peoples of those countries did not know that democracy was one of the banalities of political speech. They thought it meant red revolutions and guillotines. Did Mr. Bullard refer to this sort of thing when he said that we had planned to bring about revolutions in Central Europe? But even if he meant only Germany and Austria, then it may still be said that it is not wise to bring about revolution anywhere. It is like throwing a match into a powder magazine under the fatal conviction that the explosion can be confined to a particular canister of powder. At the present moment we are told that Italy is imminently confronted with Bolshevism and that there is a plot to insult the king when he opens parliament. And so we are reminded of the Italian lady already quoted, who said that with every speech of the President the ground "heaves beneath our feet."

This fatal policy of "planning revolutions" in Europe, as Mr. Bullard said, found its reflection here in America. The wind was most industriously sown, and now we stand aghast at the whirlwind. Just as we had solemnly been told at the direction of the President that labor unions were exempt from the criminal law so far as the Sherman Act was concerned, so we were subsequently notified that Mooney must not be punished for murder because he, too, belonged to another sacrosanct class, that of the Bolsheviks. And in order that Mooney may be still more effectively aided we have a criminal and burglarious raid on the office of the district attorney, a "red" raid instigated by the Department of Labor and paid for by the public. We find the Federal Trade Commission packed with Bolsheviks, and Bolsheviks carefully selected for public honor and public emolument. Never was the Rake's Progress quite so progressive as it is here. Indeed it becomes almost laughable to find Attorney-General Palmer clamoring for new laws against radicals, laws that should first of all be applied across the corridor, so to speak, against the Department of Labor, the Federal Trade Commission, and the State Department. Lively doings in Washington with a vengeance.

Mr. Palmer has no difficulty in showing in his letter to the Senate that a real problem exists. With that easy complacency that distinguishes us as a nation we have assumed that large numbers of "reds" are being deported. Nothing of the sort is happening. It is by no means easy to deport a man. Mr. Palmer says:

Detailed instructions were immediately issued to all agents of my department, setting forth the requirements necessary to satisfy the Immigration Bureau in a deportation case.

much has been accomplished under such instructions. I annex hereto a copy of these instructions in order that you may understand that under the immigration law each deportation case must be established and proved as in any criminal prosecution. The accused is entitled to hearings, to be admitted to bail, writs of habeas corpus, and to appeals even to our highest courts; so that it may well be a matter of months before any specific case can be completed.

Mr. Palmer then goes on to inform the Senate that his department has compiled a list of 60,000 persons suspected of radical tendencies and who are being observed with a view to action. It is a secret list, but Mr. Palmer intimates that it is at the service of the proper authorities. It would be interesting to examine that list and to make suggestions for its elongation.

Newspapers, says Mr. Palmer, are among the most mischievous agencies for the red propaganda:

There are 222 radical newspapers published in foreign languages in this country at the present time, and 166 radical newspapers published in the English language. In addition, 144 radical newspapers published in foreign countries are received and distributed to subscribers here. This number does not include the hundreds of books, pamphlets, and other publications which also receive wide circulation, many of them published in foreign languages. The number of these radical publications and the languages in which they are printed follows:

Armenian	1	Jewish	220
Bohemian	5	Letish	11
Bulgarian	3	Portuguese	1
Croatian	4	Rumanian	16
Danish	2	Slovenian	8
Esthonian	1	Spanish	3
Finnish	11	Lithuanian	15
French	1	Polish	7
German	21	Swedish	6
Greek	2	Ukrainian	8
Hungarian	25	Yiddish	15
Italian	27		
Total	222		

Papers published in foreign countries, 144.

English papers in the United States, 106. Total, 472.

Once more, it would be interesting to examine this secret list of radical newspapers. We suspect that it is by no means a complete one:

All of these radical publications are read and translated by the Department of Justice in cooperation with the Postoffice Department. A force of forty translators, readers, and assistants is employed for this purpose, and daily reports are received of the radical articles that appear. It may be interesting to point out here that the I. W. W. now circulates thirteen papers printed in the English language and nineteen papers printed in foreign languages.

These newspapers and publications, more than any other one thing, perhaps, are responsible for the spread of the Bolshevik, revolutionary, and extreme radical doctrines in this country. Every effort is made to get them into the hands of persons who, it is believed, will be swayed by their teachings. The reader of or subscriber to a radical newspaper uses his paper not only for his own information, but as a means of propaganda to educate his fellow-workman and inoculate him with the doctrine of anarchism, communism, and radical socialism, and thus enlist his services in the revolution.

A wave of radicalism has swept over the country, says Mr. Palmer, since the armistice. Fifty new radical newspapers have appeared since that date. We are also invited to consider the fact that many of these newspapers print no advertisements, and every publisher will know what that means. It means that they are subsidized. But we are not told who pays the subsidies.

Mr. Palmer wants a new law. He says that the present law is inadequate in that it is directed against conspiracies and not against individuals. We note with a certain sardonic sense of humor that the Department of Labor is to be entrusted with the arrest of suspected persons and their deportation. It was an emissary of the Department of Labor that committed the act of sabotage against the district attorney of San Francisco in the interests of Mooney, that installed a dictaphone in the office of the district attorney, and that caused the publication in a sensational evening newspaper of his private and domestic conversations. What a strange people we are. Just at present we are lashing ourselves into a state of indignation at the action of the supervisors in protesting against Federal action in the case of the striking coal miners. We are saying that the action of the supervisors is "red." And we ourselves elected those supervisors knowing precisely what manner of men they were and the nature of the only sounds that they were capable of emitting.

Nicholas Murray Butler has the rights of it when he says that force will not cure Bolshevism. It will make it worse. Ideas will cure Bolshevism. Education will cure it. Electoral sanity will cure it. But it will not be cured by new laws, by secret lists, by secret police, or espionage, or domiciliary visits, or agents provocateurs. Russia tried all these things. And look at Russia.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 25, 1919.

By sounding with sound waves instead of a steel cable a Frenchman has been able to determine the depth of the ocean in a few seconds where the ordinary process requires minutes and hours. In contrast to the usual equipment of cable, reels, and donkey engine, he equips himself simply with a quantity of high explosive, a microphone, and a chronometer. Detonating a charge of explosive in the wake of his moving vessel, he hears in his microphone both the noise of detonation and the echo produced by reflection from the bottom. Reading the time interval from the chronometer and knowing the speed of sound in water, he is able to calculate the ocean's depth at that point. Tests have shown that the method yields sufficiently accurate results for practical purposes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The King of Spain is a full believer in the value of the Boy Scouts. Alfonso is the only reigning monarch who wears at times the Scout uniform.

George A. Gaston, the American business man who sprang into prominence during the war, is forty-four years of age. He says, in explaining his success: "Initiative is the beginning and the basis of most successes. All progress calls for initiative. It is foresight harnessed to action. The foundation of all business success consists of ascertaining some way in which human need can be met efficiently and as economically as possible."

Sir Milne Cheatham, K. C. M. G., recently appointed British minister to Lima, was born in 1869, nominated an attaché in 1893. He has since held appointments in Madrid, Paris, Tokyo, Berlin, Rome, Bucharest (did not proceed), Rio de Janeiro, and Cairo. He has been attached to Cairo since 1910, where he served as Chargé d'Affaires and high commissioner. He was appointed a minister in the diplomatic service in May, 1918. Lima is his first ministerial post.

Walter Long of the British cabinet looks the part to perfection. His cheeks are as rosy as a sunset. Once when complimented to excess he said he would have blushed if nature had not denied him the power to do so. He rides to hounds, as has been the custom, on his ancestral estates, has a good heart, pleasant manners, hardshell opinions, and, in fact, is a typical country gentleman. He ought always to be in knee breeches and scarlet coat as a squire going to hounds, according to T. P. O'Connor.

It was Jesse Lynch Williams who made Booth Tarkington write his first short story. If he had not written his first short story how could he have written his first novel? asks a reviewer. Indeed, in "The Gentleman from Indiana" one of the scenes and some of the minor characters were spun from that yarn. It was called "The Better Man," or something of the sort, and it was written on the top floor of the south wing of old University Hall in competition for a prize offered by the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Knight of the Garter, was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by Letters Patent under the Great Seal on the 23d of June, 1910. Among his other titles he numbers those of Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland. He was also, until the war, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, but these titles he has dropped since Germany became the enemy of his country.

Sir Marcus Samuel, who has purchased from the Earl of Berkeley for the sum of \$25,000,000 a parcel of the fashionable residential section of London known as Berkeley Square, started in business life keeping a little shop in one of the poorer quarters of the British metropolis, where he made and sold for a shilling or two ornamental boxes made of shells from the seashore. Later he invested his savings in oil, made money, and started a company called the "Shell," thus identifying his big new venture with his original struggling business.

In her girlhood days Queen Maud of Norway, who has lately added to her unconventional feats by piloting an aeroplane, was known as the tomboy of the royal family. It was she who nicknamed her brother, the late Duke of Clarence, "Collars and Cuffs," and her eldest sister, the princess royal, "Her Royal Shyness," on account of the latter's almost morbid dislike of appearing in public. "Things We Never Said or Did" is the inscription with which she labeled a scrapbook in which she posted the published sayings and doings of the royal family.

Lord Dunsany, the Irish dramatist, still wears his army coat with the chevrons removed, and wields a big cane, and has a big crush hat—a study in light brown and tweed, with vigorous army shoes. Fond as we know him to be of cricket and hunting (says a New York correspondent), he is just such a man as one would expect on a football team; the "Gods of Pegana" would be proud of the physical bearing of their son, or of their creator. But though he talks of cricket with enthusiasm, he talks of his work as an artist with love, and where a man's heart is, there one usually finds the man.

Sir Edward Holden, the British banker, fought his way into his first job. Here is the story, as nearly in his own words as possible: "A small bank in the Midlands advertised for a manager. I was then an accountant and as poor as a church mouse. I wanted to go into banking, and I answered the advertisement, along with 300 other young men and old men, who thought they, too, might like to manage a bank. I did not ask for the position in my letter, but I said that I would take the place if certain conditions which I would explain orally were complied with. It was a piece of cheek on my part, and yet I really did not care to start unless I could make a success. And I knew that I must have my own way in order to make a success. The

directors called me in to see them. I explained that I would consent to manage the bank if I had complete control and was permitted to merge other banks with their institution, so that we might have real financial power. I explained that there could be no money in a small bank—that volume was necessary. Think of a young man who needed a berth dictating how he should be employed! They engaged me, and that was the start of our present company."

From the day when he began to think for himself the motto of Mr. Arthur Henderson, whose Russian revelations have created a stir in England, has been "more work and less talk." To quote the words of a certain Northcountryman, "Arty's a deep 'un. He don't say much, but, by gum, he can think." Henderson learned all he could, when and how he could, for his education was scanty before he began life as an iron moulder. Since those days he has risen to cabinet rank and "hobnobbed" with royalty and the world's statesmen; but he is still "Arty" to the men of the foundry.

Some thirty years ago Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning, president of the Trade Union Congress, as a postman was delivering letters in Fleet Street at the offices of newspapers whose columns he is now helping to fill. Over twenty-five years ago he became one of the first officials of the Postmen's Federation, which he helped to form, and every Postmaster-General in recent years has had his encounters with this very strenuous advocate of the rights of the men of letters. Four times he has stood for Parliament and failed, but his friends expect to see him there yet—as postmaster-general in the first labor cabinet.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Wind at the Door.

As daylight darken'd on the dewless grass,
There still, with no one come by me,
To stay awhile at home by me,
Within the house, now dumb by me,
I sat me still as eveningtide did pass.

And there a windblast shook the rattling door,
And seem'd, as wind did moan without,
As if my love alone without,
And standing on the stone without,
Had there come back with happiness once more.

I went to-door, and out from trees, above
My head, upon the blast by me,
Sweet blossoms there were cast by me,
As if my love had pass'd by me,
And flung them down, a token of her love.

Sweet blossoms of the tree where now I mourn,
I thought, if you did blow for her,
For apples that should grow for her,
And fall red-ripe below for her,
Oh! then how happy I should see you kern.

But no. Too soon my fond illusion broke,
No comely soul in white like her,
No fair one, tripping light like her,
No wife of comely height like her,
Went by, but all my grief again awoke.

—William Barnes.

Fontenoy.

(After the Battle; early dawn, Clare coast.)
"Marry mother, shield us! Say, what men are ye,
Sweeping past so swiftly on this morning sea?"
"Without sails or rowlocks merrily we glide
Home to Corca Bascinn on the himming tide."

"Jesus save you, gentry! why are ye so white,
Sitting all so straight and still in this misty light?"
"Nothing ails us, brother; joyous souls are we,
Sailing home together, on the morning sea."

"Cousins, friends, and kinsfolk, children of the land,
Here we come together, a merry, rousing band;
Sailing home together from the last great fight,
Home to Clare from Fontenoy, in the morning light."

"Men of Corca Bascinn, men of Clare's Brigade,
Harken, stony hills of Clare, hear the charges we made;
See us come together, singing from the fight,
Home to Corca Bascinn, in the morning light."

—Emily Lawless.

In Memoriam F. A. S.

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part,
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trode the flowery April lightly for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason
Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Swiss milkmaid with a musical singing voice obtains better wages than one who can not sing, as a cow that is soothed with a pleasing melody during milking will, it is said, yield one-fifth more milk.

In China every business man has a shop name and a private name, and among his family and acquaintances he is known by the latter.

THE RUSSIAN PENDULUM.

Mr. Arthur Bullard Describes the Swing Through Autocracy, Democracy, and Bolshevism.

Mr. Arthur Bullard, writing about Russia in his new book, "The Russian Pendulum," tries to explain the rather alarming sympathy with Leninism that is so prevalent in America and in Europe. First of all there is a naive belief that Bolshevik politicians mean what they say, whereas their avowed ideals are only counters with which they play. Secondly we have a habit of identifying Bolshevism with the things that we do not happen to like, and thus summoning our opponents to a defense of Lenin and Trotsky on the ground that whatever is feared by their *bête-noirs* must be good.

Lenin's supreme mistake has been to ignore patriotism. Not understanding why any man should love his own country more than another, he assumes that no man does. Hence his disappointment at the failure of a world revolution.

Lenin, says Mr. Bullard, is not a democrat. Indeed, he frankly hates democracy, and says so:

The second foundation stone in his thinking he has borrowed, with less alteration, from the French revolutionist, Blanqui. In common with some modern "Syndicalists," Lenin is frankly and outspokenly anti-Democratic. He can not be interested in making "the world safe for democracy." He has no use for the idea.

In general in our discussion he was cool and passionless, but on this subject he became heated. He objects to both the theory and practice of majority rule. The mass of the people, he argues, have been too debased by capitalist oppression to know what is good for them. Bitter long hours of labor have robbed them of any chance to acquire general culture or to understand their own position and needs. And they are too ill-nourished to have the energy to struggle, too terrorized by the fear of losing their jobs to revolt. He spoke hopelessly, with marked disdain, of the "lethargic mass." The capitalists will always be able to fool the majority. He saw no hope of progress if one waited for democratic action by the masses. Towards democracy in practice he was even more bitter. What, he demanded vehemently, has it accomplished for the workers in France, Britain, or America? He was surprisingly well informed about the sore spots in our civilization. He knew many returned immigrants, who had told him all about our sweatshops and slums. He had read a translation of "The Jungle." "Democracy" is to him an empty word by means of which scheming capitalists fool the people into thinking they are free. He had heard about the corruption which has disgraced some of our elections and he held it quite natural that a half-starved workman should sell his vote. He contrasted the great newspapers which support the interests of the upper classes and the poverty-stricken Socialist and trade union press. The control of public opinion by the rich makes "democracy" a cruel jest for the underdogs.

Lenin not only repudiates democracy, but he repudiates all moral obligations. Whatever hastens Emancipation of the Working Class is "Good." Whatever hinders it is bad. But how shall we determine our actions? What shall be our guide? Lenin sublimely replies, "Ask me. I will tell you":

"How," I asked, "if you repudiate the democratic verdict of the majority, are you going to determine what is 'Good'—what is helpful—in the struggle for emancipation? There are likely to be differences of opinion within the working class. The 'lethargic majority' may want one thing and your 'enlightened minority' quite the opposite. If you are not going to consult their opinion how will you determine what is good for the masses?"

He seemed to me to dodge the issue. It was plain that the "majority" did not interest him. He used just as disdainful phraseology about it as the anarchists and aristocrats, who oppose democracy. He spoke contemptuously of "the fatuity of counting noses."

But it seemed to me then—years before he reached power, at a time when there was no visible chance of his doing so—that he was quite prepared to decide these momentous questions himself. He was convinced that he *knew* what was necessary for the welfare of the race.

Perhaps this dazzling self-confidence—this supreme aplomb—is the secret of his mastery over men.

Mr. Bullard has a word of defense for Kerensky. It is useless to blame him for the collapse of discipline. It had already gone, not to return. He should have proclaimed either peace or the emancipation of the land. But he procrastinated. He proclaimed neither. The Bolsheviks proclaimed both, and won:

But hopeless or not, it was Kerensky's only chance. The two burning issues of the day were "Peace" and "Land." If he had met either issue squarely, he might have postponed the other. It was political suicide to allow the opposition to appropriate both of the popular slogans. The Bolsheviks, quick to seize the opportunity offered them, took for their war cry: "Immediate Peace—Immediate Distribution of the Land." And so, becoming the "best promisers," their success was assured.

The Bolshevik campaign was of the simplest kind. It consisted of unlimited promises, audacity, and lies. Posing as the makers of the revolution, they denounced as counter revolutionist every one who opposed them:

Perhaps the most unscrupulous—while at the same time the most effective—phase of the Bolshevik propaganda was the new sense they gave the word "Counter-Revolutionists." To the editors of the various "Pravdas," any one who did not bow the knee to Lenin was counter-revolutionary and an enemy of the people. In fact they were much more bitter in their attacks on the rival Socialist parties than on advocates of the old régime. The veteran revolutionist, men and women who had spent long lives in the fight against the Tsar, if they did not accept the new dispensation of Lenin, were put under the ban. With uncanny precision they caught at every hatred and suspicion and impatience of the Dark People and fanned it to flame.

It is a serious charge to accuse a political party of deliberate falsehood in their propaganda and it will be indignantly denied by their sympathizers in this country. But files of their newspapers are available. And any of their friends, who read Russian, can easily satisfy themselves on this matter. They will find there not only deliberate lies, but carefully prepared articles by Bolshevik leaders elaborating Lenin's theory that "truth" is a bourgeois prejudice,

which should be scoffed at if it stands in the way of proletarian emancipation. "Truth" was the least of their interests, they were after results.

The Russian elections have at least the charm of simplicity. Only friends of the Soviet are allowed to vote, and the results are then acclaimed as Soviet victories:

Nobody knows what a majority of the Russians want. There has not been any opportunity for them to express their wishes. The only elections since Lenin came into power have been the Soviet elections, in which no one but the supporters of the Soviet may vote. Theoretically, although the Soviet rule eliminates all class opposition, the great majority of the people should be free to vote within the Soviets. In practice this has rarely worked out. The Soviet system is peculiarly adapted to gang rule and the electorate is more easily flimflammed than any experienced democracies.

Mr. Bullard has no doubt that the Bolshevik leaders accepted German money, which only shows that the aforesaid leaders were cleverer than their paymasters. Lenin had a special train through Germany and a large financial backing. Germany would naturally do what she could to draw Russia out of the war:

However it is a far cry from that to the conclusions that they were friendly to the Kaiser or that they were advocating the ideas they did solely for the pay they were receiving. If you were pushing a prohibition campaign you would not go to a drunkard and bribe him to reform and pretend to share your ideas. If you were starting an anti-prohibition drive you would not seek out a confirmed teetotaler and pay him to compose orations in favor of John Barleycorn. A bribed hypocrite is never a convinced advocate. The Germans wanted to disorganize the Russian resistance and they were shrewd enough to know that Lenin, who had been agitating against any kind of war for a dozen years or more and was very anxious to continue this agitation in Russia, would be more effective than any fake pacifist they could find. They did everything they could to facilitate his "mission." They undoubtedly expected that he, having accepted their help, would take their advice. But this was assuming an honesty on his part which he did not profess.

The Bolshevik leaders placed all their hopes upon a revolution in Germany. They expected it confidently. They were grievously disappointed when it failed to come:

I think this was the turning point in Bolshevik history. It was the top of their wave. All the sincerity they had went into rejoicing over this revolution in Germany which did not happen. After these hopes were disappointed they were more disillusioned, more cynical, more cruel. They were more dependent on those they had failed to betray.

If they had succeeded, Lenin and Trotsky might have gone down in history as saviours of society. If a revolution in Germany had ended the war in those early spring days of 1918 there would have been very much less mourning in America—and all the world.

Lenin and Trotsky were within one step of the sublime, but they were worse than ridiculous. They were tragic, and they brought infinite tragedy on all who had trusted them:

Disappointed in this matter, they found one last crooked arrow in their quiver. They tried an eleventh hour—an eleven-fifty-five—conversion to Tolstoism. Trotsky ordered the demobilization of what was left of the army and made a "moral" appeal to the German army not to march against the defenseless Russian workmen! There was nothing approaching the sublime about this. No more insincere and sardonic bluff has ever been attempted in international affairs. Trotsky and Lenin posing as advocates of non-resistance! Not even General Hoffmann and the Pan-German Junkers are more ready to shed blood to gain their ends.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but Mr. Bullard believes that an Allied high commissioner should have been sent to Russia to make peace with the Bolshevik government upon an understanding of its neutrality:

What would Lenin have replied to such an ultimatum? He might have decided on a loyal neutrality. My personal guess is that, no matter how much he might have liked to, he could not have done so. If faced by a definite decision, I believe, he would have had to throw in his lot with Germany. I do not think they would have permitted him to be honestly neutral and he had no power to resist their demands. The result would very likely have been war with the Soviet Republic. But the uncertainty would have ended, many false issues brushed aside. The Russians as well as the Allies would have benefited by an incident which forced Lenin to show his hand. Many Russians would have sided with us in a war against his government in those days before they had lost patience with our indecision, lost confidence in our ability to help our friends.

Such an incident would have been a general signal for all the anti-Bolshevik groups in Russia to revolt at once. Instead, they frittered away their forces in isolated outbreaks—in the Caucasus, the Don, Crimea, Yaroslavl. Now it was the reaction which started a local uprising, then the extremely revolutionary followers of Marie Spirodonova, who had at one time sided with the Bolsheviks. Our own disunity and inaction was largely responsible for allowing Lenin to crush the opposition bit by bit.

Bolshevism will spread, says Mr. Bullard, on the single condition that it finds a fruitful soil. There was a fruitful soil in Russia, and for a time it looked as though there was a fruitful soil in Germany. The German leaders were more afraid of unemployment than of anything else, but we do not yet know the actual amount of misery in Germany. Democracy must always be an unfertile soil for Bolshevism:

In 1916, at a session of the Prussian Landtag, a Socialist member, arguing in favor of immediate reform of the suffrage, warned the Chamber that Junker resistance to this democratic reform was causing ominous discontent among the workers. A reactionary deputy interrupted him, saying that, if the Socialists became threatening, the government would revive the exceptional laws of Bismarck against labor organizations. The Socialist laughed at him. "Do you think," he jeered, "that the German workmen—after two years of this hellish war—will be afraid of a policeman's club?"

It was a significant retort and it applies to all the world as well as to Germany. We have been spending our best energies in teaching our youths—most of them workmen—not to be afraid of 42-centimeter shells, of hand grenades, or mustard gas. When they get home they will not be awed by the policeman's club.

The most universally important political fact of our day is that the world has taught its young men to settle disputes with bayonets. It is supremely necessary to get them once more into the habit of ballots.

There will be revolutions in all backward countries, says Mr. Bullard. They will be violent and destructive, and Lenin will help them because he knows Russia can not stand alone. Wherever there is reaction there will be Bolshevism, and Lenin will make all the mischief he can:

His government can never make a real peace with democracy. He has only scorn for the idea. He does not believe in majority rule. He believes in the dictatorship of the proletariat—a minority dictatorship. If a majority of the people are so foolish as not to be proletarians—so much the worse for them. Just as he boasts that his treaty with the Kaiser was a sham, that he violated it whenever he dared, so any engagement he might make with us would be hollow. This is inevitable from his own logic. He denounces our form of government as much as the Prussian régime. And—as the Finnish revolutionists know to their sorrow—he does not feel bound even by the pledges he makes to his revolutionary "Comrades."

Mr. Bullard hesitates to draw an analogy between the French and Russian revolutions. Both passed through democracy back to tyranny, but Russia has gone much farther on the return to tyranny than France ever did:

The Revolution in the end will be judged as a whole and Bolshevism is only one incident in the development, one phase of the process. We can not tell whether the future historian will compare Lenin to Robespierre, Hebert, or Napoleon. But no one of these three men made the French Revolution, none of them ruined it. It was infinitely greater than any of them. I can not see any close analogies between present events in Russia and the records I have read of the French Revolution. I would not know with which hero of that time to compare Lenin.

But it seems to me that one cycle is complete: that from one point of view, i. e., political organization, the great pendulum has swung from the tyranny of the Tsar through democracy—a point where the overwhelming majority supported the government and where those who governed sought to rule by democratic methods—to a new, but in many ways familiar, tyranny. More nearly I think than Napoleon ever came to copying the forms of the old monarchy, Lenin has revived the methods of the Tsar.

Admiral Kolchak, says the author, is an unknown quantity. He was probably a monarchist, but circumstances have forced him to move toward the Left:

At least he is a very astute politician. His supporters are about equally divided between the Right and the Left. As a rule his military forces are in control of the former, and the civil government throughout the vast territory of Siberia is in control of the latter. If he came out for an openly reactionary programme, he would lose his liberal support. If he definitely committed himself to the Left, there would be danger of a new "Cossack Conspiracy." He has successfully performed the difficult feat of walking a tight rope. Up to the present he has kept the two very jealous factions from fighting. How long he can continue to avoid taking sides is, of course, uncertain.

There is a certain national vanity in Russia with which it is necessary to reckon. Mr. Bullard calls it an "illusion of grandeur":

When the Bolsheviks concluded their separate peace at Brest-Litovsk, all Russians thought that Germany had won the war. They did not think that America could furnish a counterbalancing force. They did not believe that victory was possible to any combination which did not include them. It was a ghastly wound to their *amour propre* to Bolsheviks, Socialists, Liberals, and Conservatives alike, that we had the presumption to go on fighting and could win without them.

Mr. Bullard warns us not to generalize about Russia. No one knows Russia. We are just as ill-informed about Russia as Russia is about us:

The contradiction in evidence is not surprising—Russia is so appallingly vast. There is such a bewildering myriad of interesting trees to distract attention from the forest. Any one who professes to know all about Russia, who is sure of just what we ought to do, is absurd. The situation develops so rapidly, continually bringing to the surface new and hitherto ignored problems, revealing unexpected complications, uncovering latent aspirations, engendering new forces, that any set programme, hard and fast in its details, is ridiculous. There is nothing static about Russia; it is all tremendously dynamic.

The various Russian factions refused the conference at Prince's Island because they were too fanatical to discuss anything. They wanted to 'kill each other, not to talk. Mr. Bullard thought they would all jump at the chance to expose their enemy:

They certainly jumped—out in the opposite direction. I had underestimated the bitterness of their belligerency. They wanted to execute Lenin, not try him. The attitude of the Bolsheviks was, in the reverse sense, just the same. They were willing to come to Prince's Island if the verdict were given to them in advance, if they were accepted as the rightful government and all their adversaries declared outlaw rebels. Each side, out of the bitter experience of civil war, has prejudged the case. They do not want any judgment from outside. Both sides are so vehemently convinced of the justice of their cause that they resent any suggestion of compromise with injustice. They do not want us to arbitrate—they want assistance in their Holy Crusade against iniquity. Whichever side we may prefer, it is just as well to realize that as far as bitterness is concerned there is no choice between them.

Those who expect to find the advocacy of a definite programme in Mr. Bullard's book will be disappointed. Mr. Bullard knows too much of his subject for that. But as a sane, competent, and comprehensive survey of the Russian situation this book seems to rank with one or two others as not only the most readable, but as the most reliable.

THE RUSSIAN PENDULUM. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Chinese city of Chan-Chan-Foo is said to produce the finest leather goods in the world. The leather is made from lizard, shark, dolphin, and snake skins.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending November 22, 1919, were \$177,569,423.10; for the corresponding week of last year, \$136,830,374.69; an increase of \$40,739,048.41.

A lightening of the gold reserve from \$157,399,000 to \$155,299,000 and an increase of bills on hand from \$174,048,000 to \$181,925,000 were features of the statement of condition of the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank as of November 21st. Resources of the institution increased from \$398,880,000 to \$407,115,000 and deposits from \$153,386,000 to \$157,379,000 during the week.

Earnings of the Federal Farm Loan banks during the six months ending November 1st were \$858,033, according to figures made public November 22d by the Farm Loan Board. This was a gain of more than \$250,000 over the previous half-year earnings and an increase of approximately \$650,000 over profits of the banks for the corresponding six months a year ago. Since November 1, 1918, the banks have refunded \$572,569 to the govern-

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ment, reducing the government's holding of stock to \$7,693,240.

In this era of investments, while much has been said and written about the possibilities of all classes of securities, little attention has been paid the investment opportunities obtained by the purchase of sound bank stocks.

Literature has extensively circulated from banking houses and institutions having public utility bonds and industrial stocks for sale, calling the public's attention to the many advantages of those types of investment. Even many well-known financial writers and statisticians, with apparently no ax to grind, have bled forth at length on the attractiveness to the investing public of public utility bonds and industrial preferred stocks. But I have yet to come across any well-known financial writer or investment banking house calling attention to the many and peculiar advantages in the purchase for investment of good bank stocks.

I venture to suggest that the absence of financial literature on this subject is due in part to the fact that in spite of the large amount of capital invested in the many banks in the country, bank stocks do not have to be sold to the investment public, but are quietly absorbed by a discriminating few.

Why has the average successful business man not hesitated to purchase all types of investment securities, old and new, good and

bad, and not favored bank stocks—although there are in the United States over 25,000 national and state banks, representing an invested capital of many hundreds of million dollars? The average security buyer looks upon the shares in a bank as something a bit mysterious, entirely too high in price, and an investment to be owned only by the very rich or by those who are "on the inside"; something, in short, to be left alone by the comparatively small successful business man.

The primary function of the typical national or state bank is the lending of its credit. A bank, because it is organized and safeguarded under governmental laws, is an institution whose credit is widely accepted; and it may lend its credit to the business man whose credit, although good, is not as acceptable or as negotiable to the general public. For example, let us take a bank operating in a fair-sized city with a capital of \$100,000, against which it must maintain a cash reserve of 10 per cent. With this capital the bank can lend to its customers up to \$1,000,000 and still maintain its 10 per cent. reserve. If the average interest rate obtained be 4½ per cent., it can be readily seen that the gross earnings for this operation alone will amount to \$45,000, or 45 per cent. on the capital.

But the modern bank performs many more functions in serving its customers than merely lending its credit, most of which functions, though not necessarily all, are of the lucrative nature. Large earnings often accrue to banks from collections on out-of-town debtors, renting of safe-deposit vaults, dealings in foreign exchange and letters of credit. State banks, and also national banks under the new Reserve Act, may act as administrators, guardians, and trustees, registrars of stocks, and trustees under mortgage of corporations; and when they do so they receive handsome fees for performing their duties. Recently the larger trust companies and national banks, either directly or indirectly through subsidiary companies, have entered the investment-banking business, from which large profits have accrued.

So we see the bank of the present day constantly broadening its field of action and service to its clients, rendering them a host of services for which a moderate though profitable charge is made. Against these items of profit must of course be charged the operating expenses of the bank, the occasional losses it has to take upon poor investments, etc., the amount of which naturally depends upon the efficiency with which each particular bank is operated. But all things considered, the "overhead" in the banking business is, in proportion to the business done, I hazard saying, less than in any other business known to the commercial world.

Let us now consider a few special points about bank stocks which would tend to make them, not only a lucrative, but unusually safe form of investment. A bank's capital, surplus, and assets are invested in one way or another in many different forms. Its capital and surplus (irrespective of cash reserve) may be invested partly in government bonds, various high-grade corporation securities, and perhaps the building in which the bank is located. Its assets are generally divided among a host of other business or personal risks of a more liquid character. Now, distribution of risk is an axiom of the wise investor, and the shares owned by an investor in a sound and well-managed bank represent as pretty a distribution of risk as one could hope to obtain in any available investment.

The stability of the business of a bank is another point to consider. Many industries are subject to periodic depressions resulting from varied causes such as over-production, falling-off in demand, labor troubles, etc., when failures are likely to occur. But consider the position of the bank having its business distributed, as it is, over so many different channels and having for its clients such a variety of customers. Surely its "eggs" are not all in one basket. The Federal government and most state governments prevent this by prohibiting banks from lending more than 10 per cent. of their capital and surplus to any one person or corporation.

The liquid character of a bank's capital, surplus, and assets is another feature that is worthy of mention. How many prosperous industrial or public utility corporations could liquidate their property in case of necessity? How much a railroad's physical assets are actually worth under the hammer, sad investors have many times learned. What is the value under forced sale of the physical capital of an erstwhile prosperous industrial plant that has got into difficulties? Very little surely. But the capital, surplus, and assets of the well-managed bank—with a few minor exceptions such as, perhaps, the bank building, office furniture, etc.—consist of securities and obligations which are either marketable or have a definite and early maturity.

Another feature worthy of comment is the unusual opportunity an investor in his local bank stock has of seeing the corporation

operate, or judging through personal observation and contact the abilities of its officers, and actually to test for himself, by carrying his account in the bank, its methods of doing business. There are very few sound business enterprises today in which one can invest with such an opportunity afforded.

Furthermore, the safeguards afforded by the periodic government examinations carried on by a corps of efficient bank examiners (under the supervision of the Federal Reserve Board in the case of banks which belong to the Federal Reserve System) give to the investor the assurance that the corporation in which he is part owner is managing its affairs at least honestly. How many security owners in other types of business corporations have this assurance? To the average security owner an annual report (often covering a multitude of sins) is the only information available as to the management, operation, and earnings of the corporation.

If any one doubts the value of bank stocks, let him pick up the bank and quotation supplement of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* and see for himself the prices quoted for the stock of not only the leading and largest banks, but of the smaller and less important ones. You will find about 2 per cent. of these stocks quoted below par, and very many around \$400 and \$500 a share, the original stock having been subscribed at par \$100 plus a proportional share of the original surplus. When one sees the stocks of the First National Bank of New York selling above \$1000 a share after paying a 1900 per cent. stock dividend, the First National of Chicago around \$500 after valuable subscription rights, the Union Trust of San Francisco at \$2200, and the stocks of younger and less important banks in large and small cities alike selling relatively as high, is it not reasonable to conclude that original investors in bank stocks have found them considerably profitable and sufficiently safe?

If you inquire you will probably find that your local bank stock is selling well over par, perhaps 300 or 400 per cent. of par, and you will probably conclude that it is selling too high; that it only nets 5 per cent. or 4½ per cent., or perhaps less; and that even though bank stocks have proved a profitable and safe form of investment to those lucky enough to own them, they are too high for you and you can not afford to buy them. And if you follow this line of reasoning you will be guilty, along with a legion of other investor these days; and strange as it may lacy of thinking a stock, or anything else for that matter, is a bargain because it is cheap. There is but one factor to consider in purchasing a security, and that is its true value. One must look further than par values and market prices if one is to survive as an investor these days; and strange as it may seem, an investor will more often find the most relative value in the highest-priced stocks. Many people refused to buy old Standard Oil Company of New Jersey shares before the split, when they were selling around \$400 per share, because they were too high. But the discriminating few who believed in the oil business, and who looked more to the actual value behind Standard Oil stock than the price at which it was selling, are much better off today, with their stock worth \$2000 or \$3000 a share, than those who bought something else because it was cheaper.—Dean Mathey in *American Review of Reviews*.

The average of the twenty industrials used in the Dow, Jones & Co.'s averages reached its high on November 1, 1919, viz: 118.63. On the same date the average price of twenty rails was 80.01. To show the relative position of the rails, it may be stated that in the bull market of 1906 the average price of twenty rails was 138.06.

In the issue of the *Argonaut* dated November 1, 1919, the writer advised against the purchase of tobacco, oil, and motor stocks and suggested instead Union Pacific, then selling at 122, netting 8 per cent. Two weeks later Union Pacific was selling at 132½, while the motors, oils, and tobaccos were in the throes of the heaviest liquidation ever seen on the New York Stock Exchange. I have not changed my position in regard to railroad stocks and maintain that there will soon be a healthy revival on the Stock Exchange in railroad securities. Easier money will come about the turn of the year, after the crops are moved. The time to buy railroad stocks is right now while they are cheap and while the average of twenty rails is at the bottom price, 80.01. Railroad stocks are in strong bands after years of accumulation, and the banking interests, who are heavily interested in this class of securities, will welcome a return of bullish activity.

In professional channels of the Street there appears to be an impression that the strong recovery of Reading from the break in the market is not entirely due to the fact of greater general interest in railroad shares due to the legislative developments, but also to uneasiness on the part of a large short interest on the account of the benefits this rail-

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road and anthracite coal organization will reap from the suspension of soft coal mining by the strike of the United Mine Workers. In addition there is the segregation rumor, which may at any time become a potential factor of great strength. The private borrowing demand is reported to reflect the existence of a large shortage still outstanding in these shares. Reading is the leading anthracite coal road of the United States. It is estimated to own anthracite lands holding coal valued at from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000. The Reading controls the rich Jersey Central, Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The famous Reading coal monopoly case is pending in the Supreme Court, an appeal to which court was taken by the government from a decision partly favoring the coal interests. The Reading controls the rich Jersey Central, also the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

Advices from New York state that pool activity in industrials will not be favored except in the better class of stocks, such as

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United States Rubber, Pan-American, United States Steel, etc. Higher prices are predicted for pig-iron and producers seem convinced that the demand will soon exceed the supply. Japan is inquiring for large tonnages. Stock dividends are predicted in United States Rubber by the end of the year. Pan-American will soon absorb the balance of Mexican Petroleum Stock. The future of Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company makes it the best purchase on the list today. Net earning of Mexican Petroleum Company and Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, including the last-named company's half interest in British Mexican Petroleum Company, for next year are estimated at \$40,000,000 before taxes. This figure may be increased, result being dependent on speed with which additional pipe-line mileage and tank steamer tonnage are made ready in the new expansion programme. Decline in prices of Mexican Petroleum and Pan-American Petroleum stocks in the last few days does not reflect oil trade conditions in any degree. On the contrary, demand for oil products is

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active and prices are going higher, especially fuel oil. More than 90 per cent., probably 95 per cent., of the fuel oil being marketed on the Atlantic seaboard is Mexican. Of total shipments of 7,100,000 barrels of oil from Mexico in September, 2,114,000, or 33 per cent., was Mexican Petroleum Company's oil. In August shipments of its oil from Mexico amounted to 1,821,000 barrels. Mexican Petroleum Company is now topping 90,000 barrels of oil a day, 75,000 barrels at Tampico and 15,000 at its New Orleans plant.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

According to William Cavalier (a member of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange), who has just returned from the East, the recent drop in the prices of securities in the New York market was beneficial in that it shook down to normal levels many stocks which had been manipulated by pools far beyond their intrinsic merits, which brought about an orgy of wild speculation, thereby increasing bank loans to a most dangerous point and in this manner absorbed money which otherwise could be used for legitimate enterprises.

"It is conceded," Cavalier says, "by financial men in the East that most industrial stocks at the present time are selling far below their intrinsic merits. There are many instances where high-class industrials are selling for one-third of their book value based upon cost less depreciation, and if we consider that the reproduction value of these industries would be practically twice the cost price, it is evident that there are enormous equities hack of most common stocks, and in time these equities are bound to produce large earnings which sooner or later will be reflected in the market price of these securities.

"Men in a position to know," he said, "both in New York and Washington, seems to be optimistic as to the ultimate solution of the railway problem, and feel that broad and constructive legislation will be enacted and that railroads will be turned back to their former owners with proper safeguards as to their fu-

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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....\$25,574,365.22

U. S. Bonds.....6,611,616.25

Other Bonds and Securities.....794,408.53

Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....150,000.00

Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....6,369,371.78

Cash and Sight Exchange.....16,553,667.18

\$56,053,428.96

LIABILITIES

Capital.....\$2,000,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits.....4,775,546.37

Circulation.....1,957,197.50

Federal Reserve Bank.....500,000.00

Letters of Credit.....6,495,624.28

Deposits.....40,325,060.81

\$56,053,428.96

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ture development and credit. Legislators, irrespective of their party affiliations, seem to feel that this is absolutely essential to the interest of the country.

"The consensus of opinion in Washington seems to be that the oil legislation pertaining to California lands will be treated in a liberal and constructive manner, and in a way which will be wholly satisfactory to California oil companies.

"The general impression is that the country is fundamentally and basically sound, and whereas there will be many temporary setbacks and market depressions, this country has many years of great prosperity before it. This belief is evidenced by the fact that most of the large bond houses and banks with bond departments are organizing subsidiary companies to handle the financing of corporations by the issuance of preferred stocks, as this seems to be the best method of financing large industrials which, in view of their unprecedented growth, require additional capital."

That the Supreme Court decision adverse to the Southern Pacific Company rendered recently in the Elk Hills case has been greatly overestimated can be shown by the following facts (says John Gallois of McDonnell & Co.):

"It is admitted that the value of these lands did not exceed \$18,000,000, or \$6 a share. The total value of the lands involved in Civil Case No. 46 (the big case) is \$421,000,000. This includes 162,000 acres and amounts to \$137 per share. All these lands, including other lands assets, are carried on the books of the company at \$31,805,760, or about \$11 a share, therefore if the company should win its big case, irrespective of the Elk Hills case and deducting the original amount of \$31,805,766, in which account all lands, including Mexico, Oregon, etc., are carried, it would add \$126 per share to the stock. In other words, 'all lands are carried at about \$11 per share on the books of the company.

"If the Southern Pacific had won all their suits the stock would have been worth at least \$137 per share in addition to its present book value. The case that it has lost was worth about \$6 a share to the company, and the case that is yet to be decided has some \$126 per share behind it. However, these values have never been considered as equities behind the stock, and were only speculative possibilities. Inasmuch as the stock was not selling anywhere near its possible value, and in fact way below its real value, I feel that the break has been most severe, and in no way represents a true condition.

"Southern Pacific has long been one of the best managed as well as one of the largest railroad systems in the United States. The income on the stock amounted to 10.98 in 1915, 12.63 in 1916, 17.65 in 1917, and 10.38 in 1918. A 6 per cent. dividend has been paid regularly for the last ten years, and is amply protected by income, which in the aggregate for the four years mentioned amounts to more than double the dividend requirements.

"In conclusion, irrespective of the oil litigation prospects, Southern Pacific is worth as an investment stock more than its present selling price.

"The Elk Hills case was the least important to the company. According to Southern Pacific attorneys, the case of the government was stronger in this than in any of the others, and the decision can not be taken as having any direct bearing on pending cases. Therefore you still have a good railroad stock selling below its real intrinsic value, to which is added the good gamble of having large oil interests, probably added to its railroad possibilities."

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Sonnets.

We are reminded that Mr. Charles Keeler is still among the bards by the appearance of a little volume containing one hundred and ten sonnets from his pen. Mr. Keeler, it may be noted with pleasure, still cultivates the virtues of the clear, definite thought and of the simple word. He finds his inspirations in objective nature, and he writes with a certain free spontaneity that seems almost involuntary. It is too much to hope that we have reached the end of the cycle of introspective morbidity in verse, or of the passionate worship of ugly things simply because they are ugly. But there is no trace of these vices in Mr. Keeler's verse. He invites us to tread familiar paths and to observe that actually they are beautiful. As a single example, not necessarily the best, we may quote the sonnet entitled "From the Stars":

A presence of ethereal splendor came
Out of the seventh heaven to hover near
With sweet consoling in her radiant cheer,
Whispering, "Dearest," when I asked her name;
Across the void with thought's unerring aim
She sought me to dispel unhallowed fear,
The darkness glorifying till the dear
Celestial wrath was luminous as flame:
Love was the cry of transubstantial lips,—
Ah, stifle not the heart-beat nor the breath;
What nectar of the gods the wild hee sips
Seek thou the honey-dew of love till death
Calls thee to stand on Saturn's summit far
Where warring thoughts no more thy love will mar.

As an example of what we may call Mr. Keeler's pure nature worship there is another sonnet that attracts notice. It is entitled "By Tenaya's Waters":

Beside the torrent hurled from mountain snow,
On boughs of spruce I made my forest bed,
The Half Dome toppling fearsomely o'er head,
With giant boulders, earthquake tossed, below,
And stately pine-trees, startled by the glow
Of leaping flames amid the darkness fled,
Screening the stars that 'tween their needles shed
Pale gleams upon the wild white waters' flow!
Methinks my guardian angels must have turned
My unreluctant steps to this fond haunt,
Here to commune with nature wild and wide,
To feel the love for which my soul had yearned
Peopling the dark with beauty, and the want
Of lonely spirit hunger satisfied.

Mr. Keeler's sonnets should receive a welcome from those who value the old traditions of poetry and would willingly see them sustained.

SEGOVIA SONNETS. By Charles Keeler. Berkeley: The Live Oak Publishing Company.

New Books Received.

MARE NOSTRUM. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Authorized translation by Charlotte Brewster Jordan.

WUNKS. By Douglas Gibbons and Duffy. New York: Duffield & Co.
For children.

THE STRONG HOURS. By Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
A novel.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Essays in war-time.

AVERAGE AMERICANS. By Theodore Roosevelt, Lieut.-Col., U. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A war book.

WALLED TOWNS. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
An indication of "the way out."

THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
For the friends of the publishers.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF INDIA. By Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
The National Movement in India.

THE BULLITT MISSION TO RUSSIA. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
Testimony before the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE PUBLIC. By Arthur Woods. A. M. New York: Yale University Press.
The problems of the police and the influences affecting their work.

THE MAN THAT NEVER GREW UP. By Mabel C. and William A. Lathrop. New York: Britton Publishing Company.
A novel.

THE DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.
India paper edition.

LABOUR IN THE COMMONWEALTH. By G. D. H. Cole. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
A book for the younger generation.

WHY WORRY? By George Lincoln Walton, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
Second edition. Revised and enlarged.

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"WHITEY." By William S. Hart. New York: Britton Publishing Company.
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Propaganda is being conducted in Great Britain to urge the growing of tobacco by farmers. The British board of agriculture has taken up the matter and will extend help and advice. Extensive experiments have been made by the British Tobacco Growers' Association, whose members view the outlook with optimism. A committee that looked into the matter reported that tobacco could be produced with profit in the British Isles. It is pointed out that the growing of tobacco is a great source of agricultural prosperity in France and Belgium. The Britons therefore see no reason why the plant can not be successfully cultivated on their soil.

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Assets.....\$60,509,192.14

Deposits.....57,122,180.22

Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds..2,387,011.92

Employees' Pension Fund.....306,852.44

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LIFE CAN NEVER BE THE SAME. By W. B. Maxwell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Japan and Peace.

It is well that the Japanese cause should have so able an advocacy as that of Mr. K. K. Kawakami, who has already established himself as an apologist of Japanese policies. Mr. Kawakami reminds us of what Japan did during the war, the sincerity of her war efforts and their success. About such matters there is little dispute, and the author is entitled to claim them as moral assets.

But the broad question remains: Is China to be dominated and absorbed by Japan, or is it to the interest of the world that China should find her own soul? Here there should be no ambiguities. The issue is a clear one. Japan claims the leadership of Asia. Hers is no longer an island empire and she has come out of her hermitage. She wishes to assume

the direction of China and to be the mistress of her undeveloped powers. The author believes that this would be in the interest of world peace and that it would make for the stability of humanity. It is for us to choose between Japan and China—that is to say if we can arouse in ourselves a sufficient interest to do so, which is doubtful.

JAPAN AND WORLD PEACE. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Red Mark.

This volume contains fourteen short stories by John Russell, all of them of the sinewy kind, and some of them not to be recommended to young people just going to bed. The first, from which the book takes its name, is a gruesome yarn of New Caledonia and of the public executioner, M. de Nou, who follows his horrid avocation because he likes it. We have a more cheerful note in "Doubloon Gold," a story of lost treasure at Funchal and of how it was recovered by a reincarnation of the man who had lost it centuries before. All the stories are of the most virile kind and thoroughly well told.

THE RED MARK. By John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A Book About the Bible.

This volume, says the author, Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, has grown out of a series of lectures delivered to students of the University of Pennsylvania. It is intended to show something of the sources of the biblical books and the general nature of their contents and purposes. It is not theological nor denominational, and it performs a valuable function in stressing the literary values of the sacred writings. It would seem difficult to say any new thing about the Bible, and perhaps the author has not actually done so. None the less he has well selected and presented some of the old things and he has done it in an attractive and useful way.

A BOOK ABOUT THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By Josiah H. Penniman, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Shortly before her death not many months ago Mme. Liza Lehman completed a volume of reminiscences which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish under the title, "The Life of Liza Lehman."

Alfred G. Gardiner, who until his recent retirement had been for the last seventeen years editor of the London *Daily News*, is making a short visit in the United States, combining a lecture tour which will take him to the principal Eastern cities with a study of present-day conditions.

Vance Thompson's "Eat and Grow Thin" continues steadily upon its mission of help for those who mourn their superfluous pounds of flesh. More than 160,000 copies of it have been sold.

Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet who has attained more than ordinary fame through his delicate and many moods verses, has arrived in this country for an extended lecture tour. He gave his first talk, "On America," in Pasadena, November 7th, and this is to be followed



SOFT DRINKS (any flavor) are best when prepared with
SHASTA WATER

by others in many of the large cities of the United States. Noguchi has two books, "Ten Japanese Noh Plays" and "Japanese Hokkus," which are announced for publication by the Four Seas Company.

Ian Hay Beith has arrived in New York to attend the rehearsals of his play, "Tilly," taken from "Happy-Go-Lucky" (Houghton Mifflin Company), which has run so successfully on the London stage.

A third impression of Maud Diver's "The Strong Hours" (Houghton Mifflin Company), has been necessary before publication, so large were the advance orders.

The outstanding features of the memoirs of Admiral von Tirpitz, which Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish this fall, are these: The Kaiser personally dictated the general naval policy during the war and was responsible for the inactivity of the fleet. Indecisiveness and unwillingness to take responsibilities are the Kaiser's characteristics. Admiral von Tirpitz made a futile effort to get the Kaiser to permit the fleet to go out and do something. The submarine war was decided upon by Admiral von Phul, then chief of the admiralty, and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg without consulting Von Tirpitz.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who is to make a three months' tour of America in the fore part of 1920, will lecture on "The Unknown Shore." It is announced that he will speak in English.

Briefer Reviews.

Whether there is still an audience for the "Decameron" of Boccaccio remains to be seen.

But we may note the fact that the Stewart & Kidd Company of Cincinnati have published a tasteful edition printed on India paper and with a portrait frontispiece.

Under the title of "Altruism: Its Nature and Varieties," Charles Scribner's Sons have published the Ely Lectures for 1917-18 as delivered by George Herbert Palmer.

The "Girls' Book of the Red Cross," by Mary Kendall Hyde (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a pleasantly written outline sketch of the work of the Red Cross, with a glance at its activities before the war and an admirable summary of what it did during the war. Ostensibly written for girls, it is just as well suited to adults. The illustrations are admirable.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, has published in volume form the testimony given by Mr. William C. Bullitt before the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate. It is entitled "The Bullitt Mission to Russia," and it includes Lenin's Peace Proposal, Mr. Bullitt's Report on Russia, Mr. Lincoln Steffens' Report on Russia, and Discussions of the Peace Conference on a Policy Toward Russia, etc.

Edwin L. Sabin has done a real service by his series of historical stories for boys, stories that are always wholesome and always accurate. His latest yarn is entitled "Lost with Lieutenant Pike," and it describes the adventures of the hardy explorer who in such a real sense of the word "found the West." There could be nothing better for boys, and nothing more stimulating to a virile patriotism. The story is published in the Trail Blazers' Series by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

After growing for ten years, the Japanese cypress, one of the smallest specimens of the horticultural world, reaches the size of a golf ball.

Oxford and Cambridge are now the only prominent universities in the United Kingdom that do not grant degrees to women.

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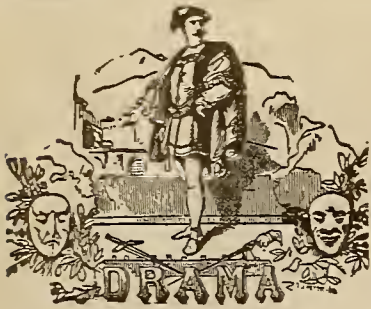
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HARRY LAUDER AT THE CURRAN.

When Harry Lauder was a broken-hearted man, and all the world was quivering from the blows of the great war, he forged a spiritual bond between himself and his public that will never be broken. He is, probably, no longer broken-hearted. That man or woman who yields to a condition of permanent brokenheartedness yields to morbidness and abnormality. And Harry Lauder impresses one as a real man.

But he has recovered tone, and in taking up his line of work with, apparently, all his old zest, he was following the path of nature. Nature means us to work, even although civilization has evolved a class of idlers who are obliged, in order to keep alive and approximately well, to make work of play.

Some of his compatriots say of Harry Lauder that he makes fun of his native Scotch—which, by the way, is on a par with the Southerners' accusation of George Cahle traducing them. All artists who specialize in that way wring some one's withers because they are artists. But to ever grow wrathful over Harry Lauder's delightfully mellow little sketches of the various humbler types of Scotchmen argues a form of literal-mindedness that the enlightened Caledonians josh at in their own people. They are a series of vignettes, each one enshrined in its own decoration of the foliage of mellow human nature. Before I ever saw Harry Lauder I had a vague idea that he was a singer par excellence. But he is really an impersonator; only he is an impersonator sui generis. The proof is that while other impersonators imitate him nobody challenges him in his own field. Among the numerous things they say of this original and popular specialist—for, mark you, they say a great many things—is the comment that he is an acquired taste, like olives, or caviare. And true it is that the full abilities of the man, and his power to charm, to entertain, and to hegule dull care away, does not wholly penetrate on a first hearing. Or else he has changed and developed since that first hearing. But each portrait was so complete, so natural, so humorous, and the man himself, as well as the tones of his unremarkable but pleasant voice, so magnetic that his audience surrenders itself to enjoyment with a sort of joyous delight; for it is the men, in particular, who do justice to his work. His personal, colloquial tone with them delights them, and one need not be Scotch in

order to appreciate the rich huskiness of his native hurr.

For the rest, in spite of the tragedy through which he has passed, and to which he incidentally alluded when he made his plea for "the broken men of Scotland"—never was the Lauder countenance fuller of mirthful dimples, and twinkling fun than it can be made to express at present. And, as for the little monologue that follows each song, the audience fairly hangs on each syllable, and each blink and wink. Each picture is complete in itself: the jovial young sailor, the equally jovial but testy old peasant, the gay wooer, splendidly decorated with tartan and a huge cairngorm—Mr. Lauder seems to have a choice collection of superb cairngorms—and the returned wanderer, in search of Belle McGraw.

Mr. Lauder presents his acts handsomely, each one being provided with a charming setting illustrative of Scotch scenery, and generally with some effect of human interest in the picture, such as the little home cabin. He wears a separate costume for each impersonation, and uses, one by one, a wonderful collection of twisted, convoluted sticks which he uses freely in lending vraisemblance to the various types presented.

His handy-legged walks, swaggering trots, and fat little dancing steps are all Harry Lauderisms that endear him to his audience, as well as his fits of laughter that become readily epidemic with his listeners in total.

He has old songs and new; a very choice collection of homely, endearing ditties; and he easily woos the audience to join with him. "Open your face, make a hole, and push," is his recipe for singing.

In the course of his own entertainment a group of five handsomely costumed pipers gave an exhibition of piping and drumming, and preceding it there was a series of very good vaudeville acts, the most entertaining of which was a series of clever imitations of various of the artificial and natural sounds in life, and principally of bird cries, by "Milo," an individual who, in rough tramp's costume, shows himself a whistling humorist.

In getting the juice out of every song it strikes us that Harry Lauder must get the juice out of life; and for easing the perpetual ache of an unhealed grief he has hit on the best method; for, now that the great conflict is over, his after-war service is to collect funds for the maimed and crippled men left from the 900,000 Scots who bravely did their share in the monumental struggle, and came out worsted physically.

THE ORPHEUM.

Three exceptionally talented women figure as impersonators on this week's Orpheum hill. Miss Venita Gould and Claudia Coleman are, as impersonators, the simon-pure article, which can not be said of Gertrude Hoffmann, who can change neither her voice nor her facial expression. Nevertheless she is talented in her special line, being a born showman—or show-woman, if you prefer it. Gertrude Hoffmann always put on an act that makes you sit up and take notice. She does so this week, beginning with "The White Peacock,"

a beautifully and strikingly costumed dance of dramatic suggestion, in which, however, the adjustment of the mechanism for regulating the movements of the splendid outspread tail interfered somewhat with the freedom of the dancer's movements. The costume of "The Dance of the Allies" gave something of a revolutionary suggestion, the flame-colored, fluttering draperies and wild free movements seeming more typical of the present awakening consciousness of the submerged classes than of the attempts of the Allied governments to restore the world to its orderly routine. Adolf Bolm created the dance and probably named it, but it is a dance in which you can read something between the lines of emotions felt by the originator, which he preferred not to express in the title selected.

Following this dance Miss Hoffmann gave her "Impressions," the success of which lies more particularly in costumes and dancing rather than in any ability latent in Miss Hoffmann to shed her own identity and slip under the skin of another being.

That is what Venita Gould can do, her assumption of the manner, movements, dance, gestures, and even voice of Grace La Rue—a figure so familiar to us Orpheum habitués as to entitle us to being discriminating critics in this regard—being so faithful as to stamp Miss Gould as a horn impersonator. This was her most remarkable assumption, particularly in her faithful reproduction of the tones of Grace La Rue's voice. I felt, however, that those familiar with Bert Williams' appearance—which I am not—would pronounce Miss Gould's imitation of him to be first-class. As Lenore Ulic she made herself, as does that accomplished little artist, look and speak like a rather hahyish-minded native girl. She gave Eva Tanguay's flamboyant self-assertiveness and Julian Eltinge's contralto-voiced, coquettish amenities, accomplishing instantaneous effects with a sudden sweep of her loose, rippling hair and a swift rearrangement of her plastic features.

Claudia Coleman, "the smile girl," relies both on hair and hats to assist her in altering her physiognomy. Both these women can transform their expression with startling completeness, Miss Coleman, who is blessed with a very complete equipment of humor, being particularly clever in her selection of radically diverse types. Types, in fact, is what she specializes in: Mrs. Newly Wed, the mannish chuhwoman, the hotel-lounge gossip, the gum-chewing saleswoman, and so on, to cover a wide diversity.

It was very interesting, in view of the fact that their work was so excellent, to have the opportunity of seeing these two women on the same programme, and to compare their methods.

For beside them Gertrude Hoffmann as an impersonator was completely out of the reckoning. Her gifts as showman, however, enabled her to give a highly entertaining act, full of variety, color, movement, and noise: the latter, however, having its meaning and being therefore entertaining, while exciting, agitating music had been carefully selected for her very effective dances.

There were other good things, "A Tale of a Shirt," which was intelligently acted by the Connollys, being a well-balanced mixture of pathos and humor. Franker Wood, a taking and clever comedian, and Bunee Wyde were decidedly amusing in "A Satire on Greenwich Village," and Samaroff and Sonia, in Russian costumes tinselled with artless abundance, gave some Russian dances, and the man, who was a miracle of punctuality in timing his rapid movements to the minute, did a whirlwind dog trick act in which the zealous little quadrupeds really gave an impression of enjoying themselves.

"The Casting Wards" kept us jumping interjectionally over their daring feats when we weren't laughing like children at their clown tumbler, and of the remaining two numbers Eva Shirley in songs and the four lively instrumentalists in jazz seemed to hit the tastes of the house, although the songs struck me as rather dull. Then there was Enrico Aresoni, the dramatic tenor, who made a hit; why I can't imagine, since to my ear his voice lacked beauty, and to my judgment he was deficient in charm of manner and dramatic temperament. His voice, however, is very powerful, and while displeasing in intonation has the tenor robust quality. He has probably served his time in opera companies, for he sings like a man who is practicing a familiar craft, even although he has not the art of freely expressing emotions in his song. All the same, though, Signor Aresoni made his final exit beaming with happy smiles, and permeated with the agreeable consciousness that he had made an unqualified hit.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Porto Ricans' Queer Drug.

Dr. W. E. Safford of the government plant bureau recently identified the mimosa-like tree, which grows in Haiti, Porto Rico, and other islands of the Antilles, as the producer of a queer powdered drug called "coho," which the natives used when Columbus first arrived at the island of Haiti. The seeds of

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GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
(Accredited)

this tree are yielded in pods, which are roasted and ground to powder, which is sometimes mixed with lime from calcined snail shells.

The tribal wizards, or priests, while under the influence of "coho," were accustomed to hold communication with unseen powers, and their mutterings were construed as prophecies and revelations of hidden things. The powder was used as a snuff that was inhaled through a forked wooden tube. The forks were inserted in the nostrils and the lower end of the tube buried in a little heap of the snuff, which was held on a tray of carved wood. Sometimes large snail shells were used as snuff boxes.

The natives used the snuff on ceremonial occasions. It produced a sort of hypnotic state, with visions supposed to be supernatural. The chemical properties of the drug are still unknown, so that its intoxicating principle remains a mystery.

Certain landholders in Scotland are bound, under monetary penalties, to marry at the king's command.



133.

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We have not attempted to tabulate the additional savings effected by our service department, but for the period in question they must have amounted to several times thirty thousand dollars.

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By keeping at it patiently and courteously, but with vigor, our service department, during the twelve months' period, has reduced thousands of water bills to normal size. This has been done without in a single instance curtailing the liberal use of water for all proper household purposes.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**Curran Theatre.**

William Courtenay will begin a fortnight's engagement at the Curran Theatre Sunday night, November 30th, in "Civilian Clothes," a comedy written by Thompson Buchanan and produced by Oliver Morosco. The presentation of the play at the Curran at this time involves the bringing of the company and equipment almost direct from New York to this city, only three other places being played on the way.

The story of the comedy deals with the home-coming of a soldier in the recent war and the reaction in his domestic life that follows the discarding of his uniform and the putting on of his civilian garb. Mr. Courtenay has the part of Captain Sam McGinnis, who while in France has secretly married an American girl, who is doing relief work at the front and who is the daughter of a wealthy Southern family. The play and the fun begin with the return of the captain to his native land and his visit to the home of his secretly-wed wife. In the list of the players Dorothy Dickinson, Frances Underwood, Lillian Lawrence, Venie Atherton, Floy Murray, Henrietta Dickinson, Theodore Westman, Frank Herbert, Adrian Morgan, Lloyd Neal, J. K. Murray, J. Francis O'Reilly, and Harold Grau are placed. Mr. Morosco has given the play one of the most elaborate and complete scenic productions ever accorded a comedy and has provided gowns for the ladies that are the last word in Eastern modes.

The engagement at the Curran is limited to two weeks and Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

The Alcazar.

The adventures of "Polly with a Past" will be depicted by the New Alcazar Company next week, for the last times in San Francisco. There is no more delightful comedy on the stage than this witty romance that took Ina Claire out of the Ziegfeld Follies into commanding prominence as a popular comedienne. For two solid years the charming blend of George Middleton and Guy Bolton's

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CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., NOV. 30, at 2:45 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "Oberon," Weber; Allegretto gracioso, from Symphony No. 2, Brahms; Ballet Suite, Gluck-Gevaert; "The Preludes," Liszt; "Funeral March of a Marionette"; Prelude, Jarnfelt; Berceuse, Jarnfelt; "Serenade," Piarne; "Polonaise," Chopin.

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre from 10 a. m. on concert days only.

Next—5th Pair Symphonies, Dec. 5 and 7;
Horace Britt soloist.

humor and David Belasco's master stagecraft crowded the Belasco Theatre in New York, summer and winter. Belle Bennett again personates the self-reliant, mischievous daughter of an Ohio small-town clergyman, merrily masquerading as a demure maid in the apartment of a trio of reckless New York bachelors and shocking the fashionables of an Atlantic seaside resort by pretending to be a vampiric French adventuress. Walter Richardson, Rafael Brunetto, and Clifford Alexander are the dashing musketeers of the studio; Irving Dillon as the cynical Uncle and Charles Murphy as the gay Commodore are new members of the company; Henry Shumer plays the fiery Petrowski, and Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Edna Shaw, and Al Cunningham are cast as before. A special delight will be the reappearance of Emelie Melville in one of her charming grande dame characterizations. A special matinee will be given Friday for the Actors' Fund Memorial.

"A Dollar Down," John H. Blackwood's vital comedy-drama, is completing its second capacity week.

"Nothing But Lies," William Collier's latest New York farcical hit, has first San Francisco production December 7th.

The Maitland Playhouse.

A notable revival of "Candida," one of the most popular of Bernard Shaw's "plays pleasant," will occupy the boards at the Maitland Playhouse for the week beginning Tuesday matinee and night, December 2d.

It is surprising that "Candida" is not offered more often. The play displays, of course, the characteristic Shavian point of view, the unconventional handling of a conventional theme, but it divulges the brilliant Irish playwright in his brightest and most entertaining mood.

Ann O'Day, the popular leading woman, will have the rôle of Candida, which should fit her ideally. Maitland will play the part of the dreamy young poet, Eugene Marchbanks, who seeks Candida's love, while J. Anthony Smythe will portray the Rev. James Morrell, Candida's husband. Ardell Cummings is to be the typist, Rupert Drum the curate, and Thomas Miller is cast as Candida's father.

The Orpheum.

Maud Lambert, the musical-comedy favorite, and Ernest R. Ball, the composer of many popular songs, will present a delightful pianologue in which Mr. Ball's compositions will be used. He is a capable pianist and knows how to interpret the meaning of his own songs. Miss Lambert's beautiful, expressive, and well-trained voice is one of the many delights of the act.

"Indoor Sports," a comedy by Harlan Thompson and Hugh Herbert, has to do with the ways and means employed to make the desired man pop the question. The comedy is under the direction of William B. Friedlander.

"Georgie" Price, Gus Edwards' famous juvenile, is now a grown-up and is going it alone in a "single" which is a capital vehicle for him to introduce catchy songs and clever impersonations.

Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers call their offering "Moments Musical." The Salon Singers are a mixed quartet and an accompanist.

The original Collins and Hart will appear in their novelty surprise, which is a hurlesque on the feats and affectations common among athletic performers.

Chris Richards is a famous English comedian and dancer who also juggles, sings, and tells new and funny stories.

Phina, an exceptionally clever singing comedienne, with the assistance of three clever children dressed in swagger evening attire, will sing, dance, and make merry.

Gertrude Hoffmann, who has scored such a tremendous success in her one-woman revue, will be the only holdovers in this splendid programme.

Symphony Orchestra.

Wonderfully attractive is the programme for the fourth "Pop" concert of the season, to be played on Sunday afternoon, November 30th, in the Curran Theatre.

The feature will be the Allegretto gracioso movement from Brahms Second Symphony. Several perennial favorites will be found on the programme, notably the overture to Weber's "Oberon," Liszt's "The Preludes," and the delightful "Funeral March of a Marionette," by Gounod.

An exquisite number will be a Ballet Suite by Gluck, composed of the "Air," "Dance of the Slaves," "Tambourin" and "Chaconne" from "Iphigenia in Aulis," and the "Gavotte" from "Armide."

Three miniature numbers of immediate appeal are grouped. They are Jarnfelt's "Prelude" and "Berceuse" and Piarne's "Serenade." Chopin's "Polonaise" will close the programme.

Horace Britt, the brilliant violoncellist of the San Francisco Symphony, will be soloist at the fifth pair of symphonies, to be performed on Friday and Sunday afternoons, De-

cember 5th and 7th, in the Curran Theatre. At the forthcoming concerts he will play Lalo's Concerto in D minor with the orchestra.

The symphony will be Haydn's in G major, generally known as the "Military" Symphony. None of the numbers for this pair of concerts have been played by the San Francisco Symphony. The remaining number, Volkmann's overture, "Richard III," is of particular interest, because of the infrequency with which Volkmann's works are given, and because of the interesting and orchestrally remarkable way in which the composer has caught the spirit of Shakespeare's tragedy, which inspired the overture.

Stephanie Shenatowitch, a young pianist who hears the distinction of being Leopold Godowsky's favorite pupil, will be heard in recital for the first time in this city in the Italian Room of the St. Francis Hotel, Monday evening, December 15th. She has a remarkable repertoire and her programme will be of peculiar interest.

WOMEN IN GEOGRAPHY.

Many women have lived whose memory is honored for all time in the pages of geography. And yet the names of cities, rivers, islands, which should stand as living memorials, have too often lost their significance through common usage. How many know that the famous island of St. Helena was named after the mother of Constantine the Great, who also gave name to her birthplace, Helenopolis, and to points in the region of the Louisiana Purchase? The rugged island, with its lofty, barren hills, and deep gorges, was named by a Portuguese navigator returning from India in 1502. The French were especially prone to honor the holy women of their race, and the Sault Sainte Marie and other points remain to trace their progress through the North American wilderness, up the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, and down the Mississippi to the Gulf. But one is far more apt to remember that the "Soo" through its vast system of canals passes more freight each year than to recall its naming in deference to the Virgin Mary.

The English have been particularly generous in the conferring of women's names upon their cities and states. In far-away Australia the name of Victoria is honored in two states, Queensland and Victoria, while the most beautiful city in that country is Adelaide, named in memory of the queen of William IV of England. Even in Canada, which was first settled by the French, there is the province of Alberta, named for Princess Louise Alberta, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis Lorne, who was governor-general of Canada in 1882. Queen Victoria has undoubtedly a larger number of geographical names to her credit than any other woman in history. The largest lake in Africa is Victoria Nyanza, and Victoria Falls were named for the queen, as was also the capital of British Columbia.

In this country we have Virginia, named for the virgin queen, Elizabeth, who was further honored by the English settlers when they named Elizabeth, New Jersey (says the New York *Evening Post*). The town is famous in the annals of American history as the home of both Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, and later of Princeton University. Maryland preserves the name of the queen of Charles I of England, and its naval academy at Annapolis does honor to Queen Ann. In a catalogue of geographical feminine names there should also be place given to the Aleutian Islands, marked on all old charts as Catharine Archipelago in honor of Catharine the Great of Russia—and the Jungfrau, meaning maiden or virgin, most beautiful of the Swiss Alps, should not be overlooked.

Hoarded Razors.

Menephthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, was well prepared for a barbers' strike 3500 years ago. He had in his palace in Egypt a collection of the razors of cavemen with which he probably would have found little trouble in keeping himself beardless to this day had he found the fountain of eternal youth.

Whether it was a harbers' strike, a mania for collecting things, or an idiosyncrasy for tonsorial paraphernalia that motivated this now cherished collection is a subject for scholars of the ancients. But at any event he had the razors carefully preserved in his palace.

This is one of the discoveries of the Eckley B. Cox, Jr., expedition to Egypt, which has been excavating the palace of the ancient Pharaoh for the last five years.

Revelations of the life of ancient Egypt more important than any others made in this century are expected with the continuation of the work of excavating the palace of Menephthah.

Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, leader of the expedition, in a letter to the university museum, reports he already has uncovered about two-fifths of the palace, including the front of

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the structure, the throne room, and the thrones intact.

The luxurious private rooms of Rameses show that he was an artist in self-adornment and an archæologist. Some of his treasures include relics of the Stone Age which may be 30,000 years old.

The work of the expedition was started five years ago, but was discontinued last winter on account of the war. It is being watched by students of ancient civilization in all parts of the world, as evidenced by the inquiry received by the museum from a man in New Zealand.—*New York Sun*.

Sorosis, the first woman's club organized in America, was established in 1868 by a group of women protesting against the exclusion of women as guests at a banquet tendered Charles Dickens, then visiting in New York City.

The costliest watch in the world is a jeweled timepiece in the possession of the Pope, which is estimated to be worth \$300,000.

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VANITY FAIR.

In a few days we shall know if Lady Astor has been elected to the British House of Commons. There are some knowing ones among us who say that she will be beaten because the British do not like Americans. There are some others, equally knowing, who say that she will win her election because the British do like Americans. So there you are and you may take your choice.

But Lady Astor seems to be a very considerable person, and something very much more than the wife of a viscount. She has a glory all her own, and it is not a reflected glory. She has wit, vivacity, audacity, and brains. She has won her way by charm as much as by favor. She would have won her way if she had married a coal heaver. It was not her husband who conferred dignities upon her. It was she who conferred dignities upon him.

Lady Astor was once Nanny Langhorne of Virginia, and she was very distinctly some one even then. Mrs. Lewis C. Albro, who played with Nanny Langhorne when both wore short skirts in Albemarle County, Virginia, has given some of her impressions of her old

schoolmate to the New York Times. She says: "It is very difficult to tell off-hand the things that will give people an idea of Nanny Langhorne. You can't put your finger on individual instances that will show her brilliancy, wit, and humor. Not because there weren't any individual instances, but because the general run of her conversation and her life were filled with them." Mrs. Albro says that a short time ago an old boyhood friend of Lady Astor's received a letter from her "Dear St. George," it read, "how is your family. I have five children, and I don't think the end is yet."

Waldorf Astor's father by no means approved the marriage of his son to Nanny Langhorne. The old gentleman wanted his son to marry into the English peerage. But Waldorf was very much in love and that settled it. But Nanny took no offense at the parental objections. Indeed she quite understood them and she wrote a letter to her father-in-law thanking him for withdrawing his opposition and expressing her sympathy for his feelings. "Nanny's house in England," says Mrs. Albro, "has always been open to her Virginia friends. No matter who it is that goes there is made to feel at home. She dis-

penses a hospitality that is entirely Virginian in its flavor. The owner of a big clothing store in Richmond—a place everybody down there knows—went over to England not so long ago. Nanny heard of his arrival and immediately asked him to come and spend a week-end at her place. She took him about with her and drove him around the country just as she would any of her English friends. It made no difference to her whether he was a clothing store keeper or the Crown Prince of Norway."

Another old-time friend of Lady Astor is John Powell, the American pianist. Mr. Powell says:

"I knew the Langhorne girls back in Virginia. They all went to my father's school. I used to play with their brother Buck. At that time I was a very fat boy. It used to worry me immensely. Nanny Langhorne knew it and took pains to let it worry me some more. I used to dread passing their house on my way home from school. Invariably she and her sister Irene, now Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, would be swinging on the gate waiting for me to pass. Just as soon as they caught sight of me they'd make a dash for me and roll me into the gutter. There they'd pummel and pinch and tickle me until my fat sides fairly ached with pain and unhappy laughter. After they thought I had had enough, Nanny would issue the ultimatum that she would let me go if I came in and played for them. I came in. There was nothing else to do when Nanny Langhorne was on top."

Mr. Powell also passed a week-end at the Astor home in London. It was a distinguished company that he met there. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were present, Arthur Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord Roberts, Ernest Shackleton, and many others. There was a heated discussion on the Irish question between Winston Churchill and Mr. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, a hot and stern discussion of the sort that the House of Commons has never heard. Every one else sat around and listened, and there, too, it was that some of the incidents that happened in the great war found their birth. Says Mr. Powell:

"I remember distinctly, for instance, Winston Churchill's saying that he had his finger on the pulse of the European situation and that five days before war was declared the English fleet would be lined up in the Channel in full war strength, ready to protect the country. War was declared later. The English fleet had been lined up in the Channel five days before, under the pretense of holding a naval review in honor of the king's birthday. This hasn't anything to do with Nanny Langhorne, really, but it will give you a general idea of the things that were discussed in her home."

Mr. Powell says that previous to that visit he had returned home from a long professional visit to the Continent and was hungry for an American face and starved for a Virginia voice. He decided to call up Nanny Langhorne and was at once told to come over for tea. When he entered the room his heart fell at the sight of a tall, statuesque woman standing near Nanny and he did not feel that he wanted to be presented to anybody.

"However, the lady was there, and the only thing to do was to be polite and make the best of it. Nanny, with great show of ceremony, presented me, and in the dim-lit room I delivered myself of a courtly bow. I didn't catch the name, but it didn't matter much. To my amazement I heard a perfectly good old Virginia voice exclaim in great exasperation: 'John Powell, don't you know me? It hasn't been but four years since I last saw you.' The voice was familiar, it was perfectly good Albemarle County, but I couldn't place it. I murmured my apologies. That was too much for Nanny, who stood watching us in great amusement. She explained that it was Irene, her sister—Mrs. Gibson, you know. I said something about the darkness of the room, my stupidity, and words to that effect, when Nanny burst in with, 'Oh, it's all right. John! Irene ought to remember that one doesn't grow younger in four years!'"

It was by no means her money that secured Lady Astor's successful entry into English society. Much was due to the favor of King Edward, but this could not have been secured without wit and aplomb. Mr. Powell says:

"Her tongue saved her on many an occasion. I remember a story that is told about her when she first entered English society. It seems that the ladies of the peerage were inclined to snub Nanny Langhorne. Now, anybody who has known Nanny Langhorne knows that Nanny, who is not a bit of a snob herself, will not take snobbery from others. However, these ladies did not yet know her. King Edward was still alive at the time. He had met Nanny and had taken a great fancy to her. He had heard of the coolness of English society toward the young American and decided to take a hand in the game. He invited himself one day to tea at the Astors. When a king invites himself to tea or dinner or whatever, he chooses his own guests and sends out his own invitations. King Edward proceeded to invite the very cream of English

society. He came, and so did they. Nanny was at her best that day and the king spoke with her at great length. Her 'sass' and his sallies filled that corner of the room.

"This did not suit the pleasure of the ladies of the land. They decided to break up the party of two. Bridge was suggested. Nanny smiled and said she didn't know how to play cards. The ladies insisted. Now, Nanny honestly did not know how to play bridge; she did know how to amuse the king, and she wasn't going to be bored if she could avoid it. With her most fascinating smile she declared she couldn't tell one card from another and added, quickly, 'Why, I don't even know a king from a knave.' King Edward laughed heartily. The ladies fled and Nanny was firmly established in the royal good graces. After that she wasn't long in winning her way into the heart of the king's England. She has that rare gift for the social graces and amenities which wins hearts everywhere."

Mr. Powell says he recalls the picture made by Lady Astor as she went up the winding stairs of her London house and left the men below to talk. She wore a simple pink gown that made her look like a charming girl of sixteen. She stood there poised on the stairs with her head thrown back "sassing" Arthur Balfour, who returned her "sass" in kind.

Lady Astor is making a good fight for her seat in the House of Commons and she is drawing freely on her resources of wit and good humor. If she wins it will not be because of her wealth, and if she loses it will not be because she is an American.

The women street cleaners in Cologne are now officially known as "Städtische Elektrische Strassenbahnschienenreinigungsfrauen."

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STORYETTES.

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An Irish lady well known to society contributed to the gaiety of nations the other evening by dashing into the nursery and reproving her eldest born in manner following: "I just wish your father was at home some evening to see how you behave when he is out."

In the course of his examination these questions were put to an old negro who was appearing as a witness: "What is your name?" "Calhoun Clay, sah." "Can you sign your name?" "Sah?" "I ask if you can write your name?" "Well, no sah. Ah nebber writed mah name. Ah dictates it, sah."

Apropos of Henry Watterson's retirement from the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, a Louisville banker said to the great editor: "I understand, sir, that your idea is to start a paper of your own—a paper that will strike a new note." "Well," fenced the veteran, "that would be a welcome change indeed, for papers nowadays do nothing but note a new strike."

A Logansport minister was on his way to fill the pulpit of a church in Terre Haute a few weeks ago, and happened to overhear a prize-fighter, occupying a seat in the train just in front of him, remark to his companion: "I am going to Terre Haute to knock hell out of ———." The Presbyterian minister became interested and said to the pugilist:

"Why, that is just the very thing I am going for." "Why, you're not a prize-fighter, are you?" "No, I am a minister," was the reply, "but my business is to knock hell out of people, and that is just what I am going to Terre Haute for."

The story of the good Samaritan was being expounded to the class. The Samaritan was pictured lying bleeding by the roadside, where the robbers who had set upon him had left him. "Now," asked the teacher, "does any little child know what had happened to the poor man?" One child had the answer. "Please, ma'am," she said, "I think he was run over by an automobile."

A police department in a California city recently received a complaint that a certain Irishman was maintaining a general nuisance. Investigation proved that said nuisance was twins. "But can't you keep 'em quiet?" asked the investigating officer. "Sure, an' they're quiet now," insisted Pat. "I've been thankin' hivin that there's two of 'em instid of one, for each of the spalpeens makes so much noise you can't hear the other one."

"While serving in the United States army in France, I was going from Marseilles to the Italian border with a brother officer. Upon leaving the station at Marseilles a lady sat at my right in the compartment of the train, while my brother officer sat across from me," said Al Waddell. "On entering a tunnel I said to my friend, it being very dark in the tunnel, 'I am going to kiss the girl on my

right, as she is very pretty.' The officer said, 'Go to it.' After coming out of the tunnel the brother officer said, 'Well, did you have a good time?' I said, 'Sure; wish there were more tunnels.' After a minute, the girl spoke to me in English, with a twinkle in her eye, and said she hoped there would be no more tunnels. Needless to say, I had not kissed her while going through the tunnel, but I was certainly embarrassed when she spoke to me in English."

A benevolent old lady in one of the streets which still retain the red-brick houses of old-time New York looked out of her parlor window the other day and saw a man walking along the sidewalk, apparently in great dejection. There was something so pathetic and appealing in his manner that she took a dollar bill, put it in an envelope, and wrote on the envelope, "Never Say Die!" She slipped out of the house in the most casual manner and handed the envelope to the man as they passed. Next day the melancholy man called at her house and presented her with \$10. "It's funny," he said; "you're the only one that backed that horse called Never Say Die."

"Hands up!" cried the business-like highwayman. The victim laughed as he complied. "The joke is on you," he asserted, chuckling. "I've just paid a large bill sent by a lawyer for aiding me to fill out my income-tax schedule. A month ago my landlord raised my rent. My son has just come home from France and can't get a job. Yesterday my salary was decreased. Today the bank in which I kept the remnant of my money went smash. I've been looking all night for one of you chaps. I want to learn this hold-up business." Weeping bitterly, the highwayman thrust the revolver into his would-be victim's hands and disappeared in the darkness.

Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, said on his recent voyage from Liverpool: "There are some men who can make a success even of failure. Thus there was a certain peer once who rose to make his maiden speech—a speech granting to all accused persons the right of counsel—and when he put his hand in his pocket for his notes they weren't there. The peer gulped. He looked about him wildly. Gulped again. Then he said: 'If I, my lords, who now rise only to give my opinion on this bill—if I am so confounded that I am unable to express what I had in mind, what must be the condition of that man who, without any assistance, has got to plead for his life?' Then the peer sat down to the cheers of a converted chamber, and his bill passed almost unanimously."

Captain Lindsey Polk, the successful director of a number of Florida hotels, said recently in New York: "European hotels, even the best of them, are inferior to ours. While I was in Paris I saw an advertisement of a fashionable new hotel and the boast the management made was that it was as good as the best American hotels. I was pleased with this tribute." The captain smiled. "Well," he resumed, "our ideals are high. No more hotelkeepers like this old fellow who complained about his summer visitors: 'You wouldn't believe the nonsense that is in them. They are always wantin' a clane tablecloth an' clane sheets to their beds. An' table napkins, no less! I'll tell you what, there's sure people in this world that think they can go into a hotel an' make a convanience of it.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Once a Soldier—

I have been a reg'lar soldier
Seven roamin' years, my' friend,
An' I never chased a Greaser,
An' I never went to France,
Never been a corporal,
And my hitch is nigh to end,
But I hates to peel the leggins off
An' shed my khaki pants.

For soldierin' is soldierin'—
We know it dev'lish well—
An' the army is the puddin',
Though we often say it's hell,
An' it frets y';
But it gets y'!
Why—y' can't exactly tell.

When I gets to be a "civie"
I suppose that I'll be glad,
Though the barracks is the nearest
To a home I ever had.
An' the boys'll go to Mexico
An' raise a pot of fun;
An' I'll be in an office. Gosh!
I wish I wasn't done!

For soldierin' is soldierin'—
A lure y' can't resist;
An' the army is the puddin',
Though we often will insist
That it frets y'.
But it gets y'—
Hell! I guess I'll reënlist!
—Joseph Andrew Galahad in *Life*.

Master—Haven't you swept the shop out yet, John? Boy—No, sir. Master—Then what on earth have you been doing? Boy—Sweeping the dust out, sir.—*London Opinion*.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin have announced the engagement of Miss Arabella Schwerin and Mr. Lawrence McCreery, the son of Mr. Richard McCreery. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Amy Requa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, and Mr. John Henry Russell of Los Angeles was solemnized Saturday morning at the bride's home in Piedmont. Miss Alice Requa was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Adams and Miss Sallie Long. Mr. Edgar Kester was the best man. Mr. Russell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Russell of Los Angeles and the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot of San Francisco. Those seated at the bridal table Saturday included Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Kester, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Sallie Long, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Eleanor Barroll, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Victor Cooley, Mr. Dean Dillman, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Lawrence Requa, Mr. John Gordon, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., gave a dinner Thursday evening, their guests including Mr. G. H. Mendell, Sr., Miss Louise Janin, Mr. Covington Janin, Mr. Wrecker Adair, and Mr. John Mendell.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell gave a ball Friday at the Fairmont for their debutante daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Doris Schmiedell. Preceding the affair the Misses Schmiedell were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the

Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Doris Baldwin, Miss Harriet Campbell, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Louise Howard, and Miss Sally Havens.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was a recent luncheon hostess at her home on Broadway. Her guests were Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Butler Breeden, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. William Porter, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee entertained at dinner Thursday at Alder Farm, near Fruitvale. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Margaret Bentley, Miss Florence Bentley, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. John Magee, Mr. Richard Magee, and Mr. Tom Magee.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Mrs. John Mailliard, Mrs. G. W. Starr, and Mrs. Horatio Hellmann.

Miss Josephine Grant was a luncheon hostess Friday at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Ellita Adams. Bidden to meet the debutante were Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Gertrude Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury gave a dinner last Thursday at their home on Gough Street. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Butler Breeden, and Mr. William Gwin.

Mrs. James Bull was hostess at a concert party and supper Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Sousa. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw, Admiral Joseph Jayne and Mrs. Jayne, Commander S. G. Marsh and Mrs. Marsh, Commander Wallace Berthoff and Mrs. Berthoff, Mrs. Porter Pfingst, Miss Edith Bull, Miss Auguste Foute, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. Rudy Seiger, Mr. Jerome Pollitzer, Mr. Maurice Hall, Lieutenant-Commander P. G. Carroll, and Lieutenant-Commander Graham Halpine.

Miss Mary Emma Flood was complimented by Miss Elena Eyre at a dinner last Friday at the Eyre home on Broadway. Those present were Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Harold Nachtrieb, Mr. Harry Crocker, and Mr. Orel Goldarcena.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley gave a dinner Friday in the Fairmont Hotel. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. William Magee, and Dr. Philip Brown and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a luncheon Tuesday in San Mateo in compliment to Mrs. Edward Vail. Those present were Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Francis Loomis, Mrs. Edward Pringle, and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon Thursday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Her guests were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. William Devereaux, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, and Miss Edith Bull.

Mrs. Macondray Moore gave a tea Tuesday for Miss Elizabeth Vail of Santa Barbara. The company included Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Auguste Foute, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner last Wednesday evening for a group of the younger set.

Mrs. William Tubbs entertained at dinner a few evenings ago, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Mr. Sherwood Chapman, Colonel Walter Baldwin, and Mr. Jerome Tallant.

Miss Emelie Tubbs gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club for a number of the debutantes. In the luncheon group were Miss Tubbs, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Caroline Shoemaker, Miss Catherine Shoemaker, Miss Elizabeth Kruse, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Cora McCormick, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Anne Dibblee.

Mrs. Horace Van Sicken gave a luncheon last Wednesday in compliment to Miss Margaret Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland entertained a group of friends at dinner Sunday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger were the guests of honor at a dinner given Friday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Brunn gave a dinner a few evenings ago, their guests having included Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. George Forcener, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen.

Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord gave a dinner Tuesday evening at Fort Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Greene are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

The Orphaned Babies of Belgium.

Of the many appeals made and making to American generosity and charity none is better calculated to enlist sympathy and aid than that in behalf of orphaned babies of Belgium. The Countess Louise d'Ursel, first lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Belgium, has been an active agent in this work from its beginning. To make herself more efficient in it she took a nurse's training on the outbreak of the war and has since then maintained a *crèche* of her own in which she has cared for fifty babies. The Belgian government gives her two francs a day per child, but the cost of maintenance runs to five francs a day. In all this time the countess has supported the school from her private means or through the cooperation of Belgian friends. Now she has come to America with the double purpose of studying American methods in the care of infants and to secure aid in her work.

The Countess d'Ursel is due to arrive in San Francisco early in December and will presumably make one or more public appearances here with the friendly cooperation of Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Sara Harker, and others. It is needless to suggest that San Francisco shall receive the countess in its customary spirit of courtesy and generosity.

California Academy of Sciences.

New York has its American Museum of Natural History, Washington its National Museum, and San Francisco hopes to have in its California Academy of Sciences a museum equal if not superior to both of the above. Other large cities like Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago have large and complete natural history museums, but it is for the people of the West to see that the Natural History Museum of our own Academy is second to none. A splendid beginning has been made and able men are at the helm. William H. Crocker is chairman of the trustees and Barton Warren Evermann, the fish expert of the United States, is director of the museum. The Steinhart bequest of \$250,000 for an aquarium will be ably handled by these gentlemen.

The Museum building as it now stands is only half completed. The present west wing comprises the large mammal hall, the Indian annex containing the wonderful Love collection purchased and presented to the Academy by William Fitzhugh, and the two cells which comprise the bird habitat group and the library and offices occupy all the space.

The east wing, which is part of the plan, but unconstructed, will be of equal size and is to contain exhibits and collections which the Museum has now on hand but no room in which to show them. The trustees wish to build this east wing during 1920, provided the membership can be increased so as to give some working income. Before the fire of 1906 the Academy was fairly well taken care of by bequests from the Lick Trust and others, but having lost its buildings, collections, and library, it has had to mortgage its property to rehabilitate its real estate and build its Museum.

The trustees and council wish a membership of at least 5000 in a community of one million people—only a half of 1 per cent. There should be no difficulty for the membership in obtaining this number.

San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission.

The other day a member of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission was giving her charge address in a department store. "Oh," the saleslady exclaimed, "you belong to the Fruit and Flower Mission." "Yes," said the mission worker, "but how did you know?" "Why," the saleslady told her, "you people save the life of a neighbor of mine. She is a widow with one child, and, as she is a cripple, she is able to earn very little. Her boy was always sick, was backward in school, and Mrs. X was simply unable to make ends meet. In her desperation she finally decided to commit suicide; then her child could be put in an orphan asylum and would at least get enough to eat. Just then you ladies from the Mission began making your weekly visits, bringing her food, and helping her with clothes and medicines for the boy. Now the boy is well, has been put up a grade in school, and Mrs. X has taken heart again."

The Mission does this kind of work throughout the year, taking care of about seventy families. It is now preparing to send Thanksgiving dinners into about 200 needy homes. These dinners, consisting of mince pies and all the season's dainties, as well as the more substantial things needed, can be enjoyed by each little family at its own fireside.

Any donations of money or provisions will be gratefully received at the Mission's headquarters, 1372 Jackson Street. H. S. L.

A single deposit of soda in British East Africa is estimated by geologists to contain more than 200,000,000 tons.

"Don't some of those old songs haunt you?" "No; I never murdered any of them."—*Boston Transcript*.

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"Dick" Sherwood.
John Dickinson Sherwood, widely known
as "Dick" Sherwood, met with an untimely
death on Sunday afternoon when with his
wife (Josephine Cone of Tehama County)
their motor party, including Charles M. Bel-
shaw and wife, were all killed after their ma-
chine went off the road and plunged several
hundred feet down toward the ocean, on a
tour to Half Moon Bay.

"Dick," as he was affectionately called by
a large circle of friends that extended from
New York and Boston to San Francisco and
Spokane, had an unusual personality. Genial
and considerate, calm and yet enthusiastic at
times, he combined the attributes of a fine
gentleman, of a good business man, and of a
happy and lovable companion. Born in San
Francisco in the early 'sixties, he graduated
at Harvard in 1883 and soon thereafter settled
in Spokane, Washington, then a small settle-
ment. He grew up with that prosperous city
and became identified with its marvelous de-
velopment, but never losing touch with his
native city and coming often with his wife to
visit here. Their California realty interests
centred in Tehama County. Dick's friends
will long mourn his all too sudden de-
parture. S.

—at Hotel Whitcomb
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Thanksgiving Dinner
will be served
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Fairmont by Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear. The members of the party included Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. McNear, the Misses Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Josephine Ross, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Lawrence Gray, Mr. Duncan McLeish, Mr. Dearborn Clark, Mr. Dean Dillman, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Andrew Carigan, Jr., Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. William Kent, Mr. Charles Coney, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Nicholas Boyd, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Beverly Holmes, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Blair Brooks, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mr. Denman McNear, Mr. Walter Briggs, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mrs. Shafter Howard entertained at luncheon Tuesday.

Miss Mary Eyre gave a dinner Friday evening at the Woman's Athletic Club, her guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett.

Miss Alice Requa was complimented Monday at a luncheon given in the Woman's Athletic Club by Miss Betty Merrill. Those present were Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Sally Long, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Magee,

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer left last Wednesday for the Atlantic coast to remain until the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Edgar Preston has gone to New York for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn are spending a fortnight with Mrs. James Murray in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce, who have been in New York for some months, left last week for their home in China.

Mr. A. Kosland arrived at the close of the week from New York, joining Mrs. Kosland, who has been visiting in San Francisco for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp arrived Wednesday from their ranch in Southern California. With Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury they have gone to Del Monte for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham have closed their home in Ross and have taken the residence of Mrs. James Keeney for the winter.

Mrs. Arthur Hooper and Mrs. Welbore Burnett have returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Miss Ruth Lent will arrive soon from New York, where she has been attending school, for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lent.

The Misses Marian and Betty Ebricht arrived Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving vacation with Dr. and Mrs. Ebricht.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ebrman have arrived from

Portland and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Sproule and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin have returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. Joseph Donohoe, Sr., has returned to town from a brief sojourn at his ranch in Chico.

Miss Marian Leigh Mailliard has returned from a trip to Southern California.

Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., has arrived from Europe, where he has been for several months. He has joined Mrs. Bertholf at their residence on Green Street.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow will leave next week for the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill have returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Baylies have sailed for France, to be gone three months. They passed the greater part of the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. W. D. Nielson has gone to San Mateo to visit Mrs. de Guigné.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tubbs have returned to Calistoga, after a fortnight in San Francisco.

Mrs. Clinton Jones has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Raymond.

Mrs. Adrian von Brebrens and Miss Josephine Ross left Saturday for Santa Barbara, after a week's sojourn in San Francisco.

Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove will leave next week for Coronado, to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Weston have left for Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Weston came north to meet Mr. Weston, who has been in New York for some weeks.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney has returned from Annapolis, where she has been visiting Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Francis Pryor.

Princess de Braganza has arrived in New York from France and will spend the winter with Mrs. de Saint Cyr at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann have returned from Del Monte.

The Misses Agnes, Virginia, and Mary Clark have joined Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark in San Mateo for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. George Boyd and Miss Jean Boyd have opened their country place in San Rafael over the holidays.

Mr. Samuel Morse returned Wednesday from Seattle and with Mrs. Morse left for Del Monte to spend the week-end.

Mrs. Paul Verdier has sailed for France and will reach San Francisco within a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. James Armsby have postponed their trip to Southern California until the middle of December.

Miss Helene de Latour has joined Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour for the holidays.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island from a hunting trip.

Miss Sallie Maynard has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Harry Webb.

Captain John Ellicott, who has recently been retired from the navy, will make his home at the Bohemian Club until the return of Mrs. Ellicott from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, who are staying at San Ysidro, will move next week to Montecito,

where they have taken a cottage for several weeks. Mrs. A. V. Zane has arrived from Washington and is visiting Commander and Mrs. John Earle at their home at Yerba Buena.

Miss Mary Gorgas has returned from Mare Island, where she has been visiting Captain and Mrs. Eugene Watson.

Mrs. Adelaide Breckenridge Robert has arrived from England and is visiting Mrs. John Biddle in Washington.

Miss Cornelia Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby have gone to Santa Barbara, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels arrived Monday from New York and is at the Fairmont.

Arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Redpath, New Zealand; Mr. L. L. Chase, Sacramento; Mr. Joseph J. Fruman, Los Angeles; Mr. C. S. Langley, Hanford; Mr. E. P. Rollins, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cooper and family, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark, Omaha; Mr. J. O. Leslie, Mr. J. A. Burrows, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Thrift, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers, Paso Robles; Mr. W. S. Crammer, Fresno; Mr. A. H. Osborn, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schael, Vallejo.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. P. Dean Prescott, Fresno; Mr. Glen E. Miller, Mr. R. M. Dooley, Jr., Portland; Mr. J. C. Brown, Los Angeles; Mr. F. J. de Longchamps, Reno, Nevada; Mr. E. B. Criddle, Riverside; Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Marks, Spokane; Mr. Oscar Lawler, Los Angeles; Mr. C. J. Hall, Pasadena; Mr. E. J. Miley, Los Angeles; Mr. E. J. Chandler, Chandler, California; Mr. E. P. Haupt, Pasadena; Mrs. E. Brainerd, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips, Los Angeles; Mr. E. J. Phelps, Tacoma; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Betts, Buffalo, New York; Mr. J. W. Maxwell, Seattle.

The Ways of Genius.

Grieg, the musician, when about to compose, would first memorize the words whose meaning he wished to express by sounds.

"I require several days to heat my head," he once said; "then I lose my appetite, my eyes become inflamed, and the imagination is stimulated. Then I compose an opera in three weeks." Most people will agree that work produced under such conditions deserves to succeed.

Edgar Allan Poe was in the habit of drinking brandy for the same purpose. Voltaire went in for coffee, and De Musset for a mixture of beer and absinthe. De Quincey is said to have used opium, though he found it as much a hindrance as a help; and Burns preferred whisky.

There are other methods still, however. Schiller put his feet in ice while he sat in a room filled with the odor of rotten apples. Milton buried his head in cushions and blankets. Rousseau preferred to have the sun beating on his head, while Shelley wrote with his head close to the fire.

Quite a number of people, other than men of genius, have discovered the advantages of thinking in bed; but of the intellectual giants who always preferred this method, Descartes and Leibnitz are noteworthy. Lecky, the historian, modified the method; he used to kneel upon a specially constructed sofa and write upon the head of it, so that the line between head and heart was horizontal and the blood flow thereby aided. The same result was secured more comfortably by Swinburne, who used to write while lying on the floor.

In contrast to these, Victor Hugo always stood upright at his desk. Herbert Spencer used to utilize physical exercise, perhaps the best method of all. After rowing, or playing with a ball for a time, he would sit down and dictate. Later he would try more exercise, and so on.

Soldier Misses Something.

Said a young Philadelphian who went from Hog Island to France and who is now applying his engineering training in the manufacturing field in another city:

"I am working at last. My job is with a small concern manufacturing weaving machinery. We have only 600 employees and you have no conception of how slow, uninteresting, and (I was going to say) futile it seems after the terrific rush we had at Hog Island and then after that in the army.

"When I write a man that the best delivery we can offer him on our goods is next August I smile at the thought of what we would say at the Island or at some base in France. 'August, hell!' it would be. 'I've got to have them tomorrow!' And tomorrow it would be, too.

"Still, I am getting a little fun now, for we are to install a lot of new machinery which I have to lay for a three months' delivery, while the best promises I am getting are seven months. Besides that, I have got to get the things here and get them running. That is what I call fun.

"But when evening comes, with no big crowd of young fellows to hang around with; when I have to sit in chairs instead of sprawling over another man's bunk; when I have to be dragged to social occasions infested with girls—well, then there are certain phases of army life that I yearn for."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Polish women are renowned for the beauty of their hands; they place gracefulness of the hands above all other charms.

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Municipal Music League.

The San Francisco Municipal Music League, of which Justice Henry A. Melvin is president, announces the first of a series of concerts to be given in the Exposition Auditorium at intervals of about one month, to take place Thursday evening, December 11th, at half-past 8.

For several months Festyn Davies, the eminent choral director, whose work is best known here through the big song festival given at Camp Fremont last year, has been perfecting a chorus of several hundred voices, culled from various singing organizations, with many fresh young voices from the high schools of the city. About forty minutes of the programme will be devoted to numbers by these singers.

Lieutenant John Shanis, long with Victor Herbert's and the local symphony orchestras and director of the Three Hundred and Nineteenth Engineers Band, will direct a band of fifty picked musicians in a programme that will embrace only the good in musical literature.

Festyn Davies himself will be the vocal soloist of the evening, and there will also be selections on the great organ.

The concerts are intended to be popular in character and the admission fee will be but 25 cents, with a few reserved seats at 50 cents. Children, 10 cents.

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Frank H. Simonds, American historian and international treaty expert, writes about the proposed London Conference, to follow the Paris Conference, and illuminates the great problems that the Allies failed to solve at Paris, exclusively for

NEXT SUNDAY'S
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

LEADING NEWSPAPER of the PACIFIC COAST

November 30th

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is Smith going to do, now that his fortune is gone?" "He's undecided whether to be chauffeur to his former butler, or butler to his former chauffeur."—*Life*.

Mrs. Newrich (to applicant as chauffeur)—Y'r all right except your name. My chauffeur's name must be "James" like in all the society novels I've read.—*Judge*.

"I'm invited to a tea. I know what R. S. V. P. means, but this card has in its corner the two letters B. S. What do they mean?" "Bring sugar."—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Manager—I wouldn't run the risk of producing your comedy. The trouble with it is the idea. Playwright—Has it been done before? Manager—No, it hasn't.—*Life*.

"Gee, but it's late! Will your wife get up and let you in when you get home?" "I'll make her. I'll scratch on the door and whine and she'll think her dog's been locked out."—*St. Louis Republic*.

"You say this is the only autograph of Charlemagne in existence?" "It is." "It must be very desirable." "Yes," said the absent-minded salesman, "we're selling a lot of them."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Flatbush—You know music has a wonderful influence over us. Bensonhurst—I know

it. Flatbush—Did you ever feel the power of a singer over you? Bensonhurst—Oh, yes, often. I married one, you know.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son?" "What are the 'Middle Ages'?" "Why, the middle ages, my boy, are the ones which when the women reach they stop counting."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mrs. Gablegh (of the musicole)—Oh, Mrs. Noodle, I had so much to say to you, and now the pianist is through. Mrs. Noodle—I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him.—*Boston Transcript*.

Colc—They say your divorced wife has made up her mind to marry a struggling young lawyer. Wood—Well, if she has made up her mind, he might as well cease struggling.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Mamma!" "Yes, my child." "Will you tell me a fairy story?" "But it's very late, my son." "I know, but dad isn't home yet." "Well, wait until he comes home, dear; he'll tell us both one."—*New York Globe*.

Schreocham—He was a wise poet who remarked that in this world a man must be either anvil or hammer. Peocham—Oh, I don't know! It seems that most of them are merely hewlows.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

Doris—I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now. Jock—No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth. Doris—Then for goodness' sake swallow it—you need some!—*Augwon*.

Smithson—Do you know that Noah was the greatest financier that ever lived? Dibbs—How do you make that out? Smithson—Well, he was able to float a company when the whole world was in liquidation.—*Tit-Bits*.

"We haven't many of the old-fashioned orators." "We don't need them," answered Senator Sorghum. "Everybody now feels perfectly competent to make a speech. What we really need is more audience."—*Washington Star*.

"Shall we refer to that opponent in uncompromising terms as a grafter?" asked the invaluable secretary. "No," replied Senator Sorghum. "Let's keep up to date and make it strong. The profiteers these days have made the old-fashioned grafter look like a piker."—*Washington Star*.

"What is this new nation of Hedjaz you hear so much about these days?" inquired Dad Burnett. "Oh," said A. P. Nutt of Choas,

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Oklahoma, "that is just one more of those new jazz republics that have come out of the war. The ruler is called the head jazz."—*Wichita Beacon*.

"Is your wife one of those women who look at their husbands and say, 'I made a man of bim'?" asked the impertinent friend. "No," answered Mr. Meekton. "My Henrietta is very unassuming. She merely says she has done her best."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better-natured than small ones?" "Yes," answered the young man,

"I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."—*Alcotraz Rock*.

Sunday-School Teacher—Why would David rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord? Bright Boy—Because he could walk outside when the sermon was preached.—*Houston Post*.

"How far from here do you live?" asked the man who had listened attentively to the real estate agent. "Oh, several miles." "I'm sorry for that. I'm sure my family could be happy forever in this suhurb if we could only drop in on you occasionally and hear you talk about it."—*Washington Star*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2228.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 6, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Dr. David P. Barrows.

In the choice of Dr. Barrows for the presidency of the State University the Board of Regents has given heed to practical as well as to academic needs at Berkeley. Dr. Barrows is more than a teacher; he is in the best sense a man of the world, imbued with ideas and conceptions founded in wide knowledge of men and things. He has been a successful administrator; he has been a soldier; he has been a traveler. In brief, he has been a student of life in many phases and a participant in activities related to fundamental and essential interests. With all this Dr. Barrows is a Californian—in an academic sense a product of the school over which he is now to preside. It is true that there is no geography in culture; but it is likewise true that true conceptions and understandings come more naturally and more easily to a man of immediate and domestic association than to one who moves into an unfamiliar field. In a sense California is a distinct country, and we regard it as fortunate that it has found for the headship of its foremost school a man whose spirit and whose sympathies are already attuned to the sphere in which he is to work.

Dr. Barrows is relatively a young man and happily a vigorous one. He will bring to the university a vitality deeply charged by experience yet unvarnished by

exhaustive labors. Furthermore he will enter upon his duties with intimate knowledge of the obligations of his office and with the advantage of acquaintance with the organization through which he must work. On the whole he seems admirably fitted to a time when new conditions call for a new spirit at Berkeley.

If the Argonaut were asked to say what it most admires in the character of Dr. Barrows its answer would be his independence and his courage. Of both he has abundance. It is no secret that he has been a candidate for the presidency of the university; and the situation has been one that might have tempted a man lacking in candor to a course of diplomatic reserve relative to certain conditions. But in respect to these conditions Dr. Barrows has been open to the degree of aggressiveness. He has not, if we may borrow a phrase from the slang of the time, "pussy-footed." Seeing clearly that there are elements in the life of the university making for mischief, he has boldly set forth the facts as he has seen them and has as boldly urged the importance of supplementing academic instruction with patriotic inspiration. Let it not be doubted that Dr. Barrows will eliminate tendencies and influences which recently have made the university more or less a contributor to social demoralization. Academic socialism, by whatever names it may assume, behind whatever masks it may seek to hide itself, will find no friendship and less tolerance at the hands of a man who has declared publicly that "Berkeley is honey-combed with Bolshevism."

It is a happy augury for the fortunes of the State University that the new president enters upon his office with the full support of the Board of Regents and backed by the good-will of all that is worthy and best in its professional organization. No other post in the public life of California is comparable in its opportunities and its powers, as related to the ultimate welfare of the state, with the presidency of Berkeley. A fortunate choice we believe has been made.

The Situation at Washington.

What is here set down is a compound of public and private information reflecting a studious attempt to define conditions as they exist today at the seat of government:

A broken and feeble man sits in the White House and listens drowsily to the lightest of light literature, read to him by a devoted wife. His harassed private secretary strives to maintain the fiction that executive business is being dispatched and ventures occasionally to lay some matter of minor import before his chief in the sick room, making sure that the subject is one that will not entail severe mental exertion. The cabinet—titular heads of departments—make such shift as they may to carry on the government, but are not united as to policy on any subject, and seem unable without the leading of definite authority to act promptly or decisively about anything.

Doctors of notable repute make occasional visits to the sick man, and he is regularly attended by a navy doctor who has long been attached domestically to the White House. Bulletins from the sick room are practically if not actually subject to censorship on the part of the President's family, who have taken the ground that his illness is primarily a domestic matter. It hardly needs to be added that reports issued under these limitations have no value as exhibiting the condition of the patient. In the meantime rumor at Washington pronounces the President a very sick man, disabled through some mysterious and unnamed trouble from directing the muscular action of his right side. It is denied that the President has suffered a "stroke"; and while admittedly his mental condition is weak, it is positively claimed that his mind is clear. Practically he sees nobody excepting his physicians and the members of his family.

He did for a few moments receive the Prince of Wales some ten days ago, and it is reported, though not authoritatively, that Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska, who represents his policies in the Senate, has had one brief interview with him.

What action is to be taken by the President or in his behalf in the matter of the rejected peace treaty and the league of nations covenant is an absolute mystery, since in so great a matter, so closely connected with the President's plans, nobody will venture to act in his name. The guess of any intelligent man anywhere is as good as that of any cabinet official. Senator Hitchcock urges compromise on the reservations, but he comes forward belatedly. When compromise was in sight he, under orders of the President, alienated those who were willing to compromise. He drove the mild reservationists under the flap of the tent of the radicals—not quite inside, but nearly there. In the meantime Hitchcock's leadership is being challenged in the Senate and in Administration circles, although Private Secretary Tumulty has come to the front with a certificate of loyalty. It is that very quality of loyalty in this instance that has undermined his leadership.

Official leadership of the minority in the Senate having lapsed with the death of Senator Martin, there is a disposition to place powers of direction in the hands of Senator Underwood of Alabama. However, it is understood that Underwood, disgusted with the part he has been compelled to play in recent weeks, is now more representative of the independent faction in the Senate than of the Administration faction. If he is made the party leader it will be through the efforts of the group rather less than more attached to the President.

The coal strike has been engaging the anxious attention of the cabinet, but as yet without the adoption of a definite course. Attorney-General Palmer is for a fight to a finish, conceding nothing. A group in the cabinet, headed by Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, himself an old miners' union leader, is for compromise with a 20 per cent. increase, the operators to absorb the increase and not pass it along to the public. Ex-Secretary McAdoo from New York supports Secretary Wilson's plan; he states that income-tax returns, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, showed that the mine operators made from 15 to 2000 per cent. profit, and that they can easily absorb the \$200,000,000 tax entailed in increased wages. The New York Sun pertinently asked why, if this be so, McAdoo when Secretary of the Treasury did not enforce the excess profits tax law against the coal profiteers. Secretary of the Treasury Glass, still acting as Secretary, though appointed a senator from Virginia, keeps silent, but it is common gossip that he yearns to come out in public and denounce McAdoo as a man void of truth.

In the meantime there is a long list of important official places waiting to be filled by presidential appointment. Here are some of the larger ones: Secretary of the Treasury; member of the Federation Trade Commission; member of the Shipping Board; member of the Tariff Commission to succeed Kent of California; Commissioner of Pensions; one of three commissioners from the District of Columbia. It is believed that there will soon be another important vacancy to follow the resignation of Secretary Lane, when the President shall be in a state of health to receive it. When any of these places and the scores of others and lesser ones will be filled, nobody knows.

A well-known gentleman who one day last week witnessed the break-up of a cabinet meeting declares that all came from the cabinet chamber bearing evidence of heat. Lansing, he says, wore the look of a profoundly disgusted man. Glass was all but frothing at the mouth. Lane was red in the face with emotion. Palmer was glowering. Nobody had anything for

to say but that there was to be another cabinet meeting after lunch.

On the whole, it is a sorry picture of a government in which nobody is really in authority—a government made up in the main of mediocre men disciplined to subordination.

A Righteous Rebuke.

Governor Stephens has had an impelling motive for going to the bottom of the Mooney case. A responsibility involving the integrity of the Law and the life of two or more persons has been his. And in addition he has had to meet an organized movement in behalf of Mooney, a movement so widely extended as to have drawn in the President of the United States. He has studied the record, deliberately, carefully, conscientiously, under a sense of official obligation; he has had every possible aid in the effort to get at the truth and, as a result of all this effort, his conclusion is "*that of Mooney's guilt there is, in my mind, no question.*" Others who have taken pains to follow the case in its whole course, and who have made themselves familiar with the record, hold the same belief. If there be anybody not directly interested in the defense and *who has similarly mastered the facts* to hold a different judgment it has not been brought to public notice. All of the many who have interested themselves in behalf of Mooney, prior to his conviction and since, have had direct association with the defense or have been brought into it through one form or another of propaganda.

Mooney, though never a workingman, holds or held a technical membership in a labor union. His pose as a unionist was a mask, assumed to camouflage his real character of professional agitator and anarchist. If he has ever had any connection with the world of labor in the sense of sympathy and coöperation with those who toil with their hands it has never been brought out. His affiliations have been with a desperate element which here and elsewhere has attached itself to unionism and his activities have been of an incendiary and criminal sort. The bomb outrage in San Francisco three years ago, in which ten persons were killed and fifty wounded, was a natural and logical climax of a career of recklessness and criminality.

But through adroit management organized labor was induced to array itself in Mooney's behalf and to employ such powers as it possesses to nullify the findings of the court in which Mooney was tried and convicted. Not through study and knowledge of the case, but through processes of agitation calculated to arouse partisan feeling and emotional sympathy, commitment to Mooney's cause was so made that withdrawal became impracticable, even when many of those involved in the movement had become doubtful as to its justice and morality. That any one of the professional labor bosses of the country, either before or after the case became notorious, ever gave himself pains to study the record with open mind as Governor Stephens has studied it does not appear. The whole movement has been emotional, prejudiced, ignorant. Its appeal has been made, not upon the facts, not upon reason, but through influence and by threats of political reprisal. Even President Wilson, without other knowledge of the case than that which came to him through partisan and prejudiced channels, was induced upon political considerations to ask Governor Stephens to pardon Mooney. It was a grave impropriety, an amazing impertinence.

The latest drive in Mooney's behalf comes from the American Federation of Labor, which recently appointed a commission to put pressure upon Governor Stephens. The idea back of this step was obviously that of intimidating the governor and so inducing him to grant pardon in a case where a competent court had confirmed guilt of a notorious crime. Governor Stephens has met this new assault in a spirit that does him honor. Reiterating his belief that Mooney had part in atrocious crimes, Governor Stephens characterizes the movement in Mooney's behalf as a "*campaign of misstatement and deception.*" He declares that the effort to canonize Mooney "*as a martyr to the cause of labor is ridiculous and absurd.*" Going further, the governor counsels organized labor to "*purge itself of Mooneyism,*" since Mooneyism "*can but discredit and break down a movement that has many worthy accomplishments to its credit.*" In reply to a request on the part of the Federation of Labor that he

give audience to its committee, Governor Stephens says:

If your committee has any new evidence to offer, presentation can be made more satisfactorily and effectively, and examination and review thereof made with greater facility and thoroughness, if you will submit it in writing. If you have nothing new to offer, but are merely joining in the "drive" on behalf of Mooney and taking part in the remarkable but unwarranted propaganda in his behalf, then I beg respectfully but definitely to inform your committee that so far as I am concerned the case is closed.

Governor Stephens makes clear his righteous resentment in respect of a movement calculated to break down the rule of law and order by any species of political or other form of intimidation. His purpose is clear. He says:

It is my duty and my purpose to continue to stand for law and order and against this dishonest and vicious propaganda, no matter how clever and powerful, that is being conducted in the interest of this arch-murderer. So long as I am governor of California no "drive" and no I. W. W. propaganda will avail to enable Mooney to escape the just deserts of the law for the fiendish slaying of men and women gathered together in a patriotic demonstration.

These are the utterances of an informed, a conscientious, and a resolute man, who sees his duty clearly and who will not be swerved from it.

Jenkins as a War Issue.

For some eight years or more the United States has suffered unnumbered injuries and indignities at the hands of the half-civilized state which lies on our southern border. The weakness and pusillanimity of the successive governments of Mexico have been its protection from our righteous resentment. We have endured and endured beyond reason, beyond patience; and, if truth be confessed, beyond dignity and honor. American citizens have been murdered, American women violated, American property seized or destroyed. Raiding bands have crossed our border and "shot up" or burned our towns. Apology for one outrage has only served as a prelude to others. True, we have been diligent in protest, but diplomatic interchanges have become a farce and a joke. The Mexicans have come to look upon us with contempt as lacking spirit to stand upon our honor or to defend our rights; and again, if truth be confessed, thoughtful men among us have grown ashamed of the supine submission of our government and still more ashamed of the masquerades—by the make-believe expeditions—by means of which we have sought to impress Mexico with our prowess.

Long ago we should have gone into Mexico in force, punished those guilty of murdering our people, reclaimed our property, and established conditions of authority under civilized standards. In short, we should have "cleaned up" Mexico just as we cleaned up Cuba twenty years ago. Probably, if they were effectively supported, there are forces in Mexican life competent to administer the affairs of the country. We should have sought to discover and to aid them. Failing, we should through our military organization or otherwise have established order and given assurance of its maintenance. The duty of our government to our own people, to their interests and to their safety, has long demanded it and still demands it. Furthermore, since we bar European intervention upon American soil, we have long held and still hold to the world at large the obligation of maintaining in Mexico conditions assuring safety of life and security of vested interests. It is clearly up to us to pacify Mexico and so reorganize the administration of her affairs as to assure order. If the Mexicans are not able of themselves to behave themselves they should be made to do it by outside force—and ours is the only force permissible.

Just now there is a sharp interchange of diplomatic notes between the Washington government and the Carranza government relative to the case of one Jenkins, a consular agent of the United States in Mexico, who is held in jail upon what appears to be a trumped-up criminal charge. Washington has demanded that Jenkins be released under his diplomatic privilege; Mexico replies that there is nothing irregular in his imprisonment and that Mexican law does not permit of his release. To many minds Mexico has the best of the argument. Washington has reiterated its demand and as we write awaits reply from Mexico. If we had not so many times during the past ten years,

in our dealings with Mexico, sailed into the breakers and out again, we should say that war between this country and Mexico was imminent. But under irritations of time and experience we have learned that Mexico is invincible in her impudence and that the Washington government has in matters relating to Mexico an inveterate habit of retreat. Probably some way, and we suspect a pitifully cheap and contemptible way, will be found to back down and crawl out, leaving such honors as the field may afford to Mexico. Since it has happened so often before it is likely to happen again. Almost certainly if the matter shall be put up to the ailing President we will repeat our previously masterly performances in imitation of the French king who valiantly marched his army up hill and then marched it down again.

As we have said already, a hundred motives of honor, of interest, of domestic and foreign obligation, impel us to the business of cleaning up Mexico. There have been a thousand occasions justifying action on our part, and it is a slow and dull week when some new outrage does not bid us go forward. Perhaps of all the many provocations we have suffered at the hands of Mexico the case of Jenkins is least grievous and least impelling. It would be the most stupid of blunders, after condoning unnumbered grave offenses, to go to war upon a dubious issue. There is no positive assurance that injustice has been done Jenkins. It is possible—indeed it seems probable—that he is a pestiferous nobody whose eagerness for melodramatic notoriety has led the Washington government into a false and indefensible position. To go to war over Jenkins would surely recall to many minds the familiar story of the Scotch murderer hanged for Sabbath-breaking.

When we shall march upon Mexico, as we must sooner or later, it should be in respect of an issue clear, broad, compelling. There should be in the occasion of our action no uncertainty, no question, no moral doubt. We shall fly in the face of common sense by rushing into war on account of Jenkins, after a thousand condonements of open and infamous outrages.

Already we have made two false movements upon Mexico; and by so doing we have weakened our cause and cheapened ourselves in our own esteem and in the view of the world. When next we go forward it should be with fixed purpose, upon a definite and thoroughgoing plan, and to a decisive end. Our resolve should be that of subduing, mastering, and reorganizing the country upon a basis made secure by an authoritative guarantee of social order. Nothing short of this will meet the necessities of the case, satisfy the proper demands of our people, and justify our obligation to the world. If the Washington government as now organized can not muster resolution to go to this business with determination to do the job thoroughly, it would better continue its policy of temporizing, and await the day when the turning of the political wheel shall establish in our seat of government a higher spirit, a hardier courage, and a sounder sense of domestic and foreign obligation.

Editorial Notes.

For the sake of illustration let it be supposed that the league of nations as drafted at Paris accepted by the United States without the dotting of an *i* or the crossing of a *t* were in full authority and effect. What would we have to do to bring our relations with Mexico into harmony with it? Instead of dealing directly with Mexico as our State Department is doing, we should have to refer the case of Mr. Jenkins with everything else associated with it and with our general relations to Mexico to a tribunal sitting at Geneva, Switzerland, composed in overwhelming majority of European and other foreign delegates. Before action we should have to wait upon the findings of this tribunal, which would probably consume a year in inquiries and investigation. Then when at last the verdict of the alien jury were given—and presuming the verdict our way—we should have to wait another year before action. In the meantime the Mexican government and the various revolutionaries infesting that country would practically be free to pursue their familiar and habitual courses of murder, rapine, and destruction toward men and things American. Is there anybody with red blood or any other kind of blood in his veins who would willingly endure a situation so damaging to American interests,

so humiliating to American pride, so fatal to domestic credit and honor? Is there anybody who believes that a mere "scrap of paper" could restrain the righteous indignation, already too long restrained, of an injured and over-patient people?

Is there anybody to suppose that, after the league of nations had decided the point at issue in our favor and after a year's delay following the verdict, we should willingly see the league of nations, working through a conscripted military force, proceed in attention to our business in Mexico? Would we consent to sit by and see an army made up of British, French, Italians, Germans, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Turks, Chinese, Japanese, and God knows what not else, marching over our border and acting upon our behalf in punitive, regulative, and other operations against Mexico? The question answers itself.

Is there anybody to believe that the British government or any other vital and self-respecting government would in a situation like that in which we now stand wait upon the slow processes of the league of nations to avenge affronts and to enforce reprisals? Answer will be found in the record of the kidnapping by Mexican bandits of one Norman Rowe, a British subject who for many years has been engaged in mining operations in the Mexican State of Zacatecas. Rowe was kidnapped about the middle of last month and held in pawn for ransom. The British vice-consul at Zacatecas reported the case to the British consulate-general in Mexico City, concurrently making positive representations to the governor of Zacatecas. Within twenty-four hours, according to Senator Fall, the entire machinery of the Mexican government got to work, with the result that no ransom was paid and Rowe was quickly released.

The opening to regular traffic of a line of railroad connecting the Imperial Valley with the port of San Diego marks an important advance in the development of California. It will give fresh impetus to the already rapidly developing Imperial Valley—only the other day a desert—and it will immensely augment the traffic and general interests of San Diego. In the modern order of things transportation is the very life blood of the country. Whatever augments it is a vital contribution to material and social progress. This new development is especially notable as having been wrought out at a time of universal uncertainty and of paralysis in railroad construction. It speaks with emphasis alike for the courage that conceived it and for the resource that has carried it into execution.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Usurpation of Authority That Didn't Work Out.

ROCKLIN, CAL., November 30, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: On November 18th, when it became morally certain that the treaty of peace with Germany, failing of drastic reservations must fail of ratification, the London Times, the leading paper of Great Britain, published the following, which seems intended both as a warning and as a threat:

President Wilson was accepted in Paris as the spokesman of America. That is what gave him his exceptional position in the councils of the Allies and associates—republican associates. The republicans are now explaining that it was a mistake to so accept him; that when he entered into these obligations and induced others to enter into them he was not the spokesman of America, but of an American party which was in the minority. This explanation may be sound, but its acceptance must manifestly embarrass all other powers in any similar negotiations with America.

If the moral engagements into which the Chief Executive of the United States entered in the name of the United States are not confirmed a certain repulsion from American ideals and a certain diminution of American prestige in the Old World, at least, would seem to be inevitable. We should deeply regret such a calamity to the cause of civilization. We decline to draw any positive conclusions from the present situation. We shall hope against hope that rejection of the treaty and the consequences of rejection may be averted, but it would not be right to conceal from Americans or from ourselves the existence of considerations to which that situation is giving rise.

It should be noted that Lord Northcliffe's innate sense of fair play leads him to make grudging acknowledgment that "this explanation may be sound," but despite this he threatens dire though unnamed consequences to the United States if the Senate should reject the treaty.

Lord Northcliffe owns and directs the policies of the greatest and most influential newspapers in Great Britain. He rose to his high position through his own efforts and is a singularly astute, far-seeing, and well-informed man. He of necessity keeps in the closest possible touch with passing events, and the happenings in America are as well known to, and as well understood by, him as are those that take place in England. This is peculiarly true of political happenings, such as this one that has led to his indignant fling quoted above.

Lord Northcliffe's interest and viewpoint, however, are English and his hope for the future in England, and while this attitude of mind probably does not color his thoughts it gives certain direction to them. He approves the treaty of peace with Germany because it will uphold Great Britain, and he disapproves of the attitude of the United States towards that treaty for identically the same reason. Would that we had more like him in this country. He and Stephen Decatur might have put up an awful scrap, but they would never have disagreed over "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign

nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

Lord Northcliffe therefore can not plead ignorance of the facts when he and the rest of Europe in the face of and in spite of those facts accepted President Wilson in his self-appointed part as "spokesman of America."

The President did not actively enter upon the work of the peace council in Paris until the late December of 1918. Prior to that time and on the eve of the congressional elections in the first week of the November preceding the President made a written appeal to his "fellow-countrymen" which it is certain cost the Democratic party its control of the Senate and possibly that of the House of Representatives as well.

This statement, which was given out at the White House on October 24, 1918, contains among other things the following extraordinary appeal:

My Fellow Countrymen: The congressional elections are at hand. They occur in the most critical period our country has ever faced or is likely to face in our time. If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and House of Representatives. I am your servant and will accept your judgment without cavil. * * *

The return of a Republican majority to either house of Congress would, moreover, be interpretative on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership. * * * The peoples of the Allied countries with whom we are associated against Germany are quite familiar with the significance of elections. They would find it very difficult to believe that the voters of the United States had chosen to support their President by electing to Congress a majority controlled by those who are not in fact in sympathy with the attitude and action of the Administration. * * *

If in these critical days it is your wish to sustain me with undivided minds, I beg you will say so in a way which it will not be possible to misunderstand either here at home or among our associates on the other side of the sea. I submit my difficulties and my hopes to you.

The answer of the country to this appeal was both emphatic and unmistakable; the Democratic majority of six in the House of Representatives was made over into a minority of forty-five, the Democratic majority of six in the Senate was transformed into a minority of two in that body. Another change effected by this election was that the promised "without cavil" was torn asunder, and since that day "without" has been lost, strayed, or stolen.

That the Democratic party was defeated in this election after such an appeal from such a source should have been sufficient warning that the President as "spokesman of America" only represented, and could only speak with authority for a minority of his fellow-countrymen.

However, knowledge of greater and more accurate import and more direct bearing upon the power of the President to enter into international moral obligations in the name of the United States was in possession of Lord Northcliffe and of every chancellor in Europe, for the Constitution of the United States from 1789 had supplied it in the provision that gave the President power "by and with the consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur."

It is a sound legal maxim that ignorance of the law can not be pleaded as an excuse.

All Europe, including Signor Orlando, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Lord Northcliffe, knew these things and what they meant. Yet knowing them they nevertheless acted and permitted the action that they did, either reckless of consequences or more probably hoping that those consequences would not turn out what they have proved to be.

With their knowledge and connivance the President was enabled to make good his threat to so interweave the league of nations with the treaty of peace itself as to make separation impossible. Having done so, they evidently expected the United States to hold the bag until the end that they had appointed should have been reached.

Now that the United States has shown that it will not do so, they raise piercing shrieks of anguish similar to those of children deprived of pilfered and forbidden sweets.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A Gracious Word of Appreciation.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 1, 1919.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: About a month ago I subscribed for the Argonaut for my friend, George F. Keene of Philadelphia, a very prominent lawyer, and I quote from a letter I received from him this morning:

I am much pleased with the Argonaut. I was about to say the last issue was great, but why emphasize the last issue; it possibly was better than the average number, but all the issues are great. It is a treat to read original thoughts couched in forcible English diction; it gives you something to think about. I thank you for the good thought that it gives to me the opportunity.

My friend is a very strong supporter of Mr. Wilson—a good old line Democrat—but he did vote the Republican ticket at the last election in Philadelphia.

Yours truly,

G. P. AYERS.

NOTE—The publisher ventures to suggest that there are multitudes who, like Mr. Ayers' friend Mr. Keene, would find the Argonaut a present of real interest and value. What more appropriate and welcome Christmas gift to a friend distant or near than a year of the Argonaut?

A Pertinent Citation.

PALO ALTO, CAL., December 1, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Inscribed on the McKinley monument, erected on the spot in St. James' Park, San Jose, where these words were spoken, there is the following:

The Constitution is a sacred instrument; and a sacred trust is given to us to see to it that its preservation in all its virtue and its vigor is passed on to the generations yet to come. May 13, 1901.

L. S. OSBOURNE.

A blue sun has been recorded only once. That was in August, 1883, in Java. A day or two before there was a very violent eruption of a large volcano about a hundred miles from Batavia. The eruption ended with an explosion in which a range of mountains was destroyed, a vast cavity being left in its place, more than a thousand feet deep at one point. Billions of tons of rock, mud, and dust were thrown high into the air, and the sun was obscured over a large area. At Batavia the darkness became so deep that street lamps had to be lighted in the middle of the forenoon. That condition prevailed until toward sunset. Then the volcanic cloud began to clear away, leaving the sun visible. Instead, however, of it being red, as it usually is when viewed through a smoke cloud, it appeared as a magnificent deep blue disc, remaining that color until it sank below the horizon. The phenomenon was seen by every one within thirty or forty degrees of the equator.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA.

When a few discerning spirits warned us of the rapid approach of the European war they were sternly rebuked by a public sentiment fully satisfied that war had become impossible. For the impossibility of war had not only been asserted; it had also been proved. Mr. Norman Angell, to the unconcealed delight of Germany, had demonstrated that war is always a losing game and that no one would henceforth play a losing game. Belgium, said Mr. Angell, was a lustrous example of the virtues of pacifism. She was rich, happy, and unarmed. Let us all look at Belgium, said Mr. Angell, and hasten to imitate her. Then there was Dr. Jordan, who made speeches and wrote books to tell us that we might all have babies as perfect as policemen, baby policemen so to speak, if we would only refrain from war and marry wisely. War, said Dr. Jordan, was now so expensive as to be prohibitive. He proved it, too. He submerged us under a Niagara of statistics, he bombarded us with calculations and impaled us upon facts. Germany, said Dr. Jordan, was not "warlike." She was only "military." England and France had been warlike, and France had become degenerate as a result, whereas Germany was reaping the stalwart physical perfections due to her national benignities. And so we all turned our bovine gaze in the direction of unarmed Belgium as requested by Mr. Angell, and in the direction of unwarlike Germany as requested by Dr. Jordan. We said that God was in his heaven and that all was right with the world. All we had to do was to study eugenism and vote early and often. At about the same time Lord Roberts in England was being threatened with the loss of his pension for saying that the Hun was at the gates.

And so today we are in a somewhat chastened mood. We have awakened to the surprising fact that there was a great gulf fixed between our uplift ideals and things as they are. Our *Fiat Lux* had unaccountably failed. The pursuer was upon us in spite of the depth to which we had hidden our silly ostrich heads in the sand. The patently impossible had happened, and now we are wondering why we ever said that it was impossible, why we did not know that of all inevitable things, this thing was the nearest and the greatest.

For these reasons there may be some slight but respectful attention to certain voices from Asia that reach us on the winds. A few years ago we were holding ourselves righteously aloof from the affairs of Europe. We said they did not concern us. We said we were not our brother's keeper. We are still disposed to adopt the same attitude toward Asia. Asia is a long way off, and we are not at all sure what it comprises. We have a vague idea that Asiatics are subject races, and that Providence has designed them to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the white man, to trade with the white man for the exclusive advantage of the white man, and to be ignominiously excluded from the white man's territory. We believe that the Asiatic acquiesces in this arrangement, and is grateful for it in view of the missionary activities that he receives in exchange. Anyhow, "we should worry." And so with a convulsive wriggle we thrust our heads once more in the sand, and announce that there is nothing in sight.

Mr. H. M. Hyndman says that there is something in sight. He says that Asia is in sight, and he somewhat more than hints that the tornado is about to strike us. He wrote a book some few years ago called "The Awakening of Asia," but the British censor refused to allow it to be published. He has written other books about Asia, quite notable books, and they show that he is not a sensationalist, an alarmist, nor a fanatic. He speaks as one having understanding, as unquestionably he has. Now we are allowed to read his new book, the one that was suppressed. It is published by Boni & Liveright of New York. Frankly I wonder that the censor has allowed it to see the light at all. For it is so true. And if there is one thing that all censorships hate it is truth.

Mr. Hyndman believes that a united Asia is about to make war upon the white races of the world, and that our cup of tribulations will then be full, pressed down, and running over. Mr. Hyndman does not base his opinions on an analysis of the meaning of the Beast in Revelation, or on the mysteries of 666, or whatever it was. He is not a mystic nor a seer. He believes that the Asiatic is a human being somewhat similar to ourselves so far as fundamentals go, and that he is likely to act pretty much as we should have acted long ago under similar provocations. He believes that the Asiatic has been lashed by indignity and insult into a craving for revenge, and also into a realization of his power to accomplish it. It is a mere matter of measuring the facts and the probabilities. In other words, it is a matter of that variety of sense that is called common presumbly because it is so rare.

I do not propose to review Mr. Hyndman's book, but only to jot down some of the mental impressions that it leaves in its wake. And so first of all let us consider the size of Asia so far as population is concerned, even though it cause a shock of surprise to those who are

that this is necessarily a white man's world and that Providence intends that it shall be governed by white men, world without end, Amen. The population of the globe is then roughly about 1,500,000,000. Of this number 1,000,000,000 are Asiatics. China and India alone contain 700,000,000 people, or just half the population of the globe. The remaining 500,000,000 of people are white, but from these we may deduct for obvious reasons about 130,000,000 people living in Russia, who are negligible just at the present time, and whose sympathies are quite as likely to be eastward as westward. This leaves 370,000,000 of people who are white in color, but who include a great number of small and scattered nationalities that can hardly be considered as tied up in the larger bundle. If Asia went to war it would be against Europe—with the possible exception of European Russia—and against America, with the numerical odds incalculably on the side of Asia.

But why, it may be asked, should Asia wish to make war upon the white world? It is a rather stupid question, but then we are a rather stupid people. Asia hates the white men for the same reason that the white men would hate those who had insulted, outraged, robbed, and tortured them for a hundred years. And Asia does hate the white men. We need have no doubt whatever about that. If she did not hate white men she would be superhuman. She would be divine. China, for example, has been kicked and cuffed from pillar to post for a century. She has been waylaid, stripped, and crucified. The white nations have acted towards her as sharks to a dead whale. We can put on one side for a moment the opium war, the seizure of the treaty ports, and the rape of Kiau-Chau as large-scale piracies that must have burned like hot irons in a wound. Sometimes the lesser examples are more eloquent and more significant, because we can understand them better. Consider then this one little fact that in the public gardens of Shanghai, a purely Chinese city, there is a notice to the effect that: "No Chinese shall be admitted except servants in attendance upon foreigners." There are no exceptions. Li Hung-Chang would have been excluded. Dr. Sun Yat Sen would have been excluded. So would Yuan Shi Kai. Character, intellect, patriotism, wealth would make no difference. A Chinaman in a Chinese city is insolently excluded from the public park because he is a Chinaman, and for no other reason. Now reverse the position. Put yourself in the other fellow's place. It is the only way to the statesmanlike view. But, you will say, the other fellow is quite a different sort of fellow. He is a Chinaman, and does not mind being kicked. Likes it, rather. It is true that he is indeed quite a different sort of fellow. His patriotism is much deeper than ours. His morality is far superior to ours. He has a philosophy that we are mentally incapable of understanding, but it makes him infinitely patient and slow to anger. And from his four thousand years of civilization he looks down upon us with deep disdain, with unutterable contempt, as barbarians who have momentarily obtained the upper hand by an inexplicable shift in the standard of human values. But even if the Chinaman were all that our fat wits suppose him to be, it is still true that there are 400,000,000 of him. One would hesitate to annoy that number of herrings. General Gordon, "Chinese" Gordon, used to say that the mighty basin of Chinese life would one day tip over and spill its contents into Europe. All they would have to do, he said, is to walk on. With all your weapons of war you could not kill them fast enough to stop them. Every third or fourth man in the human race is a Chinaman. Every second man in the human race is either a Chinaman or an East Indian. Apart from the morality of the thing, about which no one cares in the least, surely it would have been a matter of the commonest prudence to hand back to China the birthplace of Confucius with our compliments and good wishes, rather than to commit one more act of naked brigandage plus the hateful hypocrisy of nailing the flag of the league of nations side by side with the skull and crossbones. But perhaps we did not believe that the Chinaman had any sentiment about the birthplace of Confucius. Why should he? We had none for the birthplace of Jesus. We left it in the hands of the Turks for several centuries. There was no money in it. But let us rid ourselves of the silly delusion that the Chinaman loves us because we returned the Boxer indemnity, and have been reminding him of it ever since. If he does love us he is superman. But he does not love us. He hates all white men. In his place we should do the same, only much more so.

There is no space to talk about India. Indeed there is no space to talk adequately about anything. A book would be needed, and fortunately Mr. Hyndman has written it. But there are 300,000,000 people in India, and they are fierce and warlike people, not like the Chinese. Great Britain has 75,000 troops in India exclusive of natives. The intelligence of the Hindu must be lower than even we suppose it to be if he is unaware that he can have democracy or independence or anything else under the moon that he wants in forty-eight hours.

The world has been at war for four years. All the nations actually in the field were Christian nations. Asia looked on in peaceful and imperturbable silence.

It is a way she has. Asia does not talk. But she learned the business of war. She learned the limitation of armies. She saw Christendom bleeding to the point of death and paralyzed with weariness, the Christendom that had portioned her out like an inheritance, robbed her, outraged her, trodden her into the mud under bloody iron heels. Asia sees that Christendom is about to resume those evil courses. We need draw no solacing inferences from the fact that Asia is divided against herself. The divisions are not so real as they seem. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is none the less true that Japan resents our willingness to allot Shantung to her. She is not conciliated. She hates us all the more. It is an insult to Asia. She knows that she herself would be allotted to some one but for her strength. It is she that will profit, not only from the spoliation of China, but from the indignation of China at that spoliation. Japan intends to be the leader of Asia, of one billion human beings, of three-fifths of the human race. We may resist that ambition, but it is only childish to wonder at it or to be angry about it. And it might be well for us to face the fact that Japanese, Chinese, and East Indians may presently feel that first of all they are Asiatics and that their nationalities are subsidiary. They, too, may proclaim a continental Monroe Doctrine. Why not? We have done so. What should we do if the rôles were reversed. If we had such a heritage of bitter memories as has Asia, if we were not allowed to enter our own parks because we were Americans, if we saw our enemies reeling with weakness, and yet once more preparing their mandatories, their spheres of influence, and their annexations. Yes, what should we do?

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 3, 1919.

THE CANAL ZONE.

Mr. Francis B. Loomis Writes of His Observations On the Isthmus.

PANAMA, November 16, 1919.

Lost to sight for the moment by reason of the mighty tragedy and prodigious achievement of the war, the Panama Canal still remains the greatest constructive work wrought by human brains and hands.

I have been several days on the Isthmus awaiting a vessel to carry me to a Latin-American port, and during this period of enforced leisure I have had opportunity to see much of the canal, of its management, of the personnel connected with it, and of the government of the Canal Zone. The canal is functioning smoothly and surely. Vessels are passing through it daily, though owing to the disorganization of business the number of boats making use of the canal is smaller than it should be. There is no further trouble with landslides in the Culebra cut. Ships move through on schedule time, and the working of the locks is in every way satisfactory. In short the success of the canal has been amply demonstrated and the problem now is one of maintenance, improvement, and administration.

The Canal Zone seems to be governed with sagacity. I am sure that the governing of the zone reflects great credit upon the administrative ability of our fellow-countrymen. The Canal Zone is a model of cleanliness, good order, and comely appearance. The officials and employees are comfortably housed in buildings erected and maintained by the government. These homes are supplied rent free and also are furnished without cost with electric light, fuel, and water. The employees and officials supply their wants from well-stored commissaries, which are, in effect, huge department stores. The people on the Canal Zone get their supplies 25 per cent. cheaper than most of us in the United States pay for ours. Free drugs and medicines are also furnished the government employees.

The matter of social life and living has been solved here without the tiresome talk and professional cant which becomes so nauseating in the United States. The canal government has provided spacious and comfortable club houses and ample recreation grounds. The club houses are the centre of an active, vital community life; lectures, moving pictures, speeches, dances, and social gatherings of many kinds are given in them. Then there are a number of first-class restaurants run by the government where good, well-cooked food is served at cost or less. The two hotels on the Isthmus—the Washington at Colon and the Tivoli at Panama—are both owned and operated by the United States government. It costs 30 per cent. less to live in one of these excellent hotels than it costs to live in a hotel of the same class in the United States.

The whole of Ancon district near Panama, which is largely a number of picturesque hills, has been converted into a lovely park by the government—a park filled with the attractive residences of the zone and army officials. A tropical Eden has been created here, and its beauty is being enhanced as time wears on. The canal has a noble setting. Nothing in the world in the way of oceanside scenery is more effective than the canal entrances on either side of the Isthmus. The charming islands, densely wooded, with the mountains sharply outlined in the distance, give rare distinction to the scenic charm of the Pacific entrance to the canal. On some of these islands are powerful coast defenses,

and one of them shelters the only sixteen-inch gun which the United States government possesses. For the canal locks, and for the canal itself there is no adequate defense against attack from the air save through the activities of our own aviation service. Anti-aircraft guns can not and will not be depended upon.

The United States government, by authority of the treaty with Panama, has exclusive jurisdiction over the sanitation of both Panama and Colon. This authority is most vigilantly enforced. A sleepless eye forever gazes upon the lax and easy-going native. The sanitary inspectors and police are very efficient, and as a result of their unceasing effort the two cities are without mosquitoes or flies. I have not seen a fly since I came on the Isthmus and have heard but one mosquito. The streets are very clean and none of the revolting spectacle of promiscuous expectoration which is so frequent a sight in San Francisco can be found here. If the cities of Panama and Colon were one-half as dirty as are the streets and alleys of San Francisco, one-half the population and most of the officials of these cities would be in jail within twenty-four hours and the United States Army would see to it that the arrests were made if there was any failure to carry out the decrees of Dr. Goldnaithe, the highly efficient health officer of Panama.

The government operates at Ancon one of the largest and most elaborately equipped permanent hospitals in the world. Not only does it open its doors to Americans on the Isthmus, but it receives patients from the Republic of Panama and most of the other Latin-American countries. This hospital is delightfully situated near the top of a lofty hill overlooking the Pacific entrance to the canal and in the midst of a beautiful park. Nearly a thousand patients can be cared for adequately within its walls. There is, of course, nothing in all Latin-America to compare with it in accommodations, equipment, and large-scale efficiency. It is the last word in vast public or semi-public hospitals. The American government is heavily augmenting the long list of benefits which it has conferred on the Latin-Americans by the maintenance of this great hospital on the Isthmus.

I regret that I can not speak with enthusiasm of the temperature, climate, and atmospheric condition on the Isthmus. The sanitation is wonderful, and theoretically, and apparently in a statistical sense also, it is one of the most salubrious spots on the earth, but it is in the tropics, and the tropics always take their toll of the white man and woman and his children. The heat is persistent, intense, and heavily saturated with humidity. One is compelled at this season to change one's clothing from two to three times a day. The nights are often but little cooler than the day. The heavy, moist air seems to rob one of all energy and one has to force oneself to take the amount of exercise necessary to preserve health or a semblance of it. The women and children look pale and tired after they have been here a year or so, and a long residence is pretty sure to develop some of the well-known tropical diseases. Those who return yearly or frequently to the United States fare very well, however, and seem to like the life here. If any one enjoys dripping with perspiration twenty hours out of the twenty-four he will be fond of the Isthmus during the rainy season, otherwise he will hate it.

At Colon the average annual rainfall is one hundred and thirty inches. The rain here comes down in furious torrents, veritable cloudbursts, and at this season it rains every day.

The Isthmus is most interesting, and in many ways of great importance; the surroundings are beautiful, and what our countrymen have accomplished is beyond praise, but just the same there are those of us who will prefer California as a place of residence.

F. B. LOOMIS.

St. Croix, one of the newly acquired Virgin Islands, is remarkable for its macadam roads and old furniture. It is the only island of the group boasting roads, and they even have a few motor trucks down there to carry sugar cane, etc. St. Croix also has a couple of narrow-gauge railroads, and before long there is little doubt but that the old ox cart, which for centuries has been the principal traction power of the islands, will be obsolete. The matter of old furniture applies to all three islands. In the old days mahogany used to be more common in the Indies than pine is here, and many a massive and highly carved piece of furniture was made from it. Besides, the wealthy Dutch, French, English, Spanish, and Danish planters used to bring shiploads of costly things from the mother country. It is all stuff that lasts forever and today it is not an uncommon thing to go into a negro hovel and find therein some wonderful piece of old colonial mahogany or ebony.

The value of words is going up, at least in Rouen. There the courts have decided that the artistic values of the words and music of a poem are equal. At present in the United States and Canada the writer of the words of a song gets only a pittance of the royalties or a small sum outright at the start. In England many of the most popular ballads have brought their writers no more than two or three guineas, while the composer goes on cashing his royalty checks for years.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Don C. Seitz Writes a Biography of the Great American Humorist.

It has happened all too often that distinguished Americans have found their chief reputation in Europe rather than among their own people. The name of Poe was revered throughout the Old World while it was still the scorn of the New. Mark Twain found his laurels in Great Britain rather than here. So did Henry James. London contains busts and portraits of Artemus Ward, and he lectured to English audiences, not of miners and yokels, but of the best men of the day, who were vociferous in their appreciation. There was not even a biography of Artemus Ward—and so few escape—until Mr. Don C. Seitz paid this tardy tribute by the volume now before us.

Artemus Ward, or Charles F. Browne, belonged to the State of Maine. As a boy he was one of the dubious assets of the *Norway Advertiser* when it was taken over by Mark H. Dunnell. Indeed Mr. Seitz says he was its "encumbrance," a lank and long-legged boy with a voracious appetite. Later on we find him on the *Carpet Bag*, the medium through which Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber conveyed Mrs. Partington's sayings to the public:

John Townsend Trowbridge, once a member of the *Carpet Bag* staff, in "My Own Story" recalls him as "a sandy-haired, thin-featured youth, with a long nose and pale complexion," and dates his appearance in the office as 1851, when he had passed his seventeenth birthday, and, according to Trowbridge, "before he was much older began to write mildly funny things for the paper over the signature 'Lieutenant Chubb.' He probably chose the pseudonym 'Chubb' for the reason that he himself was lank. . . . His serious countenance veiled a spirit of original and audacious wagery; and he was even then known to be capable of the same conscientious painstaking in the accomplishment of a solemn act of drollery as when, a few years later, while on a lecturing tour in mid-winter, occupying with a friend a room of arctic temperature, he got out of bed in the middle of the night to hang before a wind-shaken sash a 'skeleton' hoopskirt he had found in a closet, remarking, shivering, 'It will keep out the c-o-o-arrest of the c-o-old!'"

Later on we find Ward as a compositor on the *Toledo Commercial*, but soon after he transferred such energies as he had to the editorial rooms. In the fall of 1857 he joined the staff of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* as local editor at a salary of \$10 a week. Mark Hanna at that time was a bustling youngster about town, and John D. Rockefeller was about to climb on a stool to keep books. The *Plain Dealer* at that time was a staid publication, but under the hand of Ward it soon became frolicsome. On January 30, 1858, it printed the following announcement, to the amazement of its clientele:

LETTER FROM A SIDE-SHOWMAN

Mr. Artemus Ward, proprietor of a well-known side-show, writes us from Pittsburg as follows:

"The Plane Dealer: "Pittsburg, Jan. 27, 18&58. "Sir: "I write to no how about the show bisnes in Cleeveland i have a show consisting in part of a Calorny Bare two snakes tame foxes &c also wax works my wax works is hard to beat, all say they is life and nateral curiosities among my wax works is Our Saverer Gen taylor and Woekter Webster in the ackett of killing Parkman. now mr. Editor scratch off few lines and tel me how is the show bisnes in your good city i shal have hanblis printed at your offis you scratch my back and i will scratch your back, also git up a grate blow in the paper about my show don't forget the wax works.

"yours truly, ARTEMUS WARD
Pittsburg Penny

p S pittsburg is a l horse town. A. W." We believe Mr. W. would do well with his show here, and advise him to come along immediately.

Artemus Ward's letters as a showman are so well known, or ought to be, that they need receive no further notice here. But it was as a lecturer that he made his greatest successes. He was without a manager in those early days, and doubtless suffered much for the lack. His notebooks show that he received an average of about \$25 for a lecture. He lectured in Cleveland and the *Plain Dealer* reports the incident as follows:

He went on to say that if the "Children in the Wood" were not his subject, he would have talked of office-seekers, for instance, or crushed literary youths or modern reformers or the peace men of the North, or debt, or the suspension of specie payment. He attributed the flight at Bull Run to a rumor that there were three custom-house vacancies to be filled at Washington. He said that literary young men would not be crushed if they would write something useful, such as "Thirty Days Hath September." He ridiculed modern reformers by saying that some were opposed to razors, some to law, and all to work. Some of these reformers say that tobacco will kill a dog. Well—let us not give it to our dogs and by that means we can save them. He knew of reformatory societies in the West whose tenets would make a gorilla to shudder or a negro minstrel to blush palpably through a double coating of cork. He spoke of debt as one of the greatest curses. When gorillas are particular about changing their linen—when the omnibus-horses on Broadway look contented and cheerful—when General Phelps, whose proclamation to the raccoons of Ship Island every one has read, is attacked with a rush of brains to the head—then, and not till then, will certain persons stop running in debt. "In the midst of life we are in debt." As intimately connected with the "Babes in the Wood," the suspension of specie payment was discussed by Mr. Ward. He trusted that banks would not claim originality for the movement, for some of his friends had suspended specie payment several years ago, while others took a broader view and suspended paper payment at the same time.

Dr. Hingston became Ward's manager in 1863. Ward was intending to write a book, but his natural indolence intervened. And then came the lecturing trip to California:

The summer of 1863 Artemus spent, as usual, at Water-

ford, where he astonished the natives by strolling about in a gorgeously figured damask dressing-gown, wearing a smoking-cap perched on the back of his head, with a big gilt tassel depending radiantly therefrom. He returned to New York with the idea of visiting California uppermost in his mind. Hingston had been there on one trip as an amusement manager and was sounded as to the possibilities, with the result that an agreement was reached by which they were to go together as manager and attraction. The desire was sharpened by a telegram, which found Mr. Ward lounging in Carleton's office, from Thomas Maguire, the enterprising manager of the San Francisco Opera House, reading, "What will you take for forty nights in California?"

Straightway the reply went back over the transcontinental wire, "Brandy and water."

This cryptic message puzzled Maguire, who at first thought it something in code. The joke at last penetrated, the reporters got hold of it, and the widely circulated dispatch proved a good advance agent, when its writer at last reached the Coast, where plenty of the commingled fluids were in waiting.

Ward sailed from New York for California on October 13, 1863, preceded by Hingston, whose mission it was to let the people of California know what a treat awaited them:

After an uneventful trip San Francisco was reached on Sunday, November 1, 1863. Here he met with a warm welcome. The diligent Hingston had made good use of the time. All the newspapers were filled with points on the lecture, and open hospitality awaited his employer, who was driven to the Occidental Hotel, then lavishly run by Louis Leland, of the famous inn-keeping family. The hack-driver advised him that, as he was there to amuse folks, the fare would be only five dollars. A leading citizen was on hand to invite him to dinner. The trunk with Artemus Ward's best clothes had not been removed from the steamer. He pleaded this as an excuse for declining.

"Never mind," said the host, "it doesn't matter what you wear in California."

"That's fortunate. I never was much," retorted Artemus.

The joke traveled and did its share in the advertising, but Hingston had played his cards well and San Francisco was eager to be amused:

He selected Platt's Hall as the place for opening, and here, on the evening of November 13, 1863, "The Babes in the Wood" were "trotted out," according to promise. One dollar in gold was the admission price, and more than sixteen hundred persons paid it. So fast, indeed, did the dollars come that they baffled accounting and were tossed into a hat held out by the door-tender. Their weight broke the crown of the headgear and many rolled away. Almost as many more could not get in. Thomas Starr King, the eminent Unitarian divine, welcomed the lecturer on the platform, and, to help with good-will, Maguire closed his opera house for the night. Returning to the hotel after the lecture, a brass band gave a serenade, to which half the city listened. It was indeed a triumph, over which Hingston lingers lovingly in his reminiscences.

The lecture at Santa Clara was a failure. The principal of the Jesuit College was dubious as to the purport of the lecture and uninfluenced by Ward's humorous attempts to explain it:

The principal concluded the topic was not suited for his classes, so the party hunted for another hole. A dilapidated Methodist chapel was induced to open its doors. Handbills were hastily distributed. When the hour came only eight persons appeared at its doors, and but three of these put up their dollars. The other five were "warm-hearted" deadheads. The hall was illuminated by tallow candles. These were blown out and the three dollars returned. A sympathetic storekeeper invited the company across to his shop for a drink. It turned out that Santa Clara was suffering from the evening of an epidemic of "surprise" parties, a group from one of which, including some very agreeable young ladies, invaded the store. Soon the situation was made plain. More people came in and at last an impromptu entertainment resulted, Artemus holding forth joyously from a perch on the counter by the light of a candle stuck on the head of a flour barrel. The young folks were from New York, and nothing would do but to take Artemus Ward along to the next "surprise." Not to be outdone, he bought a half-dozen bottles of olives and carried them to the unsuspecting hosts—a newly married couple.

"I shall present them with these jars of olives," he said, "and a pot of honey. The honey they can eat, and keep the olives to grow and have branches."

Sacramento was more hospitable. The party went there by steamer, the joke of the trip being the misadventure of a temperance lecturer who fell overboard and who after his rescue was clamorous for whisky:

He was warmly received in Sacramento, lectured at the Metropolitan Theatre to a six-hundred-dollar house, and gave five hundred dollars of it the following day to the widow of an actor whose home had been destroyed by fire, for whom a local subscription was being raised.

"Don't put my name on the list," he told Hingston. "Let them say, 'Subscribed by a religious Indian.'"

The miners of Virginia City gave Ward a chain of gold so long that it could be worn around his neck and so heavy that it was uncomfortable. Here he met Mark Twain, whom he subsequently addresses as "My dearest Love," and there seem to have been bacchanalian doings. Ward, in his "Travels," says:

My arrival in Virginia City was signalized by the following incident: I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man who said he was an editor. Knowing how rare it is for an editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said:

"What name?"

"Wait!" he said. And went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside. In ten minutes he returned and said:

"Pepper!"

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I had often heard of a man being "so drunk that he didn't know what town he lived in," but here was a man so hideously intoxicated that he didn't know what his name was. I saw him no more, but I heard from him. For he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had "a dissipated air."

Ward continued his lectures on his return to New

York, and with success. William Winter in his "Old Friends" gives a pleasing picture of him. His charm, he says, "was that of a kindly, droll personality, compact of spontaneous mirth and winning sweetness. It is an attribute that words can but fairly suggest!":

He lived at one time in the Jones House, at the southeast corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street. One night, Winter relates—or, rather, about 3 a. m.—he and other gay companions accompanied A. W. to his rooms. Here Artemus summoned a servant and, ordering copious refreshments, "earnestly inquired, with an imposing aspect of solemnity, an aspect by which I was completely deceived," whether it would be possible to arouse the landlord. The servant hesitated.

"It is late, sir," he said. "I know it is late," replied Artemus, "but I have a message for him of the utmost importance. It is urgent and I am sure he will be glad to receive it. Do you think you could wake him?"

"Yes, sir, I could wake him, if you—" "If you will, I will see that you are not blamed. Will you remember what I say, and be careful to deliver the message exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, then, give him my compliments; be sure you mention my name; he's an old friend of mine; he'll be delighted to hear from me. Wake him, and tell him; speak distinctly, will you?"

"Yes, sir." "Tell him, with my very kindest regards, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

The success of the jest filled him with glee. The appreciation of the landlord, aroused from his beauty sleep, is not on record.

Ward sailed for London on June 2, 1866, and with a presentiment that he would not return. There was no stir over his departure, but there was a great stir in London on his arrival. He was enthusiastically admitted to the Savage Club and his lectures were among the events of the day. The *Times* of November 16th contained this critique:

Before a large audience, comprising an extraordinary number of literary celebrities, Mr. Artemus Ward, the noted American humorist, made his first appearance as a public lecturer on Tuesday evening, the place selected for the display of his quaint oratory being the room long tenanted by Mr. Arthur Sketchley. His first entrance on the platform was the signal for loud and continuous laughter and applause, denoting a degree of expectation which a nervous man might have feared to encounter. However, his first sentences and the way in which they were received amply sufficed to prove that his success was certain. The dialect of Artemus bears a less evident mark of the Western World than that of many American actors, who would fain merge their own peculiarities in the delineation of the English character; but his jokes are of that true transatlantic type to which no nation beyond the limits of the States can offer any parallel. These jokes he lets fall with an air of profound unconsciousness, we may almost say melancholy, which is irresistibly droll, aided as it is by the effect of a figure singularly gaunt and lean and a face to match. And he has found an audience by whom his caustic humor is thoroughly appreciated. Not one of the old pleasantries slipped out with such imperturbable gravity misses its mark, and scarcely a minute elapses at the end of which the sedate Artemus is not forced to pause till the roar of mirth has subsided. There is certainly this foundation for an *entente cordiale* between the two countries calling themselves Anglo-Saxon, that the Englishman, puzzled by Yankee politics, thoroughly relishes Yankee jokes, though they are not in the least like his own. When two persons laugh together, they can not hate each other much so long as the laugh continues.

Ward's London triumph was short-lived—only about six months. It became known that he was suffering from rapid consumption and had taken flight to St. Helen's in Jersey and thence to Southampton. Nothing could be done for him. He had burned the candle at both ends for too long:

Tom Robertson was one of those constantly present. One of the troubles of the nurses was to make the patient take his medicine. Among the prescriptions was an iron tonic of extreme bitterness, to which he greatly objected. Filled with concern, Tom poured out a dose of the compound and held out the spoon.

"My dear Tom," said Artemus protestingly, "I can't take that dreadful stuff."

"Come, come," said Robertson. "Take it, my dear fellow, just for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Artemus faintly, grasping Tom's hand.

"I would indeed."

"Then you take it."

Artemus Ward died on March 6, 1867, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London, his funeral attended by a great crowd of celebrities. He was only thirty-three years of age. It is well that we should now have this competent biography of a man whom we ought not to forget.

ARTEMUS WARD. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Brothers.

More than 2100 cities and towns in the United States are supplied with natural gas. The average price per thousand cubic feet charged to domestic consumers in the United States in 1917 was about 30 cents. The average price charged to manufacturers was less than 12 cents. The average price of artificial gas is \$1 per thousand. Most of the towns and cities supplied with natural gas are in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kansas, Oklahoma, and California. In Ohio 872,000 domestic consumers were supplied in 1917, in Pennsylvania 480,000, in California 239,000, in Kansas 188,000, in New York 164,000, in West Virginia 129,000, and in Oklahoma 95,000. The industrial consumers, by whom the gas is used for manufacture or for generating power, use twice as much gas as the domestic consumers.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending Saturday, November 29, 1919, were \$678,115,768.54; for the same month last year, \$507,099,800.77; an increase over the same month last year of \$171,015,967.77.

Increase in the gold reserve held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco during the week ended Friday amounted to slightly over a million, and the amount of Federal Reserve bank notes in actual circulation in the district \$4,000,000. Bills on hand gained slightly more than a million.

The stock market recently has been paying more attention to the money situation than almost anything else, despite the serious aspects of recent labor developments. This, for the reason that there is underlying confidence that it will not be long before the radical element in labor unionism is forced into the background, and if it had not been for the insistent demands on the part of the banking interests that speculation be curtailed the market for industrial shares would probably have gone booming along in November just as it did in October.

The same situation prevails now as last August, and the same sort of a break in the

would have been more liquidation in that part of the list. Railroad shares have been hammered very frequently this year and, even in the recent big rise in industrials, failed as a class to get anywhere near their high prices of last spring. Yet their time is coming and a very substantial rise in the whole rail section is probably not far away. The stocks of the reorganized railroads seem to offer especially attractive opportunities in view of the extra money that hulkworks their position. In times of money stress it is these low-priced issues that will appeal to the speculatively inclined, and there are hints now of a very violent rise in that section of the market.

There has of late been some absorption of silver shares by very strong banking and investment interests here and abroad. They are encouraged, of course, by the fact that advancing silver metal prices must proportionately increase profits for silver producers.

A recapitulation of the activities in the New York stock market from 1904 to 1919 shows four stock panics (1904, 1907, 1914, 1917) and four bull markets (1906, 1909, 1916, 1919). The aftermath of a bull market has invariably been a stock panic. It apparently takes two years to culminate the upward trend. For instance, after the 1907 panic the market began to rise in 1908 and finished in a blaze of glory toward the end of 1909, again starting from a panicky condition in 1914 the bull market lasted through 1915-1916. Then came the stock panic of 1917: from that low point we have just completed another two years' bull market. If history again repeats itself 1920 will bring the fifth consecutive stock panic in fifteen years.

This is not a forecast, but simply a statement of facts which may guide the speculator and investor in their future market operations. Most of the big men in the financial world have expressed their misgivings in connection with the European financial situation. Foreign exchange continues to drop lower each day. The Allies have already asked for time on their interest payments. If the Allies can not keep up their interest payments, how can they expect Germany to keep up hers?

The investor should use extreme caution in making commitments from this time on. Secure from your broker an analysis of the stock of every corporation in which you propose to invest your funds. Be careful of the stock of companies which are over-capitalized and of new flotations which are not financially well entrenched. The financiers of this country have a big job on their hands, that of supplying funds to Europe during 1920, and to successfully accomplish this it will be necessary for every banker and broker in the United States to put his shoulder to the wheel and work in perfect harmony.

At least \$6,000,000,000 of new capital must be invested in railroad facilities within the next three years if roads are to be able to handle satisfactorily the country's commerce. The companies need 800,000 freight cars, 20,000 locomotives, and 10,000 passenger cars, according to Samuel O. Dunn, editor of *Railway Age*, and he predicts that the farmers will supply the capital if the roads are properly protected by government legislation. Buy rails, especially Union Pacific and Southern Pacific. These stocks are selling at panic prices now.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.

The bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank are offering \$346,000 Los Angeles County Flood District 5 per cent. bonds in the denomination of \$1000. Dated July 1, 1918, and due July 1, 1920 to 1958.

The Los Angeles Flood Control District contains an area of approximately 1,722,880 acres and embraces practically the entire productive portion of Los Angeles County. Outlying islands and a portion of the Mojave Desert are not included.

The principal officers of the county, including the board of supervisors, auditor, assessor, and treasurer, are ex-officio officers of the flood control district, insuring the same permanency of organization and efficiency of administration as obtains in county affairs.

All the taxable real property in the flood control district is subject to a tax for the payment of these bonds both as to principal and interest, and taxes are levied and collected in the same manner and at the same time and by the same officers as county taxes.

The above bonds constitute a portion of an issue of \$4,450,000 authorized at a special election in 1917 and were voted for the purpose of protecting from storm or flood waters the harbors, waterways, public highways, and property located in the district and conserving such waters for beneficial purposes.

The plan adopted by the board of supervisors of Los Angeles County was prepared by a board of independent engineers and approved by the Federal Board of Engineers. Pursuant to this plan and in conformity therewith, Congress appropriated \$1,080,000 for the development and enlargement of Los Angeles harbor.

Andrew Carnegie, by one of the provisions of his will, has done much to dispel a mis-

taken idea that has been generally held regarding the principles that he followed in the investment of his fortune. When any one, either honestly or dishonestly, has wished to influence others to put all their savings into one security, they have quoted Mr. Carnegie's advice to put all your eggs into one basket and then watch that basket. In fact, however, this was not his advice in regard to investments, but in regard to one's business ventures. When it came to the investment of his money he followed far different principles, for business and investment are quite different things.

For the average business man, the example of this great ironmaster in the handling of his money is one of the best that can be followed. He combined in his exceptional character not only the ability to make money, which many business men possess, but the much rarer quality of being able to conserve it and insure it against loss. The permanence of his many benefactions is based on the soundness of his investments. With the courage and vision that could see from a drawing the possibilities of the Pullman sleeping-car, and the future of the steel industry, he had the Scotch conservatism that placed the profits from these ventures in investment securities of the highest grade. The results attained are a recommendation for his method that should satisfy any one. The investment principles which he followed and laid down for his trustee in his will form a worthy guide for the investing of all savings.

When the United States Steel Corporation was formed, nearly two decades ago, he retired from the business field. He was no longer going to keep watch of the basket in which his eggs were placed. What did he do? He took, in exchange for his stock, bonds of the new corporation—\$303,450,000 of them—that stood ahead of the bonds that were sold to the public, as well as ahead of the preferred and common stock. And in the indenture securing these bonds it was specified that a certain part of them should be retired each year out of the earnings of the corporation.

Years before, when Andrew was but a boy of twelve, his father, the last of a long line of hand weavers in Scotland, had been driven out of business by the introduction of steam looms. The son, who had started as a hobbler in a cotton factory in this country, knew the vicissitudes of business. He did not deceive himself that from the outside he could protect his savings against them or take advantage of them to gain more than a normal interest return on his money.

With his retirement from business, therefore, his eggs were no longer involved in a business venture. It is true they were largely in one investment basket; the basket with which he was most familiar. But the panics of 1903 and of 1907 came and his savings were not disturbed. As interest accumulated and called for reinvestment he began adding underlying first mortgage railroad bonds, secured on the essential main line mileage of the country. It is of particular interest to note that he never speculated in securities. He was prejudiced against Wall Street. He said, "I would as soon gamble with cards as to speculate in Wall Street." Yet he made use of the legitimate machinery of Wall Street in choosing his later investments. And when the list of securities in which is invested the undistributed balance of his fortune—estimated at around \$30,000,000—is published, it will probably be found that he had fewer worthless securities than any other rich man who has died in recent years.

Creator of his own fortune, by his muscle and brain, Carnegie considered himself the trustee for his money, not only for his family, but for the public at large. If more men had somewhat this same feeling regarding their profits and savings there would be less loss of capital in this country in enterprises that are only entitled to the financial support of those who are in position to keep close watch of them.

In addition to being an example in life for the conservation of business profits, Andrew Carnegie has left behind him, in his will, directions to govern the reinvestment of his estate that entitle him to a high place as an investment teacher.

In the first place he authorized his trustee to make new investments. "In such securities as are sanctioned by the laws of the State of New York as proper investments for savings banks."

This law is universally considered as providing the best list of the most conservative investments. Under it, New York savings banks can buy the bonds of the United States, of practically all the states, of many cities and towns whose debts do not exceed 7 per cent. of their assessed valuations for taxation; real estate bonds and first mortgages on property situated in the state, when the loan is not for more than 60 per cent. of the appraised value in the case of improved property and 40 per cent. in the case of unimproved and unproductive property; railroad mortgage bonds where certain conditions as to their security and the earnings record back of them are found; certain promissory notes, bankers' ac-

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acceptances and bills of exchange; and bonds of the Land Bank of the State of New York.

Mr. Carnegie has given his trustee much more leeway than does this law in regard to corporation securities. It is in this particular that the interest in his provisions lies.

2. He authorized the investment in "bonds secured by first mortgage on railroads in the United States upon the common stock of which dividends shall have been regularly paid for at least the two successive years immediately preceding the time of such investments; or in any other class of bonds of any trunk railroad company in the United States, in high credit, which has not failed to pay regular dividends on all its stocks for at least five years immediately preceding such investment."

The New York savings bank law requires 4 per cent. dividends for five years, and it covers only mortgage bonds that meet certain other requirements. Mr. Carnegie would approve the purchase of such railroad issues as that known as the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

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joint collateral 4s, due 1921, and others similarly secured by the deposit of stock as collateral, and also the convertible and debenture issues of the strong roads, although they are not secured by mortgage.

3. He went further than that and authorized investment in the preferred stock of any railroad company that meets the above requirements.

4. He also approved by these provisions of his will investment in the bonds or preferred stock "of any industrial corporation in the United States which shall not have failed to pay dividends on all its stock for at least five years immediately prior to such investment."

5. He approved "bonds secured by first mortgage on improved real estate in the United States, worth, in the opinion of competent appraisers, a clear 50 per centum more than the amount of the mortgage." This means mortgages up to 75 per cent of valuation.

6. Lastly, he approved "certificates of established bond and mortgage companies or trust companies secured by the deposit of

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market for the stocks that have previously been so eagerly sought after is in process. Just as was the case a year ago, so now the argument that the rich people can not afford to sell stocks on account of the income taxes can not avail indefinitely to help the hulls put prices up. The very fact that these wealthy people have the stocks is one reason why they might not be expected to buy any more, and consequently the run of buying would be of a very much weaker character than if the wealthy were putting their money into the market.

Probably all the industrial stocks will come back next year and possibly make new high record prices, but, what with labor troubles and wage increases and generally upset conditions in business, it is likely that a good many of the industrial corporations whose shares have been hulled so violently will not be making very favorable statements for the next few months, and in consequence the hears feel that there will be a very much better time to buy stocks later on.

It was rather remarkable to note recently in the outpouring of stocks at times the practical absence of railroad stock quotations from the ticker. It would seem that the public is not carrying very many railroad shares with commission houses; otherwise there

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specific bonds and mortgages answering the foregoing requirements."

These specifications give an ample field of choice for the investment of the profits of a business man. It should be kept in mind that they were laid down as general principles by Mr. Carnegie, who knew that his estate was going to be in the hands of those of sufficient experience in the making of investments to be competent to use discrimination within the limits he set. His faith in the future of the United States was attested by the limiting of his investments to this country.—*The World's Work*.

The closing weeks of the year are likely to witness an important readjustment in the money market (says the Wells Fargo National Bank in its November monthly). The Federal Reserve System's ratio of cash to deposits by the close of October had fallen to 47½ per cent., the lowest figure reported up to that time. By applying for large rediscounts the member banks increased their reserve credits, but exports of gold cut down the reserve to some extent. The action of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York in fractionally advancing discount rates for certain classes of paper reflected the growing de-

ness conditions are sound at bottom, so that they may weather safely the voyage toward readjustment to a peace basis. Nevertheless, the prudent business man will during these times observe caution to avoid an over-extended position. The Federal Reserve Board is keeping in close touch with the money market and from time to time is said to have asked the banks for specific information touching the uses secured from the rediscount of paper based upon government bond collateral. The United States government is not at present a heavy borrower in the market, although there are still large amounts of treasury certificates of indebtedness outstanding, held by the banks and their customers.

Notwithstanding the concern felt about the outcome of wage differences and the complications attending a curtailment of the industrial output through a reduction of the working hours, business activity has continued almost unabated. There has been a remarkably free distribution of merchandise in the West and South, with broad buying of the better grades throughout the agricultural states. Trade expansion in the territory adjacent to the great industrial centres also has been pronounced. A noteworthy phenomenon continues to be the large outlays for luxuries by the so-called middle classes, who apparently have more money to spend in such ways than ever before. This movement is suggestive and means that wage increases over a large area have more than kept pace with the rise in living expenses, the consequence being that the average family is able to provide itself with a large supply of the good things of life.

The flotation of the \$250,000,000 British government loan will be followed by other loans of foreign origin, although it is understood that some of the large syndicates which have brought out foreign loans are still loaded with many of them. However, American investors are being gradually educated to purchase foreign bonds and during the past twelve months a greater number of these loans have been placed in this country than during any previous period. The digestive powers of the American investment market are still very great and the indications are that barring obstructive developments, these investments will be materially increased. Investors will naturally consider each offering upon its own merits.

Only a few weeks remain before the railroads will be surrendered by the government to private ownership control. Important legislation must be enacted before this transfer takes place, and within the last few weeks much progress has been made in drafting a practical law to accomplish this purpose. The railroads constitute the nation's second greatest industry and it is to be hoped that their future can be adequately provided for, so that the public will obtain the best service possible, the workers of all ranks be properly compensated, and the interests of the holders of the immense volume of outstanding railroad securities be fully protected. This problem is one of the most complicated that has developed since the world war began, but it is to be expected that the constructive ability of the American people will be equal to the task of straightening out this historic tangle in transportation affairs.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company own and offer \$200,000 Sacramento and San Joaquin Drainage District (Sutter-Butte By-Pass Unit), Sacramento Valley, California, 7 per cent. warrants in denomination of \$1000, exempt from Federal and local taxes.

The Sacramento and San Joaquin Drainage District was created in 1913 and has developed a comprehensive plan for the control of the flood waters of the Sacramento Valley, making possible the safe and positive reclamation of upwards of 1,000,000 acres of land. The Sutter-Butte By-Pass is a most important unit in this plan of flood control. Its completion insures a safe reclamation of over 500,000 acres of land in the counties of Sutter, Butte, Glenn, Colusa, and Yolo.

The total cost of this unit will approximate \$10,000,000. Over \$4,000,000 of this work has already been done and paid for by the various reclamation districts within the unit. At the last session of the legislature an act was passed appropriating \$3,000,000 to be paid in ten annual installments of \$300,000 each as the state's share in the cost of the improvement work.

About \$3,000,000 will be expended on the work during the remainder of the current year and during 1920. The cost will be financed by the issuance of these warrants drawn on the state treasurer, which will be issued from time to time in payment for work completed. These warrants will be funded through the issuance of long-term bonds. It is estimated officially that this bond issue will be prepared and sold January, 1921.

Lantz makes the amazing estimate that the progeny of a single couple of rats, if undestroyed, would number 20,000,000 in three years, and this number is even below the theoretic figures.

THE LATEST BOOKS.**Great Generals.**

Boys are certainly being well catered to so far as the literature of the war is concerned. Here we have a book of over three hundred pages devoted to the generals of the day and containing sketches of their military history in all of their various campaigns. The generals selected for presentation are fourteen in number—Joffre, French, King Albert, Foch, Haig, Pershing, Pétain, Diaz, Allenby, Maude, D'Eperay, De Castelnau, Smuts, and Byng. The stories are well and tersely told and with an eye to drama as well as to accuracy. The portrait illustrations are excellent. A capital book for boys, inspiring and wholesome.

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles H. L. Johnston. Boston: The Page Company.

Boy's Book of Battles.

This admirable book for boys contains the story of eleven famous land combats—Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Yorktown, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Sedan, Ypres, Verdun, Second Marne, and Argonne-Meuse. Highly commendable is the careful accuracy with which these stories are told, the absence of any attempt to "write down" to the supposed level of a youthful audience, and the honest apportionment of praise in just measure to the combatants engaged. Probably it will be many years before we know the whole of the military history of the late war, but the author has evidently equipped himself with all of the material that is now available.

BOYS' BOOK OF BATTLES. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

California Legends.

Dr. George W. Caldwell has rendered a service by this presentation of eight Indian legends of Southern California. Seven of them are founded on the folklore of the Seheba Indians, the eighth, entitled "The Echo," referring to the tribe whose hunting grounds were in the region of the Merced River.

The author has chosen his legends with a view to showing the native explanations of natural phenomena. We are by no means sure that they are to be regarded only as examples of primitive superstition or that their gradual abandonment under the impulse of education is in any sense conclusive. The reasonings of untutored minds may yet assume a new importance at a time when so many scientific axioms are showing themselves unable to stand the heat of the crucible. But at least we may congratulate Dr. Caldwell on a poetic rendering of ancient legends that leaves very little to be desired.

LEGENDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. By George W. Caldwell, M. D. San Francisco: Phillips & Van Ordon Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Uncle Zeb and His Friends" is described as an Atlantic book for very young children. Its author is E. W. Frenz, and it contains fifty-two stories, with twenty-two full-page black and white illustrations. It is published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

"The Wishing Ring," just published by Harcourt & Howe, is by Elizabeth Schorer, better known as the "Cousin Eleanor" of the New York *Evening World*. It is not only a good fairy story, but it is told in quite unusually good English, which one does not always find in stories for children.

"Ben the Battle Horse," by Walter A. Dyer (Henry Holt & Co.), comes to live at a Long Island home and is the companion of Paul the son of the house. Then comes the war and the friends are parted. Paul goes to France and Ben is sold to the government, but the old comrades, the boy and the horse, meet at Château Thierry, and between them they win the Croix de Guerre. A thoroughly good story for boys.

Collectors of fairy tales, and children who merely read fairy tales, will welcome this collection of "Czechoslovak Fairy Tales" that comes from the pen of Mr. Parker Fillmore, with illustrations and decorations by Jan Matulka. Mr. Fillmore has not given us a literal translation. He tells us that he has taken "a short cut here and an elaboration there," but the result is eminently satisfactory. The book is published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

John Massfield's most celebrated poems, "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street," are just about to be published in a new edition (in one volume) with illustrations.

In the opinion of Jacinto Benavento, the subtle Spanish dramatist, Dickens is the most typically English writer, whether ancient or modern, and far more so in every respect than any of his fellow-novelists. Among contemporary writers his preference in the theatre is for Bernard Shaw. "Caesar and Cleopatra," says Benavento, is a play which Shakespeare himself might have been proud to have written.

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UP AND DOWN. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A novel.

PIONEERS OF AMERICA. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
For children.

UNCLE ZEB AND HIS FRIENDS. By Edward W. Frenz. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.
An Atlantic book for very young children.

INCLUDING HORACE. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.
Poetical parodies.

THE NATIVE SON. By Inez Haynes Irwin. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.
An appreciation.

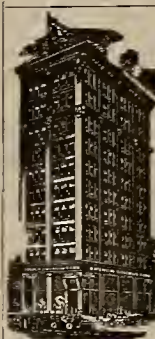
ACES FOR INDUSTRY. By Rufus Steele. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
An appeal for industry and energy.

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Pinero's Plays.

A very interesting undertaking is under way: that of bringing out in a library edition the weightiest and most important plays of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. The third volume, containing "Letty" and "His House in Order," is now out, forming a highly interesting link in the chain which began with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmire" in the first volume, "The Gay Lord Quex" and "Iris" in the second, and the two plays already mentioned for the third, while "Mid-Channel" and "The Thunderbolt" are in preparation.

These volumes are handsomely gotten up, although bound only in red cloth. But paper and print are of good quality, the margins are wide, and there is a frontispiece illustration to each volume, Volume III containing a portrait of Pinero.

There is an introduction to each volume by Clayton Hamilton and an extremely interesting, informational, and analytical "critical preface" to each play by that same able commentator on the drama.

"Letty" is a work that has not been made familiar to the American public. It has a working girl for a heroine, and in this play Pinero presents a brilliantly worked-out contrast of the morals and manners of the upper and lower classes. The fate of Letty, who loves and is loved by an aristocrat, hangs in the balance for three acts, during which time a series of scenes keenly illustrative of these two contrasting types mentioned takes place, in which the author's complete familiarity with the two sides of life presented is made abundantly manifest.

In "His House in Order" the author unleashes his scorn of the conventional British hypocrite, and at the same time develops a very interesting story of injustice, and the subsequent righting of wrongs. This play, however, is not typical of Pinero at his best, the story not being characterized so much by

the sense of inevitability in, for instance, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as by the practiced skill of an ingenious fabricator of plots.

Both plays, however, will richly repay the student of the drama on account of the author's matchless skill in construction. Clayton Hamilton, in his illuminating comments, draws the reader's attention to his use of the device called "planting"; an expedient used by playwrights for furnishing information to the audience in a cleverly casual way. Also the skill with which the apparently light, passing dialogue indicates the character of the speakers, and, furthermore, the economy of Pinero's methods in conveying all of his ideas and intentions, while, at the same time, skillfully masking the machinery, will recommend this volume to the closest attention and study of the intending dramatist.

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Labor in Britain and France.

A commission of the National Civic Federation spent four months in Great Britain, with a side trip of three weeks to France, studying certain prominent phases of the post-war relations between employers and employed and other social problems of the day. The results of its work are given in this volume.

The various phases of the situation have been wisely assigned for treatment to the individual members of the commission, and they appear respectively under their names. Charles Mayer writes a foreword. E. A. Quarles writes on the commission itself. Andrew Nevill Parker has been entrusted with "The Labor Problem in Great Britain from the Public Viewpoint." James W. Sullivan describes the "Varying Forms of Labor Organization, Methods and Purposes in the United States, Great Britain, and France," and Albert Farwell Bemis has been assigned the two sections on "Social and Industrial Relations in Great Britain, France, and America from the Viewpoint of an Employer" and "Housing and Agricultural Reconstruction in Great Britain and France."

The general prospect is a hopeful one, although the writers show no tendencies toward an unreasoning buoyancy of view. Trade unionism in Great Britain has become an integral part of the public, indeed of the government itself, but it is faced with the acute pressure of such men as Webb and Smillie, who are intent upon general nationalization and the subversion of the capitalistic system. What will unionism do? Will it feel that its responsibilities are sectional or national? No one knows, but at least it "dares not be reckless."

There are fifty-nine labor representatives in the British Parliament, but their activities are chaotic. Some of them are members of the government. Others are enemies of the government. They represent radicalisms and conservatism. They must vote on imperial questions and on treaty-making. They have no common standing ground anywhere. All this is in marked contrast with the relatively single aims of the American Federation of Labor, which has so far held fast to the wage system and refused to follow the communistic tendencies of Europe. None the less it may

be noted that the American Federation is facing the same acute pressure from Socialism that has been noted in Europe, and with a success that is still enigmatical.

The situation in France concerns us less, as less provocative of imitation. Employers in France are reluctant to recognize the organization of labor. They deal fairly and even generously with their employees, "but for the mixed politico-labor organization not the least good feeling is ordinarily shown." Mutual antagonisms still govern the situation.

There are many other points that it would be interesting to notice, but the report must be left to speak for itself. It is one that the sociologist and the economist can not afford to overlook.

THE LABOR SITUATION IN GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

On the Makaloa Mat.

Jack London, like most prolific writers, left behind him a large number of finished manuscripts. Most of these have been published, and now we have the last of them in the present volume constructed from the material collected by the author in Hawaii.

Hundreds of hooks have been written about Hawaii, but here we have something that is entirely new. Jack London, like Kipling, showed his genius by his power to impersonate his characters to the exclusion of his own mental reactions. He does not tell us what he thinks about the Hawaiian, but he shows us what the Hawaiian thinks about himself.

There are many sorts of Hawaiians in these stories and with every variety of blood mixture, but they are nearly all "alii," chiefs or descendants of chiefs. They have the old wild barbarism in their veins, and it is never wholly eradicated. Prince Akuli's mother frankly reverts to the native gods, but his father represented in his own life the transition "from human sacrifice and idol worship, through the religions of man's upward striving, to the Medusa of rank atheism at the end of it all."

The most amusing, perhaps the best of the stories, relates how Alice Akana "told her soul" under the stimulating urging of Abel Ah Yo, who was a mixture of Portuguese, Scotch, Hawaiian, and Chinese and a revivalist of no mean powers. Poor Alice could not be truly saved until she had publicly unburdened her soul of all its secrets acquired during a long and scandalous life and involving every one of note in the district.

Among the real lore to be found in these stories is the suggestion that there was once communication between Hawaii and Egypt. We are told of an ancient language spoken by the priests wherein the God of the Sun was addressed as Ra instead of by the Hawaiian name of La. But these stories should be read in their entirety. They show Mr. London at his best.

ON THE MAKALO A MAT. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Blasco Ibanez.

Blasco Ibanez has reached the visible dignities of an "author's edition." Two hand-



Soft drinks—any flavor—are best when prepared with Shasta Water in Siphons.

some volumes have made their appearance, and others are on the road. These two are, of course, "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum," printed and bound most acceptably and with frontispiece portraits of the author. No other author has produced two such war stories as these, of such scope and of such dramatic energy. They are now so well known that comment is superfluous, but it should also be well known that they are obtainable in such desirable form. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co.

As is generally known, John Masefield some twenty years ago was employed in a menial capacity in a New York bar-room. The place is still in existence under the same ownership. Masefield in his book, "A Tarpaulin Master," just issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., gives us a veracious account of a raid on this saloon by officers bent on enforcing the Raines law, and of the bribery of the officers. He tells of wanderings on the Palisades, and one of his yarns was taken from the lips of an old English jettyleeper at Alpines, across from Yonkers, New York.

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"CIVILIAN CLOTHES."

At the Curran this week a comedy which has for motive the cure of a bad case of American snobbery is tickling our democratic audiences. Here we have a motive drawn from the war. A charming girl belonging to the Southern aristocracy meets a young American officer, who disciplines her, somewhat in the caveman style, when she refuses orders to cease her services on the too-dangerous front. The willful beauty, having become used to seeing her numerous admirers in a devout attitude of worship, promptly falls in love with the reproving officer, and, in the midst of the exciting war atmosphere, he wins her so easily that he fails to realize the extreme social importance of the prize he has won.

In time, however, their brief marriage becomes a buried romance in the girl's heart. Returned home, it all seems like a dream, until suddenly she is aroused by the discovery—perceived by both the girl and her husband—that the rumor of his death was an error, that he has returned, in civilian clothes of questionable taste and dubious fit, to claim a welcome from his bride.

The husband springs from toilers. His father is a cobbler, and he is quite unused to the ways of the socially elect. Back home, surrounded by her own people, the young wife finds herself in a painfully disillusioned state. And the husband, being something of a caveman, shows fight when she hints at a divorce.

Up to this point the play adheres to the probabilities. But from here on the comedy becomes slightly farcical, for the husband, in order, he says, to learn good manners—for no one, he maintains, has better manners than

servants—secures the position of butler in the home of his wife's father.

This furnishes opportunity to develop a series of scenes permeated with humor, and also to exhibit how exceedingly becoming carefully selected livery can be to a fine man.

Now Mr. William Courtenay is a fine-looking man. (I sometimes have a dark suspicion that he is a little too conscious of it.) And the ex-officer, who has won various honors for bravery and efficiency in the service, is a most competent butler.

The situation is very amusing and well handled, but the play goes off somewhat when the resultant situation between the pair begets jealousy, distrust, and quarrels. This part is rather long drawn out, and could be cut a little with benefit to the play.

As a light and amusing comedy, however, with an underlying dash of seriousness to its motive—for the husband undertakes to kill his wife's snobbery—the piece is very successful, the audience testifying considerable sympathy for the modern Petruccio who can love and castigate simultaneously.

However, in free, democratic America, in which country so many of our money class come up from the masses, one does not wholly subscribe to the soundness of the theme of this play, for in spite of the hero's sartorial sins after he has emerged from the romantic glamour of his uniform, he is altogether too personable for the girl who had loved him to at once give him up. At any rate the spectator will be apt to agree with the disciplinary husband, when, once or twice, he pauses in his measures to recapture a wife and questions himself as to whether she is really worth the efforts he is making.

A very suitable company has been selected for the presentation of Mr. Thompson Buchanan's play. Miss Dorothy Dickinson is as blonde, dainty, pretty, and fluffy-frillsy as she ought to be, as Florence, in order to intimidate the cobbler-hegotten lover and husband. She does her work with a dainty precision, and that she shows no great gifts of subtlety or imagination does not prevent her from being a very good choice for the rôle. As a fashion exhibit the young lady is a delight to view, for she has a charming figure and carries her clothes beautifully.

So does Lillian Lawrence, a very decorative lady who is well selected for the rôle of an aristocratic society leader who knows how to administer refined but impertinent sallies to a receptive husband.

Frances Underwood, although somewhat suggestive, during moments, of being a deep schemer, appears to advantage as a flirtatious and discerning widow, and Raymond Walburn is rather cute as Billy.

Mr. Courtenay is an easy, fluent actor, and, except for a slight tendency to melodramatize his humor, a successful comedian. Like the majority of the company, he shines as a successful wearer of good clothes, and he and Miss Dickinson together held the admiring gaze of every one when with the resplendence of youth, natural style, and good looks they occupied the stage centre.

"CANDIDA."

Hasten, all you who have never seen "Candida," and remedy the omission. It is an opportunity. To see this magnificent play—considered by many thoughtful commentators to be Shaw's masterpiece—is to realize anew that plays are written primarily to be played and not read. Read them we must—that is, the great plays—if we can not see them acted. But "Candida" is a great acting play. I asked myself why, when I saw how satisfactorily its ideas were conveyed to us in acted form, and I concluded that, aside from the extreme interest of the subject, it is because of the simplicity with which it is presented. "Candida" is preëminently a domestic drama, and to us in front, or at least to the majority of us, the domestic atmosphere makes the most searching appeal. And in this apparently quiet, moral, conservative interior is presently developed the curious situation of Candida, the wife of a saintly, self-sacrificing clergyman, putting herself up at auction to be bid for by the two rivals.

For in James Morell's quiet household are two anarchists against rooted tradition, and the only reason why Candida stays by her mate is because she loves him. This she makes plain in the famous "shawl speech," which always makes an auditor—even a prepared auditor—jump when the amazing assertion is made.

"Candida" has been estimated from a great variety of viewpoints. A French critic classifies her with the *femmes révoltées*, others thought her a Feminist, but it is plain that Shaw wishes Candida's startling assertion as to her right to independence of action to embody her belief that married mates should only cling to each other through love.

The play also shows the inevitable conflict resulting from putting the extreme conventionalist and the poetic anarchist in the same environment. The poet divines the essential truths of poor, pathetic humanity, the clergyman goes serenely on his way, wrapt in il-

lusions and in the authority tenderly, with an inward smile of understanding, conceded by a loving mate.

And every heart has its own secret; save, possibly that of the Reverend James, whose path in life is made smooth to his feet by Candida, and who has happily had no secrets to conceal.

And Candida; so cheerful, so domestic, so loving; what of her? She has fine qualities, and one of her charms is that she is supremely natural. Shaw himself has called her "that very immoral female Candida," and says of her that she is "straight for natural reasons"; as revealed, indeed, in her shawl remark, and several others as well. Candida has tons of common sense, and, being above all a man's woman, she applies it to the dominating sex, and knows their weakness. She loves her Reverend, and lovingly allows him to play the master, knowing in her heart that his authority is a gift from her. But, oh Candida, that was catfish of you to give poor little, enamored, rigid, self-deceiving Prossy away.

The poet has a poet's insight, just as Candida has a sort of maternal insight. She recognizes his gifts, but can not wing her fight in his rarefied ether. And so, disillusioned because of her choice of her "wind-bag," he goes "out into the night," hugging his soul's new freedom.

"Candida" is a most absorbing play. It is such a queer sensation given, that quiet, domestic opening, to see all those closely guarded heart secrets jealously yielded, one by one. And yet, save for that scene of the poet's revolt by the fireside, and his two or three outbursts of exacerbated nerves, the motive is quietly developed, the action moving along wedded to the ordinary activities of family life most naturally. And the Shaw eccentricities are not intruded, so that we scarcely realized, in our absorption, that in this play Shaw was so given over to the inherent drama of his theme that he never once introduced himself a fluent commentator into the play.

The company was at its best. Probably on account of the instinctive sympathy that actors feel for a play full of vital characterization the performance was given in the right pitch. The company played so simply, so sincerely, that they made us accept each player as the character represented. This was particularly the case with Messrs. Maitland, Smyth, and Miller. Mr. Maitland, as the poet, shed his own identity more completely than I have ever seen him do before. He made himself look and seem the epitome of inward understanding and outward nervous terrors, and maintained the correct balance in his expression of Eugene's sensitive sufferings.

Mr. Smyth's good looks and careful precision of speech lent themselves to a fitting emphasis of the clergyman's oratorical persuasiveness. And in the scene when the reverend gentleman's happiness is threatened, and he suffers, the actor quietly but feelingly conveyed the impression of a dignified man's strongbold wantonly invaded.

Miss O'Day, like the others, was sensibly affected by the vitality and sincerity of the play, and met its challenge worthily. As Candida she made herself seem the womanly and attractive centre, the vital spirit of the home, affectionate, sensible, and wise, around whom motives crossed and warring ideals struggled.

Ardell Cummings was satisfactory as the snappishly pathetic Prossy, Rupert Dunn gave a churchly flavor to the highly conventional curate, and Mr. Thomas Miller gave a really excellent character sketch of Candida's illiterate and aitch-shedding father.

WAR DRAMA AND FICTION.

The after-war drama—since it is only technically that the world war is not over—has begun in earnest at last. True, it flourished in picture form in the early days of the war, but it is only lately that it has begun to appear in the regular shape. Perhaps at first feelings were too raw. Then, after the armistice was signed, the great wave of revulsion against war topics caused that particular subject to retire into the shade. And now that the subject has begun to emerge the incorrigible tendency of Americans toward levity seems to prohibit the serious treatment of any of the phases of this most stupendous of dramatic subjects.

The immense popularity of "The Better 'Ole" gave evidence of the universal determination to laugh over the funny side of the subject, and have the world laugh with you, and do your weeping alone.

To be sure there was "The War Brides," but it came at the psychological moment when people, held in the grip of their first horror and amazement, were almost forgetting how to laugh with the old abandon.

Recently there was "Under Orders," a very good play with an excellent plot, an intense dramatic motive, and fine construction. It was sent out here with its especially competent company—of two—but it is my opinion that, in spite of the extreme interest attached to the dramatic aspects of the story, the

MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Los Gatos, California

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL
(Accredited)

pathos of the play was not what people wanted. They preferred to get away from anything more than the mere suggestion of sorrow and tragedy.

As the result of this determination to be amused the illiterate and plucky doughboy and his "buddy" were born in fiction, and are now due in the drama. Several short-story writers and talented war correspondents have written serials showing up most humorously this type. The public took to them so warmly that it is rather surprising they have not, before this, been immortalized in the spoken drama, for it seems as if there should be great possibilities there.

As to fiction, a number of novelists who have written stories since the war begun have seemed to be afraid of it, and have just touched on the great subject, introducing it toward the last in order to kill off some objectionable character or elevate the hero returned from the war to a higher pedestal on account of his bravery.

There seem to be comparatively few writers that recognize the immense possibilities for



The Schedule and the Rate

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Flat rates were inequitable, since some consumers paid considerably more than they should while others paid considerably less.

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This scientific method of billing has been in force a little more than a year, and in equalizing charges it has had the effect of raising somewhat the bills of commercial consumers while lowering those of domestic consumers.

So carefully was this schedule worked out that water charges for the past twelve months vary less than seven-tenths of one per cent. from what they would have been under the flat-rate schedule.

The smallness of the variation calls attention to a fact which was emphasized at the time the meter rates were put into effect, but which many people failed to grasp, namely:

That it was not the purpose in changing the schedule to increase the revenue of the company at that time.

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The rates fixed at that time were *ad interim* or temporary rates.

The company has since laid before the Railroad Commission a schedule of higher rates to which it is entitled. Its application is supported by data based on the greatly increased cost of conducting the business.

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treating the obscure, changed psychology of exceptionally sensitive temperaments exposed to the full fury and horror of war. One story by Rebecca West, a strangely beautiful and touching story, records the return of a soldier with a wounded memory. He can not bridge in his mind the years that have elapsed beyond the point at which his memory ceases to function. He can not remember that exquisitely beautiful young materialist whom he had wedded before the war, and who had so completely clipped the wings of his finer aspirations.

His broken memory clings to the image of his first love, an obscure daughter of the people from whom a lover's quarrel had severed him in their budding youth, and the doctor's decree that she must be summoned. She comes, a tender, modest, self-effacing, womanly woman. Her beauty has gone, hard work has laid its marring touch upon her, she has no factitious importance of any kind. All she has retained from her beautiful youth is a soul of exceeding loveliness; and most delicately, most tenderly, and most touchingly is depicted the instinctive cry of soul to soul when all the objective elements of his life have faded away, and only the subjective rules his consciousness.

With equal understanding the creator of this strange situation deals with the necessary ending of it. The gentle, unselfish, self-forgetting woman who ministers to the crippled consciousness of her once lover and leads him through the woodland paths of his estate recognizes that the time has come to shatter his hallucination and return him, healed, to normal life. She succeeds, and, still humble and self-effacing, fades quietly out of his life.

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This Sunday, December 7, 2:30 p. m.

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EVERY NIGHT (except Sun. & Mon.) at 8:30
MATINEES Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30
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5th SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., DEC. 7, at 2:45 Sharp

Soloist—HORACE BRITT, "Cellist"

Volkman.....Overture, "Richard III"

Lalo.....Concerto, D Minor

For "Cello and Orchestra"

Haydn.....Symphony, "Military," G Major

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre from 10 a. m. on concert days only.

Next—Sun., Dec. 14, 5th "Pop" Concert.

There has been a fearful toll of shattered nervous systems as the result of this war, quite apart from the known record of those whose minds were overstrained to the breaking point and who dwell in madhouses, while the ex-Kaiser remains the country gentleman. Happily, no one wishes to dwell on the horrors of the war. But the book just described leaves a sensation of beauty on the mind, for it depicts the strength of the spiritual bond that bound together those two pure young creatures in their early youth, and that, persistently surviving during the years while the man achieved wealth and importance and married beauty and social state, asserted itself to the exclusion of all other bonds when the horrors of the war displaced his objective self from its preeminence.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," however, seems by its spectacular success to disprove the idea that the public objects to a serious fictional treatment of the war. This book, however, seems to be the exception that proves the rule. No doubt it will win a wide and permanent renown as a novel of propaganda against war, and, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" preaching against slavery, be recognized the world over as such. Ibañez' story, as a story, is dwarfed by the war theme. The South American part is a prologue, the French part is tamely conventional. The powerful parts of his book are those recording the terrific impressions made upon a strangely detached observer—for the time being—by the sights and sounds of war. And at the end, when the patient pilgrims search through the illimitable lanes of graves for that one which holds the fallen son and brother, it is a powerful reminder to fallible humanity, still beligerently carrying on a series of lesser wars, of the fearful harvest of youthful bloom that is gathered, during war, by the four horsemen of the Apocalypse.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

"Civilian Clothes," in which William Courtenay and an excellent company are playing at the Curran, is one of the brightest comedies of the day. In the hero of the play, a fine, manly young captain just mustered out of service, Mr. Courtenay has a rôle in which he is at his best. In the opening scenes he gives an admirable portrayal of the uncouth bearing of the soldier just returned to civilian garb and unused to the ways of polite society. The other players in the cast show a full appreciation of the demands of their respective parts and give a commendable example of the good effect of team work. Dorothy Dickinson and Frances Underwood do especially good work in parts that stand out with prominence, and the other players are not less worthy of praise. The engagement at the Curran will continue through next week.

The Alcazar.

From the adventures of "Polly with a Past" the New Alcazar Company turns next Sunday matinee to William Collier's latest New York hit, "Nothing But Lies." In a former farce Collier depicted the perplexities of a conscientious young fellow who got himself disliked because he would tell nothing but the truth. In the new frivolity, "Nothing But Lies," by Aaron Hoffman, the hero accumulates peck after peck of trouble because of his unblushing activities as a falsifier. He lies a whole outfit of characters out of the clutches of the law, out of false propaganda of social "reform"; he lies himself out of trouble and back to love, happiness, and laughter; he lies everybody into the sunlight of truth and he does his lying genially and humorously, like a hero, a genius, and a gentleman.

To follow, December 14th, comes Max Marcini's detective drama, "The House of Glass."

The Alcazar this year observes its annual holiday custom of double-heading performances on New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, when "A Full House," a hilarious farce-comedy by Fred Jackson, will be in accord with the carnival spirit of San Francisco. Seats are now selling rapidly and early reservations are advisable.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum programme for next week is made up of the finest acts in vaudeville.

Elizabeth Brice and Will Morrissey have always been names to conjure with. Recently, however, they have not been prominent in vaudeville because when the Overseas Theatre League was started they formed one of the units and for nearly a year were overseas. When they returned to the United States they organized "The Overseas Revue," which later played in New York under the title of "Toots Sweet." This was a mixture of the humorous side of the soldier's life. Of course a revue requires a big cast, and Mr. Morrissey engaged the best players he could possibly secure. The most prominent of these were Harold Whalen, Tom McGuire, Lieutenant McPherson, Mlle. Jeanette Tournier, Earl Dore, and under the title of "The Overseas Revue" the piece scored an emphatic hit.

Al and Fanny Stedman will indulge in

"Pianocapers." Miss Stedman is an eccentric comedienne who has been the success of several of the most popular musical comedies, and Mr. Stedman shines as a composer, song writer, pianist, and comedian.

Frank Jerome and "Big" Herbert describe themselves as "Versatile Vendors of Varieties." They furnish a quarter of an hour's entertainment.

Sam Green and Helen Myra are always popular. Mr. Green first came into prominence as the crazy fiddler with Blossom Secley and Miss Myra is a violinist and comedienne.

"The Beginning of the World," a futuristic color play performed by living colors, with Mlle. Laluce as "The Spirit of Color," is said to be the prettiest and most elaborate scenic novelty in vaudeville.

The comedy "Indoor Sports" and Maud Lambert and Ernest R. Ball will be the remaining acts.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Two Virtues," a comedy by Alfred Sutro, will have its first presentations in San Francisco at the Maitland Playhouse during the week beginning Tuesday matinee and night, December 9th.

"The Two Virtues" was first produced in this country by E. H. Sothern. It had its initial presentation in London, England, under the direction of Sutro himself, and with George Alexander in the central rôle.

The production of "The Two Virtues" is in line with Director Arthur Maitland's policy of offering not only famous plays of literary and dramatic value, but of giving San Francisco playgoers the opportunity of seeing worthy comedies and dramas that through their intimate character are not generally produced in theatres of great capacity.

"The Two Virtues" is essentially a play of charm and romance, possessed of the brightest and most sparkling of lines. The action revolves around the love of Jeffery Pantan, author and book collector, for his secretary, a charming young widow. The author is unconscious of his love for a long time, and the way in which he becomes conscious of his sentimental attitude is brought about delightfully.

Arthur Maitland will have the rôle of the author, Pantan, played in the East by E. H. Sothern, and he should fit the part patly. Ann O'Day is to be the object of his love, and there will be congenial rôles for J. Anthony Smythe, May Nannery, Ardell Cummings, and the other favorites.

This Saturday night's performance will be the last of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida."

Tetrazzini.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini will, by the time this article is in print, again be in our midst and preparing for her "home-coming" at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday (December 7th) at 2:30 sharp.

For the past four years Mme. Tetrazzini has devoted her art exclusively to the cause of the Allies and toured continental Europe in aid of charity. Her most successful concerts were given in Italy and Paris. On April 1st the "takings" of Tetrazzini's Red Cross concert at the Paris Opera House amounted to the amazing sum of 500,000 francs. With Mme. Tetrazzini at her concert Sunday will be a concert company consisting of Mayo Wadler, violinist; Warren Proctor, tenor, and Pietro Cimara at the piano.

Symphony Orchestra.

Horace Britt will be soloist again on Sunday afternoon, December 7th, in the Curran Theatre, when the regular repeat concert of the fifth pair of concerts is to be played. Britt's contribution will be the same with which he made such a fine impression on Friday, Lalo's Concerto in D minor, one of the most ambitious compositions ever written for violoncello and orchestra.

Britt was born in Antwerp, Belgium, and he early achieved fame as a soloist on his instrument, following which he gained an enviable reputation as an orchestral player. Before coming to San Francisco Britt was associated with many famous symphony orchestras, including the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and the New York Philharmonic.

The important number for this orchestra alone on Sunday will be Haydn's G Major Symphony, generally called the "Military" Symphony. Volkman's overture, "Richard III," based on the Shakespearean tragedy, will be the remaining number of a programme on which all the numbers are new to this orchestra.

The fifth "Pop" concert of the new season is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, December 14th, in the Curran. Those anticipating attendance should make immediate reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

"Members' Concert."

Following its custom of the last few seasons, the Musical Association of San Francisco, sustaining body of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will give a concert of light music, complimentary to its members,



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on Thursday evening, December 11th, beginning at 9 o'clock, in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel.

Conductor Alfred Hertz has contrived a delightful programme of light music for the affair. The soloists are to be Emilio Puyans and Kajetan Attl, chief flautist and harpist, respectively, of the organization. The programme:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Concerto for Flute and Harp with Orchestra.....Mozart
Messrs. Puyans and Attl
Piedmontese Dances.....Sinigaglia
Scherzo, Pizzicato Ostinato, from Fourth Symphony.....Tchaikovsky
"The Enchanted Lake".....Lidlov
"Kikimora".....Lidlov
Morceau "Liebesfreud" (Love's Joy).....Boccherini
"Molly on the Shore".....Kreiser
Grainger

The condor is the only bird that keeps its offspring in the nest for a year. The young can not fly for twelve months after being hatched.

The cost to the London Corporation of admitting the Prince of Wales to the freedom of the city was \$1813.

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Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. mat., 50c to \$1.50

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Wm. Collier's Latest Laughing Hit

Sun., Dec. 14—Max Marcini's Great Drama

"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"

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All Seats \$1. SECURE NOW.

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ELIZABETH BRICE in the "OVERSEAS REVUE," with WILL MORRISSEY and Company of 20; AL and FANNY STEDMAN in "Pianocapers"; FRANK JEROME and "BIG" HERBERT, Versatile Vendors of Varieties; SAM GREEN and HELEN MYRA in Their Merry Moments; "THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD," a Futuristic Color Play Performed by Living Colors, with Mlle. Laluce as "The Spirit of Color"; "INDOOR SPORTS," a Comedy by Harlan Thompson and Hugh Herbert; MAUD LAMBERT, the Charming Musical-Comedy Favorite, and ERNEST R. BALL, the Popular Composer.

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—Douglas 70.

VANITY FAIR.

To those of us who belong to an earlier and a more modest age, it seems to be now a surprisingly easy matter to find one's way into society and to marry a society wife. Whether the game is worth the candle is another matter.

These sagacious reflections are suggested by a divorce suit that is receiving large space in Eastern newspapers. It seems that a young man of presentable appearance—his name or alleged name does not matter—made his appearance one day in Washington, D. C. He said that he was a surgeon in the British army and had been wounded. He said that he was a friend of various distinguished persons in England. He said that he had a large income derived from various sources. He said that he had been an ambulance driver with the A. E. F., and he said that he was acquainted with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. One wonders why his claims were so moderate. Probably he himself wondered when he found that he was implicitly believed. He had not one scrap of evidence to sustain his assertions. He was introduced by no one. No one in Washington had ever seen him before. He had no letters. His solitary credential, if it can be called a credential, was a parcel of war photographs which any one could buy for a dollar or two. If only he had known how easy was the game he would have said he was the late Czar. And he would have got away with it.

Now one can understand that an interesting young man should be indolently received

by a lot of unemployed people who like to hear war stories from a good raconteur. After all, they might say, what does it matter? perhaps with a memory of the parental shirtsleeves, but not of the parental collar, at the dinner-table. But the gallant visitor was not content to lounge around the supper and billiard rooms of the socially elect. No mere butterfly this. For some two years ago he laid sudden siege to the heart of a young lady of twenty-two, described as a "society belle" and not wholly destitute of this world's goods, and summarily married her after a courtship of seventeen days. No inquiries whatever were made. It occurred to no one that appearances are deceptive, and that things are not always what they seem. The least inquiry would have revealed the single fact that various checks, cashed by the credulous, had been returned by the bank. But there was no inquiry. A baby was born. Nearly a year passed away, and a man who did not own a cent in the world was still able to pose as a gentleman, a soldier, a surgeon, and a man of wealth.

The divorce suit shows that he was none of these. He was a clerk in the office of a London lawyer. He had a wife and two children in England. He had forged checks and escaped to America on a forged passport. He had not been in the war. He knew no distinguished people. The American wife now wants, not only a divorce, but a court declaration that her child is legitimate.

A newspaper report says that such a story could hardly be found outside the domain of fiction. On the contrary it could be found, in its essentials, in every big city wherever the socially elect are content to receive any one and every one who might be beguiled into marrying some of its surplus maidenhood, and "no questions asked."

Who has not wished at some time or other for a cup of coffee, just a plain cup of coffee without fixings, trimmings, or additions? Doubtless it is theoretically possible to enter a good restaurant and ask for a cup of coffee, only that and nothing more. But it takes the hide of a pachyderm to do it, to withstand the scorn of the waiter, unvoiced but transfixing, and to find solace in the consciousness of rectitude. There is sad need of an establishment where the purchase of a cup of coffee is all that is expected of one, and if the experience of other countries is a criterion there is considerable reward awaiting him who shall supply it.

The three sons of Mr. Roosevelt are about to make the venture in New York. If it succeeds—and it will, with good management—they will extend their venture to other cities. Their New York coffee house has just been opened, and their manager, Mr. Salazar, tells us that Kermit Roosevelt, when in Brazil some years ago, became interested in the

coffee of that country and talked over the matter with his brothers before the war started. As soon as the fighting was over he took up the matter again and the coffee house was opened. It is at 108 West Forty-Fourth Street and calls itself "The Brazilian Coffee House."

Mr. Salazar says that it is not a restaurant, and he wants that clearly understood.

"The law required that we incorporate as a restaurant, but we are a coffee house, a real coffee house, like those in London several centuries ago, and similar to the ones at present in Paris and cities in Brazil. We do not serve food enough to be classed as a restaurant, only a little pastry and sandwiches with our coffee. Every day, also, we have on the menu a Brazilian dish for such persons as want a light lunch.

"But it is coffee in which we are mainly interested, and we will sell it to drink or to carry home. In the first place, the American people don't really know how to appreciate good coffee. They prepare it either in the percolator or by boiling. We make it like tea, by pouring boiling water over coffee through a specially prepared strainer. We are willing to show any one who desires to learn how to roast and prepare the coffee in the real Brazilian manner. In this connection I would say that in America the tendency is not to roast the coffee sufficiently. To serve poorly roasted coffee is injurious to the health, as only by roasting can the poison—caffeine—he eradicated."

At the coffee house little side tables have been arranged where a customer can drink his coffee and, if he chooses, write letters. Both writing paper and ink are furnished, the former embellished by the head, "Brazilian Coffee House."

Kermit Roosevelt and his mother are now in South America arranging for direct shipments of coffee. The Roosevelts fix their capitalization at \$9600.

A Frenchman living in Mongolia has just had his marriage annulled in a French court on the ground that his marriage was performed neither before a French diplomatic officer, nor "according to the usages of the country in which the marriage is performed." French law demands one or the other.

Now in Mongolia one takes one's wife by force or buys her. Pretty much the same custom prevails here, but we don't put it quite so bluntly. A wife, if young, costs five camels, but an old widow costs thirty or forty camels. It is not easy to estimate these things in a currency of camels, but if we happened to possess any camels we would do almost anything to get rid of them.

These Mongolians must be an intelligent people, in spite of their clumsy coinage. What admirable good sense to appraise an old widow at five times the price of a young girl. Obviously it is so, and our own standards are incredibly stupid. In addition to the invaluable experience that has been acquired by the old widow, her presumably sedate demeanor, her freedom from the costly vanities of youth, just consider how much one is spared in the anxieties, the jealousies, and the heart-burnings incidental to the possession of a young girl.

And how these dear old ladies must fancy themselves in Mongolia. How proudly they must watch the arrival of the circus when the wedding day dawns and forty prancing camels are pawing the ground on the front piazza. Consider the supercilious disdain with which they will regard the gay little flapper across the road, and the five wretched camels that are considered to be her equivalent. We do not live in Mongolia and we have no camels, but if a happier fate had cast our lot on those far eastern shores, with what avidity we would have dropped camel after camel in our little savings bank—of course we speak metaphorically—until we had acquired the wherewithal to purchase an old widow and so live happily ever afterwards.

At the moment of going to press a base commercial thought enters our sordid mind. Would it be possible to work up an export trade in old widows?

Blois Returns to France.

Blois, that picturesque chateau city of France, familiar to thousands of American soldiers during the war as the first stop after a vacation in a hospital, is once more a part of the French Republic. It has lost all traces of the American invasion that made a lonely doughboy almost believe he was back in the United States (according to Hudson Hawley, European correspondent of the *Home Sector*).

Hawley gives this description of a tour about Blois a year after it was enjoying its greatest tourist season in history: "You wouldn't know now, just looking at it casually (as most of the A. E. F. did), that Blois had ever had a Yank in it at all. The drowsy little town on the bank of the Loire, after its hectic year of tooting sergeants' whistles, honking truck horns, arm-waving M. P.'s and blaring Yank bands, has gone back again to its long sleep, to dream of the great kings and courtiers who once thronged its splendid chateau.

tau. You can walk into any café you like and order anything you want at any hour, and no one says you nay. You can search all day long for service stripes or divisional insignia in the tailor shops and come away empty-handed. You can wander up to the caserne with a pack on your back and ask as loudly as you please for the commanding officer of the reclassification camp, but all you will get for your pains will be a polite, smiling 'no compree' from the poilu sentry at the big gate."

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STORYETTES.

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An English barrister, arguing before the criminal court, remarked with much solemnity to the presiding justice: "My lord, there is honor among thieves." The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea water," he replied, "but it can't be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir."

The Human Encyclopedia had answered more than 10,000 questions correctly and was about to retire, when a man in the rear of the hall shouted: "Just one more question, please." "State your question, sir," smiled the Human Encyclopedia confidently. "When is a trolley car full?" asked the man.

Chairman Hays said the other day to a political reporter: "Your attack on the senator was unjust. You misinterpreted the man's words. You were as bad as Villiers. Villiers and a young lady were conversing on an ocean

pier while the bathers down below sported in the breakers or idly strolled the beach. Suddenly the young lady said: 'Doesn't that skinny bather look like Helen Gray?' Villiers nodded. 'She sure does,' he said, 'but I don't call her bathing suit gray. It's blue.'"

"Two bags and a bathbox," said the tourist who was traveling for the first time in Scotland, on arriving at a little wayside station. The porter mournfully collected the articles and put them on board a cab. "And, by the way, porter," said the passenger, "what do they usually give you here for a tip?" The porter jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "See yon big hoose amang the trees?" he asked. "Yes, but what has that got to do with it?" "Weel, that's the workhouse and it's fu' o' auld railway porters."

"The never-ending struggle between capital and labor reminds me," says Senator Johnson, "of a suspicious-looking customer who was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar that he had bought at a rival

shop. 'Let me weigh the package,' said the grocer. The other assented, and the package was found to weigh only eight pounds. The man looked perplexed for a moment and then said: 'Oh, well, I don't think he cheated me much; for while he was getting the sugar I pocketed two tins of condensed milk.'"

The visitor to the lawyer's office stood in amazement. "I say, old man!" he exclaimed. "What ever has happened to you? Had a motor smash or what?" The lawyer shook his head wearily as he gingerly touched his bruised and bandaged face. "No. You remember that case the other day when I defended a man charged with assault? Well, I made a strong plea for him on the ground that he was a fool rather than a criminal." "Yes, but—" "I did it so well that he was acquitted and he waited for me outside the court."

When an editor-in-chief of one of the motion-picture magazines recently got married some one suggested that the bridegroom make a little speech. The young man, being unusually reticent, showed his unwillingness to do so by blushing and stammering his apologies, and this only made his friends more persistent. They continued urging him until he was finally obliged to make some kind of an attempt. He arose awkwardly, and as he stood beside his bride he unconsciously placed his hand lightly on her shoulder and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, this has been thrust upon me—" He was interrupted by much laughter and applause, and he immediately sat down in hopeless confusion.

Turning the joke back on the other fellow was a great stunt for Barnum, the circus king, and recalls an episode of his tour of England. One day he met a man named Anderson who was a magician and billed himself as "The Wizard of the North." Anderson lured Barnum to a dinner at which both were strangers, and thinking to have a little fun, introduced Barnum to the assemblage as "The Wizard of the North." Not the least taken aback, Barnum gracefully acknowledged the introduction, and bowing to the assemblage, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, 'The Wizard of the North' gives his first show Monday night, and as you are now all my friends I would like to have you accept passes to see the opening performance," and he began writing passes as fast as he could. Anderson stood it as long as he could, but finally, with visions of having to do his first show to a dead-head audience, he weakened and confessed.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Battledore and Shuttlecock.

I wrote a piece for *Life*—
And sold it to the *Nation*.
(Oh indecorous strife!)
I wrote a piece for *Life*
About a preacher's wife
Who coveted salvation;
I wrote a piece for *Life*
And sold it to the *Nation*.

For the *Nation* I wrote it—
A thing called "The Motet
As Chiaroscuro";
But that editor's bureau
Saw through with sagacity
My attempt at opacity
And so in the end, a one-to-ten bet,
My whimsical punnity.
Appeared as profundity
Dished up quite solemnly in the *Smart Set*.

I'd the *Smart Set* in mind
When my essay, "The Freudian
And His Quarry," I signed.
I'd have wagered at Lloydian
Superodds I'd see
The skit there, not once doubting;
As a hunt *jeu d'esprit*
It was printed in *Outing*.

For *Outing* I projected a short squib
On "Flies a Flicker Over Placid's Bosom,"
Retailing, from experience *ad lib*
As piscator, the proper way to use 'em.
A plupietic title and no jest
Withal; yet are the muses given to sleeping,
For in a column dubbed "The Household Pest"
My paper saw the light in *Good Housekeeping*.

The editors of *Good Housekeeping*
Might, had they wished, have gleaned the reaping
When unto them I proffered my
"Vanities of the New Versailles."
Ripe fashion doped in sooth it was,
But Chance invoked her flippant laws
And as an anti-Wilson hit
The *New Republic* printed it.

The *New Republic* should have run it—
It would have fitted like a bunny—
My "Apologia Apassionata";
But in the end 'twas *Treat 'Em Rough*
Laid down my esoteric stuff
Between two columns labeled "Tut" and
"Ta-ta."

For *Treat 'Em Rough* I starched a mot
That got into *Life's* laundry bag.
(The décolleté was rather low.)
For *Treat 'Em Rough* I starched a mot,
A waggish bit that was *de trop*
Because so plainly by a wag.
For *Treat 'Em Rough* I starched a mot
That got into *Life's* laundry bag.
—Stanley Kidder Wilson, in *New York Evening Post*.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Sherman announce the engagement of their daughter, Elsie, to Mr. Julian H. Alco. Although no date has been set for the wedding, it will probably be an event of the early spring. Mr. Alco is the son of Mrs. Mary Alco, now a resident of this city, and a grandson of Mr. Emanuel Lewis, recently deceased.

The marriage of Miss Marion Winston of Los Angeles and Mr. Reginald C. Jenkins was solemnized Thanksgiving Day in the southern city, Bishop Cantwell officiating. The ceremony was held at the Cathedral. Owing to the recent death of the bride's aunt, Mrs. James Polk, only relatives were present at the services and neither bride nor bridegroom was attended. Mrs. Jenkins spent the summer in Menlo Park with the Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe. She is the niece of Miss Louise Bradbury and Mr. Lewis Bradbury of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Miss Mary Emma Flood and Miss Barbara Donohoe. In the party were Miss Elizabeth Adams, Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Helen Garritt,

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Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Catherine Shoemaker, Miss Caroline Shoemaker, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, and Miss Emelie Tubbs.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a dinner last evening at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Heeksber gave a hunt breakfast Thanksgiving Day at their Long Island home in honor of Miss Ysabel Chase, who is their house guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali entertained a group of friends at dinner last evening.

Mrs. James Flood entertained at luncheon Wednesday in compliment to Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle. The guests were Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Josephine Donohoe, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Timothy Hopkings, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Mary Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger gave a dinner Monday evening, their guests having included Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Orel Goldareena, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at tea Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Helen Foster of Seattle and Miss Mary Boardman.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett entertained at tea Saturday afternoon, in their party having been Colonel and Mrs. Eben Swift, Colonel and Mrs. Kelly, Colonel and Mrs. Moore Falls, Colonel and Mrs. John Hemphill, Major and Mrs.

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Richard Eskbridge, Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith, Mrs. Philip Wales, Mrs. Sue Merriman, Mrs. Walter Wright, Miss Augusta Foutte, and Colonel Garesché Ord, U. S. A.

Miss Dorothea Powell of Stockton gave a luncheon a few days ago at the Palace, her guests having included Miss Mora MacDonald, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Adèle Chevalier, Miss Janice Ewer, and Miss Laura Miller.

Miss Mora MacDonald entertained at luncheon last week in Piedmont, Miss Grace Williams having been the guest of honor. Those who attended the affair included Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Adèle Chevalier, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Virginia Smith, and Miss Elizabeth Bliss.

Miss Claire Knight was the complimented guest at a luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. J. H. Dieckmann.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris gave a dance Saturday evening for their niece, Miss Jane Carigan.

Mrs. Frank Fuller entertained at luncheon Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club for the friends of Miss Margaret Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson gave a dinner Saturday evening, having among their guests Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Miss Coralia Mejia, Miss Ursula Hooper, Mr. Carlos Greeley, and Mr. Frank Kennedy.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Miss Mary Emma Flood entertained at dinner Tuesday evening before the Farquharson dance, having as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Lawrence, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Owen Thompson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. William Hendrickson.

Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., chaperoned a group at tea Saturday afternoon at the St. Francis. In the party were Miss Anne Peters, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Mr. Orel Goldareena, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. William Veach, Lieutenant Stewart, and Mr. Cosmo Morgan.

Preceding the dance given at the San Francisco Golf Club house Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson in honor of their niece, Miss Cunningham of London, Miss Mora MacDonald entertained with a dinner at Rainbow Lane Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Clare Knight, Miss Jessie Knowles, Mr. Blair Brooks, Mr. Percy Morgan, Mr. Van Dyke Johns, Mr. Stuart Helmann, and Mr. George McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Jr., are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Saslavsky Concert.

The second concert of the Saslavsky Chamber Music Society is to be given Tuesday afternoon, December 9th, at 3:30, in Sorosis Hall. The artists are Alexander Saslavsky, violin; Otto King, 'cello, and Marie Sloss, piano.

The Late Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mrs. Hill was a Californian born, daughter of the late R. H. Sterling of Napa, and with the exception of a few years passed in New York and Philadelphia, her life was spent here. To native kindness and grace of character she added an abounding energy long exercised in an active social career, both before her marriage and after. Her home was for many years a centre of hospitality, and the influences radiating from it are still to be reckoned among the forces of our social life. In recent years, more particularly since the death of Mr. Hill some six or seven years ago, she had lived in practical retirement—much of the time at the country home of her son near Los Altos. Death came as the climax of protracted illness, yielding to a weary spirit surcease and rest. There are many to mourn, and none with deeper grief than the narrowing circle of early friendships formed in the old Napa Seminary and later in Mme. Zitska's Institute in this city.

Mrs. Hill leaves an only son—Horace Hill Jr., of San Francisco and Los Altos. A.

Ferrier Opera Company.

Mr. Ferrier, the great tenor of the Sarah Bernhardt company, has organized an opera company here to give seven representations of the comic opera "The Bells of Corneville" in its original spirit. He has surrounded himself with professional singers, including Mlle. Gustin Ferrier, who holds first prize of the National Conservatory of Paris; Yvonne Michele, lyric soprano; Levine Perrine, C. Moncla, André Ferrier, tenor; Amandes, baritone of the Philadelphia Opera Company; Camby, and others. Professional chorus and a well-selected ballet comprising twelve dancing girls. New scenery, new costumes, and a complete orchestra under the direction of Maestro Hazelrigg, who has conducted this opera over 500 times.

These representations will be given at the Knights of Columbus Theatre, 150 Golden Gate Avenue, which has been specially refitted for the occasion, to open December 27th; 28th, matinée and night; 31st, night; January 3d, night; 4th, matinée and night.

United States government experts have listed twelve woods, 102 harks, nine leaves, three roots, and seventeen fruits and seeds that grow in Latin America as yielding tanning materials of industrial value.

CURRENT VERSE.

In the Woods.

I was in the woods today.
And the leaves were spinning there,
Rich appeared in decay,—
In decay more wholly fair
Than in life they ever were.

Gold and rich barbaric red
Freakt with pale and sapless vein,
Spinning, spinning, spun and sped
With a little sob of pain
Back to harboring earth again.

Long in homely green they shone
Through the summer rains and sun,
Now their humbleness is gone
Now their little season run.
Pomp and pageantry begun.

Sweet was life, and buoyant breath,
Lovely too; but for a day
Issues from the house of death
Yet more beautiful array:
Hark, a whisper—"Come away."

One by one they spin and fall,
But they fall in regal pride:
Dying, do they hear a call
Rising from an ebbless tide,
And, hearing, are beatified?

—From "Poems," by John Drinkwater. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Winds.

Oh, when the wind comes stealing
From far and far away,
You have the strangest feeling
There's something it could say.
It whispers, whispers, trying
To tell the thing it knows,
But somehow can't, and sighing,
Away, away it goes.

And sometimes it comes singing
A song of fairyland,
A secret message bringing
I almost understand.

I see the flowers rousing,
And nodding when they hear,
But soon again they're drowsing . . .
I think that winds are queer.

I wonder if the wild winds
Are those grown old and sad?
Oh, I love best the child winds,
So little and so glad!
And are the gusty wild winds
The big boy winds at play?
They're not so nice as my winds
That laugh and run away!

When winter winds are howling,
And all is gray and cold,
The poor old world seems scowling,
And sorry, too, and old.
But when a child wind's blowing,
Out of a sky all blue,
To set the green things growing,
The world seems glad and new!

—Edna Kingley, in "From Wonderings and Other Things." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co

The Poets.

We need you now, strong guardians of our hearts.
Now, when a darkness lies on sea and land,
When we of weakening faith forget our parts
And bow before the falling of the sand.
Be with us now or we betray our trust
And say, "There is no wisdom but in death!"—
Remembering lovely eyes now closed with dust—
"There is no beauty that outlasts the breath."
For we are growing blind and can not see
Beyond the clouds that stand like prison-bars,
The changeless regions of our empery,
Where once we moved in friendship with the stars.

O children of the light, now in our grief
Give us again the solace of belief.
—From "The New Day," by Scudder Middleton.
Published by the Macmillan Company.

The Dawn-Child.

While in a wilderness of woods I lay
My counterpart of stars was drawn away,
And there upon the breast of drowsy earth
I watched the tresses of old Night turn gray.

The eastern hills were rimmed with saffron light.
And on their ridge, in burning robes bedight,
The Dawn-child with his rounded, rosy cheeks
Blew on the embers in the camp of Night.

Down in the valley of the sleeping lake,
Below the mist, I heard a heron wake;
The startled challenge of a sambhur stag
Belled from the dripping tangle of the brake.

Then all the jungle cocks awoke and crew,
While still the Dawn-child at his camp-fire blew,
Until the monkeys huddled on the boughs
Hooted and shook upon me showers of dew.

Night moved away before triumphant morn.
Decked in the gold his dying sire had worn;
But still the deeper secrets of the wood
Were clothed in shadows from her mantle torn.

The Dawn-child's footsteps on the sky gave birth
To roses where they pressed, and from the earth
Sprang dewy scents as blossoms opened their eyes,
And steam from camp-fires, and a song of mirth
—From "Poems in Captivity," by John Lane Company.

The necessity of purchasing foreign coal might be relieved by developing the water power of France, which is estimated at 10,000,000 horsepower, as compared with 7,000,000 horsepower for Norway and 6,000,000 horsepower for Sweden. Before the war only about 750,000 horsepower was used, but a further 450,000 horsepower was developed during the war, and by the end of 1921 1,600,000 horsepower, or 16 per cent. of France's resources, will be worked.

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The Toyon.

The California Wild Flower Conservation League, through its secretary, Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, has started a campaign for the protection of the toyon or Christmas holly berries, which is threatened with extinction if not protected from the ruthless motorists and hunters for Christmas decorations who are mutilating and ruining the trees. On a Sunday afternoon, or holidays, one may meet long processions of automobiles almost invariably laden with houghs and branches of the beautiful red berries. The trees eventually die from the rough treatment to which they are subjected. An effort will be made to secure legislative protection in the near future.

Recently, it was announced, that the last of the crossing-sweepers had vanished from the West End of London, driven out of business by the mechanical broom and the street orderly boy. This, however, is not quite correct. There is one old fellow who still sticks to his regular pitch in a turning off the Cromwell Road, and another sweeps his crossing daily in a well-known Kensington square. Time was when crossing-sweeping was a recognized and lucrative business, and a well-patronized pitch would frequently change hands at a good price. Indeed, in 1898, there appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* an advertisement offering for sale the good-will of one in Upper Brook Street for the fairly respectable sum of £100.

China's foreign population at the last count was 220,500.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Count and Countess André de Limur arrived Tuesday from France and will spend the winter in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker. Miss Helen Crocker accompanied them from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran have returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman has arrived from Washington to remain over the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Morrison.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor is visiting in Washington as the house guest of Commander and Mrs. Emery Winship.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Miss Schwerin will return from New York in January. The marriage of Miss Schwerin and Mr. Lawrence McCrery will take place in April.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower of Philadelphia is visiting in San Francisco and will leave for Southern California after the first of the year. She will be joined for the Christmas holidays by her son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. William Robertson, the former of whom is commandant of Mather Field near Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop, who returned from their wedding trip last week, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joel Raas.

Mr. William Gwin left Saturday for New York en route to France.

Mrs. Edward Selfridge will return next week from Washington.

Mrs. Louis Long of Santa Barbara has been spending a fortnight with her mother, Mrs. Milton Burns, in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their

daughters returned Monday from their ranch in Sonoma County, where they passed Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Arthur Lord and Miss Celia O'Connor have returned from a brief sojourn at Del Monte.

Mrs. George Boyd and Miss Jean Boyd returned Monday from a brief stay at their San Rafael home.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron have returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and their children have returned to town from Del Monte.

Mrs. Howard Renshaw, who has been staying at the Palace since her arrival from New York, will leave next week for Southern California.

Sir Frank Popham-Young has returned from a visit to the Atlantic coast.

The Misses Catherine and Jane Vail have returned to Menlo Park, after having spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara, who have taken the residence of Mrs. Ashton Potter for the winter.

Miss Mary Boardman arrived last week from Fort Bayard, New Mexico and will remain here until the close of next week.

Mrs. William Porter has taken Mrs. Edgar Preston's apartment for the winter. Mrs. Preston is in New York.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore is visiting in Boston with her cousin, Mrs. Warren Childs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell have been spending their wedding trip in Southern California. They will reside in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned from a visit to their ranch at Pleyto.

Mrs. Henry Crocker returned Monday from a brief stay at Del Monte.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elena Eyre, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., and Mr. Marshall Madison were members of a party that spent Thanksgiving together at Del Monte.

Mrs. James Drake and Mrs. Mary Longstreet of Los Angeles are visiting Captain and Mrs. R. H. Miner in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard arrived Tuesday from the Atlantic coast and are at their San Mateo home.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, who spent Thanksgiving in Sacramento with Governor and Mrs. Stephens, has left for Los Angeles to join his ship, the *New Mexico*.

Miss Cornelia Kemper of San Luis Obispo spent a few days of last week in San Francisco with Miss Helen St. Goar, having come north to meet her brother, Lieutenant Warren Runyon Kenyon, who has just returned from France.

Mrs. Charles Wright of Philadelphia has gone to Santa Barbara to spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Mazie Langhorne Hammond will arrive from New York shortly before Christmas. She is with Commander and Mrs. Parker in Boston.

Miss Lucia Sherman, who is attending Vassar, will come to San Francisco for the Christmas holidays.

Countess d'Ursel of Belgium is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe.

Mrs. A. L. Sayre of Fresno and Mr. Logan Sayre are spending several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have taken a house in San Mateo Park for the winter. At present they are staying at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Spreckels, who have been spending a fortnight in San Francisco, left Tuesday for New York. They will sail the 15th of December for France and later will join Mrs. Spencer Eddy on the Riviera, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have taken Miss Etta Warren's house at Steiner and Jackson Streets for the winter months.

Mr. Douglas Alexander and Mr. Russell Wilson have taken apartments for the season at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman have gone to Portland to visit Mr. Charles Ehrman.

Mr. John Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd will spend the winter in town, having taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen for the season.

Miss Katherine Ramsay is spending several weeks at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber returned a few days ago from the Atlantic coast and are at their ranch at Paicines.

Mrs. Alyah Kaime left yesterday for Santa Barbara, after a week's visit in town with Mrs. Macondray Moore. Mr. Kaime returned south several days ago.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Coleman, Fresno; Mr. A. E. Greenus, Seattle; Mr. P. A. Murray, Bakersfield; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Williams, Stockton; Mr. A. E. Patts, Australia; Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Stanley, San Quentin; Captain and Mrs. F. Gray, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cutts, Davis; Mr. and Mrs. C. Rae, Hollister; Mrs. F. A. Dixon, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kroner, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. H. G. Williams, Stockton.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Yoakum and son, Portland, Oregon; Mr. B. T. Dyer, Mr. F. B. Hutchins, Mr. L. J. Wadley, Los Angeles; Mr. Alexander M. MacLeod, London, England; Mr. E. R. Richards, Coalinga; Mr. H. S. Brinely, Seattle; Mr. M. J. Ferguson, Sacramento; Mr. William Connolly, Mr. John F. Mitchell, Los Angeles; Mr. E. M. Whittle, Seattle; Mr. M. M. Summerhayes, Mason City, Nevada; Mr. A. Emory Wilson, Fresno; Mr. A. A. Codd, Reno; Mr. John P. Plagemann, Portland; Mr. C. Z. Herbert, Eureka.

The original home and laboratory of Dr. Joseph Priestley, the famous chemist, who discovered oxygen in 1774, which is located on the banks of the Susquehanna River at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, was purchased recently by graduate chemists of the Pennsylvania State College, who plan to move it to the campus and make it a lasting memorial to the great scientist.

New York has the largest custom-house in the world. It was built at a cost of \$4,500,000.

Cat-tail Flour.

Long ago the Iroquois Indians used to dry and pulverize the roots of the cat-tails that grow so lavishly in American swamps and make flour for bread and puddings, but the fact seems to have been forgotten until quite recently. Remembering this incident in Indian domesticity, a later American has made such flour, and United States food experts have tested it. "Even 100 per cent. cat-tail flour," they report, "made biscuits that were not so different from those made with wheat flour," and "puddings made with cat-tail flour in them in place of cornstarch proved to be entirely satisfactory. The flavor produced by this flour is pleasing and palatable." There are thousands of acres of cat-tail in existence, capable of producing, it is estimated,

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"This is a real story, a great and gallant story. It is a well of deep feeling for the men, the horses, the dogs—for every live thing that can suffer in the torment of war. It is a flame of vision for the things that are to come. An inspiring book throughout."—*Washington Star*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Miss Possé (playfully)—I'm older than you think I am. *Mr. Blunt*—I doubt it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I'm afraid raw sugar is going to be scarce." "That will make no difference to us. We always use the cooked kind."—*Cleveland Press*.

"Why don't you want Jihhs? I think he is a promising man for your idea." "Maybe so, but this is a paying proposition."—*Baltimore American*.

Employer—There's a spirit of unrest among my men. *Visitor*—What about? *Employer*—Because they can not find any excuse to go out on a strike.—*Judge*.

"Mrs. Comeup has a great deal of loquacity." "Maybe so, but with all the war profits the old man has been making she can afford it."—*Baltimore American*.

First Lad—I hear Phyllis is going to marry a chap in the army. *Second Lad*—Well, I daresay a man who makes a business of war might be able to get on with her.—*Passing Show*.

The New Tenant—Yas, I've got a party of friends comin' dahn at the week-end, and I want plenty of cream and butter; so you 'ad better not milk the cows again till then.—*Judge*.

Visitor—My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house. *Cottager*—That's just what the doctor said, mum. But I don't see how it's a-goin' to hurt 'em.—*London Sketch*.

Angry Farmer (to dub golfer, who has driven into his growing crops)—Hi, you! You've got no business to be there. *Golfer*—I know. Rotten shot, wasn't it?—*Boston Transcript*.

"I know a hookkeeper who wanted to be an amateur acrobat, but he didn't make good at his first demonstration. He lost his balance." "What a pity! And it was his trial balance, too."—*Toledo Blade*.

The Squire—Well, George, and what did you think of London? *Village Worthy*—Oh, Lannon he a foine place, zur—a mighty foine place (*pouse*) it's a pity it haint better known.—*London Blighty*.

"Yes, grandma," said the fair young thing, "I am to be married during the bright and gladsome month of September." "But, my dear," said the old lady, earnestly, "you are

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very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?" "I am fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride, sweetly. "Seventeen gowns and three costumes."—*Tit-Bits*.

"I suppose you never saw coffee like that before," boasted the boarding-house lady proudly. "Oh, gosh!" ejaculated the war-hardened star hoarder. "The Marne was full of it."—*The Home Sector*.

Lowyer—Well, Rastus, as you want me to defend you, have you got any money? *Rostus*—No; but I've got a mule, some chickens, an' a hog or two. *Lowyer*—Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see—what do they accuse

you of stealing? *Rostus*—Oh, a mule, some chickens, an' a hog or two.—*Providence Journal*.

He had just given a long explanation of his lateness. "I don't believe a word of it," declared his wife. "That's where you're wrong, my dear," he replied. "Several words of it are true."—*Kansas City Star*.

"How old is your baby brother?" asked little Tommy of a playmate. "One year old," replied Johnny. "Ah!" exclaimed Tommy. "I've got a dog a year old and he can walk twice as well as your brother." "Well, so he ought to," replied Johnny; "he's got twice as many legs."—*London Sketch*.



The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2229.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 13, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President and the Treaty.

If it be true that President Wilson is looking to see the country rise in angry protest respecting the action of Congress in "Americanizing" the treaty he is likely to be grievously disappointed. So far from being resentful, the country approves and commends. Time and discussion, under the instruction of events in Europe and in view of the conditions in Mexico, are working steadily against the treaty without modifications and in favor of the limitations as finally defined by the Senate. It must be said of the President's position as it is represented by those who speak for him that he exhibits a petulance unworthy of his office. Under the Constitution it is the duty of the Senate to cooperate with the President in the business of entering into engagements with foreign countries. Its powers with respect to final action are coördinate with and equal to his own. His attitude appears to be that of an autocrat who will have his way or "ditch" the whole project. There is neither authority, logic, nor good manners in this pose. No other President has set himself up as one to whom all others must yield. No other President has failed to respect the views of the Senate and to cooperate with that body in coming to adjustments. Constitutional authority, common sense, and

the obligations of courtesy all impose upon the President the duty of dealing with the Senate in the matter of the treaty in the spirit of concession and good nature. Mr. Wilson will gain nothing by a display of angry or petulant resentment—neither acceptance of the treaty nor consideration for himself.

The obvious truth is that the project for the league of nations as prescribed and defined in the treaty is already discredited by the progress of events. The nations of Europe, large and small, have not changed their natures or their aims; and at a dozen points, including the Baltic provinces, Poland, Italy, and even in France, current procedures illustrate alike a lack of faith and lack of loyalty to the contract as drawn up. In our own country events connected with Mexico are illustrating the necessity, sooner or later, for independent initiative and independent action. The President may not see what is obvious to everybody else, namely, that the American people will not consent to be restricted in the formation and enforcement of policies on this continent at the hands of a tribunal made up largely of Europeans having no knowledge of our affairs and no logical right to have share or part in them.

Mr. Wilson will do well not to deceive himself with the notion that public sentiment will ultimately sustain his demand for acceptance of the treaty without limitations. The truth lies the other way about. The country neither wants nor will respect engagements under which the United States shall be made a party to every contention in Europe and that will make Europe a party to our domestic or semi-domestic affairs.

Concerning Freedom of Speech.

We hear these days a good deal about freedom of speech. It is an attractive formula. It falls trippingly from the tongue. None the less it is subject to varying interpretations. Reference is frequently made to freedom of speech in Great Britain, where any kind of a theorist or propagandist, or crank, is free to set up a soap-box in Hyde Park and say his say, whatever it may be. This permits overwrought radicalism to let off steam so to speak without doing harm. But let nobody believe that the British government tolerates a license of speech tending to impede or embarrass the essential purposes of government in the crises of national emergency or stress. Anybody who in the period of the late war should have attempted to exploit the cause of Germany or to discourage enlistment in the army or navy would quickly have found that there are limits to the British principle of freedom of speech.

In his first public utterance last week the new president of our State University announced his adherence to the principle of freedom of speech. We should be glad to know just what Dr. Barrows means by freedom of speech. If he means that any teacher in the university organization, drawing a salary from the state, and to whom has been committed the instruction of our youth, may have license to preach any kind of balderdash he pleases, unrestrained and unrebuked, then we must dissent. If Dr. Barrows' idea of freedom of speech would have permitted any teacher at Berkeley, during the late war, to plead the German cause, again we must dissent. Freedom on the part of a man detached and self-sustained to declare his opinions is one thing; freedom under state support, and in the name of a state institution of learning, is quite another thing. The State University is maintained by public taxation as a support of the public welfare. It would be a gross perversion of its purpose to permit any department of it to exploit theories which in their essence imply disloyalty to the principles upon which our system is founded.

This is not saying that all professors in the university shall hold standardized social and political ideas

and judgments, but it does imply that they must not in their teachings be disloyal to the civilization of our era, or, broadly speaking, to the system by which it is maintained. No duty incumbent upon the State University, an institution supported at the general charge, is more positive than that of training up the youth of the state in accepted principles of government and in loyalty to our established institutions.

To put the matter concretely, the State University must not be a school of socialistic or other propaganda, or a forum of social and political agitation. There is work more than enough for the university in its normal and legitimate sphere.

An Interesting Venture in Journalism.

A newspaper functioning through its editorial room as distinct from its business office—from its head rather than from its stomach—has long been a crying need at the seat of government. It is a misfortune and a scandal that Washington has lacked a public journal at once honest, outspoken, strong in its convictions, in steadfast support of principles. It is therefore a matter of special interest that Messrs. Herbert Hoover and Julius Barnes have taken over the Washington *Herald* with the presumed intent of making it a force in relation to the affairs of government. The course of the *Herald* under its new ownership and direction will be observed with intense interest by those who have long been under the conviction that the first need of our country is an informed, a conscientious and fearless journalism.

We venture a word of counsel to the new owners of the *Herald*. There are two ways by which a newspaper may be operated effectively from the standpoint of higher as distinct from merely commercial interest. One is for the men who own the paper to administer it personally. The other is to bring into its administration men strong enough in character and individuality to plow a straight course free from interference.

The course of an ordinary newspaper owner, not himself an editor, is to employ pliable and subservient creatures who are inevitably more intent to study the interest or whim of their employer than to deal independently with the subjects of journalistic attention. A newspaper thus organized quickly becomes flabby. The energies of its editorial mind are limited and diverted. It is tardy in initiative, and even when it strikes hard it is too often after the iron of opportunity has grown cold.

If Messrs. Hoover and Barnes will give to the *Herald* immediate and personal attention they will easily make it a great and worthy force. If they are to administer the paper through professional aids, then they must, if it is to be a vital thing, bring to its daily judgments and tasks brain, energy, and independence of character, under conditions of freedom.

There is in this country today no other need comparable in its importance with that for an intelligent, responsible, conscientious journalism. Ours is essentially a government by public opinion; and public opinion can not be judicious upon the basis of vitiated or insufficient information. Who that is familiar with the journalism of the country, particularly with our local journalism, does not know that our so-called newspapers habitually feed to their readers the poisons of misinformation, of false information, of interested and prejudiced judgments? This it is that is responsible for much that is amiss in the popular mind and in the practical working of our governments, municipal, state, national.

Messrs. Hoover and Barnes have, in the *Herald*, an opportunity of illustrating to the country the values which may be attached to a journalism conducted primarily for the purpose of informing the public and of so contributing to a sound public intelligence as

we have already said, is the necessary basis of rational government of the people by the people.

Again, Watchful Waiting.

It is obvious that nothing is to be done in respect of the Mexican crisis. In a diplomatic sense Secretary Lansing has marched the government uphill. The President, in due sequence with previous fiascos, is marching it down again. Obviously there is now to be another period of watchful waiting. In the meantime we shall accept whatever kicks and cuffs Carranza or Villa or any other Mexican may choose to put upon us.

It is probably true that, for all our great resources of men and means, we are not properly prepared for a movement upon Mexico. And it is further true that we will not be prepared until it shall be definitely understood by the country that we are entering upon the business of cleaning up Mexico in dead earnest. Americans are ready enough to enlist for a fight, but it must be known that the fight is to be in dead earnest. It is not easy to enlist an army in default of a definite exhibit of work to be done. A month ago the total strength of our military forces in continental United States was 171,916 men. The shrinkage is rapid, since men who enlisted for the European war have, for the most part, no disposition to military service under conditions of peace. At the present time detachments from service are at the rate of from 5000 to 10,000 per week, with enlistments at the rate of approximately 1000 per week. And this in spite of efforts on the part of the War Department to hold up the numerical strength of our continental force. The estimate of the general staff is that effectually to subdue Mexico and establish peace and order calls for a force of 450,000 men for a service of three years. Such a force can not be enlisted unless it shall be definitely known that there will be work for it to do.

In the last two or three weeks Secretary Lansing, with only an attenuated line of communication with the White House, has been doing what he has thought a Secretary of State ought to do. Intelligent opinion at Washington accredits him with favoring a policy of intervention and of cleaning up the mess. But he has gone forward in correspondence with the Mexican government without knowledge of the President's mind and without the united support of the cabinet, which, if the truth be told, is not united about anything. Lansing, we suspect, would be glad to see Congress, ignoring the President as practically incompetent through illness, take vigorous hold of the situation and enforce action where it has long been needed. There is small prospect that this will be done. The President, while incapable of active direction of affairs, is still in authority. Now as in the past his disposition is to palter with the Mexican situation, and probably he will do just this to the end of his official term.

Summed up and boiled down, the situation is about this: We have a thousand motives for proceeding against Mexico, and to clean up a chaos that has become chronic there. We have practically threatened to do it in our diplomatic correspondence, but the threat means nothing as against a fixed disposition on the part of the executive authority to back down and drift. We shall go on as we have been going this past seven or eight years. We shall continue to write diplomatic notes and to declare diplomatic protests. Carranza or whoever else may claim authority in Mexico will continue to flout us as they have been doing. Americans who elect to stand guard over their interests in Mexico will be subject to the chances of a disordered country. European nations, harried by our Monroe Doctrine from looking after their own interests, will continue to pile up bills of charges.

And this will go on until we shall have at Washington an administration with the hardihood to do what must eventually be done, namely, to march into Mexico and do there practically what we did in Cuba. Incidentally we shall probably have to make good to European countries their losses through the long period of disorder, losses which they would not have suffered if they had been free to move in protection of their own interests.

The Labor Party Movement.

The project for a distinct political organization in the name and cause of labor—of a labor party—is founded upon a false principle and in disregard of the political ideas and habits of the American people. Again and again attempts have been made to establish mass parties in this country, and always with the same

result—that of abject failure. Likewise attempts to maintain sectional parties, as the South discovered half a century ago, have resulted disastrously. No political party founded upon a selfish principle and in promotion of selfish purposes can sustain itself in a country where government is representative of all classes and all interests and is pledged to maintain equality of right.

Now, for several years there has been an element of organized labor which has looked to control of the government in the labor interest. But the most successful leaders of labor, notably Mr. Gompers, have not failed to see the fallacy in the project and to stand in opposition to it. To be sure we have come upon new times and new conditions, but there has been no change in the public mind that will bring it to acceptance or toleration of a political organization in a special class interest.

The projected labor party, if it shall be brought into existence, may have a brief period of over-exhilarated activity, but it will speedily share the fate of the so-called "American party" of a generation ago, and of the "Populist party" of more recent memory.

The High Cost of Government.

Dispatches from Washington represent Congress as "amazed" at the magnitude of demands presented by the Administration for operating the government next year. And not without reason, for the total of department estimates runs to the tidy sum of \$405,000,000 in excess of the appropriations for this past year. It had been presumed that with the cutting out of expenses growing out of the war the cost of operating the government would be greatly reduced, but with the exception of the Navy and the Postoffice departments, every branch of the government wants more money. The total demands, outside of routine requirements of two and one-half billions, foots up \$3,440,679,000.

The War Department, which in the present year has expended approximately \$800,000,000, asks for \$982,800,020, or an increase of \$210,475,142. It is plain that the riot of extravagance which marked the war period and the succeeding period of demobilization continues in augmenting ratio. Obviously something must be done in the way of retrenchment. Rich as the country is it can not afford in a time of peace to expend a grand total of \$5,000,000,000 for operation of the government machine.

In the amazing increase of demands on government account we are reaping the natural fruit of operating a great business establishment through agents minus business experience impressed with the reckless notion that there is no limit to the ability of the country to provide money and with the further notion that prudence in expenditures is not incumbent upon Federal officials.

It is of course inevitable that taxes will be high for some years to come. The debt contracted on war account must be paid, and there is no way to pay it excepting by drafts upon the country. But there is no reason why the ordinary expenses of the government should be advanced to double or treble the figures with which we have been familiar in recent times. A reckless administration must be curbed by prudent counsels in Congress. It must not be permitted that practices of our extravagances shall become so fixed in precedent and habit as to become a permanent burden. Congress has a duty which must be met, not by niggardliness, but in the spirit of conscientious prudence and of wholesome economy.

Concerning a Budget.

President Wilson's recommendation of a budget system comes in sequence with a previous appeal from the Executive as far back as the Taft administration. The demand in effect is for a coördinated fiscal project to be presented each year in unified form and made subject to exposition and explanation. But there are budgets and budgets; and in revising our system care should be taken not to make matters worse in the sacred name of reform. The British budget is the familiar illustration of the budget idea. It is made up by the cabinet and presented to the House of Commons, which definitely holds the power of the purse. It has been proposed practically to copy the British plan, but without due consideration of the differences between British and American systems. The British ministry is responsible to Parliament; the American executive administration is independent of Congress. In giving to the Executive authority to make this budget this difference must be borne in mind, else we are in danger of prac-

tically transferring the power of the purse from the legislative to the executive branch. It is the fault of proposals pending that they do not take into account the constitutional authority of Congress or respect the wisdom which invested Congress with this authority. This, we suspect, is a project of the growing tendency to disregard Congress and to clip and pare down its powers.

We have had in very recent times notable illustration of business incapacity on the part of the Executive, and it would be the height of folly to further augment its powers by transference to it of a practically unrestrained jurisdiction over the fiscal affairs of the government. Congress may not indeed be all that we would like to have it, but when all is said and done, it is more directly representative of the country than the Executive.

The Case of General Angeles.

General Angeles, executed ten days ago by the Mexican government, was unquestionably the most distinguished citizen of his distressed country. To force of mind and to broad educational development he had added experience an achievement. Probably he was the foremost artilleryman in the world. It was Angeles who brought the "French 75" to the perfection which enabled it to do such notable service on the western front during the war. He held, although not a citizen of France, a post of high authority in the French military organization during the war and was trusted with duties of the greatest importance. What is to be thought of a country so desperate in its conditions as to deem it necessary to stand its most distinguished citizen—its man of highest capacity and widest fame—before a firing squad?

Yet, is the United States in position to interpret the facts of this case in their true significance without wincing? True, we do not shoot our most capable men, but we do practically destroy them in their higher efficiencies. Our system as it has been reformed in recent years, while it does not murder our most capable men, automatically debars them from participation in the affairs of government. We put a college professor without practical experience or capacity into our highest post. We overlook experience in affairs and working capability to put second-rate men in the cabinet, in the Senate, and in the House of Representatives. We choose our governors, mayors—even our judges—from the ranks of mediocrity. Over the portals which lead to official responsibility and authority we practically write "No men of experience, of independence, of administrative force, may enter here."

If we do not, as Mexico does, shoot our most capable men, we do what comes pretty much to the same thing, so far as the affairs of government are concerned.

Editorial Notes.

In formally congratulating Governor Stephens upon his stand in the matter of Mooney, Billings, *et al.*, the San Jose Post of the Grand Army of the Republic has set an example which may well be commended to other patriotic groups. We have in this action a procedure in conformity with the purposes fundamental in the G. A. R. organization.

Republican party leaders in conference at Washington this week have named Chicago as the place that the national convention will be held. There is discretion in this choice. More nearly than any other point Chicago is the practical centre of the country, reached from all states at minimum cost of time and money. Interchanges among members of the conference at Washington make it plain that no one of the avowed presidential candidates is likely to come to the convention with pledges of support sufficient to secure nomination. Thus the nomination will be made, not by pre-arrangement, but by the convention itself. As matters stand the leading candidates are General Wood, Governor Lowden, and Senator Harding, but there is nothing in the situation tending to guarantee the success of any one of them. In the half-year between now and June 8th many things may happen to alter the course of political currents; and in the event, the nomination is as likely as otherwise to go to some man now unconsidered.

In accepting Judge Bledsoe's adjudication of the California oil land cases and thus terminating a long-sustained and paralyzing contention, Attorney-General

Palmer has illustrated a breadth of mind and a poise too often lacking in officials charged with the conduct of public causes. The true aim of a public counselor or prosecutor should be that of determining and enforcing justice. It is not always an easy rôle, since legal contentions often breed antagonisms tending to the bias of partisan feeling. Too often the motives of justice are lost in the passions of a legal fight. The public finds constant illustration of this demoralizing habit in the attitude of criminal prosecutors who lose judicial poise and not infrequently sacrifice their integrity in procedures insistent to the degree of vindictiveness. Public counselors and prosecutors are not maintained to "get" the men or the things to which their energies may be addressed; their concern should be not so much to secure convictions as to sustain justice. Attorney-General Palmer, in the matter above referred to, has worthily asserted a principle and reestablished a precedent which should serve as an example to those who in matters large and small represent the public interest in the administration of justice.

During the war, and since, the government has been awarding two kinds of insignia, for two kinds of public service, but unfortunately the name and the titles by which they are described are so nearly identical as to make confusion. To the end of marking the distinction between the "D. S. C." and the "D. S. M." the War Department has issued a special circular. The "D. S. C."—Distinguished Service Cross—is a tribute to gallantry in action and is presented by the President, or by his authority, to persons who while serving in any capacity with the army of the United States since April 6, 1917, distinguished themselves by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy. The "D. S. M."—Distinguished Service Medal—is presented by the President, or by his authority, to persons who while serving in any capacity with the army of the United States since April 6, 1917, distinguished themselves by meritorious service to the government in a duty of great responsibility. The highest governmental reward for gallantry is the "M. H."—Medal of Honor—given for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity beyond the call of duty and action.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Case of Dr. Kirby Smith.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 4, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your publication, issue of November 29th, you criticize Oakland Post, No. 5, American Legion, for indulging in politics when it came to the support of their comrade, Dr. Kirby Smith, formerly city health officer, who has made application for reinstatement to his former position. I am a member of the Oakland Post and have knowledge of the facts in the case. The reason why the American Legion has taken up the cause of our comrade, Dr. Kirby Smith, is, briefly stated, as follows:

When the United States entered the war Dr. Kirby Smith was city health officer. He resigned to enter the service. After the armistice, when the service men commenced returning home to take up their old places in the community, the Oakland city council passed a resolution solemnly promising to return all former city employees who had resigned to enter the army or navy to their former positions. The council has not kept its promise. It excuses itself by stating that the resolution was passed by the previous council and therefore is not binding upon the present council, although the majority of those in the present council were in the council that passed the resolution.

As an instance of how our Oakland city council operates: The engineer of the Oakland Technical High School, upon the declaration of war by the United States, resigned and entered the service. He returned home in the early part of this year and made application for reinstatement to his former position. His application was refused. This was but a short time after the city council had passed the resolution aforementioned. It was only after vigorous action had been taken by civic welfare organizations and Oakland Post, No. 5, American Legion, that the city officials were made to stand by their solemn promise and return this man to his former position.

Dr. Smith's case is similar. He has served the city of Oakland as health officer. No one has brought out facts to bear out the accusation that he is not at the present time fit for the position. If he filed it to the satisfaction of all in the past, why can he not do so now? It is not inefficiency on the part of the doctor, but rather odious politics upon the part of the city commissioners that is accountable for the fact that Dr. Smith has not been granted his former office. The American Legion, standing for the highest ideals of Americanism, is determined that when officials of the municipality make a promise that they shall stand by that promise.

D. POLITO.

From an Enthusiastic Wilsonian.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In 1905 L. T. Hobhouse in "Morals in Evolution" wrote thus: "The internecine feuds which ravaged Hellas have at times repeated themselves on the larger scale of Europe, and threaten now to take in the whole civilized world. And in modern as in ancient times military ambitions and internal liberty are hard to reconcile. The future of the state is bound up with internationalism. If the rivalries and the jealousies of the civilized nations can be so far overcome as to admit of combined action in the cause of peace, there is every reason to expect that within each nation the rule of right will be maintained and developed. If, on the contrary, wars are to give way only to periods of armed peace, each country alike must gradually relapse into the rule of a dictatorship. The country state, therefore, can

hardly be the final word of politics, but if progress continues it must consist in the quickening into active life of those germs of internationalism which the best statesmen of the nineteenth century helped to bring into precarious existence."

What better vindication of President Wilson's nobleness of purpose! He stands on a very much higher plane than most of his contemporaries, and posterity will rank him as the greatest statesman of his age.

LEONIE BURR.

GILBERT CANNAN ON MARRIAGE.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, who has written a great many good novels has now set himself to the task of reconstructing the world. I do not know how many authors have conceived a similar ambition. Certainly a very great number. The spectacle of a world in ruins is an irresistible temptation to most of us to draw plans and specifications for its reconstruction. If we are authors we embody them in our books. Or we make speeches about them. Or we bore our friends with them. Whatever our particular fad happens to be we forthwith describe it as "the supreme need of the moment," with a few prefatory remarks about the war. A religious community demands our subscriptions—and nowadays we think only in millions when it comes to other people's dollars—on the ground that the heathen must be converted forthwith, indifferent to the fact that the heathen have been in a state of placid peace while the Christians were cutting each other's throats. Sidney Smith once answered some such demand as this by the assurance that he had no money, but that if they would send him a heathen he would do his best to convert him. And so the theological needs of the heathen leave us in an irresponsive mood. From other quarters come other demands, all sorts of demands, clamorous, peremptory, insistent, shrill. They all of them express the "supreme need of the moment," and they range all the way from the instant removal of infants' tonsils—and anything else in the infant that is not screwed down—to the immediate proclamation of a reign of terror and the erection of guillotines on all the most desirable sites. Never before were there so many people intent on saving the world, or so vociferously brandishing their miserable little estimates and blue prints to explain how it may be done.

Of course Mr. Cannan is not among the patently absurd. He is extreme, but not ridiculous, not even when he talks about marriage, and how few of us can talk about marriage without being either absurd or disagreeable. But there is absolutely no reason why Mr. Cannan should ask for what he calls the liberation of marriage as a war measure except on the general principle that there is no audience for anything except war measures. Even the tonsil people have to say something introductory about the "horrors of war from which we have just emerged," and delicately to suggest that tonsils were the cause of the war. In justice to Mr. Cannan it should be said, moreover, that he talks about other things than marriage. Marriage is the middle story, so to speak, of the edifice that he proposes to build from earth to heaven. Mr. Cannan, I may suspect, is a sort of Bolshevik, and a Bolshevik, I should explain, is any one who disagrees with me on any subject whatsoever. He wants to abolish what he calls the financial basis of society, whatever that may mean, and he wants to liberate the soul of humanity, whatever that may mean, and he talks about Russia without foaming at the mouth. Evidently a Bolshevik.

But the liberation of marriage is emphatically not a war measure, and it may be said incidentally that when people begin to talk about liberating something nowadays we have learned to glance round apprehensively for the policeman, and to wonder if we shall have the alternative of a fine. Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy and ever so many other fictional luminaries have been talking about the liberation of marriage for the past dozen years or more. They have been whispering into our all-too-willing ears that it is right for us to do whatever we want to do, otherwise we should not want to do it. What can be simpler? When their heroine young ladies have once expressed their resolve in the opening chapter to "lead their own lives" or to "express their own individualities" we know that the already married man who will help them to do so will have in sight somewhere about the third chapter, or at least that the aforesaid heroine will waive those hymeneal formalities "by which our man-made laws have conferred upon women the status of chattels." They all do it. And it means the abolition of marriage, or at least the whittling away of marriage until it shall mean no more than a pious intention to maintain the tie so long as it shall be convenient and comfortable to do so. But then Mr. Cannan has to observe the rules. He has to write reconstructively. And so he reminds us in his opening sentence of the human life "flayed by the tragedy of the European war."

But Mr. Cannan really has something to say, and I am not sure that what he says is not essentially more wholesome than the rather tiresome pratings of those to whom the "sanctity of the marriage tie" means no more than the formalities that are carried out before a clergyman or at the city hall. Indeed Mr. Cannan sails with untroubled mien into very deep waters. In fact I am not at all sure that he is not being religious, which would of course be a dreadful thing, if not positive Bolshevism. He says it is a law of nature that

nothing good shall be produced except by the harmonious union of two opposite forces, and that this is marriage. It has pleased us to give the name of marriage to the matings of men and women, but marriage is actually to be found all through nature, and it is the same thing. All through nature there are the "pairs of opposites," like positive and negative electricity. You may wire your house from cellar to garret, you may install a thousand lamps, but somewhere out of sight there are two drab-colored wires, and you will get no illumination until those wires are brought into contact. Then, and not until then, you will have a glory of light, and the light will be so much more beautiful, so much better, than its causes. If those wires are mismatched, so to speak, insulated for example, if one of them is of lead and the other of copper, there will be no illumination. Nothing has been produced except failure and disappointment. There has been no real marriage, no matter how elaborate the marriage feast, nor how strenuously you have gone out into the highways and compelled the people to come in, nor how industriously you have invoked the attention of the public. Mr. Cannan does not use these illustrations. They are mine. Do not blame him.

Every man who would produce anything, says Mr. Cannan, must be married. He may marry a woman, or an ideal, or a humanity. In his mind there must be a vision of something that is not himself, and he must love it. Otherwise no offspring, or only misbegotten offspring, freaks. The man who produces nothing good is the man who loves nothing. It is only love that produces the good. Passion without love produces monstrosities.

Mr. Cannan would have us believe that marriage, as at present constituted and with its armor plating of impenetrable legalisms (and of course he is speaking primarily of Europe), is the dam that impounds the waters of creative energy and renders them stagnant. And of course he does not refer to the creation only of children. Perhaps that is the lowest form in which man can display his creative energies. He seems to mean literally and actually that a true marriage should be productive, not only physically, but mentally and morally, and if it is not so productive, then it is not a true marriage and ought to be dissolved. What should we think of one who solemnly protested against the separation of the copper and the lead wires after it had been shown that they produced no illumination, who maintained that there is something sacred in a union simply because it is a union? Once more, the illustration is mine.

Now all this may be very unorthodox. It may be "laying the axe at the root of society," as our friends tell us whenever we do something that they do not like. But at least it places marriage on a higher level than the one it occupies now. It demands that marriage shall produce mental and moral energies, and it denies the name of marriage to whatever does not do this. It is essential to the future of the race, says Mr. Cannan, that man shall love continuously, because if he ceases to love he ceases to produce. His creative energies have been impounded, no matter what form those creative energies may take—beautiful children, or beautiful poems, or beautiful governments, or beautiful pictures. The creative energies of love must be cut short by the restrictions of a marriage that has become loveless.

How idiotic are our divorce laws, says Mr. Cannan, and we must remember once more that he is speaking more directly to Europeans. One would think that the law would hasten to give relief to a couple who frankly avowed that they had committed the greatest blunder that lies within reach of a human being, a couple who had discovered that they did not love each other and whose higher creative powers, mental and moral, were therefore paralyzed. Not a bit of it. The law frankly tells these people that it will forbid them to separate if it has any reason to suspect that both of them wish it. Collusion, I believe they call it. One of them must pretend not to wish it in order to secure the attention of the court. Anything like a mutual desire is fatal to the accomplishment of that desire. One wonders how the law comes to be such an ass, but it does worse than this. After the two people in question have satisfied the court that only one of them wishes for a divorce and that the other one does not—although the court has its tongue in its cheek about this matter—there is still another difficulty to overcome. It will be fatal for these two people to claim that they are good people, virtuous people, intelligent people, who have come to the sober conviction that they are repulsive to one another and therefore can not and ought not to live together, that they have become like the copper and the lead wires that refuse to transmit an electric spark no matter how tightly you bind them, it will be fatal for them to come before the court with clean hands, with a consciousness of rectitude, asking the law for those concessions that are shown to good citizens. No, the court will say: "Go away, you good and virtuous people. The favors of the law are granted only to the unrighteous. Before you have any standing here, it must be shown by one of you that the other is some sort of a criminal, the perpetrator of some abominable or cruel deed." And then if the couple are really good and virtuous people it will be necessary that one of them pretend to be wicked so that they may come before the court with secret triumph and display their supposed virtues. And the court with some pretended inquiry

the reality of the iniquities and assuming to be satisfied that they were real iniquities will give that couple what they want. And the stench of the proceedings will arise to heaven. This method is pursued every day, yet a demand for the introduction of a plain, simple honesty is met with cries of indignation, laments for the destruction and corruption of society, and denunciations of intelligent reformers as professors of license and abettors of libertinism, "whereas, in fact, disgust for the operation of a divorce drives many unhappy people to any lengths to avoid it, and they prefer to live in a veiled polygamy and polyandry with all the corruption of looseness added to the exasperation of secrecy."

Mr. Cannan is fully aware of the dangers that lie in the removal of sanctions. That a man is in chains is not in itself a sufficient reason for removing the chains, a fact that most of our reformers forget. If the chains are removed prematurely or too suddenly he is apt to assume that the particular liberty conferred upon him implies the conferment of all liberties, of all licenses. Tell the average man that the Russians have killed their Czar and he is apt to say: "Is that so? Then I may kill my landlord." Inform the average man that Jonah was not literally swallowed by the whale and he is likely to say: "What! then I may get drunk as often as I please." Sweep away the myths of the Old Testament, and you are perilously likely to find that you have swept away the Sermon on the Mount with them. That is the way the average man does what he calls his thinking. Before taking the chains from the slave it is well to make sure that he will not brain you with them, for that, as a matter of fact, is what he probably will do.

None the less, says Mr. Cannan, we must take some chances. When marriage has ceased to be divine—and marriages are actually made in heaven and they bring the kingdom of heaven upon earth—they ought to cease also to be human. It is not enough that married people should cease actually to hate each other and should have begun the dreary years of mutual toleration—a sort of perpetual armistice. That means stagnation, and the stagnation of human creative energies is the one thing that we can not now afford. It may be that a relaxation of the marriage laws would for a time produce some undesirable results, but it must be risked.

But what shall we do about the children? Well, says Mr. Cannan, we must revise our ideas of the social unit. Hitherto the social unit has been the family, and we have bent all our energies to its preservation. But the family, the true family, does not need protection. It will protect itself. Not all the powers of hell can prevail against it. And the untrue family that is not based on the spiritual marriage ought not to be protected. Let us regard the social unit, says Mr. Cannan, as the mother and the child, and no questions asked. In this way, and in this way only, we shall attain to the real liberation of women. He promises us that "the dishonesty, the rapacity, the untrustworthiness, the shallowness, the ferocious egotism" of women will be turned into other channels, and that their "ferocity and hardness" can then be used to break down the wall of our confused thoughts and emotions. It is a glittering picture, and one that may be impartially and unjudicially recorded.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1919.

For collecting original data the United States Bureau of Crop Estimates has two main sources of information—voluntary reporters and salaried field agents. The voluntary force comprises 33,743 township reporters, one for each agricultural township; 2752 county reporters, who report monthly or oftener on county-wide conditions, basing their estimates on personal observation, inquiry, and written reports of aids, of whom there are about 5500; nineteen special lists of coöperators, aggregating 137,000 names, who report on particular products, such as live stock, cotton, wool, rice, tobacco, potatoes, apples, peanuts, beans, and the like, and 20,160 field aids, including the best informed men in the state, who report directly to the salaried field agents of the bureau. The total voluntary staff, therefore, numbers approximately 200,000, an average of about sixty-six for each county and four for each township. The reporters, as a rule, are farmers. They serve without compensation, and are selected and retained on the list because of their knowledge of local conditions, their public spirit, and their interest in the work. All except county and field aids report directly to the bureau, and each class of reports is tabulated and averaged separately for each group and state.

Lloyd George, according to the Earl of Dunmoore, was as unpopular during the Boer war, which he opposed, as he is popular now. Once he made a speech at a London school board. In the course of it he asked the children: "What do we get from Wales?" The board school children in one voice answered disgustedly: "Jonahs."

Prior to 1916 most of the gasoline recovered from natural gas in the United States was derived from casing-head gas obtained from oil wells, by methods involving compression and condensation, but from year to year an increasingly large proportion of the annual output of natural gas gasoline has been recovered by the absorption process.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Robert Chalmers, who has recently been made a peer in England, confessed after his tenure of office as Under Secretary for Ireland, "I went knowing nothing of Ireland. I left knowing less."

Prince Albert is following tradition in his proficiency at tennis, for it has always been the game of kings. Believed to be the oldest of existing ball games, it was at one time played exclusively by royalty and courtiers. The game reached England in the fifteenth century, and one of the earliest tennis champions was Henry VIII. King George is a keen and clever tennis player, and "fans" say that Prince Albert will have to work hard if he hopes to beat his royal father at the game.

Mistaken for the American dentist who attended the Kaiser, and whose revelations created such interest, the Hon. H. W. Davis, the new American ambassador to England, figured in an amusing incident. He had been introduced to a certain charming princess. "I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Davis," she exclaimed. "I have been reading your splendid articles about the Kaiser. I am surprised, however, that while you had the opportunity so many times you did not pull out all his teeth."

Captain Gypsy Pat Smith, the British evangelist, achieved added celebrity during the war by heroic field service. The officer is only twenty-five years old and is no relation to the other and better known "Gypsy" Smith. Before the war Captain Smith was a well-known evangelist in Great Britain and had conducted many gospel missions there. When war was declared he was preparing for a nine months' evangelistic tour of the United States and Canada. Instead, he abandoned his trip and joined the British army as a private. He rose by rapid stages, and as Captain Smith went to France in 1915.

Pierre Monteux, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was born in Paris. He has shown the most profound sympathy with the newest school of composers. He was educated musically at the Conservatoire and won a first prize for violin playing. He took a place in the Collone Concerts, playing viola, and was also in the orchestra of the Opera Comique, in addition to playing in various chamber music organizations. He was a participant also in the various concerts given by Chevillard, Hayot, Salmon, and the Musical Composers' Society before he organized the Concerts Monteux held on Sunday afternoons at the Casino de Paris.

General Giuseppe Garibaldi of the Italian army, who arrived in New York recently on a special mission to aid in cementing the friendship of the Italian and American peoples, is a grandson and namesake of the Italian patriot, himself once a resident of New York. Before the European war he was what in the story books is called a "soldier of fortune." That is, he is the same Colonel Giuseppe Garibaldi who was on Francisco I. Madero's staff and who fought at the first battle of Juarez, in May, 1911, at the battle that made Madero president. Garibaldi was a bigger man in this battle than he ever received credit for. There was more jealousy at the battle of Juarez than there was ammunition.

Mr. Bonar Law's modesty is proverbial, and certainly quite genuine. A friend told this story of him recently, and it is said to be a good instance of his retiring disposition: When he succeeded Mr. Balfour as leader of the Unionist Party his first few speeches were hesitating in tone and did him little justice. A cold feeling of dismay went down the backs of his supporters. At last, in about his fourth speech, his real character asserted itself, and he came into his own. Next morning his postbag was heavy with the congratulations of his followers. He read out to a friend one letter, which spoke of "a great speech by a great man." "Ah, well," said Mr. Law, "if I am a great man, then all the great men of history were frauds."

The general impression of Arnold Bennett, the British author, is that he is a shrewd man of business; and that his association with art is accidental. So says a writer in the *Bookman*. Those who dislike his work and those who have been repelled by his abrupt manner, join in suggesting that he makes, at any rate, a business of art. This is not true. He likes to pose as a shrewd man of business, and of course he is shrewd; but his very shrewdness is a naïveté, and the essential character of the man is one of quite exceptional kindness and generosity. His attitude to art is one of the most sincere devotion. He is even an artist in his attitude to life. He is the most open-minded man I have ever met, and the most modest. He is one (of the few men) who enjoys his own personality. It amuses him intensely, realistically. He is not a cynic, not an ironist; he is a realist.

Maurice Ketten, the New York cartoonist, is a Frenchman who while studying his art in Paris dreamed of being a great portrait painter. Chance in the person of Ferdinand Xau, director of a Paris journal, turned him to newspaper work. He filled a commission for a portrait of this gentleman, and when he went to deliver it the director offered him a job on his paper. Ketten took it. A year or so later he came to New York still ambitious to do portraits, and he got commissions here,

but was, or thought he was, homesick for Paris. Returning home, he found that he had incorrectly diagnosed his case, which was a longing for newspaper cartooning. So he returned to America and took this kind of a job on the *Denver Post*. It was there in a sketch of William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes that he exhibited his sense of humor and with it his fate to continue as a funny man was sealed. In 1905 the paper which he is working for now sent for him.

Lord Robert Cecil of England has a striking, rather than handsome, personal appearance. His height, though great, is diminished by a heavy stoop in the shoulders; the face is thin and fallow, and he is lanky with the thin, long legs characteristic of all the present Cecil family, while their father was huge to obesity. His traditions are said to be all with the old Tory party and he shares some of their prejudices with a certain admixture of modernity learned in the law courts and Parliament. In the old days, when he was in opposition to Lloyd George and the Irish Nationalists he was extraordinarily excitable for an Englishman, interrupting constantly, sometimes almost shrieking, revealing a certain neurotic tendency in keeping with his physique. I would compare him (says "Tay Pay") with Claude Frolau, the unhappy priest, who loved Esmeralda in Victor Hugo's romance, "Notre Dame," and was thrown by Quasimodo from the parapets of the great cathedral.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Choir Invisible.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with the mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair,
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor, anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better,—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,

Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—George Eliot.

A Gleam.

Ah! You and I love our boy.
Such a warrior is he;
So splendid of limb, so swift and so joyous,
At his lightest word we touch each other and smile;
We watch him secretly, earnestly, out of the shadow,
Our eyes like angels attend him about the room.
Ah! You and I love our boy!
And yet when we wander out in the falling darkness,
When the glooming garden discloses her soul in dew,
In that hour of odour and longing,
Of voices ceasing in leaves,
When a human trouble arises from evening meadows,
A divine home-sickness from heaped grass,
Then I know that it is not of him you are thinking sorely,
But still you remember the other, the girl-child that vanished.
Scarce had we kissed her with awe, when she died:
We but named her, and lost her.
And they say to us, "Why, O why,
With yon beautiful boy in your sight,
Do ye still hark back to the other face that is fled?"
But because of her swiftness in passing,
Because she just smiled, and died;
She moveth us more than the other to tender thought,
And the wistful puzzle of tears.
I shall know, ere the sun arises,
By a sudden stirring of thee,
Or blind slight touch in the dark,
Of face upturned in quivering dream,
That your heart, like mine, has gone home in the hush to its dead,
Through dew and beginning birds;
Unto her hath returned,
Who dazzled, and left us to darkness,
But a beam, but a gleam!

—Stephen Phillips.

When the projected transaustralian line from Oodnadatta to Port Darwin is completed the traveler on it will be confronted with what will be, probably, the dreariest railway journey in the world. The greater part of the route lies through a desert region, practically devoid of life, and utterly uninteresting.

UP AND DOWN.

Mr. E. F. Benson, Author of "Dodo," Writes a Novel with War for Its Background.

Those who read the novels of Mr. E. F. Benson—and their name is legion—will find no waning of his powers in the latest story to come from his pen. Quite the contrary. Mr. Benson has gained immeasurably in force, in the quality of his humor, and in purpose. He has written one of the half-dozen or so war-inspired novels that will live and that will be accorded almost the status of histories.

It is the story of two leisurely young Englishmen who have practically renounced their country and who are leading an indolent—although they would have said contemplative—life on the island of Alatri in the Bay of Naples. It is in the days immediately before the war. They bask in the sun and bathe in the warm waters and fraternize with the natives, utterly carefree and with their life horizon as cloudless as the Italian sky above them.

But even in this hedonistic hatching one's ridiculous mind makes tasks for itself, and it has become an affair of duty with me to swim backwards and forwards twice to a certain rock that lies some three hundred yards away. There (for Luigi is not alone in this island in the matter of caches) I have what you may really call an emporium stowed away in a small seaweed-faced nook which I believe to be undiscoverable. If you know exactly where that nook is (it lies about two feet above the surface of the water), and put your hand through the seaweed at exactly the right spot, you will find a tin box containing (1) a box of matches, (2) a handful of cigarettes, (3) a thermometer. The first time that I arrive at the rock I have no truck with my cache, but only touch the rock with my finger, and swim back to the beach again. There I touch another rock with my finger (these two rocks, in fact, are like the creases at cricket, which you must touch with your bat in order to score a run), and swim back for the second time to my wicket out at sea. Then, oh then, after a cautious survey, in order to see that no one, not even Francis, can observe my movements, I take the tin box from its place, get out of the water on to the rock, and having dried my finger on wisps of seaweed, light a cigarette and smoke it. As I smoke it, I submerge the thermometer in the sea, and when the cigarette is finished, read the temperature. After that the thermometer has to be dried, and is put back in the box with the cigarettes and matches, and the treasure is stowed away again in its seaweed-fronted cave. Once a fortnight or so I must go through a perilous manœuvre, for I have to bring the box back to be refilled. This entails swimming with one hand in the air holding the box like Excalibur above the sea, and it can only be done on very calm mornings, for otherwise there is danger of some ripples intruding through the hinges or edge of the lid, which does not shut very well. And all the time the risk of detection is imminent, for if Francis saw me swimming to land with a bright tin box in my hand, he would be certain to make inquiries. But so far no such heart-breaking disaster has befallen, and without detection (and I humbly trust without suspicion) the cache-box has been twice taken back to be refilled and gone on its return journey again to its romantic hiding-place. Sometimes I have been within an ace of discovery, as when, to my horror, two days ago Francis swam out to my rock, instead of going to his own, while I was in the middle of my cigarette. I had time to put the box back, but somehow it never occurred to me to throw the cigarette away. By a special dispensation of Providence, however, it was not permitted that it should occur to him as odd that I should be seated on a rock in the middle of the sea, smoking. He was accustomed to the sight, I must suppose, of my smoking on land, and the question of locality did not occur to him. But it seemed a weary, weary time before he slid off into the sea again, I airily remarking that I should sit there a little longer. Sometimes, when Francis has been unusually communicative about private matters that concern himself alone, I wonder whether I ought to tell him about my cache. But I don't, for those who understand the true science of caches understand that if you have made a cache alone, you might just as well not have made it at all if you share your secret with anybody. You can have joint caches, of course. . . .

The news of the assassination of the Austrian Archduke reaches them through the medium of the little Italian newspaper. It is a news bulletin, no more, one of a dozen on which their eyes incuriously linger. The Archduke of Austria has been murdered at Sarajevo, says Francis. "Where is Serajevo? Pass the mustard, please." And a few hours later:

Upstairs Francis was already at tea; he had picked up the sheet of the Italian paper which he had only glanced at during lunch.

"Serajevo appears to be in Servia," he said, "or Bosnia. One of those countries."

"Oh, the murder," said I. "The garden's in an awful mess."

"I suppose so. Tea?"

The writer—the story is told in the first person—is called to London on business and is there when the war begins. Naturally he is swept into the maelstrom of enthusiasm and feels mildly irritated by the note of indifference in the letters that he receives from Francis, still lotus-eating in Alatri. But with the news that a British army has landed in France comes a telegram from Francis that he is starting for England that day. He enlists as a private, and the war momentarily swallows him up.

Mr. Benson does not allow the war to sweep him off his feet, although it necessarily has this effect upon his characters. Nor does he forget his humor, which is here always at its best. Take, for example, this account of house-hunting in London:

I had arrived this September at a break in the lease of my house, and six months before (see page two of the lease in question) I had given notice to the owner in writing that I should evacuate. Consequently for the last few months I had been an assiduous frequenter of house-agents' offices, and the God of addition sums alone knows how many houses I had seen over from garret to basement. The extraordinary thing about all these was that they were all exceptional bargains, such as the agent had never before known, and that in almost every case another gentleman was in negotiation for them. In spite of that, however, if I chose at once and firmly to

offer the price asked, there was a strong probability of my securing one of these marvelous bargains, and thwarting the ambitions of the other gentleman. This opportunity to thwart the other gentleman was certainly an appeal to the more villainous side of human nature, and often, if a house seemed to me the sort of habitation I was on the look-out for, the thought of the other gentleman getting it was an incentive to take it myself. But never before did I realize how hopelessly traditional is that section of the human race which designs our houses for us. The type, in the modest species of abode I was looking for, never varied. There was a narrow passage inside the front door, with a dining-room and a back room opening out of it, and a staircase up to the first floor, where lay two sitting-rooms, invariably knocked into one. There was a bath on a half-landing, there were front bedrooms and back bedrooms higher up, all exactly alike, and for a long time I looked in vain for any house that was not precisely like any other house. In fact, this became a *sine qua non* with me, and ceasing to care whether I thwarted the other gentleman or not, I think if I had found a house where the bathroom was in the basement, or there was no staircase, so that you had to go upstairs in a basket with a rope, I should have taken it. I almost despaired of finding what I wanted, and thought of revoking, if possible, my notice of quitting, for in my present house there is something which is not quite like other houses, for some inspired tenant threw down the wall between the dining-room and the entrance passage, making a sort of hall of it, in the middle of which I dine. That there are inconveniences attaching to it I don't deny, for the guest sitting nearest the front door occasionally jumps out of his skin when the postman thunders with the evening post close by his ear; but the house isn't quite like other houses of its type, which is precisely the reason why ten years ago I took it.

We have some delicious writing on the subject of furniture removals and its adaptation to new houses. Letters come from Francis, who is fighting hard, and sometimes a missive from Alatri:

That morning an enormous letter, chiefly phonetic, arrived from Seraphina. It was difficult to read, because when Seraphina wished to erase a word, she had evidently smudged her finger over the wet ink, and written something on top of it. At first I felt as bewildered as King Belshazzar, when on the wall there grew the inconceivable doom; but since I had no Daniel in fee, I managed, by dint of trying again and again, to make out the most of her message. She relapsed sometimes into the dialect of Alatri, but chiefly she stuck to the good old plan, recommended by Mr. Roosevelt, of putting down the letters like which the word, when spoken, would sound. By dint of saying it aloud, I caught the gist of it all. No word had come from Alatri since Francis' return, and even as I read the glamour of that remote existence grew round me.

She had written before, she said, both to Signorino Francesco and to me, but she supposed that the letters had gone wrong, for they said the government soaked off the stamps from the envelopes and sold them again. But that was all right; they wanted every penny they could get to send against the devil-Austrians. Dio! What tremendous battles! How the gallant Italian boys were sweeping them out of the Trentino! And Gorizia had fallen twenty times already. Surely it must have fallen by now. And there was the straight road to Trieste. . . .

The various crises of the war are duly touched upon and there are some penetrating disquisitions on the credulities and follies of the public, but always with the saving grace of a certain wistful humor. Then Francis comes home on leave—a red-letter day:

Francis arrived on the last day of October, with a week's leave before his regiment embarked for the Dardanelles. For a few hours he was a mere mass of physical needs; until these were satisfied he announced himself as incapable of thinking or speaking of anything but the carnalities.

"Tea at once," he said. "No, I think I won't have tea with you; I want tea sent up to the bathroom. That packet? It's a jar of bath salts—verhena—all of which I am going to use. I saw it in a shop window, and quite suddenly I knew I wanted it. Nothing else seemed to matter. I want a dressing-gown, too. Will you lend me one? And slippers. For a few hours I propose to wallow in a sensual sty. I've planned it all, and for the last week I have thought of nothing else."

He sketched the sty. There was to be tea in the bathroom and a muffin for tea. This he would eat as he lay in a hot bath full of verhena salts. He would then put on his dressing-gown and lie in bed for half an hour, reading a shilling shocker and smoking cigarettes. (End of Part I.) Still in his dressing-gown he would come downstairs, and smoke more cigarettes before my fire, till it was time to have a cocktail. We would dine at home (he left the question of dinner to me, provided only that there should be a pineapple), after which we should go to the movies. We were then to drive rapidly home in a taxi, and, over sandwiches and whisky and soda, he felt that he would return to a normal level again. But the idea of being completely comfortable and clean and gorged and amused for a few hours had taken such hold of him that he could not "reach his mind" until the howling heast of his body had been satisfied. That, at least, was the plan.

Accordingly, proclamation having come from upstairs that all was ready, Francis departed to his sty, and I, as commanded, waited till such time as he should reappear in my dressing-gown and slippers. But long before his programme (Part I) could have been carried out he reentered.

"It didn't seem worth while to get into bed," he said, "so I left that out. I loved the bath-salts, and the tea was excellent. But how soon anything that can be satisfied is satisfied. It's only—"

He leaned forward and poked the fire, stretching his legs out towards the blaze.

The arrival of Francis introduces us to a new character in the person of Matilda, the parrot, whom we suspect to embody the characteristics of the public. We are also introduced to Matildism:

Unlike most women, Matilda does not care about her clothes, and unlike most birds, she does not scoop and preen herself after breakfast. She gives one shake, and then settles down to her studies, which consist in observing, with a scornful wonder, all that goes on round her. When first she came here she was in no hurry to draw conclusions, or commit herself hastily to irrevocable words, for she sat and waited without speech for some six weeks, until I thought she was either dumb or had nothing to say. Then, unlike Mr. Asquith, she ceased to wait and see, and began calling the kitchen-maid (Mahel) in a voice so like the cook's, that that deluded young lady came running from the scullery into the kitchen, to find no cook there at all, at all, but only a gray parrot, that sat with stony, half-closed eyes on her perch. Then, as she went out again, believing that some discarnate intelligence had spoken to her, Matilda laughed at her in a rude, hoarse voice that was precisely like the milkman's, mewed like a cat, and

said "Cuckoo" a number of times. (This she had learned last spring in the country, and was unaware that there were no cuckoos in London ever, or even in the country in November.) Matilda, in fact, with her powerful intellect and her awful memory, had been taking stock of everybody, and not telling anybody about it. Now that it was well within her power to deal with every situation that could possibly arise in a mocking manner, she decided to begin talking and taking an active part, that of the critic, in life. Simultaneously, she began to reveal what Matildism was. At this period, since she was too accomplished to be limited to the kitchen, I took her upstairs. I thought she would meet more people there, and enlarge, if possible, a mind that was already vast.

Now Matilda had been specially trained to congratulate Francis on his winning of the Victoria Cross, but parrots and children rarely come up to either our hopes or our expectations:

I was very much mortified by Matilda's conduct. Ever since Francis' return she had sat in dead silence, though I had taught her to say "Hurrah for the V. C.," and she had repeated it without stopping for several hours the day before he arrived. But the moment she saw him she looked at him with a cold gray eye and remained absolutely speechless. Of course I did not tell Francis what I had taught her to say, because she might take it into her head to begin to talk at any time, and her congratulations would not then be a surprise to him. So I held my tongue, and Matilda hers.

Then a most unfortunate incident occurred, for Francis left his decoration in a taxi next day, and though we telephoned to all the taxi-ranks and police stations in the world, we could hear nothing of it. I don't think I ever saw any one so furious as he was.

"No one will believe I got it," he shouted. "I meant to wear it day and night, so that even a hurglar coming into the house should see it. But now no one will know. I can't go about chanting 'I am a V. C., but I left it in a taxi.' Who would believe such a cock-and-bull story? If you heard a fellow in the street saying 'I am a V. C.,' you wouldn't believe him. Of course there's the rihand, but it was the Cross I wanted to wear day and night—nobody looks at an inch of rihand. Don't laugh."

Matilda suddenly cleared her throat, and blew her nose, which is often the prologue to conversation. I sincerely hoped she wouldn't say "Hurrah for the V. C." just this moment, for it really seemed possible that the enraged Francis might wring her neck if she mocked at him. I hastened to talk myself, for Matilda usually waits for silence before she scatters her pearls of wisdom.

"Well, apply for another one," I said. "They'll surely give you another one. Or earn another one, but apply first."

"And how many years do you think I should have to wait for it?" he asked. "How many departments do you think I should have to visit? How many papers and affidavits do you think I should have to sign? Apply for another one, indeed, as if the V. C. was only a pound of sugar!"

"Only a pound of sugar!" I said. "Certainly, if it takes as long as it takes to get a pound of sugar—"

Matilda gave a loud shriek.

"Gott strafe the V. C.!" she screamed. "Hurrah for Germany! Gott scratch the Kaiser's head! Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow! Pussy!"

Francis stopped dead and turned his head slowly round to where Matilda was screaming like a Python prophethess. She whistled like the milkman, she cuckooed, she called on her Maker's name, and on Taffy's: in a couple of minutes she had said everything she had ever known, and mixed the V. C. up with them all. She laughed at the V. C.; she blew her nose at him, accompanying these awful manifestations of Matildism with dancing a strange Brazilian measure on her perch. Then she stopped as suddenly as if her power of speech had been blown out like a candle, and hermetically sealed her horny beak for all conversational purposes for precisely three weeks.

Mr. Benson surprisingly ends this surprising book with a discussion of psychism and communication with the dead, and of this, it may be said, we are not wholly unwarned, since a certain atmosphere of mysticism pervades the book. Each of the two friends has written a message carefully hidden from the other, with the understanding that the survivor shall try to learn through a medium the substance of the concealed communication. The test is duly applied after the death of Francis, and the message that comes through the medium is subsequently verified by the opening of the envelope:

There are a great many gullible people in the world and a great many fraudulent ones, and when the two get together round a table in a darkened room, it is obvious that there is a premium on trickery. But because a certain medium is a knave and a vagabond, who ought to be put in prison, and others are such as should not be allowed to go out, except with their minds under care of a nurse, it does not follow that there are no such things as genuine manifestations. It would be as reasonable to say that because a child does his multiplication sum wrong there is something unsound in the multiplication table. A fraudulent medium does not invalidate a possible genuineness in those who are not cheats; a quack or a million quacks do not cast a slur on the science of medicine. In questions of spiritualism there is no denying that the number of quacks exposed and unexposed is regrettably large, and, without doubt, all spiritualistic phenomena should be ruthlessly and pitilessly scrutinized. But when this done, it is only a hide-bound stupidity that refuses to treat the results with respect.

Other reservations must be made. All results that can conceivably be accounted for by such well-established phenomena as telepathy or thought-reading must be unhesitatingly ruled out. They are deeply interesting in themselves, they are like the traces of other metals discovered in exploring a gold-reef, but they are not the gold, and have no more to do with the thing inquirers are in quest of than have acid-drops or penny buns. Many mediums (so-called) are not mediums at all, but have that strange and marvelous gift of being able to explore the minds of others. . . .

Here we must leave one of the most fascinating novels of the day, and one that shows Mr. Benson at his best. There are few novels with such tyrannical powers over their readers.

UP AND DOWN. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Kiel Canal was designed and constructed by Germany principally for her own warships. It is sixty-one miles long, twenty-eight feet deep, sixty-six yards wide at the surface, and cost \$40,000,000. Its running expense costs about \$125,000 yearly.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending December 6, 1919, were \$175,652,271.32; for the corresponding week of last year, \$131,619,982.91; an increase for the year of \$44,032,288.41.

With a gain of \$4,268,000 in the week just closed total resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reached a new record of \$413,900,000.

Next January will see the railroads of the country returned to their proper owners, the shareholders of the various companies and the bondholders who have been groaning inwardly at the sight of their mismanaged properties and the diminishing profits even when gross earnings have been increasing.

The Administration—and in this certainly the Republican element in Congress will not be found in opposition—promises that for some months the government will continue its guaranties and in the meantime there will be permitted such a reasonable increase in freight rates as will permit of the absorption of the increased expenses of wages and supplies.

In the circumstances and in view of the

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fact that for months most railroad stocks had been "scraping bottom," as Wall Street parlance has it, it is not surprising that the railroad section of the list should take up the bull movement when the industrials had reached the end of their several ropes.

A year ago during November and part of December there was a downward movement in rails of such proportions that was hard to understand. Later it developed that big holders had been selling to "record their losses" against income-tax returns. This year such holders still presumably have big losses and may at times be prepared to sell for similar reasons, but by no means should it be taken for granted that this will mean an end of the rise in rails practically before it gets a good start. Wall Street is full of contradictions, and while many rather close students in street affairs have convinced themselves that rails will "do nothing" until the new year, yet there is likely to be a most decided rise in rails to discount the big gross and net earnings of next year.

Union Pacific, the old-time leader of the railway stocks, has come to the front again and in such a way as to suggest some very remarkable rise in market valuation. Union Pacific is an important holding company, and with the expected rise in the price of the outside securities it holds, its asset value would naturally be increasing. Besides it has

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a large "depreciation" fund with which to offset the difference between what it paid and the market price for its subsidiary stocks. The new order of things in the railroad world suggests that "holding companies" serve no useful purpose and a segregation of Union Pacific's outside holdings is easily among the possibilities.

There are such standard rails as Reading, Norfolk and Western, Louisville and Nashville, Atlantic Coast Line, Illinois Central, Delaware and Hudson, Southern Pacific, New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio which may be bought for very splendid profits in the long run at least.

The "little rails" have been bought by strong banking interests who believe they will fare well under the new conditions. Especially well-liked are the reorganized rails in view of their stronger financial positions, and the stocks of roads operating in the wonder oil sections of the Southwest.

In due course we will have the segregation argument used again as an incentive to buy Reading and New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio, as most important holders of Reading securities would be immensely benefited in such case.

Industrials have had a "clearing out" due to the recent money situation, but the asset values are unchanged and the outlook for most of them is quite bullish, as "long pull" propositions at least. Shipping and food concerns look forward to enormous business and their stocks will in time reflect this prospect.

Stocks of companies that produce silver in good quantities are especially desirable in view of the soaring price of the metal and the consequent enormous increase in profits. —The Investor.

Due to the remarkable growth and prosperity of the Anglo-California Trust Company the board of directors have increased the dividend rate from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent. per annum. Dividends will be paid on January 2, 1920, to all stockholders of record December 24, 1919. Since January 1, 1919, the deposits of the Anglo-California Trust Company have increased more than \$4,000,000. This is a remarkable gain and is partly due to cash deposits made by the thousands of people who have deposited Liberty Bonds for safe-keeping in this bank.

Says the Detroit Journal: "Once there was a town that had no street railway troubles. It had no street railway." The troubles have not all been on the side of the towns, as was shown at the meeting of the American Electric Railway Association just ended at Atlantic City. In suggesting the appointment of a Federal commission of investigation last May, Secretaries Redfield and Wilson pointed out that fifty or more systems were already bankrupt, the cities affected including New York, St. Louis, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Providence, New Orleans, Birmingham, Memphis, Chattanooga, Fort Wayne St. Paul, Denver, and Spokane. In the course of the hearings held by the commission it has been discovered that sixty-two electric railways with 5912 miles of track are already in the hands of receivers; that sixty railways with 763 miles of track have been dismantled and junked; and that thirty-eight railways have been forced to abandon 257 miles of track. The bankrupt New York surface systems are being broken up into their constituent parts, and the receiver announced to the listening street railway men at Atlantic City: "When the financial burdens under which we are laboring reach the point where we can not maintain a reserve—which will be in about ninety days—I am going to ask the court to stop the running of cars."

What are the causes of the well-nigh universal failure? The superficial ones are not far to seek. The companies, operating generally on the basis of a five-cent fare as fixed by franchise, have had to meet enormously increased costs of labor and materials, higher taxes, and rising interest rates. The competition of jitneys on the more profitable runs, and of private automobiles everywhere, has often cut sharply into earnings. In Bridgeport, for example, while the cars have been carrying less than 15,000,000 passengers, the jitneys have taken care of almost 19,000,000. In consequence of these immediate causes traction bonds, according to Roger W. Babson, have, during the past five years, shrunk in value by 25 per cent. and traction stocks by no less than 75 per cent.

The proposals made by the street railway executives before the commission unfortunately give little promise of meeting the situation. The suggestions fall into four groups. They include an increase of fares, either by the raising of the flat rate or by the introduction of zone systems; the employment of the principle of service at cost, which has resulted in a raising of fares on the Boston Elevated, for example, three times within a year; state subsidy to private companies; and economies of operation, such as the one-man safety car, already in use in more than one hundred cities.

But none of these devices and suggestions go to the root of the difficulties leading to the

present disastrous situation, in which public purchase of the lines has been strongly urged by many of the street railway men themselves. The furnishing of the public service of street-car transportation for private profit contains in itself fatal contradictions. The enterprising men who introduced street-car transportation all over the country performed an enormous public service; but the possible profits under favorable conditions were so large that exploiting financiers seized the opportunity to load down the systems of large cities like New York and Chicago with an enormous mass of securities. The monopoly character of the industry made impossible the benefits of competition; the conflict between service and profits was therefore sharp and direct. Mr. Yerkes taught us that "the profit is in the straps." Then came public regulation, with all its strangling limitations, imposed on companies in many cases already water-logged. The fat years once passed, the companies faced automobile competition, rising prices, a fixed fare, and a public opinion none too friendly. We have, apparently, reached the end of the road. Whither shall we turn?

The course indicated by experience was pointed out by Mr. Delos F. Wilcox, one of our leading traction experts, in his testimony before the Federal commission. First, he declares that the investment in street railways must be made non-speculative; capital must be brought in, not by the hope of large but uncertain dividends, but by the certainty of a low but guaranteed return. Second, the business must be run for service and not for profits; fares, for example, should be fixed on the basis of what is best for the community and not necessarily of what will make the service most profitable or even most nearly self-supporting. As a condition of such liberty of action, Mr. Wilcox insists that operation must be public and not private—and this despite the manifest weaknesses of municipal management under existing American political conditions. Fourth, says Mr. Wilcox, continuous operation must be insured, and strikes made impossible—by the public fixing of wages, hours, and conditions of work. Will this particular measure prevent strikes? In this connection we may note the action of the street railway employees of Oakland, California, and the American Labor party of New York, each group favoring the application of the Plumb plan to its transit situation.

The street railway business must be put into the hands of men who will understand that they are providing a public utility. An economical and flexible service must be assured—and here the Plumb plan has much of suggestiveness. As much or as little must be charged for the service as the public interest may require; and if it seems wise to incur a deficit, it must be met out of taxes. Transportation under modern conditions is a public utility in the broadest sense. We must learn to treat it as such.

International bankers realize that foreign exchanges will not be restored to normal levels for many years. Some of our local bankers, without giving the matter sufficient thought, have ascribed the present discount on the rates as due to adverse trade balances of European countries. While this in a measure affects the situation it is not the only difficulty. The foreign banker, however, is not thus misled. He knows that the fundamental factor is the domestic state of finance in Europe, or more specifically the depreciation of their respective currencies. When gold payments, including export of gold, is resumed the currency depreciation will disappear. This country did not resume specie payments after the Civil War until 1879.

Some idea may be gained of the situation in Europe by this comparison: Trading in German marks started some months ago at 8 cents; since then the mark has declined to 2.15. Many people who bought expecting a quick profit have sold out on the present decline. At present levels it looks like a good speculative chance.

Europe is starving and her mills and workers are idle because of lack of machinery and materials. What are our bankers doing to prevent economic ruin and political catastrophe from overwhelming her? The smug indifference of the 100,000,000 well-fed inhabitants of this great wealthy country to the misfortunes of the balance of 1,900,000,000 inhabitants of the world is deplorable. Our own laboring classes are enjoying an orgy of prosperity and money-spending such as the world has never before seen, with no thought or provision for the "rainy day."

In prominent Wall Street circles there is a strong impression that the appreciation of European conditions is lamentably inadequate both among bankers and in Washington and that before they are thoroughly awake to the situation it may be too late. This applies also to the general public. It is insisted in quarters close to the leading banking interests that unless American credit, food, and goods are soon rushed abroad in big volume the starving of millions of people in Central Europe will bring a catastrophe greater than the war. It

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seems that we have lapsed into a spirit of selfishness and a sordid desire for immediate gain which altogether clouds our perspective and blinds our vision to the calamities which may react upon us later from the excessive misery abroad. The strength in sugar stocks is only another forerunner of possible trouble, forecasting as it does a world sugar shortage which will lead to great physical suffering amongst those who are deprived of this most necessary commodity.

It is unfortunate that the bankers of this country, and legislative Washington also, did not immediately accept the warnings of Frank A. Vanderlip and of Thomas W. Lamont of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., uttered some months ago. If bitter partisan feeling and stubbornness are to continue, nothing whatever will be accomplished, and America, "the hope of the world," will miss her chance to aid humanity.—W. C. Gregg, manager McDonnell & Co.'s Palace Hotel branch.

Correction of one important phase of the high cost of living—the increasing price of

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bread and other wheat flour products—is to be put directly up to the consumer and the housewife by the Federal government. The opportunity to get cheaper bread is to be given to the public immediately by the United States Grain Corporation under a plan formulated by Julius H. Barnes, wheat director, and announced at the San Francisco office by Walter A. Starr, second vice-president and zonal director of the Grain Corporation.

A situation has developed generally in the wheat and flour market in the United States which the Grain Corporation has decided to correct so far as lies in its power, says the announcement. The result depends upon the willingness of the public to save money by using a cheaper grade of flour which the Grain Corporation has arranged to have thrown upon the domestic market.

There has been a short crop of "hard wheats," from which the so-called high-grade flour is made, and at the same time there has been a persistent demand by the trade and bakers for the class of flour made from

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such wheat. As a result a disproportionate demand has been placed upon the short end of the crop, causing high premiums for this wheat and high prices for the flour, compared with the price of soft wheat flour, and especially the price of straight wheat flour which the Grain Corporation buys from the mills for export.

On the other hand there is a large surplus of export grade flour in the United States, which the Grain Corporation has been buying at a close reflection of the minimum government price for wheat. It is this flour that the Grain Corporation is going to make available to the consuming public of this country.

In this grain zone the Grain Corporation has arranged to place on the market at once large quantities of export flour made of straight California wheat. This is a wholesome straight wheat flour, milled up to a specified standard, and while the loaf made of this flour is not so white as the bread made of high patent flour, as a food it is considered just as palatable and nutritious.

The mills have voluntarily consented to co-operate with the Grain Corporation in the distribution on a basis which will allow the following retail prices: 49-pound sacks, \$3; 24½-pound sacks, \$1.55; 10-pound sacks, 65 cents.

Announcement will be made by the Grain Corporation in a few days of the dealers who will have stocks of this flour for sale to the consumer at the prices named. The flour will be available to all stores and retailers, who can obtain a supply by applying to the mills, with the condition that they must not sell to the consumer above the prescribed prices.

It will then be up to the consumers to decide whether they wish to pay high prices for special brands of flour containing the high-priced wheat, or buy pure straight flour made from choice California wheat, at a lower price, directly reflecting the minimum government price for wheat, and the price at which this flour is being bought for export.

A number of local business men have selected the Anglo-California Trust Company as the trust company in San Francisco to establish a Community Trust Fund. Community trust funds have been established by progressive trust companies in twenty of the leading cities of the country, including Seattle, Spokane, Los Angeles, and a number of large Eastern cities.

The local men who have recommended the Anglo-California Trust Company to be the depository for this fund realize that the community trust fund is the best possible method of administering bequests to local charities and to public purposes. The Anglo-California Trust Company is securing information bearing on this subject from various sources and from present indications the establishment of a community trust fund will meet with popular approval here.

It offers service in the selection of deserving charities, safety in the conserving of donations and bequests to charity and to public purposes, permanency and economy in the administration of merged benefactions for the public welfare.

In San Francisco, as in every community, are those people who have it in their hearts to contribute to the common good of their fellow-citizens. In San Francisco, in a greater number than in most communities, are those who recognize that to community effort and civic development, quite as much as to their own industry and ability, is due the increase in their fortunes, and who are therefore anxious to make some fitting return to the city and its inhabitants. Many of these and

others of lesser means, but equally anxious to contribute, are deterred from establishing individual trusts—providing in their wills that a certain fund be invested by a trust company and portions of the principal paid over at stated periods to specific charitable or educational institutions—through dread of the costly administration expenses that ordinarily absorb so large a proportion of a gift. Many people, though charitably inclined, avoid public bequests because they honestly can not select for themselves the particular institution or form of charity to the support of which they might contribute. Still another class of citizens, those of small means, would gladly leave a portion of their estates to the public if assured of a permanent fund in which their bequests could merge with the donations and bequests of others.

There are also many persons who during their lifetime would gladly give outright for public purposes, but who are prevented from doing so first through dislike of discriminating between this and that institution or object; second, through the fear that by giving to one cause they invite the solicitors for every other cause. Among these are merchants and professional men compelled to listen by the hour to this or that appeal, and who often refuse the deserving and give to the undeserving. To each and all the community trust fund offers its services.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce in its November monthly letter has the following to say about the general business conditions of Canada:

"While the people are in the mood to spend, and as long as their extraordinary earnings and accumulated savings will permit, active business conditions will continue. It is not, however, satisfactory to find that many of our fundamental industries are suffering from a shortage of labor. The scarcity of paper and lumber can not be remedied unless more labor is available for operations in the woods. To curtail the export of forest products, in order that a larger proportion may be used at home, would only result in further increasing the discount on Canadian funds abroad. In mining there are indications of better labor conditions and a rapid recovery in the volume and the value of the output. France, Belgium, and Germany are now in the market for fat cattle, and Great Britain can obtain only one-tenth of the Canadian goods—bacon, eggs, etc., that she requires. For the ten months ending October 996,599 head of cattle, hogs, and sheep were marketed at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, as compared with 776,874 for the same period last year. At other cattle centres there has been a corresponding increase. It is evidence of a real demand for cattle products that the seasonal decline in price, especially in view of such large receipts, has been so slight. A considerable proportion of the cattle offered, however, are unfinished, and cows and heifers are being marketed and exported at an undesirable rate, partly on account of the fear of governmental interference with prices. Meanwhile those engaged in cattle-raising are deriving substantial revenues therefrom.

"The fish catch on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts recently has been fully up to normal. Of cod, haddock, hake, and pollock, 786,000 cwt. were taken up to the end of September as compared with 589,000 cwt. last year. The herring catch was 100,000 cwt. as compared with 51,000 cwt. last year.

"In all urban districts in the Dominion there is, according to permits being issued, a decided increase in the volume of building projected, and if material were available there would be much more building actually in progress."

The Morris Plan Company of San Francisco has issued the following statement of condition at the close of business November 29, 1919:

ASSETS.	
Loans	\$404,405.66
Furniture and fixtures	\$6,861.69
Less depreciation	1,271.44—
Miscellaneous items	5,590.25
Cash on hand and in bank	7,011.34
	6,891.47
	\$423,898.72
LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid in	\$204,000.00
Other liabilities	171,160.00
Investment certificates	2,300.00
Received on installment certificates un-	
hypothecated	466.00
Industrial Finance Corporation	81.00
Discounts collected—Unearned	19,707.56
Surplus and reserves	26,184.16
	\$423,898.72

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$125,000 City of Brawley, Imperial County, California, 5½ per cent. water bonds in denominations of \$1000, dated November 3, 1919.

The City of Brawley has an estimated population of 4500, is situated in the heart of the Imperial Valley on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Over 80 per cent. of the canteloupes and 50 per cent. of the lettuce, cotton, hogs, and cattle raised in the valley are shipped from Brawley.

Brawley is a well-improved, modern city,

having excellent schools, parks, gas, electric light and power, good sewer system, and well-paved streets. It supports three banks, with aggregate deposits of over \$1,500,000.

The purpose of this issue is to provide funds for increasing the water supply and extending the distribution system made necessary by the substantial growth of the city.

NOMADRY IN OKLAHOMA.

News is one of the slowest things that run along the ridges of the South or through the ranges of the West. Water, whether dashing down a Western fall, or—like a snake's red tongue—darting and spitting on the bedrock of a muddy Southern stream, flows faster. Carrying all the fillip of thrilling news and quenching a thirst which water will not slake, liquor is the fleetest of the three.

Tidings of prohibition, perhaps, have saddened some of the more civilized sections of the wilder parts of the country, but, in the backwoods, distillers still may plead ignorance of the law. Not that any law would curb the tongue of the moonshiner, for the only liquor that soothes his stomach is lawless. His is a rough palate and particular. But from New York, where the government imported a revenue agent who had sharpened his experience on the rough crags of the backwoods, it looks as if the Southern and Western makers of malt are still carrying their corn up the mountains in sacks and bringing it down again in jugs.

The quickness of the quench to the thirst is being aided now by a series of startling "finds" which are being reported. From Ponca City, Oklahoma, comes the story of a lucky lumberman, Jerry Drake, who looks on every heap of his timber with the question, "Is there a John Barleycorn in the woodpile?" Drake was removing a pile of lumber when his men lifted the last piece to find five heading quarts. He held them to the sunlight, saw that the liquor was pure as a pearl, and didn't wait for corkage charges. They call Drake one of the most popular men in Oklahoma now.

While the governor of North Carolina has been putting his proverbial question loudly and more emphatically than ever to the governor of South Carolina, the flocks of prospectors who flew to the oil fields have discovered among them the luckiest strike of all. Jack Powell, an oil engineer, was surveying boundary lines recently when he uncovered an old witness rock. The stone spoke and the staff of Moses could not have brought forth more precious liquid. "The note said," according to the story of Powell, "that if the finder would run a line one hundred yards to the west he would encounter another stone and would be well rewarded. I ran the line, turned over the stone with much difficulty," he is quoted as having said, "and found a quart of excellent whisky." Since then the oil prospectors have left no stone unturned.

Gene Black is reported to be an oil field worker in Osage County who arrived in Louisiana just in time to watch workmen excavating in the bed of the Red River. They had to hoist the hull of an old steamship, later identified as the *Monterey*, which sank soon after leaving Shreveport in 1852. Black is quoted as breaking the news violently, without thought of the effect it would have on his hearers: "In the hold of that boat they found five barrels of whisky. The *Monterey* was sunk in 1852, and you can imagine just how old and good that liquor was. The boat had left New Orleans in the spring of '52 with a carload of merchandise to trade with the Indians. For some unknown reason, perhaps she struck a snag, the boat sprang a leak and went down, and all the merchandise was lost."

Then, as quoted in the *Daily Oklahoman*, comes Black's anti-climax: "I do not doubt that the workmen were the most unlucky that ever lived, for, while being handled, the barrels fell to pieces and the whisky saturated into the sands of that locality."

News travels slowly in the backwoods of the South and West. Water runs fresh and faster. But the fleetest of the three is old corn. It comes down from the mountains, up from the river beds, and out of the rocks. Orders are promptly filled. In its speed even its patronym light is rivaled by the "Moonshine" and the "Lightning."—*New York Evening Post*.

What Happened at Kut.

Speaking at Newport, England, at a fête organized by the Comrades of the Great War, General Sir Charles Townsend said that he wished he could live long enough to see what history would have to say about the defense of Kut. He was ordered to go forward with a handful of men. Instead of having 13,000 men at his disposal he should have had 113,000. He had warned the authorities of what might happen if he was asked to go on with only a limited number of effectives, but after having given the warning his duty was done. Any orders he received afterward had to be carried out. With a sufficient number of men he could have guaranteed not only to take

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Bagdad, but also to hold it. The Turkish army could have been thrown into the river. He very nearly accomplished that as it was, but under the circumstances which hampered him if Bagdad had been taken it would have had to be evacuated the next day. He had found almost as many enemies when he came home as he had beaten in the field. He decided to halt at that place (Kut) to give the government time to send out more troops from overseas, but without the necessary number of troops he was forced to surrender. Owing to starvation men were dying at the rate of twenty-six a day, dying of hunger, but at the same time, he remarked proudly: "I did not surrender even then until I was ordered to do so, and told that no relief could be sent to me."

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After a diet of great battles and of world convulsions comes the poet who is also the soldier to tell us of the little eloquent things. In these twelve sketches Lord Dunsany gives us a composite picture of ruined and desolated France. There is the sad old woman watching the ruins of Arras Cathedral. There is the old trench with its twisted iron as though gigantic fingers had twiddled it idly for a moment, and the endless tap, tap of broken metal. There is the old man of Croiselles who with a stick and a piece of string goes through a pantomime of hanging the Kaiser. There is a broken British helmet, a man's waistcoat, and a woman's stays, and there are the hoastful German inscriptions on the walls with the amendations and additions of triumphant British soldiers. Northern France is not merely ruined and destroyed. It has become a stinking garbage heap, evil, monstrous, and rancid. It is only the poetic imagination, seizing on the little things, that can paint its picture.

UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A Woman's Man.

Why should we be interested in the minute and detailed biography of a dissolute and weak-minded Frenchman? Supposing that it is a "ruthless analysis and vivisection," as the advance notes inform us. What of it? There have been men and women of splendid vices, magnificent in their iniquities, whom we tolerate because they are unique, but for the mere inanities of vice there can be nothing but repulsion.

Here we have the story of Armand de Vaucourt and of his many facile conquests. He goes to Paris to begin a literary career and leaves behind him his cheap village debaucheries, only to extend and amplify them

in the metropolis. The wife of his publisher becomes his mistress, and then the daughter of his friend. Engaged to a good and charming girl, he first deserts her, then marries her, then breaks her heart. He acts with cynical brutality to his mother. In spite of a certain literary success, he has neither mind nor morals. He is a dreary and disagreeable roud without a spark of kindness or generosity, a mere *flaneur* of the conventional decadent French type. It is not enough that a picture should be painted with fidelity. It must also be worth painting, and we do not think that this picture is worth painting, however clever the workmanship.

A WOMAN'S MAN. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

China.

Who knows how many Mohammedans there are in China? Or how to find out? Who knows anything about Chinese weights and measures, or waterways, or postoffices, or hoy scouts? Who knows anything about the status of Tibet, or Judaism in China, or Chinese laws, or chambers of commerce, or taxation? Of course there are people who know all these things, but how does one find them when one wants them? A day at the public library would doubtless reveal everything, but for most of us this is just as impossible as a day at the moon. And it may be said that when we want to know anything about China we want it pretty badly.

But here comes the "China Year Book" for 1919-20. Already there are three or four preceding volumes on our shelves. We watch them jealously, for they are among the hooks that are likely to be "conveyed." Here we have not only the whole history of China, but apparently every fact about China that any reasonable human being can wish to possess. The table of contents contains twenty-nine main heads, and the index by rough calculation about 3600 entries. It would seem that nothing could escape such a net as this, and indeed nothing has. Among the more unusual departments is one devoted to a Chinese "Who's Who," and another on "Foreigners in China." Such usual departments as those on commerce, trade, communications, defense, finance, shipping, and religions are extraordinarily ample and detailed. The volume contains 762 pages, including a map of Mongolia. It is well printed in reasonably large type, and bound strongly in appropriate yellow.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1919-20. By H. T. Montague Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. I. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Another Couperus Novel.

The Louis Couperus who wrote "Ecstasy"—which, in its translated form, has just been brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co.—was a young man. In these later years of his life the man who could conceive of the ecstatic renunciation of the claims of the flesh, such as was tacitly agreed upon by the two lovers in "Ecstasy," no longer exists. Louis Couperus is a man with a saddened—although not jaundiced—view of human nature. All

his hooks are somhre, even "Ecstasy," in spite of its title. It seems as if this writer, with his strangely penetrating divining rod, must know the secrets of many hearts, as we read these peculiarly haunting novels, which are like family records told with the polished charm and suspensive interest of fiction. They are full of a sense of secrecy, mystery. But it is always the mystery of the elusive human heart. Even the faded secrets of the very old—who figure so prominently in these novels—are charged with the intense vitality attached to the affairs of youth, and those readers who admire and appreciate the art of this unusual writer find themselves delving into the records of the dead and hurried sins of those tottering octogenarians still clinging to life with a fascination that is the result of Couperus' powers for reading hearts.

"Ecstasy" is different. It is the brief history of a transcendental love affair. The experience it records is exceptional, and does not arouse that deep perception of the hidden promptings of erring human hearts, such as is felt in reading Couperus' later and greater works. But it is the work, albeit in his earlier manner, of a master in his craft, and all American readers who, as each Couperus volume has been translated, have followed this author's works with ever renewing interest, will not pass by this less striking novel.

ECSTASY. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Jerome's Novel.

It is probable that Mr. Jerome had no intention to write a novel about the war, but how can any one write a novel and exclude the war?

But this would be a war novel even if the war had not been mentioned, and as a matter of fact the war comes in only toward the end of the hook. In reviewing the trials and the achievements of Joan Allway we have a sort of general survey of British politics and of the newspaper world. Joan goes to London to become a journalist, and incidentally to redeem the world by showing the road to the good, the beautiful, and the true. She finds that for herself it is a *via dolorosa*. She may say anything but the truth. The advertising and circulation managers warn her sternly to avoid all topics that may offend their special interests. The public is the great cow that is to be milked. Its hovine placidities, so essential to liberal production, must not be disturbed.

It is a melancholy picture, and one that all democracies have furnished, a picture of popular masses believing themselves to be powerful and yet saddled, hit, and spurred by a few ambitious men owning many newspapers pretending to speak with as many independent and disinterested voices. We know to whom Mr. Jerome refers, and we have troubles of our own. The daily newspaper, and particularly the chain newspaper, is more dangerous to human rights than ever Germany was.

Mr. Jerome's stage is well filled with clever and representative people. They make love to each other in well-assorted and interesting couples, they talk cleverly, and they do human things. As a novel it is different from anything that Mr. Jerome has yet written. The cap and hells have been put away and we recognize the story as the work of a strong and earnest man watching the moving show with apprehension and sometimes with disgust and apprehension. And well he may.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO CALVARY. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Games for Children.

These are described as "Singing Games for Children." Actually they are very simple little operas that can be performed almost anywhere and without scenery. Doggerel is usually supposed to be good enough for children, and silly doggerel at that, although children are the most critical of critics. Here we have real poetry, musical and captivating, and with a lilt that makes dancing compulsory. Eleanor Farjeon is to be congratulated on her verses, while J. Littlejohns, R. B. A., has done equally well with numerous colored and ingenious illustrations. There could be no better Christmas hook for children.

SINGING GAMES FOR CHILDREN. By Eleanor Farjeon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Wilfred T. Grenfell, "the author of the North," whose hook, "The Lahrador Doctor," an autohography, has just appeared under the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company, sailed for England from Boston on November 19th. Dr. Grenfell and his wife are to visit the author's hoyhood home in Surrey.

Jacinto Benavente, the subtlest as well as the most versatile of dramatists, is at the same time one of the sanest of men. He does all his writing after 2 o'clock in the morning, finishing before dawn.

Ex-Senator Beveridge's just published final two volumes of the "Life of John Marshall" tell many gossip anecdotes about national figures who would not otherwise be known to the average reader other than as rather

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stiff, lay figures of history. "We are great ascetics, and even deny ourselves wine except in wet weather." Story dutifully informed his wife. "What I say about the wine gives you our rule; but it does sometimes happen that the chief justice will say to me, when the cloth is removed, 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And if I tell him that the sun is shining brightly, Judge Marshall will sometimes reply, 'All the better, for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances make it certain that it must be raining somewhere.'"

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published the new volume in the Leonard Merrick series of novels, "The Man Who Understood Women, and Other Stories," which has been delayed for some weeks by the strike in the printing trades. The introduction is by W. J. Locke and the volume is uniform with their American popular edition of Merrick's novels, in which four titles have already been published.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the immediate publication of Frederick Ferdinand Moore's "Siheria Today." In this hook Mr. Moore, who served as a member of the intelligence section with the A. E. F. in Siheria, tells what he actually saw of conditions there. The volume is said to contain some very interesting revelations about Bolshevik activities in Germany and the United States, as well as in Russia.

On December 27th there will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the first performance on any stage of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" in operatic form. In the early part of next year a performance is to be given before the King and Queen of Belgium at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels, and in June its first production in Paris will be given at the Opera Comique. All royalties due the composer and the author are to be paid to funds for the relief of war-orphaned children.

Kathleen Norris recently arrived in New York from Rio de Janeiro, after an all-summer tour of South America. Mrs. Norris, who is full of plans for new work, said that she "sought seclusion in the heart of New York" just long enough to obtain reservations and start across the continent for San Francisco, where she will spend the winter.

A new interpretation of Blake's personality has just been made by an English student of his life and work that is noteworthy for its knowledge and its judicial temper. It is by Charles Gardner, whose studies and critical interpretation of Blake's works have already won for him a reputation as an authority upon this subject. His "Vision and Gesture," a study of the influence of Blake upon modern thought, was published a few years ago by E. P. Dutton & Co., and this house has just brought out his new hook, "William Blake, the Man." It is an account of Blake's life and of his mental and spiritual development as disclosed in his works.

"The future of civilization requires that the authority of public law shall be reasserted with as much notoriety as marked the challenge," says Sir Frederick Smith in the preface to the fifth edition, revised and enlarged by Coleman Phillipson, of his great work, "International Law," which E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published, making that statement in answer to those who have cynically declared that the world war has shot international law to pieces.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Germany in Defeat.

It is a curious fact that with the single exception of the writings of Count Charles De Souza there has been no elaborated attempt to explain to us the strategy of the war as a whole, and as distinct from the battle tactics of its various parts. The despondency generally felt toward the end of the war, and at a time when Germany had been hopelessly beaten for over a year was due to this failure to look at the main aims of the game, to an undue concentration upon its local features to the neglect of its greater issues.

Germany went into the war for the conquest of Serbia and for the domination of the road into Asia. All else was subsidiary and incidental. The war was fundamentally won when the road into Asia was barred by the victories in Serbia and in Mesopotamia. A factor of incalculable importance was the Italian menace to the Austrian armies.

In his fourth volume Count De Souza devotes his first three chapters to the early campaigns in Serbia and his fourth chapter to the Italian campaign. He gives us two chapters on the war in Roumania, one chapter on the Russian operations of 1916, and one on the German policy at sea. The remainder of his volume is occupied with Verdun and the Somme and the general conduct of affairs in the West. As in the previous volumes, we are given a large number of maps and plans that form an admirable adjunct to the lucid text.

Germany had lost the war, and she knew it, when her Belgian strategy had failed to produce a decisive battle with the French. It was a discomfited and not a victorious army that invaded France in 1914. The Germans were not advancing upon Paris. The initiative was not with them, but with Joffre, who was leading them to the slaughter-house at the Marne. They had foreseen their defeat at the Marne and were already prepared with defensive positions. Henceforth they had no hope but in the chapter of accidents, and although the Russian collapse enabled them to struggle for a time more desperately in the net they never really expected a victory. After the battle of the Somme their position had become hopeless. All this has been admirably set forth by the author, who may now have the gratification of seeing his auguries confirmed by the revelations of the Ger-

man general staff. Count Souza promises us a further volume on the concluding stages of the war. If it is permissible to anticipate he will probably say that the second German attack on the Marne was a desperate and hopeless throw of the dice and that its results might have been confidently foreseen by a drummer boy. The author's military history of the war from the pure technical and strategical standpoint is, so far as we know, the only thing of its kind, a unique contribution to the literature of the struggle.

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By Count Charles De Souza. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

China and Japan.

The world is more than a little tired of being told that it stands at the cross roads, at the parting of the ways. It is so weary that it does not care whether it does or not. Democratic nations know little about the Far East and they care less. Democratic statesmen think of nothing but votes, and there are no votes implied in Oriental policies. There is no doubt that we shall go on tranquilly doing the wrong thing in the wrong way, and then holding up our hands to high heaven in protest when we are struck by the "bolts from the blue" that were equally inevitable and unforeseen.

And so we are not particularly hopeful that Mr. Putnam Weale's luminous exposition of Japanese policies toward China will receive the attention that it deserves. Indeed it is already too late. Japan has the swag in her pocket as the price of her consent to a league of nations of which she herself is the embodied negation. But here is the belated warning. Mr. Weale says:

Japan has placed the Manchurian railways and the Port Arthur lease on ninety-nine-year Kiaochow terms—an action which is absolutely *ultra vires*; and moreover, she has not only taken over all the German enterprises in Shantung by force, but she has pushed through, by means of loans to the Peking military party, a railway extension scheme on a German-made plan, secretly prepared by Germany before the European war, aiming at making Tsingtao the sea-terminus for a railway system which at some distant date is to stretch through Central Asia and link up with the Middle East.

There we have the hint at Japan's double policy. China is simultaneously bribed and coerced in pursuance of German, and German-like, policies, while the white world is mesmerized into compliance by diplomatic suavities and "pieces of paper."

Mr. Weale is mistaken when he says that here we have a piece of international business that can not be brushed aside. It can be brushed aside, and it has been brushed aside, and for that reason the new war is already at our gates. Mr. Weale says:

It is absolutely essential that when this test case comes up stout defenders be found who will realize that a drama as real to the Chinese people as Kaiserism has been to the European peoples is in process of being enacted; and that beneath the surface every principle for which the war has been fought is at stake—to be honored or disavowed.

The evil began with the annexation of Korea. Japan then became a continental power with a stake on the mainland of Asia. She was thus incited to extend her empire into southern Manchuria, and from this came not only the war with Russia, but the present ambitions that have been partially unfolded and to which we are incredibly giving our assent. The remedy is to be found in the cultivation of Chinese nationality, not yet actually born. Can it be done? Yes, says Mr. Weale, if the maritime powers adopt the right policy; no, if instead of enforcing an honest and well-balanced judgment on an admittedly complex and exasperating situation they follow Pontius Pilate and wash their hands of the whole business.

It is to be feared that they have done just this. Perhaps even worse than this. For they have sold China for a feathery league of nations. And so, having once more sown the wind, we may now expect to reap the whirlwind.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHINA AND JAPAN. By R. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Briefers Reviews.

Under the title of "The Firelight Fairy Book" the Atlantic Monthly Press has published a collection of thirteen new fairy stories by Henry B. Beston with colored illustrations in liberal numbers by Maurice E. Day.

The contents of "Atlantic Prose and Poetry" for junior high schools and upper grammar grades has been selected and edited by Charles Swain Thomas, A. M., and H. G. Paul, Ph. D., and published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. The editors say in their foreword: "Our aim in compiling and editing this book is to assemble in an attractive literary volume such *Atlantic* prose and poetry as will be of compelling interest to this younger group of pupils. The best of the old and the best of the modern are here represented. Thus are fittingly intermingled old traditions with the new and varied conceptions that are

born with the coming of each significant event."

New Books Received.

THE GRAIL OF LIFE. By John Haynes Holmes and Lillian Browne-Olf. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

An anthology on heroic death and immortal life.

THE UNOBTAINING HILLS. By Livingston Ludlow Biddle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A volume of verse.

ACROSS THE BLOCKADE. By Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. A record of travels in enemy Europe.

ATLANTIC PROSE AND POETRY. Selected and edited by Charles Swain Thomas, A. M., and H. G. Paul, Ph. D. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press.

For junior high schools and upper grammar grades.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL. By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Volumes III and IV, Conflict and Construction, 1800-1815.

THE STRATEGY OF THE GREAT WAR. By William L. McPherson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. A study of its campaigns and battles in their relation to Allied and German military policy.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE. By Herbert Langford Warren, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Illustrated from documents and original drawings.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO CALVARY. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. War sketches.

CREATIVE CHEMISTRY. By Edwin E. Slosson. New York: The Century Company. Issued in the Century Books of Useful Science.

HELENA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

SIR HARRY. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE FOURTEEN POINTS. By Harry Hansen. New York: The Century Company.

Episodes of the peace conference.

THE WISHING RING. By Eleanor Schorer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. A Christmas story.

THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. A novel.

CZECHOSLOVAK FAIRY TALES. By Parker Fillmore. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. For children.

THE SEARCH. By Grace Livingston Hill (Lutz). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. A novel.

PROGRESSIVE RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN AMERICA. By John W. Buckham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Theological biographies.

HEALTH THROUGH WILL POWER. By James J. Walsh, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The restoration of the will to its place as the supreme faculty of life.

THE REFUGEE FAMILY. By Flavia Camp Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

The story of a French family during the German occupation of northern France. For girls.

LEGENDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. By George W. Caldwell, M. D. San Francisco: Phillips & Van Orden Company. In prose and verse.

OUT OF THE RUINS. By George B. Ford. New York: The Century Company.

An account of the devastations in France and Belgium.

THE CROSS. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A book of devotion.

ANTI-BABEL. By William Henry Bishop. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Eight short stories.

JUDICIAL REFORM. By John D. Works. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. A plea for reformed procedure.

PRELUDE. By Marguerite Hope Bennett. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. A volume of verse.

TRENCH TALES. By Clarence Lumpkin Jordan. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. A volume of verse.

THE FAT FROG OF PAU. By Katherine Stedman Palmer. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. A story.

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By Count Charles De Souza. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. A strategic history of the war. Fourth phase.

FROM THE DESERT. By John Wesley Holloway. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. A volume of verse.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. With thirty illustrations by Eugene Burnard.

LYRICS. By George V. A. McCloskey. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. A volume of verse.

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF MAN. By C. W. Salechy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Disease and hygiene.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN COMMERCE. By H.



Soft drinks—any flavor—are best when prepared with Shasta Water in Siphons.

Osman Newland, F. R. Hist. S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A popular account of the production of cereals, tea, coffee, rubber, tobacco, etc.

WITH THE WITS. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Shelburne essays. Tenth series.

ELECTRIC FRANCHISES IN NEW YORK CITY. By Leonora Arent, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE FIRELIGHT FAIRY BOOK. By Henry B. Beston. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. With colored illustrations.

THE MYSTERY OF SPACE. By Robert T. Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A study of the hyperspace movement and an inquiry into the genesis and essential nature of space.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA. By Chong Su See, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

BEATY, JELICOE, SIMS AND ROOMAN. By Lieutenant Francis T. Hunter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Yankee gobs and British tars.

COLLECTOR'S LUCK. By Alice Van Leer Carrick. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. The household furniture and ornaments of olden time.

PORTAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Biographies of eight great women.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM. By Walter W. Davis. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. A proposed plan.

SINGING GAMES FOR CHILDREN. By Eleanor Farjeon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. With illustrations by A. Littlejohns, R. B. A.

PAINTING AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By Charles H. Woodbury, N.A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. The realities behind the artistic processes.

THE TRUE LA FAYETTE. By George Morgan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Biography.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1919. By H. T. Montague Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead M. J. I. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Fifth year of publication.

EASTERN NIGHTS—AND FLIGHTS. By Alan Bott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Adventures of an aviator.

London is to retain its women ambulance drivers. Their retention was hotly contested by labor members at a meeting of the asylum's board, but the chairman of the committee said that women had faced danger in air raids and were entitled to due consideration.



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TETRAZZINI.

On Sunday afternoon Tetrizzini and San Francisco met in a loving embrace. That is to say the embrace was well understood, although it consisted on Tetrizzini's part of a gesture of expansively outstretched arms and full-bodied sighs of gratitude and deep content, while the audience of some seven thousand rose and waved and clapped and shouted an enthusiastic welcome.

Then it became all ear, after things settled down, and enjoyed a particularly delightful programme. Tetrizzini did not open the programme, the first number—"Il mio Tesoro," from "Giovanni"—being rendered with great sweetness and charm by a young tenor named Warren Proctor. Mr. Proctor's voice is scarcely pure tenor, having a dash of the baritone quality, and is not very strong in its upper range, but it is otherwise a most appealing mixture of sweetness and volume, velvety smooth in tone, and the prepossessing young singer, both in this number and in another group of selections, showed sympathy, musical feeling, and temperament.

The violinist, Mr. Mayo Wadler, was possessed of similar gifts, and drew a honey-sweet tone from his instrument. His selection of compositions demonstrated the possession of good taste and marked departure from routine. The Busch "Indian Legend," a lovely thing, was rendered with an artist's perception of the need for an occasional suggestion of the wild sweetness expressed in primitive music; and how delicately the young player refined and beautified, by his individual touch, the Stoessel "Humoresque" on ragtime rhythms, so that it became a voice of wistful, inquiring, soothing beauty.

Mr. Pietro Cimara, the accompanist, did not give any solos, but none the less many were the admiring comments from the audience on his accompaniments, which were characterized by a beautiful, temperamental sympathy and the finish of an art lovingly cultivated.

It was a generous background thus offered to set off the vocal art of the favorite diva, and when the opening notes of Ophelia's aria from the mad scene in "Hamlet" were heard it was apparent almost immediately that the singer was in tip-top condition and excellent voice.

And, indeed, the years have crowned Tetrizzini with greater perfection than of yore. The dazzling beauty of her vocalization has become softened, humanized. When I first heard her she seemed to me like a brilliantly warbling canary. Her notes were like showers of pearls, but the rich, mellow warmth of tone that characterizes them now is a later acquisition. The years have taken nothing away from her save, perhaps, some of the softness of her topmost notes. And one is not quite so sure of that. But there was more heart in her singing than I have heard before, while

the crystal clarity is there undimmed, the lovely intonation, and the Patti-like purity of tone.

Among other selections she gave Solveig's song, this favorite Grieg number being given with tender pathos, in marked contrast to the brilliancy of the variations on the "Carnival of Venice." But the gem of the afternoon, in my opinion, was the "Voi che sapete" from "Nozze de Figaro." How the audience hung on those pure and lovely notes, whose crystalline perfection was made particularly apparent by the familiarity of the music. This number, by the way, is to be repeated at her December 16th concert.

Mme. Tetrizzini was generous with encores, which she gave with an effect of saying, "Nothing is too good for my dear San Francisco public."

And the audience appreciated with delight every fine point of the singer's art: her wonderful chromatic runs, the purity of tone maintained in those finely sustained effects in crescendo and diminuendo, and all the brilliant pyrotechnics, as well as the emotional warmth in the songs of sentiment. For this singer, like Patti, was born as well as made, and though the years roll on the excellence of both her natural and her acquired method hold them at bay, and the voice remains untarnished.

FARCE AT THE ALCAZAR.

"Nothing But Lies" is a characteristic specimen of the kind of plays that William Collier particularly favors. He likes swift, curt, snappy dialogue, crackling with jokes like packages of firecrackers. He likes a lot of action, and a series of rapid exits and entrances which dovetail with accuracy and leave the spectator breathless with laughter over the conjunctions that result.

Of course the cheerful liar who is the principal personage of the play is being continually found out in his whoppers, and continually emerging with undimmed luster, and impudence, and persiflage. And of course he has a dear little literal sweetheart, who, in real life, would be jilted by her George Washington Cross because she made such a common nuisance of herself in the business office. For Georgie was all business.

These two rôles were played by Walter Richardson and Belle Bennett, the latter, daintily impervious as the truth-telling sweetheart, justifying her selection by George Washington Cross as the girl of his mendacious heart.

Mr. Richardson was kept busy firing off repartee in the Collier rôle, and the company generally had a lively time of it, particularly Henry Shumer, who registered a constant series of explosions as the exasperated father of a brotherhood-of-man truth-teller.

This rôle was in the hands of Clifford Alexander, a pleasant and useful young actor, but who has returned to us with his two faults still flourishing. One of them is an incorrectly placed voice, which is going to wear out early unless the young man takes lessons from a specialist. The other is too confirmed an omission of natural easy gesture. This criticism stands, in spite of the recognition that the actor was playing the part of an eccentric young blockhead.

Mr. Brunetto is rapidly developing, and gave a good bit of refined hurlesque in the part of the gentlemanly specialist.

Irving Dillon is the new man, and was all right in a small part, although he has yet to prove himself. Emily Pinter and Jean Oliver were two pretty girly-girls who lighted up the scenery agreeably, and several more of the

all-round useful players of the company shot in and out of the rapidly opening and closing doors, and did their share in contributing to the hilarity of a particularly large and well-pleased audience.

COMEDY AT THE MAITLAND.

Alfred Sutro, although he is classified with the Henry Arthur Jones-Arthur Pinero school, does not stand on the same eminence as those two great ones. But, like R. C. Carton, he can present engaging pictures of British social life, can create the appropriate atmosphere, knows how to write witty dialogue, and also can evolve a good plot. Therefore to read the name Alfred Sutro as the author of a play warrants pleasant anticipation.

Nor were those who saw "The Two Virtues" at the Maitland Playhouse disappointed. The title is deceptive, and not an inspired one. Are the two virtues sincerity and constancy? I'm sure I don't know.

It is rather like an Alfred Sutro joke to link these two together, for while Jeffrey Panton, the simple-hearted yet acute intellectualist who is the hero of the play, was sincere in most things, he was insincere in his pretense of a life-long constancy to Isabel, whose portrait he keeps on his writing table, and concerning his constancy to whom he doth protest too much. In fact the simple, wily Jeffrey keeps matchmakers and cap-setters at bay by his life-long constancy to the lost Isabel—who jilted him and married another.

Jeffrey is the core and pith of the play, and quite a delightful creation. Jeffrey is naturally serious, studious, and sincere. Finding no one else to meet him on the same plane, he adopts a tone of winning, disarming candor which sounds like airy persiflage, because of its appearance of whimsicality. In this manner he takes the wind out of the conventionalists' sails, confuses family strategy, outwits the enemy or enemies, and comes off with flying colors.

He is forty-five years old, delightfully rich, abstractedly generous, and agreeably uncalculating. He acts on impulse, which, in his case, generally proceeds from a kind heart plus a desire to be left to follow his own devices; which are to write history in peace and comfort, unannoyed by the windy clamor of the world.

It will be seen that Jeffrey is quite an original, and as such Mr. Maitland presented him, playing the part most acceptably, rendering the whimsical humor of the likable hero with an effect of sympathy and understanding, and, in fact, fitting very satisfactorily into the rôle.

With one exception the remainder of the company were suitably disposed, Miss O'Day giving an agreeable impression as the somewhat unconventional but charming heroine, Mr. Smythe giving his one scene cleverly, and May Nannery being appropriately alarming as the Gorgon Lady Milligan.

The little ingénue was miscast. She is an industrious and useful member of the company, but a member of the acting profession should cultivate a suitable voice and accent, and Miss Cummings is young enough to start about it energetically if she wants to win her spurs.

A STRIKE ON OLYMPUS.

The San Francisco Musical Club, which makes a specialty of good musical programmes, has just had a particularly successful one to its credit. An operetta entitled "The Strike" was thought so highly of by those of the club who sit in judgment that it was deemed worthy of a handsome production. The book, which is the work of Miss Marion Cumming, contains an ingenious central idea, that of placing the high gods and the muses of Mt. Olympus in contact with modern ideas and up-to-date flippancy, as a result of which the muses go on a strike. The idea was well worked out by the author, who showered the clever lines of the play with equally clever jokes appropriate to the times.

The story offers opportunity for costume effects, some picturesque, some in hurlesque. A charming background was provided, and the young men and women whose fine voices and histrionic talent in fortunate combination justified their selection for the numerous rôles in the play emphatically made good.

The music, which is composed by Mrs. Josephine Crew Aylwin, shows considerable musical ability on that lady's part. It has melodic charm and originality, and the combined talents of the enterprising pair of creators should justify them in hoping for possible commercial recognition.

Musically the opera received a particularly fine presentation. The chorus and the orchestral work were notably good, the young men and women performers being possessed of fresh, full, well-trained voices and the musical gifts which enabled them to respond to Mr. Paul Steindorff's experienced leadership.

The principals also sang delightfully, there being so many fine voices in the ensemble as to be able to put the staff of singers in an

MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Los Gatos, California

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL

(Accredited)

ordinary musical-comedy performance to the blush.

As music and not drama is the specialty of the club it was in music that the performers particularly shone. Mr. Frank Mathieu, however, coached the staff of conscientious players to such effect that the warmly approving audience gave continual demonstrations of satisfaction. With Miss Alice McComb taking the lead as the one most histrionically gifted, the list of the fair principals-in-chief who sang and acted most successfully consist of Mesdames Gale, Hill, and Coghlan, and of the men Messrs. McGee, Hillman, Pearson, and Barnes.

TRAGEDY.

Since the war reaction has begun, all humanity seems like swarms of buzzing insects circling determinedly in the sunshine. Where is the emotionally cleansing exaltation of the war? Gone, all gone, and the world is either madly gay, or on a strike. There is tragedy.



"A Check on Waste"

One of our meter readers working in the Haight and Ashbury district on October 22 found that the meter for a pair of flats showed water delivery of 8900 cubic feet since the previous meter reading 31 days before, or 287 cubic feet (2153 gallons) a day.

It was evident that something was wrong, so the owner was immediately advised to have his plumbing inspected.

Six days later the meter was read again. This time it showed water delivery of 4072 cubic feet for the 6 days, or 678 cubic feet (5185 gallons) a day.

Our inspector found that this enormous water delivery was due to a badly leaking toilet.

The owner now lost no time in having repairs made, with the result that when our meter reader returned to the premises on November 21 he found that consumption was normal, amounting to 34 cubic feet (255 gallons) a day. To make assurance doubly sure we took a second meter reading 4 days later.

We have sent that flat-owner a copy of our folder, "A Check on Waste," so that he may learn how to read his meter and know when to look for leaks.

Incidentally, we adjusted the abnormal bill in accordance with our liberal policy in such cases.

Why not write, telephone, or call for a copy of "A Check on Waste," and use it to keep your water bill normal? We want to help you in this matter.

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"Red Crown" has a continuous, uniform chain of boiling points which gives easy starting, power and mileage. Mixtures have "holes" in the chain. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

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immense, monumental tragedy, in the background; perhaps in the future, too, but such of humanity as is not burning with a sense of wrong is trying to forget.

Tragedy is out of fashion. Froth, and farce, and frills prevail. Nobody wants the drama of truth, apparently. At least not in San Francisco. Perhaps that is why that such of us as long for an occasional taste of the drama which is a reflex of life were so appreciative of a brief play, a mere episode, that was given at the Philomath Club this week, with Miss Nina Moise, a talented actress of sincere and earnest purpose, in the leading and almost solitary rôle.

The play, entitled "After the Funeral," was from the Yiddish of Isaac Loch Peretz, a writer who reached the hearts of the Russian Jews because of his racial sympathy with their keen, analytic interest in life and the courageous front that they present to its tragic possibilities. He died not long ago, somewhere in South Russia, and it is said that there were 200,000 of the Yiddish people at his funeral; an index, it is evident, of the hold he had on their hearts.

"After the Funeral," which is one of many sympathetic translations of this writer's numerous brief plays by Miss Etta Block, is the utterly sad picture of a young widow in her robes of mourning, sitting, struck to stone, in her desolated home on the day of the funeral. It is the painful spectacle of a grief so incurable and overwhelming that reason is dethroned. It recalls Poe's poem in which Reason was a happy monarch, until

Evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate.

And yet this brief record of an agony of grief from which the only escape was by means of delirium was beautiful with the beauty of tragedy. For it portrayed the kind of suffering which measures the human heart's infinite capacity for loving. And that love is the supreme beauty of living even those who can not love dimly feel.

So in this brief record of a heart's tragedy the author made us face life, and for a time escape from the great evasion which is characterizing the after-war mood of humanity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

TETRAZZINI

sings

NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT

Dec. 16, 8:30 sharp

Exposition Auditorium

Tickets at usual places
Hardman Piano

Italian Room, St. Francis Hotel

Thursday Evening, Dec. 18, at 8:30

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Mezzo-Soprano

Assisted by

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Tickets, \$1, 75c

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Get your seats early for New Year's Eve

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

"Seven Days' Leave" will be presented at the Curran Theatre for the week beginning Sunday night, December 14th.

The story of the play concerns principally a rollicking young major, back in London on a leave of absence, with buoyancy and heart enough to fall in love with a certain young woman who ardently welcomes his wooing. Then enters again sinisterly the clutch of the conflict whose roars can still be heard within the howlers, and from romance the play instantly stiffens to the tense thrill of danger. Many of the phases of life in London as it is at present—hazards of spies, leveling of castes, awakening of a finer spiritual note—fall into the alembic. There is a thrilling dénouement when a submarine is exploded in view of the audience.

"Up in Mahel's Room," the famous A. H. Woods farce success, comes to the Curran December 21st.

The Alcazar.

"Nothing But Lies" is having a merry and popular week and will be followed next Sunday by "The House of Glass," a Cohan and Harris success by Max Marcin. It is an ingenious exposition of the police adventures of a girl stenographer in New York imprisoned for a crime of which she is innocent. Released after three years, she breaks her parole and goes to Kansas City under an assumed name and marries a railway traffic manager—a man of great probity and ability. When he is promoted to a big executive position in New York she returns there with him, living a homeless life, but haunted and hangered by the fear of recognition. Her exposé comes when the detective who arrested her calls at her husband's home on railway business. It is a great detective drama, not of the sordid underworld, but of fashionable society.

The Alcazar's holiday bills are admirably chosen. Christmas week brings "The Little Teacher," by the late Harry James Smith, a comedy of life, love, youth, and patriotic inspiration, with its novel schoolroom scene and an exposition of the womanly activities of Red Cross work. During New Year's week "A Full House," a merry farcicality by Fred Jackson, author of "The Naughty Wife," will be in glad accord with the holiday spirit. As usual the Alcazar gives two performances New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, for which there is already a very large advance sale.

The Players Club.

Planquette's opera in three acts, "The Chimes of Normandy," which is being revived by the Players Club for a dozen performances or more, is creating more than usual interest among music lovers. In the old days at the Tivoli it was always one of the highest favorites, but is comparatively new to the present generation.

It is being done with an adequate cast of singers, unusual scenery, and fine lighting effects and splendid singing chorus.

It is a coincidence that the original Serpente in the première production of the opera in New York was Miss Emelie Melville, who is at present one of the honorary members of the Players Club and who has been seen frequently in the productions of the organization.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum promises another great new show for next week.

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre will appear in the model playlet, "Mayhloom," which gives Mr. Hyams abundant opportunity for the display of his dry, unctuous humor and enables Miss McIntyre to introduce her famous "Quaker" number.

The Rigoletto Brothers, Charles and Henry, will present their entertainment entitled "Around the World," in which they will have the support of the Swanson Sisters and a capable company. They introduce feats of legerdemain, song and dance, juggling, posing, acrobatics, stadium, yodeling, and work on the aerial ladder. They perform all their feats in appropriate costumes and represent India,

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CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., DEC. 14, at 2:45 Sharp

Programme—Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart; Shepherds' Music, Christmas Oratorio, Bach; Allegretto, from 8th Symphony, Beethoven; Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt; Dream Pantomime, from "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; Piedmontese Dances, Sinigaglia; overture, "Rienzi," Wagner.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.) Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theatre on concert days only.

Next—6th Pair of Symphonies, Dec. 19 and 21; ALBERT SPALDING, Soloist.

America, China, England, Italy, Holland, and Greece.

Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris will appear in a new song skit called "Golfing with Cupid."

George Watts and Belle Hawley will offer "Laughs Coated with Melodies." Watts provides the fun and Miss Hawley the melody.

James F. Fox and William H. Ward, who have for over fifty-two years delighted the amusement public, justly entitle themselves "The Record Minstrel and Vaudeville Team of the World." The only thing old about these two men is their ages.

Al and Fanny Stedman in their "Pianocapers," and Elizabeth Brice, Will Morrissey and company of twenty in "The Overseas Revue" will be the only holdovers in one of the best bills ever given in vaudeville.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Mollusc" will be the attraction at the Maitland Playhouse the week beginning Tuesday matinee and evening, December 16th.

"The Mollusc" was written by Hubert Henry Davies, formerly of this city and now of London, and the sparkling play has met with great success on both sides of the Atlantic.

Arthur Maitland will have the rôle made famous in this country by Henry Miller, that of Tom Kemps, who falls in love with the pretty governess, to be played in this instance by Ann O'Day. Elizabeth Lee will have the rôle of Mrs. Baxter, the professed invalid who turns the household topsy-turvy, and J. Anthony Smythe will be her husband.

A production of artistic beauty is promised. Matinees are to be given Tuesday and Saturday.

This Saturday night's performance will conclude the run of "The Two Virtues," Alfred Suro's merry comedy or moods, which has proven an excellent box-office magnet the past week.

Symphony Orchestra.

Albert Spalding will make his only local appearances this season as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the sixth pair of regular concerts, to be played in the Curran Theatre on Friday and Sunday afternoons, December 19th and 21st.

Spalding will play Bruch's Scotch Fantasia with the orchestra, a beautiful composition which will show his artistry at its finest.

The return of Albert Spalding to the concert platform, after having served his country in war for two years, has been acclaimed by Eastern audiences.

Born in Chicago in August, 1888, Spalding's love for music displayed itself when he was seven years of age. His first lessons were under the guidance of Professor Chiti, a Florentine master, at a time when the Spalding family was living in Florence. During the temporary visits to this country with his mother he studied in New York with Juan Buitrago. He graduated with the highest honors from the Bologna Conservatory at the age of fourteen. Since then his career has been a triumphant one on both sides of the Atlantic, as virtuoso and as violinist with the world's leading symphony orchestras.

At the forthcoming sixth pair of concerts the orchestra alone will be heard in Kalinikov's melodious First Symphony and in the overpowering overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

A capacity audience is certain to be on hand at the Curran Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 14th, when the fifth "Pop" concert will be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Hertz has arranged an ideal programme that is certain to appeal to all musical tastes.

Tetrazzini Concert.

Luisa Tetrazzini's return to San Francisco remains the talk of the town, and it is the consensus of opinion that the great coloratura has not only increased in artistic stature, but that her voice has gained in color and in dramatic effect. For her concert at the Exposition Auditorium next Tuesday night, December 16th, at 8:30 o'clock, she will again have the assistance of those fine artists, Mayo Wadler violinist, Warren Proctor tenor, and Pietro Cimara composer-accompanist, and will give a programme that is filled to the brim with good things.

Mme. Tetrazzini's numbers will include the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto" (Verdi) and also the great aria of "Ah! fors e lui" from "Traviata" (Verdi). Tetrazzini's group of songs will include "La Pastorella" (Veracini), "L'Eco" (Eckert), "Voi che sapete," from "Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart).

Those who were in attendance last Sunday afternoon will pleasantly remember that Mme. Tetrazzini, in addition to the programme numbers, sang at least eight extra and encore numbers. She will undoubtedly do likewise on this occasion.

Pietro Cimara will be at the piano.

Miss East's Concert.

A concert will be given by Frances East, mezzo-soprano, in the Italian Room of the St. Francis Hotel next Thursday evening, Decem-



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her 18th, at half-past 8. Her songs include a wide range of standard composers, and among her selections will be Bemberg's "Chant Hindou," the "Cradle Song" of Brahms, "A Dream" by Grieg, "Sing, Smile, Slumber" by Gounod, Chaminade's "The Silver Ring," "Si Mes Vers Arant des Ailes" by Hahn, the "Chanson Norwegienne" by Fourdras, some old French Bergerettes, and a number of Saint-Saëns.

Miss East will be assisted by Rudy Seiger and Uda Waldrop, whose work at the piano is always hailed with acclaim. Tickets for the concert may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the St. Francis news-stand.

In the last year of the war there was a remarkable falling-off in Great Britain of convictions for drunkenness from pre-war totals. Official figures, which show a decrease of 84.6 per cent., follow: 1913, 138,877; 1918, 29,075. The statistics given are confined to England and Wales. The greatest falling off of drunkenness, amounting to almost 90 per cent., was in the great mining and manufacturing districts of the English Midlands, and in the thickly settled coal mining areas of Wales.

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Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays, days), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone—D.

VANITY FAIR.

We are beginning to have a deep respect for Lady Astor—a serious confession to make at a time when it is the duty of all good Bolsheviks to hate every one with money and every one with a title, and Lady Astor has both. She has now been elected to the British Parliament, and we waited with some curiosity to learn why she had been elected, and how she pulled it off, so to speak.

We have now read a description of her campaign and digests of her speeches. She seems to have made no sex appeal whatsoever. Every word she said was as applicable to men as to women. She stated definitely that she was not to be considered as a representative of women, but of the whole constituency. She did not pledge herself to the protection of mothers and babies—does not seem even to have mentioned them. She did not promise to reduce the high cost of living so far as paregoric is concerned, nor to introduce a bill for the abolition of that boreal disturbance in infants known as colic. She was not a pacifist. Quite the contrary. She did not weep a single weep, nor surrender to any sort of emotionalism. She talked about the war, economic and industrial reconstruction, Ireland, India, the Labor party, and Bolshevism. She did not pussyfoot, nor hedge, nor compromise, nor conciliate. She advanced the most emphatic opinions on all the questions

of the day, and those who did not like them might leave them, or even depart for those nether regions that may not be mentioned. The sailors—and Plymouth is naturally full of sailors—all voted for Lady Astor and placed their nautical efforts at her service. She hurled her defiance impartially at the profiteer, the Bolshevik, and the Socialist. Between them, she said, they would turn the country into a den of thieves. The only touch of sentiment was Lady Astor's reminder that 900,000 men had died for their country, and she did not think it was very decorous of the survivors to be talking overmuch about their "rights." A little concentration on their duties would be far more appropriate.

Of course there was some one who asked Lady Astor what she intended to wear in the House of Commons. She said she should wear nothing beyond the reach of the poorest woman who might hereafter be elected to Parliament with only her salary to live on. At present she would wear a plain black coat and skirt, small black hat, and simple white shirt-waist. She will never appear in evening dress. She will retain her hat when she feels like it. Otherwise she will take it off.

One wonders how far the presence of Lady Astor will modify the ancient customs of Parliament. Will other members remove their hats in deference to the presence of a lady? There is a custom that actually demands the wearing of the hat while making motions of a

certain kind, and Gladstone was once called sharply to order for rising to address the house without his hat. A lady's headgear is not usually adapted to sudden adjustments, and a mouth full of hatpins would be fatal to the inspiration of the moment. The House of Commons will evidently have to modify its procedure.

A good many people who have learned to cringe to their grocers for a pound of sugar are wondering why the candy stores are still at liberty to consume such incredible masses. No one seems to know how they get their sugar or what they pay for it. They seem to have no difficulties.

A credulous Eastern newspaper suggests that the government is unwilling to disturb any important industry. We did not observe any such reluctance when prohibition was on the carpet and we can hardly suppose that it exists now. We must go further afield than this if we are to find the solution of the problem.

There are some distinguished hygienists who are expressing the wish that sugar was even more unobtainable than it is now. One eminent scientist says that there are thousands of people in America who are preparing to die of diabetes as a result of their indulgence in sugar. A hundred years ago we went to the drug store for our sugar. The total sugar production of the world was about a thousand tons. Today it is 27,000,000 tons. Don't eat any sugar, says this particular authority. Do not let your children have any candy. It is bad for them. When we like anything, it is quite easy to believe that it is essential. Do not put any sugar in your tea and coffee. If you can not give up the tea and coffee, at least give up the sugar.

Prohibition has enormously increased the demand for the two staples of sugar and cocaine. It is easier to buy cocaine than to buy whisky, partly because of the difference in bulk. The only people who have any difficulty in buying cocaine are those who want it for some legitimate purpose. The addict, if he knows the ropes, can buy it in unlimited quantities, and there is only one thing which he will never divulge, and that is the source of his supply. He will divulge his wife's shame, his mother's disgrace, but not the name of his drug dealer.

France seems to be as misgoverned in the matter of its coal supply as we ourselves. There, as here, there are officials whose one conception of the proper solution of a problem is to issue an executive order. Probably Russia in the days of the Czar was not so plagued with four-for-a-quarter officials wielding the powers usually associated with Providence.

The French government has just issued an order closing all the dancing establishments. It is an order worthy of our own immortal Garfield. Dancing being about the only indoor amusement that makes us indifferent to the cold is naturally prohibited. Theatres with their extensive heating appliances are immune.

The Paris dancing places are up in arms. They want to know the definition of a dancing place, and officialism blandly replies that a dancing place is a place where one dances. "But," says the restaurant owner, "my patrons dance between the courses. They do not ask for my permission. They just dance, and then sit down again and go on eating." "It does not matter," say the police. "They must eat without dancing. If they persist in dancing, the place will be closed. It is an order. Coal must be preserved. It is true that this has nothing to do with coal. It will make no difference to the coal supply except that people who dance in restaurants will not need so much coal as those who do not dance. But it is an order. Theatres and motion-picture places where people are naturally cold and must be warmed may remain open, but it is forbidden to warm oneself by dancing." "May one hope that the restrictions will soon be removed?" asked the disconsolate restaurateur. "One may always hope," says the chief of police. So there is one thing at least that we may do. We may hope. But who knows how long this extraordinary license will continue? May we not anticipate an executive order forbidding us to hope? Stranger things have happened.

Teaching Birds to Sing.

Henri Gaillard, the famous Parisian canary trainer, has given, in a recent periodical, some interesting particulars regarding his method of teaching his pets to sing. "The musical training of my pupils," he says, "is conducted with the aid of a bird whistle or a flageolet. A fortnight after the young bird has learned to feed itself it is put into a solitary cage, where, if it is a male, it soon begins to warble. The cage is then covered with wire muslin and its occupant is fed on colza seed and bread soaked in water. During the first week of isolation I don't allow him to hear the song of any other bird, and during the second week I play only a few notes of medium pitch every morning before his cage. After this I advise covering the cage with very thick green or red serge, thus keeping the bird in darkness until

it has learned a few short musical phrases. How long does it take to train a canary to sing properly? Well, that all depends on the bird's aptitude. I should say the time varies from two to six months."

City Man—Isn't a big hotel wonderful? It's just like a city all in itself. *Stranger*—More like a farm, I should say. *City Man*—Why? *How's that?* *Stranger*—Well, from the one look I had of the dining-room it seemed to contain a good assortment of pigs, chickens, and old hens.—A. L. M.

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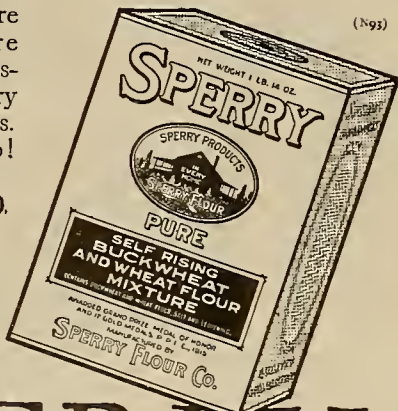


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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little boy who had to be on the train over night slept in an upper berth in the sleeping-car. In the night he awakened and sat up. "Do you know where you are, Bobby?" asked his mother. "Course I do," answered Bobby, promptly. "I'm in the top drawer."

The hoary-headed examiner glanced over the top of his spectacles. "Are you sure," he inquired, "that this is a purely original composition you have handed in?" "Yes, sir," came the answer. "But you may possibly, sir, have come across one or two of the words in the dictionary."

Representative La Guardia said at a banquet in New York: "Since the advent of prohibition I understand that there are several states where a certain brand of hair tonic has become popular as a beverage." A groan of dismay went up from the assembled banqueters. "As a good hair tonic should," added Mr. La Guardia, "this one gives its devotees a furred tongue."

Probably it annoys you, too, to hear some one's telephone ringing and nobody making any move toward answering it. In the opera "Aida" one of the scenes was laid "in front of the Temple of Isis." At the close of the scene the curtain signal was given with a hell huzzar which was heard all over the house. The operator of the curtain was evidently slow in answering, for the bell continued to ring, and a woman in the audience said, "The telephone in the temple is ringing—why in the world doesn't the high priest go in and answer it?"

She was very important and very stout. Her jewelry was very plentiful, and, although it was a hot day, she wore her newest sables. She was choosing the most ornate tea and dinner services the big London store had to offer, for she had made up her mind to figure as a society hostess. Therefore she was ordering everything by the dozen—plates, dishes, spoons, forks, and so forth—and suddenly she caught sight of a pair of sugar tongs. "What are those things?" she asked. "Sugar tongs, madam." "Then send me four dozen of those."

A man from the north of Scotland, visiting Glasgow, was "honed" by a Salvation Army lass, and he gave her a sixpence. Turning into another street, he was again asked for a contribution. "Na, na," he said. "I gied a saxpence tae ane o' your folk 'roon the corner just noo." "That was very good of you," said the girl. "But then you can't do a good thing too often. And besides, you know the Lord will repay you a hundred fold." "Aweel," said the cautious Scot, "I'll just wait till the first transaction's fennished before we start the second."

It isn't often that the man in the audience has a chance against the man on the platform, yet there are certain people who recall with delight an occasion when Billy Sunday was the victim of his own wit. An over-zealous convert, when the evangelist stepped upon the platform, gave way to a burst of applause. Not in the least disconcerted, Sunday pointed his finger at the culprit and remarked scathingly: "If I had as much ivory in my head as that man has, I'd start a button factory." But imagine his chagrin when the man in the audience stood up and retorted: "And if I had as hussy a mouth as the preacher, I'd start a huttonhole factory."

A Jewish rabbi was once visiting the various members of his church. When it was about the dinner hour he called at the house of a member who had fifteen children, and was naturally asked to dine with the family.

As his host was in poor circumstances the minister, when about to leave, quietly offered him two shillings and sixpence to cover the cost of his meal. The Jew refused it, saying that he could not think of taking such high payment from his own minister, but, if the latter really wished to leave a trifle, he could give each of the children a shilling.

The dear old thing, with her usual stock of questions, was visiting the Zoo. "Keeper," she said, tapping him with her umbrella, "what do you consider to be the most remarkable animal in these wonderful gardens?" "Well, ma'am," replied the keeper thoughtfully, "after careful consideration, as you might say, I should say that there laughing hyena gets the prize." "Indeed, my good man! And what makes you think that?" "Well, he only has a sleep once a week, a meal once a month, and a drink once a year," said the keeper, moving on. "So what he has to laugh about heats me."

"One of them fellers that moved in yur from the North a spell ago got into trouble yesterday," related a citizen of the Sandy Mush (Arkansas) region. "He was hoeing in the field when Gage Giggery clumb the fence and went over to howdy with him. They got to talking politics, one word brung on another, and directly Gage yanked the hoe away from him, whacked him over the head with it, and like to have split his skull." "H'm! Something powerful funny about most of them Northerners," commented an acquaintance. "What in thunder was he doing hoeing in the field, anyhow? Haint he got no wife?"

An English hishop visited America. During his visit he stayed at a country house. The negro butler was instructed to say "My Lord" to the hishop. At dinner the hishop, being off his feed, refused the soup and then refused the fish. The entrée was one of America's choicest dishes, but the hishop refused it. The negro butler astonished both the hishop and his host by remarking, "My God, them's ter-rapin." But the greater shock came with the pièce de résistance, a sirloin of beef. The pièce de résistance, a sirloin of beef. The intimate there was nothing more coming and came out with, "My God, there is no bere after."

"Cyclone" Smith is a serious-minded man. That is to say, Senator Ellison Durant Smith of South Carolina, who talks so fast that he was dubbed "Cyclone" when he delivered his maiden speech, has a high regard for the Constitution and the institutions erected by "the fathers." But sometimes in the torrent of his language he makes a fortuitous statement. During a discussion of the high cost of living in the Senate Agricultural Committee, Senator Harrison of Mississippi exclaimed, "We must do something about it or we will have a revolution in this country." "I would rather have a revolution than have the beautiful form of our government overturned," replied the serious-minded Senator Smith. The other members of the committee smiled, but the humor was lost on the South Carolinian as he was immersed in a Niagara of words.

A party of gentlemen at a hotel were telling stories one night of famous shots and how many quail, partridges, ducks, and other birds had been killed at a single discharge. After listening to what seemed a willful exaggeration by different narrators a stranger who was present volunteered his experience of his only use of the fatal double-barreled gun as follows: "I went into the field one day to try gunning. The only game discovered was an immense flock of crows. I should say there were 10,000 in the flock. Slowly I crawled up to them, and when not more than four rods away the crows rose in a solid mass. I fired both barrels, and how many do you think I killed?" Different guesses were made by the party, ranging from twenty to

100. "Not one," said the stranger, "but I went out with my brother to look for the results and picked up four bushels of legs. I had shot a little under."

They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they had quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. He called afterwards at her house—to see her father on business. She was at the door. "Ah—Miss Blank, I believe?" said he. "Is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied, "father is not, at present. Do you wish to see him personally?" "Yes," was the huff response of the visitor, who felt that his former sweetheart was yielding, "I wanted to see him on very particular business," and he turned away haughtily. "I beg your pardon," she called after him as he reached the last step, "but who shall I say called?"

In Ireland forever, Lord Dunsverick is questioning a sailor called Ginty about Andrew McMunn, with whom he was about to have dealings. Ginty says, "I've no doubt in my own mind about where Andrew will go when his time comes." "You think you know him pretty well, then?" "Ay, I do. It would seem queer if I didn't, seeing that I've sailed his ships this ten year. Andrew McMunn will go to heaven." "Ah," said Lord Dunsverick, "he's a good man, then?" "I'll not go as far as to say precisely that," said Ginty, "but he's a man who never touches a drop of whisky nor smokes a pipe of tobacco. It'll be very hard on him if he doesn't go to heaven after all he's missed in this world."

Ty Cohh, like all great players, learned the great American game on the sand lots, a fact which brings to mind the story of one of those earlier games and in which Ty was the hero. Seems the youngsters played in an open lot next to which lived an irascible old woman. One day Ty swatted one of those now famous home runs of his. Slam over the fence it went, and it was up to Ty to get it back. "Please ma'am," he asked timidly of the woman when she answered his knock, "may we have our ball back again?" "No, you can't," snapped the woman. "Your borrid ball hit the baby and nearly killed it." "I'm sorry, ma'am," said Ty, "but after all, you've got three babies, and we've only got one ball, so please won't you give it back to us?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Missionary.

Behold the South Sea Islander!
The pore, benighted brute,
He hasn't got no telephones,
No law courts, no dress suit;
He sets around and sins and grins
And lives on fish and fruit!
He doesn't pay for what he eats,
He doesn't pay no rent;
He doesn't ever work or steal,
Nor has nor needs a cent.
And yet the doggone heathen, he
Pretends that he's content!
He lives just as old Adam did
Before that mighty fall,
His garden gives him everything
For which his tastes may call;
He doesn't fret about mankind
And he's never sick at all.
O, let me go and try to save
That happy, sinful cuss!
I'll teach the standards of our town
And make him more like us.
(Or maybe I'll let him save me—
I guess I might do wuss!)

—Chicago News.

Do's for Poets.

If you'd write a little lyric in the magazyne style,
Take a dash of lilac loveliness, an understanding smile,
With a eup or two of pale regrets, a passion purely paste,
And enough of vanished yesterdays to season it to taste.
"Ah, if ever—" "Tell me never—" Weakly poignant, sadly clever,
And a hint of forgotten hours to season it to taste.

If you'd pound a virile ditty of the tough and muscled breed,
Slam your heeeps on the adjectives, and make your rhythms bleed!
Have a smash in every epithet to make the eye-teeth crunch,
And a sprinkling of profanity, to give the piece a punch!
"On the level—" "What the devil!" Till your staidest stanzas reel—
With a smear of utter goriness to give the piece a punch.

But if you'd achieve a pensive highbrow ode upon your soul,
Pour the cosmos in your fountain-pen, and Contemplate Your Goal!
Be very, very foggy and hysterically crude,
With some eons and some molecules to catch the modern mood.
"Psyche's seion—" "Charred Orion—" This is just the line to try on.
With a deathless death that dare not die, to catch the modern mood.
—Clement Wood, in Life.

"Sir, I am a self-made man." "Who interrupted you?"—Punch.

Dog Knew the Boche.

In spite of the close companionship which exists between us and our dogs, we can not yet be said fully to understand our canine friends. Most of us can cite instances of dogs' wonderful homing instinct, of their almost uncanny prevision of coming events, without being able in the least to explain these things. A recent writer to a contemporary mentions a curious case: "Did you ever read in the paper that dogs knew the noise of a German aeroplane from one of ours? I have read it and thought it nonsense. Well, I think differently now. My bedroom looks out on to a yard; in the yard is tied a small dog, rather a dear. He sleeps there in his kennel and never makes a sound. Our bombing machines went over every night and he never took any notice of them. One morning he woke me up about 1 o'clock, making an awful noise, and I could tell he was terrified about something. I listened, and sure enough I could hear the huzz of aeroplanes, but thought they were ours. They got nearer, and the dog got so excited and frightened that he broke his chain and jumped through my window and up on to my bed. In a few minutes the first bomb dropped, and then several more. As each one dropped he got a bit closer. I am convinced that dog knew they were Hun machines coming."—London Farm and Home.

"Any good fishing around here?" asked the visitor of the little village lad. "Yes, sir," answered the hoy. "You goes down that private road until you comes to a sign in a field wot says, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' Well, you go across the middle of that field, and then you comes to a pond, with a notice-board wot says, 'No Fishing Allowed.'" "Yes?" "Well—that's it."—Farm and Home.

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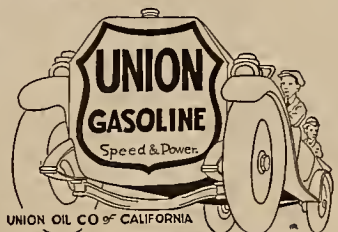
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Mrs. Hazel Williams of Los Angeles and Mr. Robin Hayne took place last Monday at Stamford, Connecticut. Mr. Hayne is the son of Mrs. Robert Hayne of San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a hall Friday evening at the St. Francis in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Josephine Grant. Preceding the affair Miss Ellita Adams gave a dinner for Miss Grant, her guests having included Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Anne Dibblée, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Dearborn Clark, Mr. Will Magee, Mr. Harold Nachtrieb, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Harry Schlotzhauser, and Mr. Lowell Cooper.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a dinner Friday evening at the Palace, with her guests later attending the Grant ball. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Edith Blanding Tevis, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. Frank Peterson, Major Robert Noble, Mr. William Byrne, Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. Wallace Bertholf gave a tea Thursday at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Charles Warren of Chicago and the Misses Helen and Marcia Warren. Among the guests were Mrs. Joseph Jayne, Mrs. Milton Reed, Mrs. Charles Gove, Mrs. Frank Holmes, Mrs. James Bull, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. F. P. Pfingst, Mrs. Leigh Palmer, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Charles Marriner, Mrs. W. D. Donaher, Mrs. Henry Horn, Mrs. Prentiss Hale, Miss Jennie Stone, and Miss Edith Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., entertained at dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. Lawrence Gray, and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Miss Margaret Lee entertained a group of friends at luncheon Saturday at the Francis Club. Mrs. Lee chaperoned the party, whose members included Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Florence Russell, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Julia Adams, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Eleanor Welty, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Kamm gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. John Neville, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Miss Jean McKenzie of Portland, and Dr. J. A. McKenzie.

Mrs. Charles Blyth entertained at dinner before the Grant ball Friday evening, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy of Santa Barbara, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Cornelia Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Captain Ronald Banon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe gave a tea Saturday afternoon in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Barbara Donohoe. The Misses Katharine, Christine and Mary Donohoe, and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., assisted in receiving the guests. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe gave an informal dance in compliment to Miss Elena Eyre and Mr. Marshall Madison.

Mrs. James Flood gave a luncheon Wednesday, her guests having included Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Anne Dibblée and Miss Evelyn Poett.

Miss Anne Dibblée and Miss Doris Schmiedell gave a theatre and supper party Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Dibblée and Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell chaperoned the party which included Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss

Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, and Mr. Dearborn Clark.

Mrs. Robert Woods entertained at luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club, her guests having included Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mrs. Perry Eyre, and Miss Mary Eyre.

Baron and Baroness Van Eck were dinner hosts last Friday evening, baving among their guests Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foss, Miss Marian Zeile, and Mr. Kenneth Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith gave a dinner a few evenings ago, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Commander and Mrs. J. L. Nielson, Miss Anne Peters, Mr. Walter Hush, and Mr. Victor de Cunha.

Mrs. Hansom Grubb gave a tea a few days ago in compliment to Miss Frederika Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne gave a dinner Friday evening before the Grant ball, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Dr. Walter Baldwin, and Mr. Jerome Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear were dinner hosts Friday evening, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblée, Miss Emily Carolan, and Mr. F. M. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a dinner Thursday evening in compliment to Miss Claire Knight. Their guests included Miss Mosa MacDonald, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Paul Clampett, Mr. Will Magee, Mr. Paul Tietzen, Mr. Paul Kennedy, and Mr. George McNear, Jr.

Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of the Misses Elizabeth and Doris Schmiedell. Among the guests were Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Anne Dibblée, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, and Miss Catherine Mohun.

Miss Marie Louise Winslow gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Evelyn Poett of Boston.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Miss Elizabeth Adams. Among the guests were Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Betty Barroll, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Folger, Mrs. Alvah Kaime, and Miss Ethel Lilley.

Mrs. John Polhemus gave a luncheon Wednesday, entertaining a group of matrons.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor Varnum of New York, who are making their winter home at El Encanto, entertained a party of their Montecito friends at dinner December 6th.

Major and Mrs. Shelby Tuttle are being congratulated upon the birth of a son at their home in Gettysburg, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Newhall are being congratulated upon the birth of a son at their home in Boston.

Egyptian Jinks.

An entertainment of unique character is in preparation by the students of the California School of Fine Arts. It is styled an "Egyptian Jinks" and is to be staged in the rooms of the school at California and Mason Streets. Five rooms at the art school building are being decorated and will reproduce in wall paintings and architecture an authentic picture of ancient Egypt, including an Egyptian temple and ante-chambers. In this setting will take place a gorgeous pageant, faithfully reproducing the colorful life of a period thousands of years ago. Isis and Orisis will disport themselves with Pharaoh and Cleopatra, the procession ending in an impressive ritual before the Blue God, the all-powerful Deity who will preside over the temple. Symbolic dances of the period will be performed by the troupe of dancing girls attached to the royal court. Dancing will be in order throughout the entire evening. Costumes are absolutely required and no exceptions will be made to this rule.

The night of December 20th is the date fixed for this unique event.

An effort is being made in New Orleans to restore the old historic spots around the city. With the restoration of the old Place d'Armes, the rehabilitation of the Cabildo and the Pontalita apartments which surround it, and the preservation of all as an artistic centre for the old French and Spanish quarter, an effort is being made to restore and preserve the landing place of Bienville, where he first set foot on the high land in 1720, at the place he was destined to convert into Nouvelle Orléans. This landing place, which lies on the river directly facing the Place d'Armes, which is now Jackson Square, is covered with the switch tracks of the Southern Pacific and Public Belt railroads and with a part of the large steel warehouse belonging to the hoard of commissioners of the Port of New Orleans.

An African frog sounds a call under water which can be heard for miles.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Gift of India.

Is there aught you need that my hands with-hold?
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?
Lo! I have flung to the East and the West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves,
Scattered like shells on the Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave broken hands,
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance

On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France. . . .

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease,
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,
And you honor the deeds of your deathless ones,
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!

—Sarojini Naidu.

The Polish Mother.

Translation from Mickiewicz.

Stay not, son, 'neath the summer skies
Where the day is bright.

Come, I will show thee where thou must be,
In the caves of night. . . .

There in the darkness thy couch is spread
In the dungeon's gloom—
There must thou think of thy country's dead
And the tyrant's doom.

Let not the anger within thee rise
To thy lips today,
Subtly thy thoughts in thy speech disguise
And thy hands delay.

Christ in the workshop of Nazareth
Played with the cross.
Here be the signs of thy people's death
And thy country's loss.

Chains! for thy hands must wear a chain
In the days to come—
In the long days when thy country's pain
On thy lips is dumb.

Not like knight on a stricken field
Shalt thou come to die;
Laid to rest on thy battered shield,
Where thy fathers lie.

Done to death by a hireling spy
For a crime unknown;
From prison shade shalt thou rise on high
To our father's throne.

No tall column shall mark thy rest
But the gallows tree;
So fares it ever with Poland's best—
So shall fare with thee.

No sweet singer shall tell thy praise;
But a tale oft told
Shall keep thy name till the coming days
Have their fame unrolled.

Till sounds the call of our Poland's drums
'Neath the waking skies,
Till the night is past and the morning comes
And the sleepers rise.

—H. E. Kennedy, in the New Witness.

To Apollo.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem rates?

Lord of all the iyrists, hear the poet's supplication.

See, before the temple that is ballowed in thy sight,

From the flowing flagon I will pour the first libation;

Phœbus, Lord Apollo, hear my fervid prayer aright.

Grant me neither goodly crops from fertile, far Sardinia,

Nor the wealth of countless herds from scorched Calabrian strands,

Ivory from Indian caskets, gold from Carthagina,

Nor the towns where silently the Liris lips the sands.

Let the favored nobles who to Fortune are be-bolden

For their purple vineyards prune them with a crooked knife;

Let the wealthy merchants drink from goblets carved and golden;

Grant me but the boon of living; let me know the strength of life.

Let me walk unto the end, erect, with brow unclouded;

Let my years be sonant with the sweeping of the lyre.

And, when I am less than dust and all the urns are shrouded,

May the singing echo even when the songs expire.

—From "Including Horace," by Louis Untermeyer. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

France is making systematic plans to attract the automobile tourist. Under a new order all the villages in the country are to have their names shown in eight-inch letters on postoffice, police station, and the municipal offices. National roads will have red-painted milestones, while the old-fashioned signposts are to be replaced by large blue enamel plates, with the direction of the next town, and its distance, displayed in big white letters, so as to be easily read from passing cars.

The Berlin Lokalanzeiger recently published an advertisement from an artist at Friednau offering to repaint portraits of the Kaiser cheaply by covering them over with pleasant landscapes.

They'll be with us until after the holidays!

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COBBLER AN INVENTOR.

Until recently, there lived in a New England city an industrious citizen, a Canadian by birth, who might almost rival Edison in the number of patents which he obtained in his long lifetime, though not in the fame which he gained from useful inventions. His name was Louis Goddu, and for many years his home was in Winchester, Massachusetts. Back in the early 'sixties, at the time of the Civil War, he was employed as a cobbler in Boston, at a period when much of the work of making shoes was still done by hand, and was, consequently, a laborious process. Mr. Goddu did not work with his hands alone; as he pegged away at his bench, his thoughts were far from idle. Presently he was experimenting with machines for pegging shoes, for sewing them with wire, and for putting in the metal eyelets all much faster than it could possibly be done by hand. Gradually the number of his inventions along this line grew, until the list of patents granted him was said to cover nearly every operation in the manufacture of shoes, and these same machines are quite generally used, in an improved form, today.

In all, some 300 inventions were the result of Mr. Goddu's work, most of them being designed to perfect the process of shoe-making (says the *Christian Science Monitor*). He was not, however, a man of only one idea, as is proved by the interesting results he achieved in other directions. Among other things he invented a burner which should use petroleum for fuel, and a machine for producing wire nails, which was awarded a gold medal at a Chicago Exposition. He received patents on turrets, such as are used on battleships, and for improvements in street-cars. His model for the Brooklyn Bridge, which was erected many years ago, was widely and favorably noticed.

Whenever you pick up a current number of some wire-bound magazine and note how easily and comfortably it lies open in your hand, you may like to recall that you are indebted to Mr. Goddu for the invention and for the newer way of binding books and pamphlets by wire staples, so that the pages open flat, without breaking apart.

It is pleasant to know that the genius of this 300-invention man—who was thrown on his own resources as a lad of fourteen, to make his sturdy, self-reliant way in the world—was recognized not only in the United States, the country of his adoption, but in foreign lands as well. Various medals and honors were conferred on him by royalty abroad, in addition to those which he received at home; and, in the shoe manufacturing business especially, he will long be remembered as the "300-invention man."

The Vatican library is the most sumptuously house of all libraries, and contains some of the rarest manuscripts in existence. The printed books include over 2500 volumes issued in the fifteenth century, many of them vellum copies. The library is said to contain over 220,000 volumes and 30,000 manuscripts.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Selim Woodworth and Miss Dorothy Woodworth, who have been on the Atlantic coast for the past two years, have returned to San Francisco and will spend the winter at the Clift Hotel.

Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy has returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton have arrived from Portland and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller until the first of the year. Miss Sallie Maynard returned Saturday from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mrs. H. H. Webb.

Baron and Baroness Van Eck have taken a house on Russian Hill for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber have gone to their ranch near Hollister, where they will remain until after the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling are en route to California for the Christmas holidays. They have been in New York for the last month.

Mrs. George Ashton has gone to Sacramento to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Piggott.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, who have been in New York for some weeks, will return to San Francisco today.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newball, Sr., and Mrs. Atholl McBean will arrive tomorrow from the Atlantic coast. During the latter's absence Mrs. Peter McBean has been occupying the McBean house on Washington Street.

Mr. C. K. G. Billings and Mr. George Knapp of New York have returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in town.

Mrs. Athearn Folger has returned to San Francisco from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger and the Misses Betty and Elena Folger left for the East Sunday to remain until the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their daughters returned Monday from a week-end spent at Del Monte. Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt accompanied them on the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Josephine Grant left Sunday for New York, where they will spend the Christmas season. They will be joined in the Eastern city by Miss Edith Grant, who has been attending Westover.

Mrs. James Keeney and Miss Helen Keeney are at the Plaza Hotel in New York for the winter season.

Commander William Glassford, U. S. N., has arrived from Southern California and is at the Fairmont for the present. His little daughters are with Mrs. Thomas Phelps in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Ames of New York will spend the rest of the winter in California, having taken Mrs. Cameron Rogers house in Santa Barbara for the season.

Mrs. Charles Warren of Chicago and the Misses

Helen and Marcia Warren have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Commander Orie Fowler, U. S. N., is visiting Commander and Mrs. Reed at Mare Island.

Miss Evelyn Poett of Boston has arrived to spend the winter season with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson. Mr. and Mrs. Stetson have taken a house on Mason Street near the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. Frank Carolan has gone to New York to remain until after the first of the year.

General John McDonald left last week for the Atlantic coast to be gone until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham and Mr. and Mrs. John Lapham have arrived from New York and are at the Palace.

The Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart have returned to Philadelphia from a trip to Boston.

Mr. William Tevis, Jr., who has been in New York, will return to San Francisco for the Christmas season.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, and Mr. Harry Hunt have left for the Atlantic coast to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis have arrived from Bakersfield and have taken apartments at the Clift Hotel for the rest of the winter.

Miss Mary Boardman, who has been spending a fortnight in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, has returned to Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Holmes (formerly Miss Marion Kerkhoff), whose wedding was recently announced from Los Angeles, are guests for two weeks at El Encanto.

Mrs. J. Burton Parsons and daughter, Miss Marion Parsons, of Cleveland, Ohio, have arrived at El Encanto for an indefinite stay.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. H. Bontoix, France; Mr. Charles Teague, Fresno; Mr. F. R. Bartlett, Topeka, Kansas; Mr. Charles Brass, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fox, New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Montague, Seattle; Mr. S. M. Hoskins, Los Angeles; Mr. L. J. King, Thompson, Nevada; Mr. A. Schneider, Los Angeles; Mr. F. Wilson, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Yoakum and son, Los Angeles; Mr. W. S. Clayton, San Jose; Mr. H. M. Adams, Omaha, Nebraska; Mr. Jesse Poundstone, Grimes, California; Mr. F. S. Ever, Rutherford.

Arrivals at the Hotel Whitecomb include Mrs. George Melendez and son, Salvador; Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. J. W. Deem, U. S. N.; Mr. F. W. Brown, Billings, Montana; Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Newling, Los Angeles; Mr. J. R. Parker, Chicago; Mr. A. C. Thomas, San Jose; Mr. A. E. Goddard, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Procter, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dawson, Stockton; Mr. George B. Van Syckle, Sacramento.

Among those who have made New Year reservations at the Hotel del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Mr. and Mrs. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Percy V. Long, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Stettin, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Goodfellow, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Foss, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Noyes.

Many prominent men in Italy, both past and present, have the reputation of being "jettatores," or possessors of the so-called evil eye. Among others are the famous violin virtuoso Paganini, the composer Offenbach, and the great Italian statesman Crispi. Even Pope Pius IX was regarded as a "jettatore." The Romans avoided his presence, but when they happened to meet him they piously knelt down while making the cabalistic sign behind their backs. The most recent case is that of Giolitti, lately the head of the Italian government, of whom the common people believed that he exerted the "jettatura" upon all his colleagues of the ministry. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that many statesmen who formed part of his cabinet died suddenly, or after a short and fatal sickness. The first time Giolitti was president of the ministry four ministers died, and when called the second and third time to form a cabinet six more deaths occurred among his colleagues. Things came to such a pass that few dared to accept a portfolio under Giolitti.

It is a welcome sight to see the words "and daughter" as the suffix to the name over a shop. It is a sign of the times of women's interest in business and their recognition as responsible helpmates. In the West End there is more than one emporium of feminine attire under the ownership of So-and-So and Daughter—or daughters, and I know of another which belongs officially to father and daughter; but I have never yet come across a shop under the joint ownership of husband and wife, yet we all know of countless small businesses in which the wife of the owner does a goodly share of the work.—*London News.*

Mr. Roosevelt became President in September, 1901, at the age of forty-three, the youngest age among all of our twenty-seven Presidents. According to the American Experience Table, used by life insurance companies, the "expectation of life" at the age of forty-three is twenty-six years. But President Roosevelt lived only seventeen years beyond the age at which he became President; that is, he lived out only 65 per cent. of his expectation.

OLD MAIDS' ALLEY.

A region of hurrying feminine figures with dictionaries under their arms, if it be 9 o'clock in the morning, and rolls and eggs in paper bags if it be 6 in the afternoon; a street where Ph. D.'s flourish no more abundantly than kitchenettes and where men are as scarce as pounds of sugar in the corner store—this is Morningside Heights.

To be sure, an occasional masculine figure emerges from the subway at the solid hour of 6 o'clock at night—after the few college men are safely stowed away over their books and before the few newspaper men have begun their night's work—and scurries around the corner of the campus, looking askance at the white-buttoned freshmen and glaring at passers-by with an eye which defies them to see in him any sign of the effete pedagogue.

For the greater part, however, it is a neighborhood of women, schoolteachers, college professors, widows who rent rooms to students, and a little group of writers, actresses, doctors, and social workers who could give Greenwich Village quite a run for its notoriety were it not for the fateful name of "Old Maids' Alley," which trailed its glory in the dust of derision before it was fairly unfurled. Many legends, of course, have sprung up about this section. One of them is too crude to be quite acceptable to erudite minds, but they tell it just the same. A letter was received at the New York postoffice bearing the jocose inscription: "Miss Mary —, Old Maids' Row, New York." And the clerk, of course, without a moment's hesitation, picked up a pencil and wrote "Try One Hundred and Eighteenth Street."

Of course, they were very sporting about it all, these dwellers in No Man's Land. They pretended to like the legends every time they heard them, but sometimes one doubted the sincerity of their laughter. A woman writer who moved away simply because she dared not confess to a publisher that she lived there cast a gloom over the most dauntless champions of the Adamless Eden.

Notice the past tense. They were very sporting about it. They are not sporting about it any more. They don't have to be. A change has come over the neighborhood, and—Yes, you've guessed it; it was woman suffrage that did it. Instead of being a total loss, politically speaking, they are now the very stronghold of the district. Where before there was but one sickly little election district, with a few half-hearted males crawling to the polls, now there are three flourishing election districts. It is a thickly popu-

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lated section—if you suddenly begin to count women as population. Every hall room has its tenant, and even the kitchens have the gas range and set tubs taken out and the scars covered with cretonne to make a habitation for one more impecunious candidate for a master's degree, and for one more voter.

So they total up quite a few votes on election day, and the consciousness of the fact is written plainly on many formerly meek countenances.—*Emma Bugbee in New York Tribune.*

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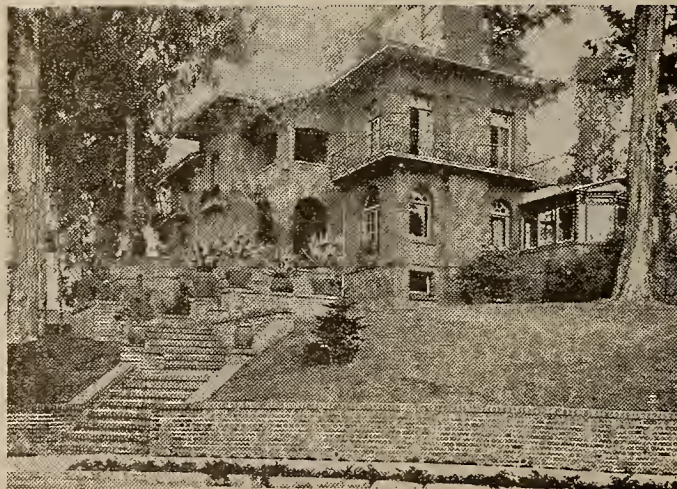
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What do they mean by platonic affection?" "Gas-burning and chair-warming, but no candy or trips to the theatre."—*Judge*.

"Of course it will be a quiet wedding." "Of course," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "By the way, I don't recall ever hearing of a loud and boisterous wedding."—*Washington Star*.

"You don't intend to have the hoi polloi at supper, do you, Mrs. Comeup?" "Why, of course, if we can get hold of a cook that knows how to make it."—*Baltimore American*.

"What is your opinion on this subject?" "Haven't read my mail this morning," replied Senator Sorghum. "All I can give you at this moment is my yesterday's opinion."—*Washington Star*.

"I suppose, in these prohibition times, husbands will not stay out as late as they formerly did." "Oh, yes, they will; but they will be able to offer more coherent excuses."—*Baltimore American*.

"Alas!" sighed young Callow, "if only Eve hadn't been so fond of apples." "My dear boy," said Cynicus, "Eve wasn't so very fond of apples, but that was the only forbidden fruit."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Pa, what is dry wit?" "Dry wit, my boy, is the clever stuff men demand from others when they're sober. It's infinitely harder to think up than the stuff they'll laugh at when they're drinking."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Newlywed—You never call me pet names now unless you want something. Before we married it was different. *Mrs. Newlywed*—Oh, no, it wasn't. Before marriage I called you pet names because I wanted you.—*Yonkers Journal*.

"Do you think eggs will be worth 10 cents apiece this winter?" "I haven't taken up that side of the question," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "I've been studyin' a 10-cent piece an' wonderin' whether it's worth an egg."—*Washington Star*.

"Are you wearing your last year's clothes?" "It all depends on how you figure. If you count from when they were ordered they're last year's clothes, but if you count from when they'll be fully paid for they're next year's clothes."—*Washington Star*.

"Anyhow," remarked the blunt friend, "this boast of yours will never get you arrested for speeding." "No," answered Mr. Chuggins

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"but I'll get arrested just the same, only it'll be for standing still in the wrong place."—*Washington Star*.

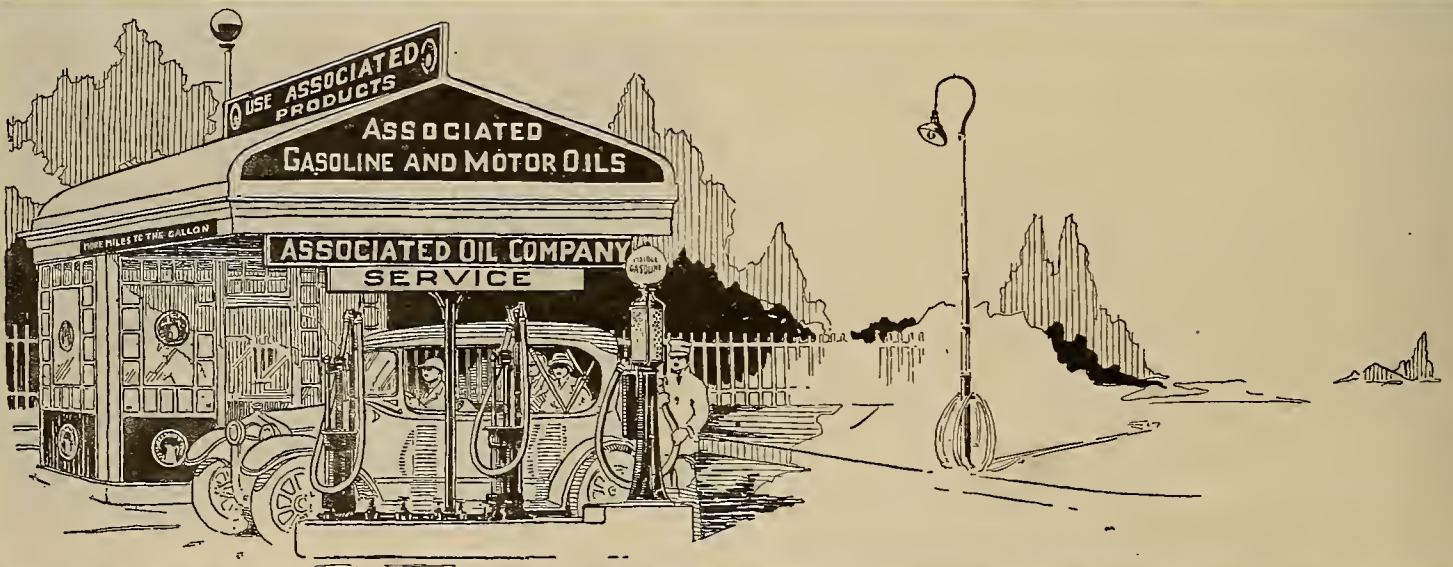
"Judge, I wish you'd put me on probation." "How long did I sentence you for?" "One year. But I want to get married." "You wish me to substitute for a sentence of one year a sentence for life? That would be unconstitutional."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Now here's something nice for your party. A girl peels an apple, turning out one long peeling. Or an orange will do." "I see." "She throws the peeling over her shoulder and it forms the initial of the one she is to wed." "Peelings, eh? We are very rich, you

know." "What of it?" "Will diamond necklaces answer just as well?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You are charged with permitting your horse to stand unattended for over an hour," said the magistrate. "Well, I defy anybody to teach the brute to sit down," protested the prisoner, before being dragged away.—*Houston Post*.

"There's talk of abolishing the nickel." "That shows that as a people we have no sentiment." "How so?" "Why, if we had, we would want to keep it if only as a reminder of the good old days when we could buy something with it."—*Judge*.



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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXV. No. 2230.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 20, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Beams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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An Example for Mr. Lansing.

Finding his judgment discredited and his recommendations disregarded, Dr. Garfield has resigned the post of Fuel Director. He has taken the one possible self-respecting course for an official who discovers that his is a useless fifth wheel to the administrative coach. Dr. Garfield's course might with propriety be imitated by Mr. Lansing, our nominal but futile Secretary of State. Passing over the painful record of slights and rebuffs suffered by Mr. Lansing in Europe, we will consider only the humiliation that has just come to him. Shortly after the President was stricken there came a new crisis in our relations with Mexico; and Mr. Lansing as Secretary of State acted according to his judgment and in line with long-established precedent. Without conferring with the President, who was too ill to see anybody, he met the Mexican situation with a positiveness that won the admiration of the country. At last, it seemed, the Administration had waked up to a decent sense of its obligations. But now comes the

President in a brief conference with Senators Fall and Hitchcock and without even referring to Mr. Lansing takes the matter of our relations with Mexico into his own hands. Nobody will question the right of Mr. Wilson to do this; none the less in doing it he puts upon the Secretary of State a slight which no man of real dignity would accept supinely. Can anybody imagine Mr. Webster or Mr. Seward or Mr. Blaine or Mr. Hay, ignored and practically flouted, and yet calmly continuing in office?

Pacification of Mexico.

The Argonaut has especial satisfaction in giving its readers a letter printed on another page from Mr. H. H. Hughes of Santa Monica. It confirms, and with a careful presentment of facts and arguments, judgments we have long held and repeatedly declared. The notion that pacification of Mexico calls for a vast armament and for a series of annual campaigns, and that when one set of revolutionists and bandits have been conquered new revolutionists and new bandits will "uprise" to carry on a bitter and interminable warfare, has been so persistently urged that it has come to be accepted widely as an assurance—this in spite of the fact that it is discredited alike by history and common sense.

Anything like sustained warfare in modern times calls for a background of industrial organization, and Mexico has no such resource. It calls likewise for skillful leadership and high national spirit, and Mexico has neither the one nor the other. Our own experiences in Mexico, in times both distant and recent, have demonstrated the inability of that country even when its people have been united to make war intelligently, persistently, or effectively; now when the country is impoverished, torn by dissensions and weakened in spirit by disappointments and losses, its powers of resistance must be at a low ebb. It should be obvious that the property-holding classes of Mexico and the order-loving classes would welcome a movement from any source calculated to exorcise tyrannies which have long ruled and have all but ruined the country. How little of unity and of national spirit prevails in Mexico is illustrated in the rivalries of conflicting ambitions and projects which have kept the country in turmoil ever since the strong hand of Porfirio Diaz was withdrawn.

Let us suppose the ports of Mexico closed, which would be easy. Then let us suppose that three American armies, not necessarily strong in numbers, were to march coincidentally into Mexico—one from the north, another from the Gulf coast, still another from the Pacific side of the continent! Is there a possibility that Carranza or Villa or Felix Diaz—or all of them together—could organize and equip forces strong enough and promptly enough to meet these several invasions? The suggestion is preposterous. It is, we think, self-evident that under such a movement the Mexican defense would, from the military standpoint, be trivial and ineffective. In the opinion of practical men who know the country, and whose judgment is not warped by military tradition and theory, there is not the first doubt that within sixty days following initiative of a concerted and energetic movement—or ninety days at most—our forces would be so definitely in control of the country as to have reduced every seriously opposing element to desuetude; and all this at small cost of blood on either side.

Suppression of the innumerable groups of bandits which infest the country would no doubt require continuous effort for a considerable period, but there would be little difficulty in carrying out this part of the task of pacification by use of native forces under American equipment and command and under American pay. Under the rule of Porfirio Diaz the banditti were kept well in hand, not by numerous and costly military

forces, but by a special constabulary known as *rurales* somewhat in imitation of the famous Texas Rangers. There would be no difficulty in enlisting for such service any number of men required for the work, natives familiar with the country and skilled in all the ways of bushwhacking warfare. The many partisan leaders in Mexico, as experience amply demonstrates, have no trouble in recruiting their ranks; and surely if the United States, with its skill in organization and its ability to pay for service, were to enter the field it would be able to create whatever forces the work would require.

The professional militarists of our War Office in appraising the Mexican situation have, after the manner of professionals, the obsession that the problem in Mexican pacification is one of ordinary military operations. They reason precisely as did the British in the Braddock campaign of a century and a half ago; upon the basis of the same misconceptions and with the same professional pig-headedness. They fail at the point of conceiving the situation as defined in universal demoralization of Mexico, confusion of interests and purposes, lack of authority, organizing capacity and military equipment, universal poverty, and utter lack of national spirit. They fail again in disregard of plain lessons illustrated in our former war with Mexico, when small bodies of disciplined American troops marched wherever they wished to go and overwhelmingly beat down the Mexican forces in every encounter.

The intelligent and property-holding classes of Mexico, however they may find it prudent to declare themselves in the present situation, would surely welcome a movement from the United States, especially if they were assured that its purpose was not that of conquest and possession, but of pacifying and reorganizing the country after the pattern of our dealing with Cuba. It is impossible that these classes should stand in support of the régime of disorder and chaos which now and for a decade past has made Mexico a shambles, broken down industry, unsettled the rights of property, and put in hazard the very lives of those whose removal would tend to promote the reign of terror and of license.

First or last, we have got to "clean up" Mexico, for nothing is more certain than that country has not in and of itself the powers essential to restoration of peace and the reestablishment of orderly life. Every day that we palter with the problem adds to the sum of losses, to the progress of demoralization, and to the difficulties of the job. We ought now, when we may easily recall to military service trained men in any desired numbers, to go at this business. We have more than justification; we have, in truth, a definite obligation, first to ourselves and scarcely less to the countries whose interests to a greater or less extent are involved with Mexico and who are prohibited by our Monroe Doctrine from action on their own account. Yet we grieve to say that there seems small prospect of immediate action. An administration embarrassed by its own record of supine sufferance of innumerable outrages, an administration committed to delay and dalliance, can hardly be expected, for all its many protests and threats, to pursue any other course than that of watching and waiting. We shall, we suspect, have to endure past grievances and whatever kicks and cuffs the future may hold for us until a higher sense of obligation and a sounder courage shall hold authority at Washington.

The Treaty.

Accredited authorities from Herbert Hoover down the line are agreed that issues at once vital and great are awaiting the action of this country upon the treaty. Either one way or another we should come to definite and final decision. The European allies, emphasizing their wish for a definite adjustment and asserting their eagerness for American coöperation, have declared

their willingness to accept "reasonable modification" of the original text. They are ready to meet us half way in a spirit of diplomatic give-and-take.

Now it would seem the part of common sense for the President and the Senate, under the Federal Constitution coördinate powers in this business, to come together in an effort to accommodate their differences. The President drafted the treaty—or had such part in the job as to consider it his own handiwork—and has submitted it to the Senate. The Senate after scrutinizing it has suggested changes calculated in its judgment to conserve American interests without vitiating essential aims and purposes. Thus the situation is one of frank disagreement. But it need not be one of deadlock if both President and Senate will act under motives of serious responsibility, free from pettiness or vanity.

Mr. Wilson is quoted as declaring that the Senate wishes to "humiliate" him; and it is possible that there is an element of truth in this statement. And if there be, the grievance is not all one way, since Mr. Wilson plainly sought to humiliate the Senate in his denunciation of "pigmy minds" and "men of narrow vision," with other irritating expressions. Both President and Senate need to be reminded that the matter at issue is too large to be involved with personal or partisan motives.

At Paris on May 31st, speaking in a plenary session of the peace conference, Mr. Wilson said: "*How could the government of the United States go before the Congress and the people of the United States and pretend that it has assisted in insuring the peace of the world if it believed that the settlement agreed upon here contained unstable or dangerous elements?*" The citation is pertinent because it betrays Mr. Wilson's conception of the Executive as "the government of the United States." It is a curious delusion in view of the very simple and plain setting-forth of the Constitution that the government is made up of three factors or departments—legislative, judicial, and executive.

"*How could the government of the United States go before Congress,*" etc.—as if Congress were something apart from the government! Mr. Wilson spoke in the rôle of a responsible prime minister; his vision of himself as "the government" is clear and unmistakable.

Here we have the secret of Mr. Wilson's stubborn attitude with respect to the treaty and in relation to other matters; it lies in his conception of himself, not as a factor in the government, but as "the government." Between "I am the government!" and "I am the state!" here is not a vast difference.

Campaign Speculation.

It is too early to define the issues on which the coming presidential campaign will be fought. Everything will depend upon the progress of events, including the course of the President and Congress upon the peace treaty, the disposition and conditions of the railroads, the status of labor, etc. These leading subjects today may by the time the conventions meet in June be superseded by more immediate interests. To illustrate the point, if the present obstacles to international trade should become more acute—the sharp discount upon pounds, francs, and marks in the American market, the shortage of ships, etc.—there is likely to develop a situation that would dwarf all other considerations and thrust all other issues into the background. However, it seems probable that the campaign will have much to do with questions relating to labor, including on the one hand its rights and privileges and on the other the limitations of its powers. We venture to guess that the Democratic party under the hand of Mr. Wilson will to a greater or less degree espouse the cause of organized labor as defined in the policies of Mr. Gompers and that the Republican party will hold to the conservative theories under which the right to strike shall be so limited in practice as not to involve vital public interests. Of minor issues there will be a hopper-full, including projects of administrative reorganization, projects relating to foreign trade, matters connected with our relations to Europe, matters of fiscal reform, Mexico—all these and much else.

On the Republican side there are five open and avowed candidates, with an attendant bandwagon crowded beyond precedent. The fact that nobody has the ball in his hand makes a situation in which men of even modest prominence may cherish hopes. The foremost figure in the pre-convention campaign as it stands

is General Leonard Wood. In practically every state there is an organized group in his behalf, and "straw votes" taken here and there indicate that the sentiment favorable to Wood is widespread. The Wood movement has apparently abundant financial backing, and while this is a help at the present stage of the game it may prove a boomerang in its suggestion of embarrassing questions as to the sources of financial supply. From various suggestions and indications, too vague for definition, we get the impression that the Wood movement is going a bit fast for its own health. None the less the fact remains that General Wood is today far in the lead of his open rivals.

The next figure in the running is Governor Frank Lowden of Illinois. Activities in Lowden's behalf have been mainly localized in the Middle Western States, though the movement is not without friends elsewhere. It has just now lost something of strength in its own field by the announced candidacy of Senator Harding of Ohio, who by considerations geographical, political, and personal becomes a serious rival. Ohio with its large electoral vote now ranks as a doubtful state, and this fact gives to Harding's candidacy a tactical strength of real import.

After Wood, Lowden, and Harding there is nobody in the roster of open candidates who may be taken seriously. Poindexter of Washington, Johnson of our own state, and the several others whose lightning-rods are visible above the skyline, have merely the status of favorite sons. They may be ranked as remote possibilities and nothing more.

Outside the lines of avowed or modestly hopeful candidates there are two conspicuous figures of obvious size—Mr. Herbert Hoover of California and Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts. Neither has indicated in any way his willingness to be considered, but there is that in the character and record of each which marks him in the minds of many as a proper man for the presidency. Hoover more particularly illustrates qualities that commend him to conservative judgment. Since his early manhood he has lived mainly in foreign countries, and with such slight participation in our domestic affairs as to afford no assurance either of his party sympathies or of his views concerning the old-time issues upon which parties have been divided. Governor Coolidge's position has been defined in the promptness and the decision with which he met the policemen's strike in Boston some weeks back. Obviously he is a man of sound mind, of firm convictions, and of resolute powers. Should events immediately preceding the convention tend to emphasize the issue with which Governor Coolidge is identified he would automatically become a strong candidate.

On the Democratic side there is still some talk of Mr. Wilson as a third-term nominee, although his physical condition is widely regarded as a bar to a continued political career. Despite denials, it is a common belief that Mr. Wilson has suffered a "stroke," and while it has not wholly disabled him, it probably indicates that the end of his active life is approaching—if indeed it has not already been reached. No doubt such influences as the President may control will be exercised in behalf of Mr. McAdoo; yet what may be called the McAdoo movement tends to wane. Today the country over Democratic favor and expectation more strictly relates to Attorney-General Palmer than to anybody else. If Secretary Lane had first seen the light within the limits of the United States instead of Canada, the ball would easily be at his feet. On the Democratic as on the Republican side the name of Herbert Hoover is more or less under consideration, and it is by no means impossible that he may be asked to be the party nominee.

There is no indication on either side that any candidate will come to the convention with the nomination in his pocket; that is, nobody is likely to have in advance a pledged support guaranteeing nomination. The expectation is that choice will be made in the conventions, and probably not until after periods of hot contention between leading candidates. It is not unusual in such situations for the more prominent men to kill each other off, so to speak, thus leaving the nomination to be picked up by somebody who has not been involved in previous rivalries. Again and again it has happened that choice has fallen upon some man whose name up to the hour of decision has stood in the secondary list of availables.

Editorial Notes.

On December 2d the total strength of our army at home and abroad was 223,836—207,039 being enlisted men and 16,797 officers. These figures do not include nurses or field clerks. Of the total force, 168,999 enlisted men were in the United States, 24,414 in United States possessions, 20,350 in Europe, 8340 in Siberia, and 1733 at sea, en route to Panama, to Europe, and Siberia. Up to December 4th a total of 3,446,027 men had been discharged. If these, 3,265,498 were enlisted men and 180,529 were officers. The commissioned strength of the regular army on November 30th was 8859, including Philippine scouts. This figure is 2892 below the authorized strength. Since the signing of the armistice 2094 regular army officers have resigned. In spite of energetic efforts to increase the personnel of the army there is a steady shrinkage. A month ago the total numbers of the army in the United States of America was 171,000; it is now 168,999. Since March there have been upwards of 8000 desertions. Americans generally speaking are ready enough to enter military service when there is really work to be done, but in time of peace it seems impossible to hold up the personnel. The obvious fact is that unless war is on, or imminent, our military organization will always be weak. If we are to sustain the principle of preparedness, it must be done, not by keeping up a large standing army, but by a scheme of training under which prepared men may be drawn from civil life.

What with executive attention concentrated upon the war in 1917 and 1918, with the President's absence in Europe and his absorption in world affairs and with his recent and continuing illness, our domestic interests have long been something more than slighted. Never in the history of the country have there been so many official vacancies. The list includes a Secretary of the Treasury, a member of the Shipping Board, a member of the Civil Service Commission, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, a member of the Tariff Board, a Commissioner of Pensions, an ambassador to Italy, a minister to China, a minister to Switzerland, a minister to the Netherlands, a minister to Costa Rica, a minister to Salvador, a minister to Siam, several hundred postmasters and several score of consuls, not to mention a horde of minor officials.

In the way of political organization—and we have had something of the "game" in California in times past—nothing has ever equaled the "machine" set up and manned (at the expense of the taxpayers, by the way) by Hiram Johnson. It is in its field all that Tammany is in New York. In view of the facts it is a bit amusing to learn that Hiram is coming home to knock out the wicked politicians.

The sharp decline in European exchange is beginning to be felt as a restriction for our foreign trade. With the English pound sterling worth in the American market practically only three dollars and a half, with the French franc worth only 10 cents and the German mark only 2 cents, it is inevitable that purchases on British, French, and German account shall be held at the lowest practicable limits. The United States has this year, under the momentum of foreign needs and war prices, a tremendous surplus which will rot in our fields or mould in our warehouses unless we can sell it to Europe. And Europe will not be able to buy unless means shall be found to extend her credits and to re-establish rates of exchange on something like a more normal basis. However, up to recent weeks we have been doing a tremendous foreign business. Our exports for the first ten months of the present year ran \$1,440,000,000 more than for the corresponding months in 1918, reaching an aggregate of \$6,501,000,000. Our imports for the first ten months of this year ran to an increase of \$543,000,000 over the same period of last year, with an aggregate of \$3,113,000,000.

Up to the beginning of the war European capital was an important resource of American enterprise. British money, particularly, played a large part in the industrial vitality of the country, notably in connection with our steel and manufacturing industries and in our railroads. Now our loans from Europe have been repaid with interest; the books have been balanced so far as dollars and cents are concerned in the industrial world—with Europe a debtor to our government

on war account to the tune of approximately ten billion dollars. But it is not alone the war account that we have become a creditor nation. The countries of Europe need help. Their industries must be rebuilt. Their railroads need repairs and equipment. Their mines must be reopened and their mutilated lands restored. With diminished resources of their own, they are looking to us as we formerly looked to them for aid in the form of financial credits. They ask us to show the same faith in them that they showed in us when the needs were ours and the means were theirs.

Analyzing our exports of the year 1919, it is found that about a billion dollars of the increase over 1918 come from exports to European countries, about \$200,000,000 to countries in Asia, and \$100,000,000 to countries in South America. Though smaller in amount, these two last reflect a marked change in our world trade which is likely to be permanent. Before the war goods from the whole world were collected in Europe for manufacture and redistribution. During the war it became necessary to establish new lines of trade. Wool from Australia, tin from the Straits settlements, and jute from India, for example, began to come and are still coming directly to the United States and no longer by way of Europe. The ships that bring these things to us carry back American products of various kinds without going through European channels.

It is an amazing story that comes from India, where in April last General Dyer, a British officer, caused five hundred Hindus to be shot down in cold blood. If the British government would continue to hold the respect of the world in its control of India it must give short shrift to this unspeakable brute. The world—America certainly—will not respect a system, or a country, which tolerates wholesale murder in the name of discipline.

It hardly needs saying that the appeal of certain Irish-American politicians for recognition of the "Sinn Fein Republic" by the United States is an open and shameful impertinence. The proposal comes of course from a coterie of cheap politicians who are seeking to make political capital with the Irish in America. We have pretty well put the German hyphen into the discard and it is high time to follow it up with the Irish hyphen.

The trouble in Michigan over Newberry's seat in the Senate—whatever the rights or wrongs of the case may be—had its inception in feminine jealousy. It appears that Detroit, in common with other Western cities, has its own "old aristocracy" and that the Newberrys have membership and place in it. The wife of the publisher of one of the Detroit newspapers, it appears, has ambitions and has suffered in respect of the contrast between her social privileges and those of Mr. Newberry's wife. The rest of the story hardly needs the telling; it is summarized in Act III, Scene 2, of Congreve's "Mourning Bride"—"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," etc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Conquest of Mexico.

SANTA MONICA, December 13, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: It is related that one of the ancient Greek philosophers, on ushering his boy into the affairs of men, said: "Go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed." If that savant could return to earth today, after 2500 years of bungling, and behold how the world is still governed he would see his most sanguine "expectations," or fears, fully realized. If he could view the bloody conflicts between the Spartans and his own Athenian fellows, with the decay of his beloved Greece; the fall of Egypt under the misgovernment of her various dynasties; the bloodshed and vainglory of Carthage; the rise, the "glory," and fall of the great Roman Empire; the incursions of the Gauls and the Germanic tribes; the atrocities of the Vandals, the Goths, and Visigoths; the rise and decay of Spain; the barbarities of Attila and Genghis Khan; the misgovernment and inhuman murders of the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns, together with the crimes and follies of the Bourbons; the atrocious sway of the Turks; the melancholy mess of the Manchus in China, to mention only a few of the "governors" of the world, he would be very sorry that he had returned.

If he should look across the Atlantic and see with what "little wisdom" even the new world is governed—with all the experience of the old world as a warning—he would doubtless return to the spirit world in utter despair. Before departing, however, he could scarcely help noting that the "wisdom" displayed among governing officials in the Western world is, at any rate, no greater than in Europe and Asia. And he would no doubt, also, observe that the present administration's dealings with Mexico exhibit the smallest measure of "wisdom" in all the history of twenty-five centuries of infinitesimal governing.

So much has been said by our "statesmen" and editors about the immense, the gigantic, task of invading Mexico that the uninformed would think that an army equal to the Kaiser's would be necessary to pacify that distracted country. Such propaganda is not only an insult to common sense, but dis-

gusting as well. The "wise guys," such as the Norman Angels, the Professor Jordans, the Bryans, and others, "proved"—before the war—that there could be no war in the first place, and in the second that we could not possibly be drawn into it even if there could be one. Now the same wise ones—exhibiting the same "wisdom" mentioned by the ancient Greek, tell us of the colossal task of invading Mexico to protect our citizens and our rights.

Therefore an examination of the actual facts ought to be pertinent at the present time, and I trust that you, the editor of the *Argonaut*, in your extremely sensible fashion, will deal with this subject as it ought to be dealt with. To that end I, as one who lived for more than twenty-five years in Mexico, offer you the following suggestions:

First—Sam Houston in 1836, and with only about 700 men, met and decisively defeated the grandiose Santa Ana at San Jacinto, captured that "renowned" warrior, and secured the independence of Texas.

Second—The dictators across the border continued their characteristic tactics of annoyance until 1847, when General Zachary Taylor was ordered across the river. With 6000 volunteers he won the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Victoria, Saltillo, and Buena Vista; to say nothing of his "cake walks" in Chihuahua, Coahuila, and elsewhere. No "uprisings" nor "interminable guerrilla" warfare occurred on any of those occasions, as we are so gravely warned will occur should we now undertake to discipline the cutthroats across the Rio Grande and to protect American citizens.

Third—General Taylor was recalled—in the midst of his easy triumphs—and General Winfield Scott was ordered to land at Vera Cruz and to proceed from the Mexican capital from there. With 10,000 men, and without railroads, he marched up the steep and rugged defiles of the Sierras, swept everything before him in the battles of Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, etc., and captured the City of Mexico without delay. There he dictated terms of peace to the whole nation. Again no "uprisings" nor guerrilla warfare.

Fourth—In 1913 President Wilson ordered our boys to land at Vera Cruz to compel a salute of Old Glory, which had been insulted by the then president of Mexico, according to the claim of our own government. We landed something like 11,000 men, shot up the forts, military academy, etc., while the army of Huerta took to the brush and has not been heard from since. Still there were no "uprisings" of the multitudes and no guerrilla war. And, it may be said, by way of parenthesis, that the flag was never saluted, but was more grossly and flagrantly insulted during and after the invasion than before.

Fifth—Our unique President, not having brought about the salute of the flag (the avowed object of the Vera Cruz expedition), ordered our men out of Mexico. Thereupon the open season for Americans by the bead-hunters of the Villa and Carranza stripe began in earnest. Not being able to "insult us into a fight," as Secretary Baker boasted, by murdering Americans across the border, Villa decided to actually invade American soil. Thereupon he made his famous raid into Columbus, New Mexico. Our good people—even the grape juice and too-proud-to-fight variety—declined to take extra kindly to such playful performances, and a great clamor went up for punishment of the rude handits; so the great and good friend of Venustiano Carranza ordered General Pershing into Mexico to catch Villa, "dead or alive." Well, we all know the rest: Villa still hale and hearty and doing business at the same old stand in the same old way. And, although Pershing remained seven or eight months in Mexico, there were no "uprisings" of the multitudes, no guerrilla warfare, and no great cataclysms of any kind. In fact many of the peaceful and industrious Mexicans hated to see him retire and leave them at the mercy of the cutthroats of either the Carranza or Villa faction.

Having recited the foregoing facts, is it not plain to any sensible person that the Mexicans are not going to "uprise to a man" when we do go in to clean up the country and to clean out the handits? They will not uprise, first because they can't, and second because they will not want to. The 14,000,000 peaceful and industrious Mexicans do not hate the "Gringos" and they will welcome us with tears of joy whenever we go in to save them from the bloodsuckers, that is the so-called revolutionists who have them enslaved, terrorized, as well as the educated class, who do not particularly like us.

Mr. Taft said we would need 500,000 men to pacify Mexico and the general staff of the army says 450,000. We would not need 50,000 men, and the only reason any one can give for claiming such a large number is either ignorance of the true conditions or to cover up the dereliction of some administration. In other words, as an excuse for "watchful waiting" or humiliating hanging.

Mexico has no army and can not raise one. Even in the prosperous days of Diaz she only had 60,000, and they were largely convicts. She has no equipment, no trained officers, no munition plants, no faculty for organization, no money, no *esprit du corps*, no cohesion, nor, what is more, no heart to fight a foredoomed losing game. An invasion of Mexico could not be dignified into the category of "war." And even though it should be a real war, we should not shrink from a plain duty. American citizens must be protected in all parts of the globe, and will be as soon as we elect officials who can see through the silly sophistries of a lot of cheap no-bodies who delight in making our State Department appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world. H. H. HUGHES.

A Citation From History.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 6, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I notice that a "Citizen," addressing your publication, draws a parallel between the treatment accorded De Valera, representative of the "Irish Republic," in the United States and the treatment the friendly government of Japan might give some fomentor of revolution against the American government in Hawaii, the Philippines, or elsewhere in the territory of the United States.

Why draw on the imagination for parallels when history furnishes one that seems to be exact? A couple of De Valeras, by name Mason and Slidell, representing a pretended government in rebellion against the government of the United States, were by the United States government arrested en route from Richmond to London, while traveling on a British vessel. The friendly government of Great Britain was so anxious to receive these worthies with all the honors it customarily paid to agents of Jefferson Davis' republic that it threatened President Lincoln with war unless he released them with an apology, and mobilized a hundred thousand soldiers in Canada for the purpose of attacking the United States in the midst of this rebellion in case the British demands were not met. The "republic" thus, and in many other ways, assisted by the British government was fighting for slavery, while the so-called Irish Republic claims to be fighting only for freedom. It would seem, from a consideration of this precedent, that Great Britain's sense of outrage over the unofficial attentions given the unofficial representative of the Irish Republic may be kept within bounds.

ALBERT L. WILLIAMS.

In Norway married couples may travel on the railways for fare and a half.

THE STATE OF THE UNION.

Senator Williams of Mississippi in one of those moments of acerbity that sometimes ruffle the customary calm of senatorial debate asks that some one write a book on "Curiosities of Legislation." The necessary material can be found, he says, in the proceedings of the United States Senate during the last three years. Mr. Williams made this acidulated suggestion on December 8th during a debate on the railroad bill. He was visibly and audibly annoyed. In point of fact he was contemptuous, and he was at no pains to hide it. Mr. Thomas of Colorado was similarly annoyed, but in a more pained and ponderous way, and without that effervescence of utterance that is traditionally associated with the South.

Perturbed by this sign of insurrection, by this waving of the red flag so to speak, we turn back the pages of the *Record* to find out what it is all about. Now it is not easy to discover what anything is about, so far as the Senate is concerned. There are speeches many columns in length, but they do not seem to be about anything at all. It is difficult to discover any mention of a subject. But at length our industry is rewarded. It seems that the Railroad bill had been passed to its third reading, and we all know that the Railroad bill is a trivial measure involving incalculable values, the fortunes of millions of people, and comprising such little details as the right to strike and to plunge the nation instantly into famine and chaos.

Now Mr. Lenroot of Wisconsin objected strongly when he heard that the Railroad bill had been actually detected in an act of motion. He wanted to "call back yesterday, bid time return," like one of the English kings after he had lost a battle. Mr. Lenroot plaintively asked that the bill be called back for reconsideration. It had taken him unawares and in a moment of somnolence. There were senators who wanted to speak on the bill and to offer amendments to it. They were anxious that their oratory should thunder down through the vaults of time, and that their constituents sitting around the corner grocery store should marvel at their prowess. Of course Mr. Lenroot did not actually say these things, but we may divine his feelings. The Senate, suggested Mr. Lenroot, was in the habit of wasting "months and months of time" on trivialities. Why this sudden burst of activity, this unexpected doing of something? Why this ruthless dam across the waters of speech?

Then Mr. Williams arose in his wrath. Like his native Mississippi, he carried all before him. It was true, he said, that the Senate had wasted a lot of time on the peace treaty. It was true that it always wasted time upon every subject brought before it. None the less the Railroad bill had been brought before the Senate in the regular way. It had been considered in the regular way. It had been passed in the regular way. Everything had been done on a pattern of regularity. If there was any senator who had not spoken—*mirabile dictu*—whose fault was it? Who had restrained him? Who could restrain a senator from speaking? "There is no excuse for any senator, except his own neglect of duty—neglect of duty in the way of being absent, neglect of duty in the way of considering the evidence, neglect of duty in the way of being prepared with an amendment, whatever the neglect of duty may be—there is no excuse for any senator except a neglect of duty, in undertaking now, at the eleventh hour of the consideration of this bill, to start it all over again with an infinitude of senatorial talk about very nearly nothing." The day of grace, said Mr. Williams in effect, had passed away.

Now if Mr. Lenroot had been well advised he would have bowed his head before the storm and kept silent. Perhaps he was suffering from ingrowing amendments or from elocutionary fermentation, but however that may be, he spoke up tartly and said that he had been much more regular in attendance than Mr. Williams. Then the vials of wrath were poured forth and Mr. Williams smote him hip and thigh.

There was a marked difference, said Mr. Williams, between himself and Mr. Lenroot. Mr. Lenroot, for some inscrutable reason, was complaining at his own absence when the debates were in progress. Whose fault was that? He seemed to suppose that whenever he chose to stay away, the business of the nation must come to a standstill. Whenever he himself had failed to put in an appearance it was because he was not interested, because he had nothing to say or had already said it, because his mind was fully made up. He had never been known to "plead the baby act." He had never assumed to come down at the last moment and say: "Mr. President, have pity on me, poor little me. There has been pending a bill for a week or more, and I have not had an opportunity to say my little say about it and offer my little amendments to it." No one had ever caught him in such an attitude. What is this great deliberative body, anyhow, asked Mr. Williams, with a scorn discernible under the black ink of the printer. Can it do anything except deliberate? Mr. Williams used those very words, and still lives. If it can, no one has found it out. There was not a single senator of average intelligence—Mr. Williams explained that he used the word "average" for the benefit of Mr. Lenroot—who had not read the bill who did not know all about it, who was not prepared to vote

upon every phase of it, who had not prepared his amendments if he had any to prepare. If there was any senator who had not done these things, that is to say any senator of *sub-average* intelligence, that is to say Mr. Lenroot, then "he ought to have stayed at home." That was the end of Mr. Lenroot. Perhaps he went home. At least he went into the silence, as the New Thinkers say. There was not another cheep from Mr. Lenroot. Wisconsin was momentarily wiped from the senatorial map, submerged, so to speak, by the Mississippi.

Then it was that Mr. Williams suggested the book on the "Curiosities of Legislation" as a companion volume to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." It would be a simple undertaking. It would be just a history of the Senate of the United States during the last three years. It would display the senator who pretends that he comes to the Senate

to hear another senator talk about something that does not interest him and concerning which he has formed his own opinion; a man getting up in the Senate to talk, not with the idea of informing the Senate and not with the idea of informing the country, but with the idea of semi-informing himself, is an actor in this drama book entitled "Curiosities of American Legislation."

The absence of senators from a debate, said Mr. Williams, does not mean that they are not interested in it. Quite the contrary. It means that they are so much interested that they have already made up their minds. Why should such a senator "waste his time hearing another senator verbalize"? May not senators read speeches instead of hearing them if they so desire? Is it absolutely necessary to listen to some other senator's verbalization of his own opinions, "and verbalization is about the right phrase for it"? Mr. Williams did not know the average cost of a day's senatorial session, but he knew it was three times the cost of a day's session of the House of Lords:

Why should the people be taxed to hear just mere verhalogy? When a man is here ready to vote, and when there is no issue on the particular question of real substantial importance, every amendment that any senator wants to propose can be proposed and can be voted upon, and every amendment, according to the sacred and divine rules of the Senate, can be discussed *ad infinitum*—a sacred and holy right which nobody in all the world outside of the Senate reverences, worships, or icons.

It is said, or it was said at one time—though it is old-fashioned theology now—that God made man in His image. If the Senate has made a God in its image, it is a work of the word—verhalogy, verbalization, constant talking, and constant talking to people who do not want to hear it, and generally constant talking to people who doubtless know more about the subject-matter than the man who is talking.

So far as I am concerned, I am opposed to going one step backward, not only with this question, but with any other, after this august and utterly impotent body has reached a certain stage in its part of legislation.

The Senate was apparently stunned. On the motion of Mr. Cummins of Iowa it took a recess.

There is much to be said for Mr. Williams, for any one who stands aghast at the squalid waste of time, the carnival of trivialities, that mark a session of Congress. This particular debate in which Mr. Williams participated, a mere wrangle as to why senators do not attend the Senate, occupies some five columns of the *Record's* small type. Some of the speeches are almost incredible in their childish vanity, their utter irrelevance, their gleeful inconsequence. Taking the single issue of the *Record* from which the above excerpts have been made, what do we find? The chaplain's prayer is commendably short. It asks that the Senate may "have the satisfaction of working together with God," a petition that has been discouragingly unanswered. Then we have a few remarks from Mr. Thomas, who has "an article from the pen of former Senator Shafroth of my state on the high cost of living." May he have it printed in the *Record*? He may. Permission is unanimous. It would have been equally unanimous if he wanted to print the Koran. Who cares? The public pays. Presumably Mr. Thomas reads the article to the Senate, or rather to the chairs in which the Senate would sit if it were there. Then Mr. McKellar has a letter from "a very successful banker of Dickson, Tennessee," on the coal strike and profiteering. He would like to have it printed in the *Record*, and "there being no objection" from the aforementioned chairs, in it goes. The "very successful banker" reminds Mr. McKellar that "I was your supporter and political friend." *Cela va sans dire*. Then Mr. McKellar has another letter from another gentleman in Troy, Tennessee. May that also go into the *Record*? Inasmuch as the chairs, like Brer Rabbit, went on sayin' nuffin', that letter goes in, too. Naturally, it costs like the dickens, but "we should worry."

Then Mr. Kenyon has a little trifle of about five columns that he would like to see shining in the pages of the *Record*. It seems that the Honorable Martin J. Wade delivered an address on "Americanism" before the Rotary Club of Council Bluffs, Iowa. It was some address. All the old catchwords are there. We are told about "war's awful conflict." We are asked to "see the final triumph of the mob"—a slap at Omaha—"see the murder of the victim which they sought; we can smell the burning flesh, incense offered to the fiends of hell." Democracy "must be entrenched in the true freedom of the people, maintained by justice, law, and order." Capital stuff, admirable stuff—for the Rotary Club of Council Bluffs, Iowa. But why must it be read in the Senate? Why must it go into the *Record*? But it went. The chairs gave their silent assent. They

were unanimous. Balaam's ass had much less provocation for speech. Then came an article from the New York *World*. That went into the *Record*—over two columns. Then an article, not otherwise specified—just an article—five columns on "Nullification or Americanization." The week's salary of the average wage-earner would look pretty meagre after he had paid that printing bill. But does any one read all this stuff? Certainly no one in possession of his faculties. Why, then, is it poured out in bucketsful in the United States Senate? The answer is simple. It pleases the constituents of the offending senators to see their lucubrations in print. They become "state documents," like the Declaration of Independence or Magna Charta. And then, of course, there are wheels within wheels. The Council Bluffs speech, for example, contains a long quotation from "Samuel Gompers, the great leader of organized labor." That tickles the home unions. The senator who put that in the *Record* will get the credit for it. And so it goes. Page after page and page after page. Hours of time daily. Scores of dollars daily. An inexhaustible ocean of bunk, humbug, flatulence.

Mr. Williams as a member of the Senate confined his strictures to the Senate. Had he been like Sir Boyle Roche's celebrated bird that could be in two places at the same time he might have taken a glance at the House of Representatives that was similarly amusing itself elsewhere and having a real good time. The chaplain of the House had also indulged in an iridescent dream when he voiced a petition for the illumination of the minds of representatives and a clarification of their hearts. The chaplain had favored Providence with two stanzas of doggerel conveying much curious information of which Providence was doubtless in need. It may be said that he did it in a very domineering way.

The House then settled down to an elaborate discussion of a weights and measures bill for the District of Columbia and the fun waxed fast and furious. It took a long time to decide whether this should or should not be talked about, and then a gentleman from Maryland my Maryland remarked that there was no quorum. It was found to be true, so the sergeant-at-arms chased up the absentees, they were duly counted, and their names enrolled in the *Record*. Then it occurred to Mr. White of Maine that the Constitution of his great and glorious state was adopted a hundred years ago and he would like to address the House on that subject. Mr. Luce of Massachusetts would also like to address the House on the same subject and the House was compliant. It would have been equally compliant if these two gentlemen had wished to speak on the authorship of the Pentateuch. Why not?

The debate on the weights and measures for the District of Columbia occupies about *thirty-six columns* of small type. Mr. Little—unknown to fame—made a capital speech. He said he had read the bill and it seemed to him to be all right and he was now going to his office to write letters to his constituents. Then he went on to tell stories about doctors, and how a congressman had been charged \$25 for an operation. But Mr. Bee interposed here to ask if the congressman was still alive (laughter). Mr. Little said he was, but that was because the operation was not performed, though charged for. Mr. Bee himself had been operated on and still lived. It seems that doctors in Washington "snitch" patients from one another, and Mr. Little wanted to know if there was any law to protect congressmen against doctors. It seems that there is not, and it is a burning shame.

Then came a world-shaking proposal that all coin-in-the-slot machines must be in charge of an attendant to look after the morals of said machines. They had been known to accept the offerings of the faithful without acknowledgment or reciprocity. Then the fun began. What is a slot machine? How does it work? In point of fact, what is a machine? Please define the word. What is an attendant? What do you mean by "in charge of"? How close to the machine must the attendant stand? Must he stand there day and night, and if not, why not? If so, why? And the personal reminiscences and the anecdotes, the humor! And the gentlemen who will interrupt other gentlemen and the solicitous inquiries of the chairman whether the gentleman of the first part will yield to the gentleman of the second part and the courteous assurance of the gentleman of the first part that he will yield for two minutes and the solicitude of the chairman as he studies his watch. And then Mr. Madden at the end of the thirty-six columns says there is no quorum present, and, moreover, the bill can not be finished tonight. Let us all adjourn. And so the Speaker comes back into the chair, and Mr. Campbell of Kansas, who is chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, makes his report on the state of the Union so far as weights and measures are concerned. But the casual observer may be pardoned for believing that the state of the Union is a most perilous one.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 17, 1919.

The dendrograph is an instrument that has been invented for recording growth and other variations in the dimensions of trees.

The greater part of the city of Amsterdam is built on piles, the famous town hall standing on no fewer than 13,000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Those who are brought into intimate touch with King George are struck with the mastery of detail that he displays. Nothing, apparently, is too insignificant or trivial for him to deal with, and he devotes a great deal of his time to matters that no previous sovereign has considered worthy of personal attention.

Lieutenant Nungesser, second to Fonck only among the French air fighters in the number of German machines downed during the war, is shortly to make his debut in newspaper work. He has been officially credited with bringing down thirty-one German airplanes.

The reckless daring of Gabriele d'Annunzio arises in part from his utter contempt for death. Years ago he gave characteristic expression to that contempt by building a tomb for himself among the Apennines, near the springs of the Pescara, the river which provides so much of the local color in his poetical works. Having thus provided for his mortal remains, he stated that death had no more claim upon his thoughts.

Mme. Clemenceau-Jacquemaire, daughter of Georges Clemenceau, the French premier, who is now lecturing in America on "The Soul of France," is a writer of note and the author of several books. She has been closely associated with her father in his work and was an intimate observer of the history-making events in which he has played such a tremendous part. She is a woman of much attraction and possesses great charm of manner. During the war she served as a nurse in the Red Cross hospital at Catigny and Verdun, where many wounded American soldiers were among her patients.

Lawyer, journalist, politician, and soldier, General Smuts, South Africa's new premier, has often been referred to as "the brain and strong man of the Union Parliament." He is said to be a glutton for work and to hate gush. "Let me see," said a high and mighty young officer, sitting next to him at a reception in London shortly after the Boer war. "Haven't we—ah—met somewhere?" "Yes," replied the general. "Thought so," remarked the officer; adding, with a bored air, "one meets so many people; let me see, where did we meet?" "In South Africa," retorted the general, curtly; "you surrendered to me during the war."

Mrs. Charles Bennett Smith, recently appointed member of the New York State Civil Service Commission, is described by biographers as a big, motherly-looking woman, with a pink and white complexion and soft gray hair. She has a charming smile and a most delightful way of talking, to which she adds a musical speaking voice. Until a very short time ago she was known to the public only as "Congressman Smith's wife," entertaining no personal ambitions. As far back as twenty years ago, however, Mrs. Smith was active in suffrage and always lent a helping hand in the forwarding of the movement for women's votes.

Work is the one and only hobby of Samuel M. Vauclain, head of the Baldwin locomotive works, or in the Eddystone plant at Chester, along the Delaware River, his thatch of white hair showing under his straw hat. He has very little time for amusements of the theatre or society or the horse show, although he is very fond of horses and his daughters show fine thoroughbreds in the blue ribbon classes all over the country. At sixty-three years of age he finds it not at all necessary to play golf to "keep in trim." But he is methodical—almost Spartan—in his habits. Every day he is up at half-past 5 and very often at his office before 7 o'clock in the morning. Very often it is 6 or 7 in the evening when he leaves.

Ridiculing remarks are always heard when the name of Constantine of Greece is mentioned, if newspaper reports from Switzerland are to be believed. The news that "Tino" has no funds is received everywhere with pitiless mirth. "Tino's" troubles with his servants are a subject of conversations on the boulevards and fill the columns of humorous publications. "Tino" is now at the Dolder Hotel, in Zurich, and is said to be meeting his bills regularly, but the size of his tips has shrunk. The flow of paper marks which came from Germany during the reign of Emperor William has been stopped, and although it has been officially denied, the rumor persists that the former Queen Sophie, sister of the former Emperor of Germany, had to call upon friends to visit the pawnshops with some of the regal jewels.

Major-General George Owen Squier, chief signal officer of the United States army, is not much of a soldier, according to a New York writer. He is a graduate of West Point, but almost any corporal in the ranks can teach him a lot when it comes to military tactics and the usual routine around an army post. And yet in many more ways than one Major-General Squier is the most remarkable officer in the American army. Throughout the scientific world, in Europe as well as America, the words "military communications" are almost synonymous with "Squier"; he has more inventions to his credit than any other officer on the army lists today and has been identified with the development of more adjuncts to warfare than any other. He is the "army scientist," and a scientist doesn't need to be a military man.

PARIS VISTAS.

Mrs. Helen Davenport Gibbons Tells Us Something of Her Thirty Years in Paris.

A writer who allows her Paris reminiscences to range all the way from 1887 to 1919 must be prepared to find that the earlier part of her book has been placed at a disadvantage, even though she be no less an author than Mrs. Helen Davenport Gibbons. With all her charm and vivacity—and it need not be said that they are exceptional—it is her war record that commands our attention.

Mrs. Gibbons recognizes this, since the half-way point in her book brings us to the year 1914. She had been away from Paris and she tells us she had a race with Von Kluck to get there first. It was a close race, but she won, and she threw herself at once into the relief work that had become such a pressing necessity. There were innumerable babies ill-equipped for the stormy world into which they had inopportunely come:

The poor help the poor, when it comes to *moral*, as in everything else. I was sitting in my studio interviewing women who came for baby clothes. A white-faced girl sat down in the chair at the opposite side of the table.

"What can I do for you?" said I.
"A little white dress—" she sobbed. "Could you give me a little white dress?"
"Certainly I'll give it to you, and lots of other things, too."

"I don't need anything else," she said softly. "My baby died this morning. They did everything at the hospital to save her. She was born three weeks ago and they let me stay on. They wrapped her in a little piece of sheeting. I can't stand it to hurry her like that!" She put her head down on the table and wept.

"Shall I give madame a little white dress?"
The twenty other mothers sitting there answered, "Yes, give it to her."

To some the tears had come. Others, dry-eyed, clutched their babies.

"And flowers?" said one.
"Yes, she must have money for flowers." I hardly knew what to say to the girl, but soon the other mothers were talking to her. They were the best comforters.

Mrs. Gibbons has a word of gentle criticism for the Red Cross. It was a too-common assumption on the part of American workers newly arrived on the scene that nothing had been done, and that their arrival was the herald of the beginning of relief work. There was a passion for centralization, for reform on the largest scale, and for the instant Americanization of everything, from baby clothes upward:

In the summer of 1917 we Americans resident in France had to give up, all of us, the individuality of our *averses*. This meant that most of us went out of existence. When the rumor ran from mouth to mouth in the American colony that the Red Cross insisted on taking over everything and would starve out the stubborn individualists, there was consternation. Since the Red Cross was a government organization and controlled shipping, it was possible for them to tell us that we should receive no more cases of supplies after September 1st, even if friends at home kept on sending them. Some were furious; some were offended; some would give a generous slice of their fortune to fight the injunction; some laughed. But the charities' trust had come to stay, and started in to handle things and ride rough-shod over people in a way that I fear is typically American.

In the early stages of war fever the Y. M. C. A. and the army showed the same symptoms as the Red Cross in France. There was the idea that the American way is always and exclusively the right way; impatience with and resentment against existing organizations; a thirst for sweeping reforms; and the determination that Americans who had been on the ground from the beginning must be eliminated. The way our splendid ambulance at Neuilly was absorbed by the army is a story of Prussianism pure and simple. The Red Cross men and their wives did not seem to get it into their heads that we had been at war for three years. I attended a drawing-room meeting one day, where a hundred women were gathered who had been sacrificing themselves in relief work ever since the day France mobilized. More than one had lost her son in the war. A new Red Cross woman, fresh from America, lectured on what the Red Cross was going to do. She smiled at us, and her peroration was this: "Now you must realize that we are at war, and that we are going to put you all to work, all to work!"

Mrs. Gibbons takes up the cudgels on behalf of the American resident abroad. He may have reasons for his exile that are quite consistent with his patriotism. Certainly he ought not to be stigmatized as a "cootie" merely because he finds it convenient to live in France:

There are Americans in Europe—and some of them are to be found in Paris—who have no valid reason for being where they are more than in another place. There are criminals and courtiers. There are those who have forgotten their birth-right. But they form an infinitesimally small percentage of the American colony in Paris. Most of our American residents are business men, painters, sculptors, and writers, with the necessary sprinkling of professional men to minister to their needs, of the type of the writer of the letter quoted above. Many of them came to Paris first by accident or as students and just stayed on. Without them our country would be little known in Europe; and Europe would be little known in our country. Until the war broke out it was never realized how many Americans resided in Paris. Most of them had lived along quietly, doing their own work and minding their own business. But they had kept alive the friendship begun in the days of Franklin. Art and literature have their part in good understanding between nations; but the foundation and the binding tie are furnished by commerce and banking. The best representatives of Americanism are business men.

When one of the children came down with measles it meant that the fuel problem had presented itself in its most emergent form. Mrs. Gibbons tells us that she had to burn the furniture in order to heat the sick room. But friends rallied quickly to the emergency:

Two burly policemen, unmindful of dignity and uniforms, deposited sacks of wood on my salon floor. They had come from the Commissariat in the Fifth Arrondissement. Monsieur le Commissaire, they explained, had said that the woman who was looking after so many Paris babies in her *œuvre* must not

be allowed to see her own baby die. They had agreed. This was the wood from their own office. Why not? For the first time I cried. Go through my experience, and you will understand how one can have a passionate love for the French. I am relating here just one little incident of help unsolicited that came in a crisis. I had never seen that Commissaire. How he knew my baby was ill was a mystery. But I have often experienced in my Paris life the impulsive generosity, carried out at inconvenience and sacrifice, of which this is an example. There were others who needed that wood as much as I did. But I was a foreigner who had been working for babies in the Commissaire's district. A point of honor was involved. Never will you find a Frenchman lacking when he feels a sense of obligation.

The bombardment of Paris brought with it a sort of fatalistic philosophy that induced a new valuation of events. The little things of life ceased to trouble:

I once knew a man so afraid of germs that he made his wife wash new stockings in disinfectant solution. He kept strict surveillance over his children's diet. No peanuts, pink lemonade, little-store-around-the-corner candy for them. They were taught to exercise minute precautions in the everyday round of living. And yet, for all the bother, they had as many ailments as other children. When one is leading a normal life and has only imaginary or petty things to contend with, molehills are magnified. When one is facing a great crisis, one realizes that health is often simply a matter of lack of physical self-consciousness. Most of the things you think about and guard against do not happen. I remember once seeing a play, in which a Romeo and a Juliet held the centre of the stage, oblivious to fighting in the distance. The man said: "That is only a battle; this is love." Some people see the honey in the pot; others can not take their eyes off the fly.

The long-range guns perplexed everybody. It seemed impossible to believe that artillery could have such a range, and so there were some who maintained that the Germans were much closer to Paris than the people had been allowed to believe:

We were in the axis of Big Bertha, as the cannon was immediately dubbed. This was a new and more severe test for nerves. We got accustomed to it. For the trial, the strength. The kiddies had to have exercise and you yourself could not be home every minute of the time. But my feeling each time a shell exploded is the most horrible memory of the war. You never knew where it fell. On the third day, when the children came home from the Luxembourg, they told me that a shell from Big Bertha had torn a corner of the Grand Bassin. I tried to steel myself. One can become a fatalist for oneself. But it is not easy to be a fatalist for your children.

Then we had a lull. We were assured that there was only one Big Bertha or at the most two. The life of the cannon was a hundred shots. Counting those that fell in the suburbs, the attempt to intimidate Paris was over.

We were thankful now that we had only the air raids.

I woke up on Thursday morning thinking to give the children a treat. I built a wood fire, and started to make some toast. As I sat on the floor, cutting pieces of bread, I told myself that it would not help to worry. Perhaps it was true that the Germans had sprung a trick they could not repeat. At any rate, the news from the front was good. The British had made a magnificent recovery. The French were helping them stop the hole. General Pershing was throwing all the Americans in France into the breach north of Paris. There was something to be thankful for. Even if Big Bertha started up again, we were as safe from shells in our own home as anywhere else. I said to myself, "I am going to forget Big Bertha and put my mind on the children's treat—hot buttered toast for breakfast." There were enough embers now to make the toast. I speared a piece of bread with the kitchen fork and held it over the fire.

"Bing!"
The toast dropped from my fork and was burned before I could pick it out.

Mimi, who was sleeping in the bed close by, woke up.
"Hello, mama," she said cheerfully. "Dat's Big Bertha again. I did hear her."

Mrs. Gibbons has much to say about the peace conference. It seems to have filled her with disgust. There were many intelligent people who openly mocked it. They hoped for a league of nations that should inaugurate a new era, but no one was willing to give up anything. The old order was too strong to be displaced:

In my attitude toward the peace conference I believe I reflected all through the attitude of the common people of France, especially the Parisians. We had suffered too much and too long to want to see Germany let off easily. Our internationalism had nothing in it of pity for the Germans. We did not worry about how they were going to feel when they found out what they were up against. We knew that we could not make the Germans suffer as they had made us suffer. But we wanted written into the treaty conditions that would make our enemies realize their guilt by finding out that the enterprise had not proved profitable. But along with this natural and justifiable desire we yearned for some greater recompense for our own suffering and sacrifices. Our hatred of war had become as intense as our hatred of the Germans who plunged us into war. We hailed with joy the assurances of our statesmen that they would make this time a durable peace, avoiding the mistakes and errors of the past. Imagine our consternation when we realized that the delegates to the conference at Paris were not making peace along new lines. They were plotting peace along old lines. Weary months passed. The censorship still muzzled the press. But Parisians knew instinctively that something was wrong. Before Easter we lost faith in the conference and hope in its intention of changing the old order of things.

Mrs. Gibbons does more than reflect the opinions of the streets. She was in the heart of things and in touch with nearly every one worth knowing:

We kept open house for all—from premiers of belligerent states and plenipotentiaries to delegates of subject nationalities, ignored by the Big Five. Greeks redeemed and unredeemed, Roumanians and Transylvanians, Jugo-Slavs of all kinds, Russians from Grand Dukes to Bolsheviks, Lithuanians, Estonians, Letts, Finns, Poles, Czechoslovaks, Ukrainians, Georgians, Armenians, Syrians, Egyptians, Arabs of every persuasion, Albanians, Persians, Siamese, Chinese, not to speak of the specialists and propagandists and newspapermen of the Big Five, wrote their names in my guest-book, at my table, and discussed each other over cigars and cordials before my salon fire. Few lacked honesty of purpose and sincerity and loyalty to ideals. But the ideals were those of their own national or racial interests. Aside from a desire to see justice done to France and Belgium, there was no unity, no internationalism in the views of my guests. Most of them I respected; many of them I admired; for some I came to have real affection. My husband and I formed personal ties that I

trust will never be broken. But I confess that the more I listened to table talk and salon talk in my own home, the more bewildered I grew. I saw the Society of Nations vanishing in the thin air. My own narrow nationalism, that had been gradually reviving ever since the A. E. F. started to come to France, was strengthened. After all, was not all human nature like the nature of my own paternal ancestors, who believed—as they believed the Bible, with emphasis on the Old Testament—that

Ulster will fight
And Ulster will be right?

I took refuge in the humorous side of the peace conference, as I did not want to get mad or to become gloom-struck and weep. When Fiume came up, for instance, I would talk to Jugo-Slavs and Italians about getting seasick on the Adriatic and the respective merits of Abbazia and the Lido and whether they ever felt like d'Annunzio's lovers talked. The best fun was with my own compatriots. We Americans had nothing at stake as a nation, and (if I except a few of Wilson's specialists who never were listened to but always hoped they would be) the members of the American delegation lost no sleep while they were remaking the map of Europe.

A Pole was explaining to me one day that the Ukrainians were not and never had been a nation, and he was in dead earnest. A captain in the American navy had been listening politely for an hour. Then he thought it was time to change the subject. He turned to me and broke in out of a clear sky, "Helen, you have no idea how fussy Colonel House is. Found he couldn't get waffles in Paris. Telegraphed an S. O. S. to Brest. My machinist spent the better part of two days making a waffle-iron, and it was so precious and the colonel was in such a hurry that I sent the machinist to Paris to take it to him. Don't you think that was the right thing for me to do, Doctor—sky? House is pretty close to our commander-in-chief, you know."

Mrs. Gibbons says she will never be able to pass the Place de la Concorde without thinking of their press-room, where they swapped rumors and waited for an "open covenant, openly arrived at." She asks with amazement why the American delegates announced themselves as a commission to negotiate peace? "Negotiate peace?"

The Hotel Crillon and Four Place de la Concorde were filled with Americans—college professors, army and navy officers, New York financiers, the mysterious colonel and his family and family's friends, the other delegates, embassy secretaries and clerks, stenographers, soldiers and sailors, and journalists. The sensible ones were profiting by the months in the centre of the world to see Paris, old and new; bear music; and do the theatres. For the time spent on their specialties, trying to influence the course of the peace pourparlers and being sympathetic to the swarm of representatives, official and otherwise, of downtrodden races, did not budge a frontier an inch or write one line into the Treaty of Versailles.

When I applied for a press-card, an American major, whose acquaintance with a razor seemed no more than what any one could gain from looking at the display in a drug-store window, looked me over doubtfully. Was I really writing for the *Century* and newspapers to boot? At length he called a soldier. "Take this lady to get her photograph made," he said. Up four flights of stairs we climbed. On every landing was a soldier at a desk. "Through this way, mom," said my guide. He opened a tiny yellow door all black around the knob, and there were more stairs.

"Wouldn't it be fun to play hide-and-seek at Number Four and in the Hotel Crillon?" I asked.

"That's just what they're doing here most of the time," said Atlanta, Georgia. "You never saw anything like it. But you mustn't speak of the Hotel Crillon. This is the Island of Justice, mom. Yes, mom, it certainly expects to be that if it isn't yet."

In the garret room of the Signal Corps at the top of the stairs were five soldiers.

"Hello, boys, what do you think you are doing?" I asked.

"We're still making this here peace," answered a stocky brown-eyed lad, occupied vigorously with chewing-gum. "Since these guys've come over from home to help us, though, it is not going as fast as it was before. Mistake to have thought they'd do it quicker by talking than fighting."

"That's right, too," put in another. "The doughboys c'd a-finished it 'thout all these perfessors and willy-boys. Sit down here, please."

In the gable window was a chair with screens behind it. On the screen above the chair they put up a number—1949.

"My soul!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter with me? Is that the date?"

"No, ma'am, that's the date when the conference is going to quit talking and we can go home."

The author tells us that she heard President Wilson present the project of a league of nations. The official announcement of the event occupies two lines under the heading of Agenda on the programme. To her they seem now the souvenirs of blasted hopes:

The peace conference was a Tower of Babel, where different tongues championed divergent national interests. The only Esperanto was the old diplomatic language of suspicion and greed. The mental pabulum that fed the public was clothed in new terminology. When hammer struck anvil in the high places, sparks shot out. We caught flashes of liberty, brotherhood, the rights of small nations. But in the secret conferences decisions were dominated by the consideration of the interests (as they were judged by our leaders) of the most powerful.

One day there appeared in our press room in the Place de la Concorde a Lithuanian, who had made an incredibly long journey, much of it on foot, to come to the peace conference. He had been fired by President Wilson's speeches. He wanted to tell the American prophet how the Poles, in his part of Europe, were interpreting self-determination. He did not see the President. Although touched by his sincerity, we wondered at the naïveté. Did he really believe that the same principle could be applied everywhere? Practical common sense urged me to believe that the liberty propaganda was overdone and that it was impossible to give justice to everybody. But I was clinging to my idealism as the Lithuanian clung to his. A plain body like me could not know or understand what was going on. But why preach idealism in international relations, if an honest effort to apply justice impartially was impossible? Surely the Great Powers could act as judges in assigning boundaries between the smaller nations. Liberty, like the love of God, is "broader than the measure of man's mind."

The ceremony of Versailles did not lift the shadow of Germany hanging over France, says Mrs. Gibbons. And when she looks at her son she wonders what will come.

PARIS VISTAS. By Helen Davenport Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending December 13, 1919, were \$169,465,918.93; for the corresponding week in 1918, \$124,814,885.19; an increase of \$44,651,033.74.

The tremendous increase in the last few years of the business of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, both in the amount of deposits carried and the general local patronage, as well as the incursions which the institution has made into foreign trade and the development of the commerce of San Francisco abroad, has led to the necessity for a substantial enlargement of the capitalization. A meeting of the directors of the bank held recently decided to fill this necessity at once, and to increase the amount of capital stock by \$1,000,000 and the surplus by \$500,000. The capital of the bank is now \$4,000,000 and will become \$5,000,000. Surplus now, \$2,650,000, will be increased to \$3,150,000.

Issuance of 10,000 shares of the bank's capital stock was decided upon, to be offered to the present stockholders at \$150 per share, which will give the increase as above mentioned.

In announcing the increase President Herbert Fleishacker said that it was rendered

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absolutely necessary by the rapid growth of the bank, both in its domestic business and its foreign connections. The present dividend rate of 10 per cent., he said, would be maintained.

In ten years the deposits held by the institution have increased from in the neighborhood of \$16,000,000 to around \$87,000,000. The increase of the bank's foreign business has been marvelous, and in that respect it occupies a front place among American institutions. The business has grown too large for the present quarters and it has overflowed into adjoining buildings. The directors of the bank are now considering new building plans to keep pace with the expansion of business. The bank owns the property next the present building and alongside of the lot on which Standard Oil proposes to erect a building. That both these buildings will be erected during the coming year is now a certainty.

The Western Pacific Railroad Corporation was incorporated on June 20, 1916, under the laws of Delaware. It is a holding company owning the entire capital stock of the Western Pacific Railroad Company (the operating company), which was organized in June, 1916, under the laws of California. The Western Pacific Railroad Company succeeded under foreclosure to the property of the Western Pacific

Railway Company, which latter company was incorporated on March 3, 1903, under the laws of California. The line from Salt Lake City to San Francisco was completed and formally turned over to the operating department on July 1, 1911, although freight and passenger traffic was handled for some time prior to that date.

Before the reorganization the road and equipment was carried in statement of assets of the Western Pacific Railway Company (the old company) June 30, 1916, at \$156,752,605. Lack of space will not permit of my publishing the full statement of assets and liabilities of the reorganized Western Pacific Railroad Company as of December 31, 1918, but I am going to publish an analysis of the statement showing a most remarkable book-value back of the preferred and common stocks of this company, which makes these stocks, both preferred and common, the best investment as well as speculative purchase of the entire railroad list. An important fact, especially at present, when Europe is said to be selling railroad stocks in New York and buying foreign exchange with the proceeds, is that no shares of the Western Pacific Railroad Corporation are held abroad.

The capital stock and bonded indebtedness of the reorganized company are as follows: \$20,000,000 of 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds, due March 1, 1946; \$3,000,000 of equipment gold notes; \$27,500,000 of 6 per cent. non-cumulative stock redeemable at \$105 per share and having the preference as to dividends and assets (now paying 4 per cent. per annum); \$47,500,000 of common stock. Both preferred and common shares have equal voting power.

Preferred stock is convertible at any time into common stock, par for par.

The analysis which follows does not include a judgment rendered in favor of the Western Pacific Corporation against the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company for \$38,270,343, which belongs share for share both to the common and preferred stockholders. The company has already seized under this judgment assets of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad valued at more than \$8,000,000 and including an equity in the total capital stock of the Utah Fuel Company estimated to be worth \$6,000,000. The Utah Fuel Company owns and controls one of the most valuable coal deposits in the United States and is located in Utah on the line of the Western Pacific Railroad Company. A most valuable asset, especially for a railroad to own.

Analysis of the Western Pacific Railroad Company general balance sheet as of December 31, 1918, is as follows:

Total net assets.....	\$101,939,304
Less current liabilities.....	679,986
	\$101,259,318
Less bonds, equipment notes, etc.....	23,636,247
	\$77,623,071
Less preferred stock.....	27,500,000
Balance left for \$47,500,000 common...\$50,123,071	
Equal to \$105 per share.	

The book value of the preferred stock, now selling at \$57 per share and paying 4 per cent. per annum, is \$282 per share, not including equity in judgment against the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company or the Utah Fuel Company.

The Western Pacific is making large gains in earnings. In the month of October, 1919, the road earned 51 per cent. of full year's certified standard return. Had the property been operated for its own account instead of for the government, in three months of independent management it would have earned at the annual rate of \$9.63 per share on common stock. In October the company saved out of \$1,780,854 gross operating revenue \$968,236 for net railway income—the best month the road ever had either under corporate or Federal operation. The net in this single month is 51 per cent. of full year's standard return.—W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel Branch of McDonnell & Co.

The stock market is acting according to the rule of recent years and, having been subject to a very severe break in November, after a striking fall rise, is going into the final month of the year in a sort of wavering condition where there is a mixture of "selling to record losses" against income-tax requirements and bargain buying by those who appreciate very properly that with things acting at all normally the pendulum of prices should swing sharply upward for the "January rise."

The disbursements for interest and dividend accounts in early January are always a great stimulus in investment circles, and there is going on at present something more important than mere buying by professionals for the January turn, and this is absorption by investors of stocks and bonds, many of which are selling at what might be regarded as panic prices.

It is hard to conceive that the bond market averages will not be higher sometime next year than they are now, and there are certain speculative bonds that seem like extraordinary bargains. For instance, ever since the rail-

road was reorganized the income 6 per cent. bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco have paid their interest; yet these bonds are selling around 40, and at a time when the railroad itself is doing wonderfully well, even under government operation, gross and net earnings for the first ten months of this year showing extraordinary gains over those of a year ago, this gain running as high as 30 per cent. in the latter item. This increased business is due to the growth and prosperity of the territory served by the company, and particularly in connection with the oil boom. Oil booms are generally evanescent, but the coal situation has caused more and more attention to be paid to oil production and our whole southwestern territory seems to be "full of oil." The situation seems to offer extraordinary speculative opportunity in the securities of this railroad and other railroads in the Southwest.

Baltimore and Ohio, for years recognized as one of our standard trunk line railroad investment issues, has been depreciated in market price to a level where it is practically in the Erie class and, generally speaking, the average railroad security values are ridiculously low and seem to have discounted everything except some very disastrous financial panic, and almost that.

The net income of the railroads under government operation has been showing somewhat better returns of late, though, of course, the recent increase granted certain employees will have an adverse influence on future reports. However, it would seem that the railroads are on the point of being given back to their owners and with sufficient government guarantees to tide them over until such time as proper rate increases will offset swollen expenses.

The government has taken a firm and highly commendable stand in the coal situation, somewhat similar to the situation involved in the steel strike, where the Reds are being regulated or driven out altogether. The Federal Reserve Board has issued another warning, and this time over speculation in Wall Street is not touched upon. It is the general extravagance of the people in their buying that is alluded to as a development that is full of peril, and of course one can imagine that so much money has been made in many lines that the orgy of public spending will not come to a climax until some real disaster threatens. It may be that the coal crisis and the drastic retrenchment in the use of coal may bring people to their senses in this regard.

The treaty is again to the front in Washington, and it is to be hoped that the Administration will not forever maintain its stubborn attitude against the wishes of an overwhelming majority of the people that the pact shall be thoroughly Americanized. Any favorable outcome in this connection would be an exceedingly bullish argument on stocks generally, and particularly on stocks representing the industries that will be called upon to make large exports to Europe. There should be no time lost in the working out of some credit arrangement whereby exports and imports will be facilitated.—The Investor.

The Izzard Company, advertising agents, announces the opening of a San Francisco office, in addition to the offices already at Seattle and Portland—another step in the Coast-wide service plan.

Already well known for their merchandising and advertising work, and especially for their service to Pacific Coast advertisers, this step brings them even closer to manufacturers doing both local or national business.

The San Francisco office is in charge of S. H. Small, formerly with the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, and advertising-sales manager of the L. A. Young Industries, Inc., of Detroit, largest manufacturers in the world of portable power equipment for the farm. Mr. Small's work will be largely confined to automotive and farm equipment advertising. A native San Franciscan, with both Eastern and Western advertising training, the Izzard Company feel that his joining their forces is a distinct acquisition.

The farmers of the United States increased their acreage about 10 per cent. during the war period and received an increase of approximately 120 per cent. for their output.

These figures, the result of a compilation by the National City Bank of New York, are based upon the official records of the Department of Agriculture, showing the acreage and farm value on December 1st of the ten principal crops of the United States, wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, rice, potatoes, tobacco, hay, and cotton, grown in the United States in the calendar years 1914 and 1918.

The area devoted to these ten principal crops in 1914 was, according to the bank's compilation, 297,000,000 acres and in 1918 326,000,000, an increase of approximately 10 per cent., and the farm value of the ten crops on December 1, 1914, \$4,933,000,000, and on December 1, 1918, \$10,934,000,000, an increase of about 121 per cent. Of all farm

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products, the Department of Agriculture puts the value, "based on prices at the farm," at \$9,895,000,000 in 1914, and \$21,386,000,000 in 1918, an increase of approximately 115 per cent. The increase in value of "animals and animal products" is about 90 per cent. and of all crops 132 per cent. increase, comparing 1918 with 1914.

The quantities of the chief crops turned out showed a much less increase than that of the acreage cultivated. The area devoted to wheat grew from 53,541,000 acres in 1914 to 59,110,000 in 1918, but the crop only increased from 891,000,000 bushels in 1914 to 917,000,000 in 1918. The corn area was 103,435,000 acres in 1914 and 107,494,000 in 1918, but the crop fell from 2,673,000,000 bushels in 1914 to 2,583,000,000 in 1918, though the crop of 1917 made the highest record in the history of that crop, 3,065,000,000 bushels. The farm value of the wheat crop, however, grew from \$878,680,000 in 1914 to \$1,874,623,000 in 1918; that of corn from \$1,722,000,000 in 1914 to \$3,528,000,000 in 1918. The farm value on

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December 1st of wheat is stated by the Department of Agriculture at 98.6 cents per bushel in 1914 and \$2.04 per bushel in 1918; that of corn at 64.4 cents in 1914 and \$1.36 per bushel in 1918.

Cotton shows a decline in both acreage and production, but a marked increase in value of the crop. The 1914 crop shows 36,832,000 acres and 16,135,000 bales, with a farm value on December 1st of but \$549,036,000. The 1918 crop shows 35,890,000 acres and only 11,700,000 bales, but with a farm value on December 1st of \$1,616,207,000. The farm value on December 1st, as given by the Department of Agriculture figures, was in 1914 but 6.8 cents per pound and in 1918 was 27.6 cents per pound.

The level of prices paid producers of the United States for the principal crops decreased about 8.7 per cent. during September; in the last ten years the price level decreased about 2 per cent. during September. On October 1st the index figure of prices was about 0.2 per cent. higher than a year ago, 4.7 per cent. higher than two years ago, and 74.7 per cent.

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higher than the average of the past ten years to October 1st.

The prices of meat animals—hogs, cattle, sheep, and chickens—to producers of the United States decreased 13.6 per cent. from August 15th to September 15th; in the past nine years prices increased in like period 2.6 per cent. On September 15th the index figure of prices for these meat animals was about 7.3 per cent. lower than a year ago, 5.1 per cent. higher than two years ago, and 57 per cent. higher than the average of the past nine years on September 15th.

The board of directors of the Bank of Italy held their regular monthly meeting recently,

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declaring a dividend on the capital stock of \$6,000,000 at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, payable on December 31st, to stockholders of record December 20, 1919. This is an increase in the rate of dividend of 2 1/2 per cent.

From reports read at the meeting it was shown that the deposits amount to \$123,000,000, the number of depositors over 185,000, and the total resources of the bank over \$135,000,000.

At the regular meeting of the board of directors of the Western States Life Insurance

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Company a dividend amounting to \$30,000, or 30 cents per share, was declared to stockholders of record of December 9th. This dividend would have been paid before, President H. J. Saunders announced, but for the influenza epidemic causing the payment of many large claims last year. The substantial progress of the company during the year was attested by the following figures:

The total amount of new insurance paid for in cash during the eleven months ending November 30, 1919, was \$7,790,500, which is almost double the amount paid for during the same period last year. This greatly increased volume of new business was produced at the lowest ratio of expense to new premiums in

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the history of the company. There is \$33,076,970 of paid-for insurance in force on the books, which, after deducting lapses and death claims, represents a gain of \$6,047,333 since January 1st. This is a greater gain than the company ever made during any previous full year of its existence.

General Counsel T. G. Crothers has been elected a vice-president to serve in the place of Charles M. Belshaw, who was killed in an automobile accident.

Trade between the United States and Mexico consists chiefly of an exchange of manufactures produced in the United States for manufacturing material produced in Mexico. Curiously, too, this trade has continued to increase during the full period of turmoil through which Mexico has passed in recent years. Our trade with Mexico (says a statement by the National City Bank of New York) aggregated in the fiscal year 1919 \$277,000,000, against \$131,000,000 in 1914 and \$117,000,000 in 1910. The exports alone from the United States to Mexico were in 1919 \$119,000,000, against \$39,000,000 in 1914, while the imports from that country were \$158,000,000, against \$93,000,000 in 1914. The United States has supplied in recent years more than three-fourths of the imports of Mexico and taken probably four-fifths of her exports, this estimate being based upon the latest available official figures of the Mexican government, coupled with certain known facts regarding the trade of that country in the period for which official figures have not yet been issued.

Iron and steel manufactures, cotton cloths, boots and shoes, automobiles, soap, surgical appliances, paper, illuminating and lubricating oils, gasoline, and explosives are the principal exports from the United States to Mexico; and copper, lead, hides and skins, sisal fibre (a substitute for hemp), and crude petroleum are the principal articles imported from that country to the United States.

In all of these articles the trade has grown rapidly, very rapidly, in recent years. The internal dissensions of the people of Mexico did not reduce their purchasing power as greatly as had been anticipated, while the European war, which occurred a couple of years after the beginning of the internal troubles of Mexico, stimulated our sales to that country by reason of her lack of shipping and therefore absence of opportunity to purchase materials in Europe as formerly, while our own increased demand for her lead and copper and sisal stimulated that trade, and a large part of her increasing petroleum supplies naturally found their way to the United States as the nearest country having facilities for refining this crude product.

As a consequence of all these peculiar conditions during the war period and the period of Mexico's internal dissensions the trade between the United States and Mexico has developed very rapidly, and especially in the matter of our exports to that country, which jumped from \$34,164,000 in the fiscal year 1915 to \$119,163,000 in the fiscal year 1919, and was showing at the end of September an indication of a 25 per cent. growth in the calendar year 1919 as compared with that of 1918, though in the matter of imports from that country the calendar year figures did not seem likely to exceed those of the fiscal year. In the nine months ending with September the total value of merchandise exported from the United States to Mexico was \$96,432,000, against \$72,122,000 in the corresponding months of the preceding year, an increase of 33 per cent., while the imports from Mexico during the nine months in question show a slight decline, being for the nine months of 1919 \$105,873,000, against \$113,426,000 in the same months of last year.

The principal articles of the \$25,000,000 increase in the exports of the United States to Mexico in the nine months ending with September includes in flour a growth of \$4,250,000; wrought iron pipes, \$3,500,000; crude petroleum, \$3,250,000; automobiles, \$400,000; canned salmon, over \$400,000; tin plates, \$250,000; structural iron and steel, \$225,000; and dyestuffs an increase of approximately \$150,000. The principal increase in imports to the United States from Mexico occurs in coffee, \$3,000,000, and crude petroleum, \$3,250,000.

Shareholders of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company held a meeting recently at which the recommendation of the board of directors was approved and the necessary authorization given to increase the capital stock of the company from \$1,500,000, divided into 15,000 shares, to \$3,000,000, divided into 30,000 shares, of the par value of \$100 each.

Each shareholder of record on October 20, 1919, is entitled to subscribe to one share of the new stock for each share then held by him at \$150 per share, \$100 to be applied to capital and \$50 to surplus.

Payments are to be made in three installments of \$50 each per share on or before January 31st, February 28th, and March 31, 1920.

If the railways should be restored to pri-

vate operation without the passage of any new legislation, the system of regulation to which they would become subject would be that existing prior to government control. A large majority of them succeeded in remaining solvent and in rendering good service under that system, and it may be asked why it is so necessary now to make important changes in regulation. The answer is twofold:

First, developments during the last few years when railways were privately operated demonstrated that under the old system of regulation the solvency of our entire railroad system was being undermined and its ability to increase its facilities enough to keep abreast of commerce was being destroyed. The rate of return earned by the railways as a whole steadily declined in the ten years, and especially in the five years ending with 1915. The result was that in the fall of that year more miles of railways were in the hands of receivers than ever before. This decline in the return earned was accompanied by a corresponding decline in the amount of investment made. In consequence, when in the fall of 1915 there suddenly began, owing to the war in Europe, a vast increase of traffic, the railways were caught unprepared and were unable to handle all the business offered.

The second reason why new railroad legislation is necessary is that, bad as the railroad situation had become under government regulation it has become much worse under government control. Operating expenses have increased much more than rates and earnings; and the government incurred in 1918 a deficit of almost \$250,000,000 and in the first nine months of 1919 one of about \$270,000,000. The average ratio of expenses to earnings has increased under government operation from about 70 per cent. to about 90 per cent.

Very few people realize how far the development of the railroads has fallen behind that of our other industries and what a vast investment must be made in them before they will be able under any form of management to handle commerce satisfactorily again. Between 1905 and 1915 the freight traffic handled increased 61 per cent. and the passenger traffic 45 per cent. The increase in the investment in the railroads meantime was \$5,300,000,000, or 44 per cent.

The increase in the freight traffic actually handled since the year ended on June 30, 1915, has been 57 per cent., and the increase in passenger business 35 per cent. If the investment made in new facilities had been as great in proportion to the increase in the traffic actually handled in the last four and a half years as it was during the preceding ten years, it would have been \$5,000,000,000. The investment actually made has been less than \$1,900,000,000. Because of higher wages and prices, this has not provided any more facilities than would have been provided before the war by \$1,300,000,000.

Therefore, measured by the increased traffic handled, the deficiency of investment which has accrued in the pre-war value of money, has been \$3,700,000,000. The average railroad wage is today 125 per cent. more than it was in the ten years before the war. Prices of materials and equipment have advanced fully in proportion. If the deficiency of investment actually is \$3,700,000,000 measured in the pre-war value of money, then with present wages and prices it would cost at least \$7,000,000,000 to make it up.

But the deficiency of investment and facilities really is not as great as this figure would indicate, because since 1915 and especially in the last two years of private control, 1916 and 1917, there has been a great increase in the efficiency of operation. It is this wonderful increase in efficiency which has made it possible to move 57 per cent. more freight and 35 per cent. more passengers, with only about 5 per cent. more freight cars and practically no more locomotives, passenger cars, or miles of line.

But it has been clear to all competent students of transportation matters for some time that the limit of what can be handled without a large increase of facilities has about been reached. In 1918 the government had the use of \$577,008,000 worth of new facilities which the companies had provided in 1917, and it exercised practically unlimited power. Yet it was able to increase the amount of freight handled only 1.8 per cent. Besides making up this deficiency within the next three years the railways should spend at least \$1,000,000,000 additional a year to take care of the future normal growth of business, making a total of about \$6,000,000,000 in three years.

Under government control the railway companies have incurred a substantial amount of indebtedness to the government, due chiefly to investment which the government has made in their properties. To require the railway companies to liquidate this indebtedness at once, or in the near future, would interfere with their raising new capital which should be invested in additional facilities, and would financially embarrass many of them. The government should give the railways at least ten years to liquidate their indebtedness to

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it; meantime, of course, charging them at a reasonable rate.—Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the Railway Age, in the Review of Reviews.

While smoking among women is said to be increasing in Eastern cities it is falling off in one of the original haunts of the habit. That is down in the Ozarks. A field agent for the Arkansas State Agricultural Board who travels in the northern portion of the state is authority for the statement. He says he never saw an Ozark woman smoke a cigarette, although the men folks are taking up the rolled variety of smoke.

Airplane motor revolution meters have been invented by an Englishman to enable an aviator to estimate his speed and distance traveled.

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How Brazil, possessing in her vast forests millions of huge rubber trees of the finest quality growing in rich luxuriance all ready for the knife of the tapper, has been forced by unfavorable conditions to permit the crude rubber supremacy of the world to be swept from her in a decade by the Far East is one of the big events in modern business history.

About forty years ago some seeds from the rubber trees of Brazil were taken to England and sprouted. Then a few thousand nurslings were transplanted to Ceylon, Java, Burma, and Singapore. For years little was heard of the enterprise, and then came the demand for rubber tires, and with that demand rubber from plantations in the Far East began to trickle into the markets.

Meanwhile the Amazon rubber district was going through scenes typical of a gold mining rush. That the position of Brazil, with its great virgin forests of rubber trees, could ever be assailed was a ridiculous thought in those days. Even the manufacturers of Europe and America did not take the plantation efforts seriously. When plantation rubber began to appear in the world's marts it was taken without enthusiasm and at prices well below those paid for the Brazilian product.

But by 1910 a change came. The demand for rubber for automobile tires and for a thousand other uses had become tremendous, and Brazil was unable to meet the demand. That was the plantations' opportunity and they made the best of it. Enormous acreages were planted and hundreds of millions invested.

Today Brazil is far to the rear. The world's output of crude rubber for the current year will probably reach about 380,000 tons. Of this total Brazil will produce, by the most liberal estimate, not to exceed 35,000 tons, while from the Far East comes 320,000 tons.

The explanation of the change is easily found. In Brazil the rubber trees are found in the dense jungles and the work is done along lines developed by the Indians and little improved upon. In the Far East trained business men and scientists have brought all their skill into play. In Brazil the worker cuts his way through the jungle to a tree and then to another, until he has laid out a path which he can travel day after day to tap the trees along the route. In the Far East vast areas are kept down like great orchards, the weeds are kept down, every tree is carefully nursed and the plantations are among the horticultural wonders of the world.

In Brazil the swampy fever districts, with

illness and the rainy season, cut the working season down to seven months. In the Far East the trees are tapped all the year round, and modern medicine is at hand to fight disease.

Mysteries of Lightning.

A compiler of curious incidents offers the following concerning some of the actions of lightning:

Whenever lightning strikes money there is a possibility of the coins being transformed by the mysterious fluid.

An instance of this kind occurred at Nantes some years ago. A man was walking along the street when suddenly he was enveloped in lightning, yet remained uninjured. On arriving home, however, he was amazed to find that a gold piece had vanished from his purse, and in its place was substituted a silver piece. The lightning had, in fact, penetrated the leather of the purse and covered the gold piece with a coating of silver taken from two other coins.

Lightning frequently acts the robber with foodstuffs, and some extraordinary happenings have been recorded from time to time. On one occasion a party of tourists were preparing dinner when suddenly and without warning a storm arose, followed immediately by vivid flashes of lightning. A few seconds later not a trace of the prepared meal was to be seen. The dishes were strewn on the ground, but all the bread, cheese, and fruit had vanished, while the bewildered tourists were covered from head to foot with straw.

A man was once struck by lightning and carried a distance of 150 feet without being in the least conscious that anything unusual had happened until he was flung up against a wall and received a slight bruise on the knee.

On another occasion a party of soldiers were caught in a storm and sought refuge under a tree. All of them were struck by lightning and killed. Though dead, they maintained an erect position; but their bodies, when touched, crumbled to dust.

Reginald Farrant, who has been appointed stipendiary of Douglas and Castleman, Isle of Man, was recently sworn in the quaint form which has prevailed in the island for centuries. He swore to do justice between party and party "as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

A school to teach the arts, sciences, and agriculture is planned for Iquitos by the Peruvian government.



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CALIFORNIA'S WEALTH INCREASED.

Bank Deposits Gained Hugely and These with Record Clearing House Figures Attest Prosperity.

The great State of California emerges from a trying after-war year with her wonderful resources unimpaired, her acreage and productive possibilities increased by her war activities, and her gross wealth at record figures. A bountiful crop assured, at prices such as her agriculturists have only dreamed of before, that section of her population is necessarily prosperous—and California is essentially a food-producing state. The crops are far ahead in value of last year. For instance, such crops as walnuts, valued at \$11,500,000 last year, were this year worth \$15,000,000, and the latter estimate is believed conservative. Citrus fruits, it is true, are but 90 per cent. of last year, but the amount of decreased production is more than offset by the prices obtained.

One of California's new crops, not reckoned as of great account in past years, that of cotton, will add a goodly sum to the wealth of the state, the year's outturn in the Imperial Valley being estimated at 80,000 bales, and for this 50 cents and as high as 58 cents a pound is being offered.

The trade of the Pacific Coast with the world has moved ahead, although not with the rapidity that might have resulted had there been the ships wanted and urgently demanded. Exports increased, with a drop in imports for the ports of the Coast. For the first nine months of the year the total of imports of Coast ports was \$339,986,000, against \$444,873,000 for the corresponding period of last year. For San Francisco the total of imports for the nine months was \$176,281,000, against \$199,036,000 for the period of last year. Exports for the Coast ports for nine months amounted to \$459,137,000, against \$394,082,000. For San Francisco the amount was \$175,138,000, against \$159,004,000.

Labor troubles had much to do with hindering the trade of the port, and for months there have been strikes in connection with the shipping trade, as well as in shipbuilding and in lines of industrial activity. In almost every case the strike was a failure, the conservative element in the unions having recognized the handwriting on the wall. In most instances the strikes were brought about by the radical or malevolent element among the union membership, whose only desire was to

create economic disturbance. Toward the end of the year the number of these strikes began to diminish and few new ones are being called. The others are practically won by the employers, the shipyards have reopened, after weeks of idleness, with nearly as many men as before the strike began.

Trade in San Francisco has been exceptionally good, especially in retail lines. Every large department store in San Francisco has doubled its floor space and some of them trebled it in the past two years. The expansion of such firms as the Emporium, the White House, City of Paris, I. Magnin & Co., Livingston Brothers, O'Connor, Moffat & Co., H. Liebes & Co., and others is clear and convincing evidence of the prosperity of the retail trade of San Francisco. In the past few months of the present year three of these department stores have been in the money markets for large funds for expansion, the City of Paris first with issuance of preferred stock of \$500,000; H. Liebes & Co. next with \$750,000 gold notes, and I. Magnin with \$750,000 in preferred stock. All of this money is going into extension of business. Even the smaller stores give evidence of prosperity by enlargement wherever possible of selling space and in the quality of goods carried.

Wholesalers report business as excellent, with less of the uncertainty that held up orders at the same period last year and a better class and variety of orders. There has been inability to get goods, a difficulty that is being remedied.

Financially this has been a year of great things. The government concluded its public financing early in the year with the successful flotation of its Victory Loan. Further financing remained in abeyance for some months, when issuance of treasury certificates was resumed. These were offered to the banks as formerly, but were also offered for subscription. As they were attractive tax-free investments they were readily oversubscribed, the Pacific Coast and California taking large quotas and readily absorbing them.

The gain in bank clearings is usually taken as an evidence of prosperity and coupled with the bank deposits is probably one of the best of barometers. San Francisco's bank clearings increased by 27 1/2 per cent. in ten months

of the year, amounting to \$5,834,352,071 for that period of 1919, as compared with \$4,574,684,141 for the first ten months of 1918. Increases more or less great were shown in every other city of California and the Pacific Coast region. The following table shows the clearings for ten months of the leading cities of the Twelfth Federal Reserve District for the two years:

City.	Ten months.	
	1919.	1918.
San Francisco	\$5,834,352,071	\$4,574,684,141
Los Angeles	1,834,421,113	1,267,865,000
Seattle	1,663,133,944	1,515,633,414
Portland	1,349,607,274	1,057,414,766
Salt Lake City	644,626,234	548,687,519
Spokane	438,108,443	345,235,401
Oakland	376,394,090	270,255,289
Fresno	147,767,484	99,123,419
Sacramento	204,821,534	164,891,746
Tacoma	199,091,171	199,039,414
San Jose	70,961,839	45,339,242
Stockton	93,465,627	82,998,268
Helena	90,392,415	80,498,193
Ogden	91,123,193	77,093,694
Boise	72,677,950	59,806,687
Yakima	53,239,269	33,909,638
San Diego	91,724,620	89,144,446
Long Beach	66,417,970	43,190,934
Pasadena	58,470,642	41,818,493
Billings	55,635,662	46,330,953
Bakersfield	39,632,030	36,734,995
Reno	32,910,029	25,389,190

The banks have had many burdens thrown upon them during the year, and as always have fulfilled their obligations in a manner that might well make a Californian proud of the state's financial institutions. Back of the state's efforts in the direction of reconstruction and of taking up the threads of peacetime industry have been always the banks. That they have prospered in spite of all is an evidence of the healthfulness of California financial conditions. It is to be remembered that while the public is no longer lending to the government in national loans the banks continue to do so and are compelled to place their resources at the disposal of the government that the business of the country may be carried on without hindrance. In California money rates have not been raised, but have remained at the stationary figures of the past few years of between 5 1/2 to an extreme 6 1/2 per cent. for commercial loans. The banks have found money for their patrons for all necessary purposes, have taken liberally of United States treasury obligations when called upon to do so, and have still added materially to their resources.

On September 12, 1918, and this date is chosen for comparative purposes, as it is the only one in the past few months where simultaneous figures of state and national banks have been issued, the total combined resources of all banks of California, state and national, amounted to \$1,808,442,021. In exactly one

year this had been increased by \$382,108,661. The total resources September 12, 1919, of the various classes of banks combined amounted to \$2,190,550,682. The date chosen is in some respects unfortunate, as the calls for condition at that period caught the banks at a time when their resources were at the lowest ebb through natural economic conditions, when they were taxed for crop purposes and through other reasons. The end of the year will show a still greater proportionate increase.

The state banks, it would appear, are not so prosperous or do not show as great gain in resources as the national banks. These latter had resources on September 12th of \$998,607,000, having increased from \$786,932,000 on September 12th of the previous year, a total gain of \$211,675,000.

The total combined resources of the state banks of California on September 12, 1918, were \$1,021,510,021. This amount had increased by September 12, 1919, to a total of combined resources of \$1,191,943,682, a gain of \$170,433,661.

Both state and national banks show substantial gains in deposits. On September 12, 1918, the total of individual deposits in all the state banks of California was \$834,049,833. During the year to September 12, 1919, these had gained by \$170,091,336 to a total of \$1,004,142,169.

The total deposits of the national banks of California on September 12, 1919, amounted to \$603,597,000. In a year from September 12, 1918, this amount had increased from \$449,657,000, or a total gain for the year of \$153,940,000.

These figures in neither state or national banks include any state or United States government deposits, sometimes used to swell the total, but are of individual depositors.

The total capital of all banks in California September 12, 1919, was \$136,342,686, having gained from \$130,026,565 a year previous. Total capital of state banks September 12th was \$73,435,686, against \$70,019,565 a year before, and of national banks \$62,907,000 on September 12, 1919, as compared with \$60,007,000 a year previous.

State Controller John S. Chambers in his latest report gives the increase in the wealth of the state for an eight-year period from 1911 to 1918 inclusive as 46.2 per cent. and the increase in population as about 30 per cent. The wealth of California has kept pace with its population.

About 10,000 Greeks are employed in the New England textile mills.



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\$6,654,055.94

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\$40,750,055.57

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The Rate of Interest on Deposits for Six Months ending June 30, 1919,

was at 4 per cent. per annum.

YEAR WITH STOCK EXCHANGES.

Great Bull Movement Continued From Early in 1918 Cut Short in November with Near-Panic.

In the realm of speculation the past year has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the United States, and in this San Francisco and California played its part. Indeed much of the strength the Wall Street bull movement enjoyed came from the West, and naturally the great financial centre of the Pacific Coast contributed. This bull movement, begun in 1918, continued during all the first part of 1919, gaining momentum all the time. An era of gambling set in with the American nation, and interest in the stock market was general. Money was made, and peculiarly few appeared to have lost, for rising prices were the rule with all stocks. Great pools were formed in many of the industrials and in some of the oils, forcing the prices up far beyond book values, and to a

consequently could not lend. Prices came down with a crash and the result was a near-panic. It was not so violent as the collapse of May, 1901, nor equal to the break of January, 1916, but it was sufficient to call a halt and thoroughly shake out the small speculator, who had no business in the market at all. The heavy holders of stocks still held on, which prevented an absolute panic. Followed a hesitant market, during the latter part of the year, recovering slowly, but still recovering, and on a more firmer basis.

The troubles of Wall Street had little effect out here. Prices, it is true, dropped on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange in those stocks in which business was done simultaneously with Wall Street, but the declines were not appreciable. There is no call money

TRANSACTIONS AT THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK AND BOND EXCHANGE FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 19, 1919.

BONDS.		Par value.	Market value.
U. S. Government Bonds—			
1st Liberty Loan (1947), 3½ per cent.	\$2,320,000.00	\$2,306,396.87½	
1st Liberty Loan (1947), 4 per cent.	159,500.00	150,343.12½	
2d Liberty Loan (1942), 4 per cent.	765,500.00	720,681.62½	
1st Liberty Loan (1947), 4½ per cent.	236,500.00	226,061.25	
2d Liberty Loan (1942), 4½ per cent.	2,130,000.00	2,012,823.75	
3d Liberty Loan (1928), 4½ per cent.	4,680,000.00	4,473,995.00	
4th Liberty Loan (1938), 4½ per cent.	8,626,000.00	8,137,029.37½	
5th Liberty Loan (1923), 4½ per cent.	3,492,000.00	3,483,880.62½	
5th Liberty Loan (1923), 3½ per cent.	291,000.00	290,630.00	
U. S. Govt. Quarterly (1925), 4 per cent.	2,000.00	2,120.00	
Total.....	\$22,702,500.00	\$21,803,961.62½	
State and Municipal Bonds—			
City and County of San Francisco, 4½ per cent.	1,000.00	\$ 961.80	
City and County of San Francisco, 5 per cent.	4,000.00	4,011.90	
Total.....	\$ 5,000.00	\$ 4,973.70	
Miscellaneous Bonds—			
Associated Oil Company, 5 per cent.	\$ 78,000.00	\$ 77,167.50	
Pay Counties Power Company, 5 per cent.	10,000.00	9,666.25	
Cal. Central Gas & Electric, 5 per cent.	6,000.00	5,730.00	
Cal. Gas & Elec. G. M. & C. T., 5 per cent.	77,000.00	75,067.50	
Cal. Gas & Elec. Unifying, 5 per cent.	880,000.00	828,776.25	
California Telephone & Light, 6 per cent.	1,000.00	947.50	
City Electric Company, 5 per cent.	124,000.00	103,317.50	
City Investment Company, 5 per cent.	13,000.00	11,690.00	
Coast Counties Light & Power, 5 per cent.	25,000.00	22,315.00	
East Bay Water Company, 1st Mtg., 5½ per cent.	111,000.00	104,417.50	
Edison Light & Power Company, 6 per cent.	13,000.00	13,022.50	
First Federal Trust Company, 5 per cent.	1,000.00	1,000.00	
General Pipe Line, 6 per cent.	330,000.00	334,413.75	
Great Western Power Company, 5 per cent.	495,000.00	413,157.50	
Home Tel. & Tel. of Spokane, 5 per cent.	3,000.00	2,430.00	
Los Angeles Elec. Company, 5 per cent.	7,000.00	6,720.00	
Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Company, 5 per cent.	32,000.00	30,535.00	
Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Corporation, 5 per cent.	17,000.00	15,427.50	
Los Angeles Lighting Company, Gtd., 5 per cent.	8,000.00	7,600.00	
Los Angeles Railway Company, 5 per cent.	34,000.00	28,327.50	
Los Angeles Railway Corporation, 5 per cent.	1,000.00	757.50	
L. A. Pac. R. R. 1st Cons. Mtg., 5 per cent.	3,000.00	2,432.50	
L. A. Pac. R. R. of California, 5 per cent.	1,000.00	720.00	
Market St. Ry. 1st Cons. Mtg., 5 per cent.	157,000.00	114,352.50	
Miller & Lux 1st & Refunding, 6 per cent.	280,000.00	285,930.00	
Natomas Company of California, 6 per cent.	2,802,500.00	2,228,377.50	
Northern California Ry., 5 per cent.	9,000.00	8,970.00	
Northern Railway Company of California, 5 per cent.	95,000.00	94,362.50	
Northern California Power Company 1st, 5 per cent.	15,000.00	13,815.00	
Northern California Power Company Cons., 5 per cent.	397,000.00	326,601.25	
Oakland Transit Company (1931), 5 per cent.	5,000.00	3,625.00	
Oakland Traction Cons. (1933), 5 per cent.	11,000.00	4,200.00	
Oakland Traction Company (1935), 5 per cent.	5,000.00	1,810.00	
Orpheum Theatre & Realty Company, 6 per cent.	79,000.00	76,055.00	
Pacific Gas & Electric Company, 5 per cent.	790,000.00	678,410.00	
Pacific Electric Railway Company, 5 per cent.	212,000.00	164,218.75	
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, 5 per cent.	953,000.00	887,465.00	
Sacramento Elec. Gas & Ry., 5 per cent.	19,000.00	18,227.50	
S. F., Oakland & San Jose Ry. 1st, 5 per cent.	4,000.00	2,445.00	
S. F., Oakland & San Jose Ry. 2d Mtg., 5 per cent.			
S. F., Oakland & San Jose Cons. Ry., 5 per cent.	1,000.00	360.00	
San Joaquin Light & Power Company, 5 per cent.	32,000.00	29,295.00	
San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation, Series A, 6 per cent.	40,000.00	39,852.50	
Sierra Ry. of California, 6 per cent.	46,000.00	31,050.00	
S. P. R. R. 1st Cons. Gtd., 5 per cent.	2,000.00	1,960.00	
S. P. Branch Ry. of California, 6 per cent.	35,000.00	37,442.50	
S. P. R. R. 1st Refunding, 4 per cent.	438,000.00	371,967.50	
Southern Pacific Company 20-year Conv., 4 per cent.	4,000.00	3,407.50	
Southern Pacific S. F. Terminal, 4 per cent.	31,000.00	24,605.00	
Sperry Flour Company 1st Mtg., 6 per cent.	204,000.00	204,891.25	
Spring Valley Water Company Gen. Mtg., 4 per cent.	1,165,000.00	1,075,118.75	
Union Oil Company of California, 5 per cent.	562,000.00	527,798.75	
United Gas & Elec. Company, 5 per cent.	20,000.00	18,995.00	
United Railroads of S. F., 4 per cent.	105,000.00	32,122.50	
Valley Counties Power Company, 5 per cent.	7,000.00	6,660.00	
Western Pacific Railroad 1st Mtg., 5 per cent.	560,000.00	468,793.75	
Total.....	\$11,375,500.00	\$9,878,823.75	

higher extent than even the most sanguine had believed possible. The market held because of the simple fact that if those most heavily interested took their profits the government would, in excess taxes, relieve them of the major portion. There was naturally heavy horrowing to keep up such a market. This is attributed to the policy inaugurated by the government during the Liberty Loan campaigns, when people were urged to use credit to buy the bonds. The public became accustomed to the idea of horrowing to invest and naturally turned easily to the idea of horrowing to speculate.

Naturally this state of affairs had to stop some time, and it did stop early in November—and with a crash. The Federal Reserve Board, wisely or unwisely, took a hand, raised its rediscount rate, and tightened the screws generally on money. Followed an advance in call money prices in New York to over 30 per cent., a record price hitherto undreamed of. Even at that rate money for Wall Street would have been horrowed had not the banks intimated that what money was on hand was not to be used for that particular purpose, that they could not get more from the Federal Reserve Banks on profitable terms and

market in San Francisco and brokers do not carry their customers on narrow margins. Some lost money, of course, but on the whole it was lightly felt.

The mining shares market felt the Eastern situation more keenly. Early in the year there had been a real flood of buying of Nevada stocks on the Bush Street Exchange, and the brokers there, many of whom had not made cigarette money for years, began to enjoy prosperity spelled with a capital "P." Divide issues were the most popular, although there were many who clung to the old Comstocks. Even stenographers and office boys in the financial district were dabbling in mining shares. Strikes fomented by the I. W. W. in the camps first hit the market and recovery had seemed doubtful, when New York began to take a hand. Some of the silver propositions were being sold on the New York curb and considerably Eastern money was coming into the Nevada propositions when the crash came. Naturally the smaller curb stocks were the first to feel the tightening of call money; they came quickly under the ban and there was little outside buying power. The result was stagnation on Bush Street, in spite of the fact that silver had advanced to unheard-of

levels. Since, this conditions is being hetered. A strong local interest is again developing and silver stocks are again on the upward turn, with a prospect of a good market this winter. The world wants silver, and there are many who believe that Nevada has only begun to develop the stores of the white metal in her hills.

Some of the California stocks were considerably affected by the New York slump for the time being. Among these was Associated Oil, which owing to pool manipulation had reached in the neighborhood of \$140, but which quickly went to par, recovering later a few dollars a share. California Packing common had also been the subject of a pool, but did not lose proportionately, food stocks holding up as did few of the others. Pacific Gas and Electric common, which during the year had been listed on the New York Stock Exchange, was little affected, nor indeed were

annual meetings are held in San Francisco and head offices maintained here. It has now become a certainty that the Hawaiian crop for 1920 will fall short of that of last year and that the world's supply will be far below the demand. This, coupled with the fact that unusual prices may be expected for the sugar itself, has led to great expectations. Ahandonment by the government of future attempts to control the price is likely to lead to prices for the 1920 crop unheard of in the history of the Islands. All this has brought the stocks into the limelight, and they now occupy the place held by the oils a few months or even weeks previous. The California oil issues had each their turn of advancing prices in the stock market at various times during the year, but in the last month of the year they have been forced to take second place.

Speculation in foreign exchange has been a favorite pastime in San Francisco during the

TRANSACTIONS AT THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK AND BOND EXCHANGE FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 19, 1919.

STOCKS.

Water Stocks—	Shares.	Market value.
East Bay Water Company "A" Preferred.....	3,512	\$ 201,110.87½
East Bay Water Company "B" Preferred.....	2,103	49,576.50
Spring Valley Water Company.....	26,085	1,596,929.62½
Total.....	31,700	\$1,957,617.00
Gas and Electric Stocks—		
Northern Cal. Power Company Cons.....	23,455	\$ 644,449.37½
Northwestern Elec. Company (Pfd).....	2,109	169,895.62½
Northwestern Elec. Co. (Com).....	8,670	156,963.12½
Pacific Gas & Elec. Company (1st Pfd).....	16,276	1,419,744.37½
Pacific Gas & Elec. Company (Com).....	119,069	6,733,426.75
Pacific Lighting Corporation (Pfd).....	115	9,045.00
Pacific Lighting Corporation (Com).....	376	45,292.50
San Joaquin L. & P. Corporation (Pfd).....	1,013	72,537.50
San Joaquin L. & P. Corporation (Com).....	578	5,151.25
Western Power Corporation (Pfd).....	1,588	116,031.50
Western Power Corporation (Com).....	980	20,991.00
Total.....	174,229	\$9,393,528.00
Insurance Stocks—		
Fireman's Fund Insurance Company.....	371	\$ 142,402.50
Home Fire & Marine of California.....	19,893	819,878.75
Total.....	20,264	\$ 962,281.25
Bank Stocks—		
American National Bank.....	350	\$ 43,095.00
Anglo California Trust Company.....	574	70,902.50
Anglo & London Paris National Bank.....	1,635	255,940.12½
Bank of California (N. A.).....	2,080	395,138.12½
Central National Bank of Oakland.....	140	28,900.00
First National Bank.....	403	107,516.00
Mercantile National Bank.....	176	38,575.00
Savings Union Bank & Trust Company.....	338	83,925.00
Total.....	5,696	\$1,023,991.75
Savings Bank Stocks—		
Humboldt Savings Bank.....	50	\$ 5,350.00
Mutual Savings Bank.....	40	3,685.00
Security Savings Bank.....	15	5,125.00
Total.....	105	\$ 14,160.00
Sugar Stocks—		
Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Company.....	21,541	\$1,081,405.00
Hawaiian Sugar Company.....	2,739	98,621.37½
Honakaa Sugar Company.....	9,790	81,904.37½
Hutchinson Sugar Plantation.....	21,501	472,985.75
Oahu Sugar Company.....	19,615	772,313.75
Olaa Sugar Company.....	2,103	17,679.87½
Onomea Sugar Company.....	2,790	149,702.50
Pauuhau Sugar Plantation.....	11,138	196,711.75
Pioneer Mill Company, Ltd.....	2,195	77,625.00
Union Sugar Company.....	32,291	1,306,596.25
Total.....	125,623	\$4,255,545.62½
Oil Stocks—		
Amalgamated Oil Company.....	19,002	\$1,368,981.00
Associated Oil Company.....	142,283	11,414,829.25
California Oil & Gas Company.....	8,000	4,800.00
California Petroleum Corporation (Pfd).....	510	34,965.00
General Petroleum Corporation (Pfd).....	8,361	833,975.87½
General Petroleum Corporation (Com).....	69,565	9,909,034.37½
Pan-American Pet. & Tr. (Pfd).....	100	15,625.00
Pan-American Pet. & Tr. (Com).....	50	3,500.00
Sterling Oil & Development Company.....	4,725	10,486.25
Union Oil Company of California.....	55,370	7,711,724.00
West Coast Oil Company (Pfd).....	55	5,505.00
Total.....	308,021	\$31,313,425.75
Miscellaneous Stocks—		
Alaska Packers Association.....	70	\$ 15,010.00
California Packing Corporation (Pfd).....	13,364	1,491,752.12½
California Packing Corporation (Com).....	188,434	11,294,119.87½
California St. Cable R. R. Company.....	8	560.00
California Wine Association (Pfd).....	10	910.00
California Wine Association (Com).....	404	32,160.00
Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.....	2,504	133,482.75
Natomas Company of California (Pfd).....	10,716	225,304.75
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company (Pfd).....	4,602	401,772.25
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company (Com).....	887	22,758.25
Philippine Tel. & Tel. Corporation.....	2,317	51,326.00
Sperry Flour Company (Pfd).....	145	15,427.50
Sperry Flour Company (Com).....	583	69,330.00
Weed Lumber Company.....	118	11,825.00
Holt Manufacturing Company (1st Pfd).....	3,800	384,573.12½
Total.....	227,962	\$14,150,311.62½

the issues of any of the other California corporations, even the Doheny stocks, Mexican Petroleum, and Pan-American Petroleum, which had been the centre of so much speculation, holding up fairly well. Union Oil was scarcely touched by the fall in the market.

Hawaiian sugar stocks, which are always largely traded in on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, have been strongly held this year and no great amount have been offered for sale, but always at firm prices. In the first part of December these had their real innings, when prices began to mount, with the stock of every plantation quoted far above its value at the beginning of the year. That they are due for still higher prices is the belief of the holders, for offerings are light.

The sugar situation the world over is, of course, responsible for the interest in these plantation issues, which are regarded as local properties to a great extent from the fact that they are largely owned here. Many of the

last half of the year and many thousands of dollars of marks were bought, most of them having been taken at around 6 cents for the mark, which before the war was worth 23 and 24 cents. There has not been much comfort for these buyers, as there has been a steady decline and at the beginning of December the price had reached slightly over 2 cents, with a prospect that it might go even lower. The speculators have been advised that it may be years before they can realize on their investment, but buying it still heavy.

The privilege accorded to a soldier of buying himself out of the army has always been recognized in times of peace. In Wellington's day, when enlistment was for life, discharge by purchase cost £50. Later this was reduced to £21, and later still to £18.

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CALIFORNIA'S OIL INDUSTRY.

The Year Eventful, But Despite Variety of Difficulties Developments Are Encouraging.

The California oil industry has known a quite eventful year, and in the midst of a variety of both difficulties and encouraging developments it is going into the year 1920 fully maintaining its long lead as the main contributor to the state's record as a great producer of mineral wealth.

The estimated output of crude oil at the end of September this year was 75,360,000 barrels for the nine months, which, with recent increases in monthly output, will doubtless bring the total above last year's record. In 1918 California's crude petroleum output was 99,731,177 barrels, valued at \$127,459,221. The wells also yielded 46,000,000 thousand cubic feet of natural gas, valued at about \$3,300,000. Petroleum accounted for 65 per cent. of California's mineral production of \$199,750,000 in 1918, gold ranking second at \$16,529,000, and copper yielding \$11,805,000 to producers.

As the year draws to a close a few outstanding recent developments give promise that 1920 will see an increased scale of production and marketing and a period of still greater prosperity for the industry. Developments in three new fields near present producing areas indicate a large additional output next year, dependent on the showing made by wells now being driven and planned by companies with ample resources. The prospect for the final early enactment of the mineral land leasing bill, which has been hanging fire so long, and which is now in the hands of a conference committee of Congress, after passage by both houses, gives promise of the early opening up of a great amount of public lands to prospecting and development, though under strict limitations. During the summer the labor difficulties between the field and refinery workers and the companies were settled by mediation in a manner that probably removes this handicap from the course of the industry until the expiration of the term of agreement at the end of next June at least.

There is in prospect an early increase in prices of both crude oil and refined products, after a long period of stabilization, and the industry faces this outlook with diminishing stocks and a widening market. Shipments from the fields have shown a progressive increase for several months, reaching 9,487,800 barrels in October, and crude oil stocks have been going down recently. During the first half of the year they increased by 1,454,000 barrels to 33,496,900 barrels and rose somewhat during July and August, but at the end of October they stood at a little over 32,000,000 barrels and have further subsided during November. Prices for Pennsylvania crude oil have been advanced and producers of the mid-continent field are discussing and anticipating an increase for that section of the country. The base price for California crude of 14 to 17.9 degrees gravity was 98 cents per barrel in January, 1918. In the following May, with the approval of the government, the price was advanced to \$1.23, and it has stayed there ever since, the scale of prices ranging upward according to gravity. Increasing consumption and increasing transportation facilities to the world's insatiable markets offer California a clear outlook from the marketing standpoint. The domestic fuel shortage will last a good while, regardless of the outcome of the coal miners' strike. The Mexican situation presents large uncertainties in relation to oil exports from that country. It is stated that during nine months of this year American refineries received 40,000,000 barrels of Mexican oil and trouble with the southern republic would cut off that supply. The kerosene output of California refineries is inadequate to supply the current demand from the Orient and Australia and there is a ready market for all other refined products as well as for fuel oil. The problem of increased prices for California oil is just now involved in a government investigation of production costs begun on the complaint of Seattle interests who want a reduction, but the large companies display no concern about the outcome. Altogether the prospect is for a long period of prosperity for the oil industry of this state, granting that no catastrophe strikes the business of the country.

Outside of long-range considerations of nation-wide and world-wide import relating to the industry's outlook, the new discoveries of recent months have been the things of immediate interest to oil men. The most sensational development has been that of the Richfield district in northern Orange County, but a few miles east of Fullerton. In 1918 the Standard Oil Company put down a wildcat well which became a fair producer and proved the ground. Other wells followed, and this year big developments occurred. The Union Oil Company brought in a gusher on the Chapman ranch last March and this caused a big rush for prospective oil lands by purchase or on lease. The Standard later brought in two big gushers. The Union started several more

wells about Richfield and Placentia, and among other companies going into the region were the Amalgamated Oil, the California Petroleum Corporation, and the Santa Fe. The coming year should pretty well prove the territory, which easily may become a large producer.

Another development of special interest has been that in the Elk Hills, between Bakersfield and Taft, which the Standard Oil also pioneered with a wildcat well in 1918. The Standard has developed two gushers and three gas wells here this year and now other wells are going down in a district full of promise. In this district lay the areas of public oil lands which the Southern Pacific has finally lost to the government through a decision of the United States Supreme Court, and which will presumably become available to operators through the enactment of the mineral lands leasing bill.

Oil men are awaiting with great interest the outcome of the quiet and highly promising prospecting going on in northern Kern County and southwestern Tulare County, north of the established Kern River field. The Associated Oil Company is drilling wells south and east of Delano and McFarland and also on Poso Creek. The Potter Oil Company has leased a tract in the Poso Creek district. West of Delano 7000 acres of the Quinn ranch is under lease to the Texas Oil and Gas Company, which is soon to start drilling. The Standard is also drilling in northern Kern County. Across the line, in the southwestern corner of Tulare County, near Alpaugh and Allensworth, leases are being made and a good deal of development work being arranged for. Confidence in the future of this region is partly based on geological surveys and partly on indications and reported developments, and the coming year may easily see the real development of an important new field.

During the ten months of the year for which records are available at this writing the activities and production of the established individual fields have been pretty evenly maintained. The leading producing district, the Midway-Sunset, has ranged around an average output of 88,000 barrels per day. It yielded over 16,000,000 barrels during the first six months of the year. During ten months 140 new wells have been completed and seventy-four were drilling in October. Producing wells have increased to 2340.

The Whittier-Fullerton field, in Southern California, produced 14,038,000 barrels to June 30th. The average output has largely increased during the year, the daily average exceeding 80,000 barrels since June. Throughout the year this field has led in number of new wells drilling from month to month. The number of producing wells has risen to 876.

The Coalinga field, with 8,185,400 barrels to June 30th, averaged 44,600 barrels per day in October from 123 wells, with thirty-five drilling.

The Kern River field has remained a consistent producer at a daily average of something over 20,000 barrels that had slowly increased to 20,350 in October. To June 30th the output was 3,820,600 barrels. About twenty rigs have been drilling during recent months.

The Lompoc and Santa Maria field, fifth in rank, has kept up a daily average of over 16,000 barrels, and McKittrick's record has averaged around 75,000 barrels. Other fields have similarly kept up a pretty even record.

The current activity in the producing fields of the state is portrayed in the following report on October production in the state by the Standard Oil Company:

Field.	Wells Drilling.	Production Producing, Per Day.
Kern River	22	2,035
McKittrick	9	347
Midway-Sunset	74	2,339
Lost Hills-Belridge	19	558
Coalinga	35	1,223
Lompoc & Santa Maria	24	377
Ventura Co. & Newhall	34	496
Los Angeles & Salt Lake	2	666
Whittier-Fullerton	126	876
Summerland	..	142
Watsonville	..	5

Total.....345 9,064 277,589
Total crude oil stocks, October 31, 1919, 32,017,037 barrels.
Total shipments from fields, October, 1919, 9,487,858 barrels.

According to state mining bureau records, 624 new wells had been completed in the state to November 22d, as compared with 646 in the same period last year. Development activity in different fields has been impeded and curtailed a good deal by difficulty in getting machinery and supplies. Manufacturers have a heavy demand from the mid-continent field and there is also a strong export demand, which will probably increase

with the world's great stimulus to petroleum production in every producing country. This impediment to new drilling has helped stimulate the re-drilling and deepening of old wells. To the end of November 738 wells had been re-drilled or deepened, against 700 last year. Wells abandoned in eleven months numbered 195.

It is important to note, in relation to the stability and the producing and marketing power of the industry in this state, that about three-fourths of the production is in the hands of nine large companies. The record for this year is not made up, but it will not vary greatly from the status of June, 1918, which was as follows:

	Per cent of Production.	No. of Wells.
Standard Oil Company.....	22.6	771
Associated Oil Company.....	9.1	1048
Union Oil Company.....	8.1	427
Shell Company of California.....	6.8	236
General Petroleum Corporation.....	4.3	400
Doheny Companies.....	7.3	379
Honolulu Consolidated Oil.....	1.3	35
Southern Pacific R. R. Co.....	8.5	681
Santa Fé R. R. Co.....	4.0	412
Other companies.....	28.0	3381

And of these companies the first four are the great marketing corporations of the California industry.

The relative importance of California as an oil producer, in comparison with other large American fields, is indicated, as far as volume is concerned, by the comparative statements of output, which disregard refining value, highest in the districts east of the Mississippi. The record of the United States Geological Survey is given herewith for this illustrative purpose, the August record being included for its segregation of the mid-continent field:

	August.	Nine Months.
Appalachian.....	2,474,000	22,425,000
Lima-Indiana.....	306,000	2,659,000
Illinois.....	1,040,000	9,413,000
Mid-Continent.....		142,993,000
Oklahoma-Kansas.....	10,240,000	
Central and No. Texas.....	6,730,000	
Northern Louisiana.....	1,286,000	
Gulf Coast.....	2,044,000	15,552,000
Rocky Mountain.....	1,079,000	10,273,000
California.....	8,787,000	75,359,000
Total.....	33,986,000	278,674,000

The Federal Trade Commission has been engaged in an investigation of prices of fuel oil on the Pacific Coast, without, it may be said, finding anything detrimental to the industry or indicating that the operators have been charging anything but fair prices. The investigation has, however, brought out much concerning the value of California's mineral wealth from this standpoint. The increasing importance of petroleum as a fuel has rendered the oil fields a greater asset than ever. That prices have been advanced for the fuel oil, now as great a necessity as coal, has been shown to be chiefly due to failure of production to keep abreast of consumption, and much of that failure due directly to government restraint of development by tying up lands known to be rich in oil in fruitless litigation.

In the East oil has had to displace cheap coal. In California the use of petroleum as a fuel is on a very different basis. Coal reaching California is brought from a long distance, either by rail from Utah or New Mexico or by water from British territory, a still greater distance. Coal is really only used in this state slightly for kitchen ranges or for hunkering tramp steamers or in a few industries. Industry is largely now addicted to the use of petroleum and is thus not affected by a shortage of coal. All this makes a constant and large demand. The export business in fuel oil is under long contract and constant production, as well as increase of production, is absolutely necessary to keep industry employed, as fuel oil must now be had by the latter regardless of cost. That Mexican and Gulf prices have not advanced with the same rapidity as prices on the Pacific Coast is to some extent due to the fact that Mexico has practically no local consumption and its productive capacity is apparently unlimited; that new fields of production have developed in Texas and Louisiana and that any increase in the East in fuel oil in normal times would bring coal into increased use.

A table given below shows California and the nation's production of petroleum for ten years, with California's percentage of the whole:

Year.	United States.	California.	Calif.'s ratio.
1918.....	345,000,000	101,637,870	29.5 per cent.
1917.....	341,800,000	97,267,832	28.5 per cent.
1916.....	300,000,000	91,822,362	30.6 per cent.
1915.....	281,100,000	89,566,779	31.9 per cent.
1914.....	265,700,000	103,623,695	39.0 per cent.
1913.....	248,300,000	97,867,184	39.4 per cent.
1912.....	223,074,439	90,074,439	40.4 per cent.
1911.....	220,400,000	77,697,568	37.1 per cent.
1909.....	183,200,000	58,191,723	31.8 per cent.

These figures disclose national production has shown a fairly constant increase for ten years and California production through 1914, when it fell suddenly for two years, to recover in the next two years under the stimulus of war demands. California's ratio of national production remained fairly constant from 1910 through 1914, when it fell from 39 per cent. to 31.9 per cent. and even unusual activities in all producing lines in 1917 and 1918 failed to bring the state into its former relative position.

Oil production in California has been the subject of attack, unjustly as most believe, certainly not in a spirit which would tend to increase production in the state, or tend to development of California's resources. Injunctions have been issued in four and possibly more classes of suits. Land titles of the corporations have been attacked for fraud, as in the case of railroad grants, and in one of these, a comparatively small one, the government has been successful, losing, however, another of vastly greater importance. Other attacks have been made on mineral locations on the ground that petroleum is not a mineral and others for location of naval reserve lands after the Taft withdrawal order. Most of these suits have been filed in 1912 or earlier, but the injunction process began in 1914, after which production dropped heavily for two years. Many small operators could not collect their gross revenues after these injunctions were filed, and generally the industry has been held up awaiting the decisions of the courts and Washington bureaus.

News that the government had decided early in December of this year to drop one of the most important of these suits was hailed with relief in the oil industry, although in most quarters there was not much fear of the ultimate result, the tying up of the immense properties involved being the chief detriment. This suit was the one brought against the Southern Pacific Railway and some two hundred other defendants. It involved 162,066 acres of land in California, of which 133,746 acres is vested in Southern Pacific and its subsidiary companies. The announcement of Washington concerning these suits follows:

"The Attorney-General announces that the government will not prosecute appeals from decrees recently entered in favor of defendants in cases brought by the United States against the Southern Pacific and others to set aside patents to lands in California on the grounds that lands were known to contain oil when patents were procured.

"Principal case, known as Civil No. 8, was commenced in 1912. Other cases were subsequently commenced. All of the cases were consolidated for trial, and a vast amount of evidence in which there were many conflicts was taken on the issue as to whether company officials had knowledge of mineral character of lands at the time patents were issued.

"The case was tried before Judge Bledsoe in the United States District Court at Los Angeles, and this court rendered a decision last August in favor of the defendant companies and squarely against the contention of the government on facts. It is believed by the Attorney-General that this finding would not be disturbed by the Supreme Court if the case were appealed to it.

"The Elk Hills case, recently decided by the Supreme Court in favor of the government and against the Southern Pacific Company, involved a small acreage and facts which differed widely from those presented in Civil Case No. 8."

The value of the lands released to the Southern Pacific and its subsidiaries through the dropping of this land suit is conservatively estimated at \$450,000,000, in which the Southern Pacific has the principal interest. During last year the estimated production of Southern Pacific was 10,000,000 barrels, so that had this suit been out of the way the oil production of Southern Pacific interests probably would have been between 17,000,000 and 20,000,000 barrels.

Below is given a list of the various oil companies which were co-defendants with the Southern Pacific in Civil Case No. 8, which the United States Attorney-General says will not be carried further in the courts, thus allowing the decision of Judge Bledsoe, handed down last August in favor of the defendants, to stand: Kern Trading and Oil Company, Associated Oil Company, Southern Pacific Land Company, St. Paul Consolidated Oil Company, Zier Oil Company, Fresno-San Francisco Oil Company, Penn-Coalinga Petroleum Company, Coalinga-Pacific Oil and Gas Company, Commercial Petroleum Company, Aztec Oil Company, Guthrey Oil Company, Confidence Oil Company, Maine State Oil Company, Associated Pipe Line Company, and Section Seven Oil Company.

Virtually all acreage of Southern Pacific, with 465 barrels per acre, and all acreage of Honolulu Consolidated, with 481 barrels per acre, has been in litigation. Shell Company of California, having been a late arrival with ample warning of lands carrying questionable titles, is almost wholly unharmed in development of its properties, and its production is 2784 barrels per acre. Standard Oil, whose freedom from litigation can be ascribed only to care exercised in examining titles, has a production of 2760 barrels per acre. General Petroleum and so-called Doheny companies, as compared with Associated Oil and Union Oil, are operating on little contested acreages. Taking small companies as a whole, they are pretty seriously involved in these legal issues.

As an indication of how these restraining orders have affected production, it may be pointed out, if Southern Pacific's acreage was developed to the extent of and producing at the rate of Standard Oil's acreage, its output

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would be 50,216,920 barrels a year, or about 50 per cent. of the state's total production in 1918.

Production per acre of the leading California companies has been compiled by the California State Mining Bureau as of June 18th and shows that there is a considerable difference in the ratio of production to the acre, but that the relative production is still close enough to hear out the figures above. The list follows: Associated Oil, 1239; Doeheny (various), 1703; General Petroleum, 1664; Honolulu Consolidated, 481; Santa Fe Railway, 1292; Shell Company, 2784; Southern Pacific, 465; Standard Oil, 2760; Union Oil, 988; all others, 928; average, 1146.

At one time the Naval Department threatened to seize the plants of marketing companies, which would have threatened about 7700 producing wells on over 85,000 acres of proven land, eight large and complete refineries on the Coast and many more on the fields, vast fleets of tank steamers, and an investment in the business of much over a billion dollars. The refineries on the Coast are as follows:

Associated Oil Company owns one at Gaviota, near Santa Barbara, and one at Avon on San Francisco Bay.

Amalgamated Oil Company, a subsidiary of Associated, owns a small refinery near Los Angeles.

General Petroleum Corporation owns a refinery at Vernon, near Los Angeles, and a topping plant at Olinda.

Pan-American Petroleum Company, subsidiary of Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, is building one of the largest refineries on the coast near Los Angeles.

Shell Company of California, subsidiary of the Dutch-Shell combine, owns a large and complete refinery at Martinez on San Francisco Bay and a smaller plant at Coalinga.

Standard Oil of California owns at Richmond on San Francisco Bay one of the largest refineries in the world, another complete refinery at El Segundo on the coast of Southern California and a smaller plant at Coalinga.

Union Oil Company, in which a \$32,000,000 interest has just been acquired by a New York syndicate, owns large and complete refineries at Oleum on San Francisco Bay and at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles.

Combined refining capacity of the above plants, which are connected with the fields by several thousand miles of pipe lines, is more than 200,000 barrels a day.

The most recent figures of the petroleum industry in California show that from the

birth of the industry to the present date 1,144,988,484 barrels have been taken out.

There are at present 90,844 acres of proven oil territory in the state, 54,657 of which are located in Kern County and the remainder of 36,187 acres divided in the various fields of the state. New territory is constantly being proved up and it is thus difficult to keep abreast of the figures.

According to the latest census of the fields there are 8774 producing wells in California. Kern County has 5157 and the other 3617 are located in the fields throughout the state. Few wells have been abandoned, only 197 in all fields since the first of the year, while new wells for the same period have totaled 632.

THE AGE OF PETROLEUM.

For a full century now we have been passing through different phases of industrial and commercial life which have been characterized by some form of power. First, the age of steam and then the age of electricity. We have passed out of neither and yet we have come into another age, that of petroleum. As lubricant it has become of such universal use that it has been called the barometer of industry, and no doubt after it has ceased to be a popular illuminant or a source of power it will live invaluable as the thing which lets the wheels go round. Its greatest popularity now arises out of its use in the internal-combustion engine, and of the making of these there is no end. It draws railroad trains and drives street-cars. It pumps water, lifts heavy loads, has taken the place of millions of horses, and in twenty years has become a farming, industrial, business, and social necessity. The naval and the merchant ships of this country and of England are fitted and being fitted to use it either under steam boilers as fuel or directly in the Diesel engine. The aeroplane has been made possible by it. It propels that modern juggernaut, the tank. In the air it has no rival, while on land and sea it threatens the supremacy of its rivals whenever it appears. There has been no such magician since the day of Aladdin as this drop of mineral oil. Medicines and dyes and high explosives are distilled from it. No one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Men search for it with the passion of the early Argonauts and the promise now is that nations will yet fight to gain the fateful in which it lies.

In Persia and in Palestine, in Java and in China, in southern Russia and in Roumania we know that petroleum is, for it has been found there. How great these fields or others

in Europe, Asia, or Africa may be no one would dare to say. As yet, however, the petroleum of the world has come from this hemisphere.

The "oil spring" which George Washington found in western Virginia and by his last will called to the especial consideration of his trustees was the promise of a continental well which last year yielded 356,000,000 barrels. Each year has seen the prophecy unfulfilled that the peak of the possible yield had been reached.

From the mountains of western Pennsylvania into the very ocean bed of the Pacific and even beyond and into the broken strata of upturned Alaska, the oil prospector hored with his sharp tooth of steel, and found oil. Hardly has one field fallen into a decline when another has come rushing into service. Only three years ago and all hopes were centered in Oklahoma and then came Kansas and then the turn went south again to Texas, and now it looks toward Louisiana. Geologists have estimated and estimated, and they do not differ widely, for few give more than thirty years of life to the petroleum sands of this country if the present yield is insisted upon. And yet, there is so much of mystery in the hiding of this strange subterranean liquid that honest men will not say but that it will become a permanent factor in the world of light, heat, and power. If this is not so we are a fatuous people, for with every fifth man in the country the owner of an automobile and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars for roads fit only for their use, and with ships by the hundred specially constructed to burn oil, we have surely given a large fortune in pledge of our faith that our pools of petroleum will not soon be drained dry, or that others elsewhere will come to our help.

In 1908 the country's production of oil was 178,500,000 barrels, and there was a surplus above consumption of more than 20,000,000 barrels available to go into storage. In 1918, ten years later, the oil wells of the United States yielded 356,000,000 barrels—nearly twice the yield of 1908—but to meet the demands of the increased consumption more than 24,000,000 barrels had to be drawn from storage. The annual fuel oil consumption of the railroads alone has increased from 16,666,000 to 36,750,000 barrels; the annual gasoline production from 540,000,000 gallons in 1909 to 3,500,000,000 gallons in 1918. This reference to the record of the past may be taken not only as justifying the earlier appeal for Federal action, but as warranting deliberate attention to the oil problem of today.

Fuel oil, gasoline, lubricating oil, for these three essentials are there no practical substitutes or other adequate sources? The obvious answer is in terms of cost; the real answer is in terms of man power. Whether on land or sea, fuel oil is preferred to coal because it requires fewer firemen, and lack of that, in the man power required in its mining, preparation, and transportation the advantage on the side of oil is even greater. So, too, the substitute for gasoline in internal combustion engines, whether alcohol or benzol, means higher cost and larger expenditure of labor in its production.

There are large bodies of public land now withdrawn, which, under the new leasing bill which seems so near to final passage after seven years of struggle and baffled hope, will in all likelihood make a further rich contribution to the American supply.

The lantern-fly of South America sometimes measures more than two inches in length. The shape of the head is very curious. It is furnished with a hollow, transparent snout, nearly the length of the body, whence comes the lamplike light. A lady, relating her first impressions of these insects, says she had several of them brought to her in the daytime, and put them into a box. In the night the confined insects made such a noise as to awaken her. She opened the box, the inside of which seemed to be all ablaze, and in her astonishment the box fell from her hands. Each of the insects seemed to be on fire. She soon, however, guessed the cause, and replaced the insects in their place of confinement. She said that the light of one of these insects was bright enough to read by.

Remarkably fine opals, many of them "noble," are obtained from the neighborhood of Moscow, in Idaho, where they are found in beds of volcanic ashes. Apparently their material was deposited by water, while the ashes were hot, and masses of cold cinder, when broken open, reveal the gem stones. Opals are in certain respects altogether peculiar among gem stones, and more interesting on that account. Whereas other gems, such as the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphire, owe their colors to mineral elements by which the crystals are stained, the brilliant tints of the opal are due to its structure, ever so many minute cracks reflecting lights at different angles from their edges.

To pay the present British gold debt would take 47,171 tons of the precious metal.

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MUNICIPAL FINANCING HEAVY.

Public Obligations Hold High Place in Regard of Investors All Over Continent.

California municipal bonds have always held a high place in the investment world and have sold readily at good prices whenever offered. During the war period, except for absolutely necessary purposes, these were under the ban and must obtain approval of the Capital Issues Committee of the Federal Reserve Board, a committee created for the purpose of aiding government financing by holding down all other borrowings. When this committee was dissolved, municipalities all over the United States began to get ready to carry out the improvements so sadly needed. For several years building of school houses, public buildings, sewers, highways, and other improvements had been delayed except where public necessity demanded immediate construction. California municipalities were in the same position. They had loyally observed the request of the government for postponement, and when the ban was finally lifted there was a heavy flood of issues. Demand for tax-exempt bonds was great and sale was immediate. At first offerings to the public by investment bankers were on a basis yield of 4.50 to 4.60 per cent., but in view of the low price of Liberty Bonds in the market this was seen to be too low, and the rate was raised to 4.70 for county bonds, with 4.80 and 4.85 for the smaller municipalities. Later in the year the scarcity of municipals caused a lowering of the yield to the investor.

Among the notable issues of the year county highway bonds occupied first place. A sale of \$5,570,000 San Francisco Hetch Hetchy 4½s was arranged and this important work considerably advanced. The State of California sold several millions of bonds and Los Angeles County sold a great many small issues for various purposes.

The following table shows the principal municipal issues in the state for the first ten months of the year, the list embracing all over \$100,000:

PRINCIPAL MUNICIPAL ISSUES SOLD IN CALIFORNIA IN 1919.				
Amount.	Place, Purpose and Interest.	Maturity.	Sold.	Price Offered.
\$1,250,000	Merced County, highway, 5 per cent.	1922-1951	4.68	4.50
400,000	Berkeley, high school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1959	4.71	4.60
500,000	Berkeley, school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1959	4.72	4.60
150,000	Covina, Los Angeles County, school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1949	4.87	4.75
500,000	Napa County, highway, 5 per cent.	1925-1944	4.75	4.60
1,000,000	Fresno County, highway, 5 per cent.	1923-1930	4.69	4.55
120,000	El Segundo, Los Angeles Co., school district, 5½ per cent.	1920-1944	4.99	
150,000	Long Beach, Los Angeles Co., school district, 5½ per cent.	1920-1959	4.84	4.75
924,000	Santa Cruz County, highway, 5 per cent.	1920-1939	4.82	4.60
120,000	Redwood City, sewer, 5½ per cent.	1920-1939	4.96	
1,640,000	Sonoma County, highway, 5 per cent.	1920-1949	4.76	4.60
500,000	Orange County, harbor, 5 per cent.	1920-1944	4.74	4.70
116,000	Anaheim, Orange County, school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1943	4.88	
807,000	Tehama County, highway, 5 per cent.	1921-1954	4.87	4.70
250,000	San Bernardino, school district, 5 per cent.	1924-1959	4.82	
5,570,000	San Francisco, Hetch Hetchy, 4½ per cent.	1924-1951		4.80
250,000	Salinas Union High School District, 5 per cent.	1920-1944	4.94	
160,000	Los Angeles Municipal Imp. Dist. No. 7, 5 per cent.	1920-1937	4.99	4.80
1,350,000	Contra Costa County, highway, 5 per cent.	1920-1950	4.91	4.80
143,000	Avalon, Catalina Island, power plant, 6 per cent.	1920-1959	5.46	5.30
100,000	Monterey, school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1939	4.96	
100,000	Glendale, Los Angeles Co., school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1949	4.96	
200,000	Fresno City, high school district, 5 per cent.	1925-1936	4.93	4.80
200,000	Fresno City, school district, 5 per cent.	1925-1938	4.94	4.80
918,000	Los Angeles Municipal Imp. Dist. No. 1, 5 per cent.	1919-1936	5.00	4.80
2,000,000	State of California, highway, 4½ per cent.	1949-1954	4.50	
110,000	Santa Barbara, water plant, 5 per cent.	1923-1959	4.84	
580,000	Ventura County, highway, 5 per cent.	1924-1943	4.92	4.80
150,000	Arcadia, Los Angeles County, water, 5½ per cent.	1920-1959	5.06	4.90
1,000,000	Yolo County, highway, 5 per cent.	1924-1959	4.77	4.65
100,000	Clovis, high school district, 5 per cent.	1920-1939	4.86	4.75
1,500,000	Imperial County, highway, 5 per cent.	1925-1934	5.00	4.80
1,500,000	Imperial Irrigation District, 5½ per cent.	1925-1934	6.10	5.25
800,000	Palo Verde Joint Levee District, 6½ per cent.	1921-1959	5.85	5.32
185,000	Modesto City, school district, 5 per cent.		4.75	4.65
164,000	Modesto City, high school district, 5 per cent.		4.75	4.65
100,000	Madera Union High School District, 5 per cent.	1921-1940	4.74	4.65
350,000	Long Beach, funding, 5 per cent.	1920-1939	4.81	4.65

GONE FROM AFRICA.

Africa has renounced Bolshevism. Already tourist agencies are taking advantage of that fact and Garden of Allah tours have been arranged. The mystic beauties of the Sahara are once more at the disposal of travelers.

The purging of Bolsheviks from Africa is almost as mystical as the purging of snakes from Ireland by St. Patrick (says Captain Thomas C. Watson in the Philadelphia Ledger). The first Bolshevik to function in the land of the Pharaohs was Sidi Ahmed, called the Grand Senussi, and he was used by the Pan-Islam party for all they were worth during the late war in establishing a revolution.

But Sidi Ahmed can no longer claim to be the Grand Senussi. That invader of western Egypt is now a fugitive from North Africa, having made his escape a year ago in a German submarine. He has been formally deposed by the Senussi chiefs in Lihya—these are things that the Turk does not advertise and are not generally known in western Europe. As the Senussi sect, with its adherents all over the East from Morocco to Afghanistan, is despite recent happenings in Egypt still one of the most powerful Moslem brotherhoods, the elimination of Sidi Ahmed from temporal authority and the change of policy which has accompanied it are worth noting.

When in February, 1917, escaping the disaster which overtook his army in the Oasis of Siwa, Sidi Ahmed fled westward he went to Jarahub, the sacred place of Senussistes, where is the tomb and mosque of the founder of the order. Ahmed's prestige in Egypt had vanished, and shortly afterward the defeat of Ali Dinar in Darfur put an end to Senussi's hopes in the Sudan.

Ahmed, however, still had parts of the Italian protectorates of Cyrenaica and Tripoli, including Mesurata and other ports on the Mediterranean. But his own followers were disheartened and he had to lean chiefly on Turco-Germans.

As the war progressed and Senussistes found they were losing ground to the Italians and were debarred from intercourse with Egypt, the moderate element among their chiefs began to mediate with their enemies. This was an attitude the Italians did much to foster, their avowed policy being to come to an arrangement which would give the Senussistes considerable autonomy in temporal af-

fairs and leave untouched the spiritual authority of the chief of the fraternity.

The result was seen in the summer of last year, when Sidi Ahmed was deposed and his nephew, the Sidi Said Idriss, formerly the Senussi envoy in Egypt, chosen head of the order in his stead, it being essential that the Sheikh Senussi should be a member of the family of the prophet. Ahmed, who did not acquiesce in his own deposition, availed himself of the hospitality of a German submarine at Misurata to reach Europe and has spent much of his time at Stamboul.

Said Idriss, the new Grand Senussi, has abstained from acting against Egypt and has pursued a conciliatory policy toward Italy which has recovered the possession of Misurata. Final settlement of the Italian-Senussi relations depends partly on the attitude of Great Britain. The British authorities in Egypt for long years maintained excellent relations with the Senussistes. They have never opposed Senussism on the ground of religion and do not now oppose it. Neither do the French in North Africa.

Surrounded by weeds and underbrush, a squat and weatherheaten cottage of four rooms stands almost forgotten near the heart of St. Joseph, Missouri, and within two blocks of two trolley lines. The house was once occupied by Jesse James, the famous Missouri handit. A sign on the front door of the cottage informs the casual passer-by that for the modest sum of 15 cents the visitor may see the room in which the chief of handits was shot to death by "Boh" Ford the morning of April 3, 1882, as he was hanging a picture. The bullet hole in the wall of the room and the place where the bloodstains are said to have been are pointed out to the curious. A score or more years ago a visit to St. Joseph was not considered complete without a jaunt to the home of Jesse James. But times have changed, the old couple who are completing nearly twenty years' residence in the former handit's dwelling explain, and visitors are rare. So far as maintaining the place for its historical name, it is a failure, they say. In the last six months only one person came to see the bouse where Jesse James lived and died.

Extensive deposits of bauxite have been discovered in both British and Dutch Guiana and are being developed.

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ASSETS REPRESENTED: OVER FIFTY MILLIONS

FINANCING CALIFORNIA CORPORATIONS.

Investment Banking On Pacific Coast Forging to Front and Taking Place as National Factor.

During the war period the investment business of the country was at a standstill. Investment bankers loyally placed their organizations at the disposal of the government and the trained bond salesmen of these organizations did much to contribute to the success of the several Liberty Loans. There was nothing selfish in their manner of doing this, nor were they in the slightest degree considering future profit. It is well to note, however, that their action has been rewarded. Instead of a few hundred thousand bond buyers in the United States, the government in teaching the people to buy its own bonds has educated them to the value of bond investment and has created a market of millions of bondholders for the dealers, who have not been slow to take advantage. The investment banker is one of the bulwarks of business. That his business is in good condition argues a healthy state of the funds of the people of the country at large. Through his efforts the great corporations engaged in developing the manufacturing and promoting the trade interests of the country must make their appeal to the public for funds. This appeal they have been making during the past year to an extent undreamed of before, and the appeal has not been made in vain. Great issues of unheard-of size have been offered and oversubscribed in a few days, and in some cases, such as that of the Henry Ford borrowing of \$75,000,000, within twenty-four hours. There have been some remarkable borrowings during the year, the corporations recognizing that the holding of their stock or bonds by the public meant an additional strength. Even Standard Oil, most conservative of corporations, departed from its traditional policy and floated a preferred stock issue of \$100,000,000. Other great national issues were those of Henry Ford, above mentioned, \$75,000,000 notes; General Motors, \$50,000,000 cumulative debenture stock; Anaconda Copper Mining Co., \$25,000,000; Swift & Co. notes, \$25,000,000; Duquesne Light Company 6s, \$25,000,000; San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric, preferred stock, \$500,000; American

Telephone and Telegraph Company notes, \$50,000,000, and a host of others, all of which were largely sold here.

San Francisco became a recognized centre for investment purposes during the year. Practically every bond or preferred stock issue of the United States and many industrial and foreign government bonds were offered for local participation and allotments fully taken here. All this is in addition to the financing of California corporations, which in almost every case has been done through the state's own investment bankers. California has some great corporations, whose obligations sell nationally. They have gone into the financial markets for money during the past year, and it argues much for the stability and scope of the investment bankers of the state that they have been able to underwrite these as well as to sell here many millions of dollars of obligations of corporations of other states and countries.

A favorite form of financing during the year all over the country has been the issuance of what is known as modern preferred stock, preferred as to dividends and assets, like the old preferred stock, but having other advantages, such as conversion privileges in some instances and in others sinking fund amortization, guarantees of maintenance of assets, and many others. Many California companies have financed in this way during the year, the list including: Holt Manufacturing Company, cumulative stock, \$1,000,000; C. L. Best Gas Traction Company, cumulative preferred stock, \$500,000; Glohe Grain and Milling Company, cumulative preferred stock, serial, \$3,000,000; East Bay Water Company, Class A cumulative preferred stock, \$6,000,000; Pacific Gas and Electric Company, preferred cumulative stock, \$5,000,000; Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of California, cumulative preferred stock, \$2,000,000; Pacific Cotton Mills Company, cumulative preferred stock, \$2,000,000; Great Western Power Company of California, cumulative preferred stock, \$1,500,000; Albers Brothers Milling Company, \$2,500,000; City of Paris Dry

Goods Company, cumulative preferred stock, \$500,000; J. A. Folger & Co., cumulative preferred stock, \$400,000; and a number of others in small amounts. The Union Oil Company issued and sold \$20,080,000 common stock.

Although stock issues have been popular, they have by no means superseded the old and reliable form of bond obligations in this state. The bonds of California industrial corporations have always been rated high in the market, backed as they are by the resources of a great state, and carefully supervised before issuance by the Railroad Commission of California, one of the most conservative bodies of its kind in the country, even more conservative at times than many would like to see. During the year there was a very considerable number of successful bond issues marketed by California investment banking firms in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The list given herewith includes those only actually offered to the public. There are others pending and in the hands of the Railroad Commission which would considerably swell the total. The following issues have been placed during the year for California corporations:

San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation, first and refunding Series "C" 6s, \$150,000; also for the same corporation, \$6,500,000 first and refunding mortgage 6s, with other financing pending; San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Company debenture 6s, \$500,000; Southern California Edison Company, general and refunding mortgage 6s, \$25,000,000, with other financing pending; Sperry Flour Company, \$3,000,000 6s; Palace Hotel Company, \$1,800,000 first mortgage 6s; Del Monte Properties Company, \$1,000,000 first mortgage serial 6s; Rolph Navigation and Coal Company first mortgage serial 7s, \$2,000,000; Southern California Gas Company, \$800,000 first mortgage 6s; Wilshire Hotel Company, Los Angeles, \$3,500,000 first mortgage serial 6s; Northern California Milk Producers' Association first mortgage serial 7s, \$90,000; Southern Counties Gas Company of California first mortgage sinking fund 6s, \$620,000; The Hillard (San Francisco Apartments) first mortgage ten-year serial 6s, \$2,000,000; Milk Producers' Association of Central California first mortgage serial 7s, \$180,000; The Paraffine Companies, Inc., first closed mortgage serial 6s, \$750,000; San Joaquin Agricultural Corporation first mortgage 6s, \$500,000; Hotchkiss Redwood Company first mortgage

serial 6s, \$550,000; Nevada-California Electric Corporation first lien Series "A" 6s, \$500,000; China Mail Steamship Company first mortgage 6s, \$2,500,000; California Western Railroad and Navigation Company first mortgage 6s, \$750,000; Albers Brothers Milling Company, \$2,500,000 7s; Pacific Pipe and Tank Company first mortgage sinking fund 7s, \$750,000; San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation first and refunding mortgage 6s, \$6,500,000; California Barrel Company first mortgage serial 6s, \$500,000; Great Western Milling Company first mortgage serial 6s, \$200,000; American Seedless Raisin Company first mortgage 6s, \$400,000; H. Liebes & Co. gold notes 6s, \$750,000; Willows and Fruit Ranches certificates, \$175,000.

In every instance these have been promptly absorbed. California has been able to take care of the financing of its own corporations and lend a hand in the financing of the enterprises of the nation. The East now looks to the West to aid in its enterprises. New York is no longer the only money centre. The investment bankers of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast are transacting business of national importance and are a factor in the financial affairs of the nation.

The belated publication of the result of Lord Mersey's *Lusitania* inquiry confirms what a great many people have suspected (says *London Truth*). Had Captain Turner followed the admiralty wireless instructions there was every reasonable prospect that the ship would have made port safely. Instead he trusted to his own judgment, declined to zigzag, and permitted the foghorn to proclaim the vessel's precise whereabouts as she approached the land. But it must be remembered that this was in the earlier days of the war, when the mercantile marine nursed its traditional prejudice against being taught anything by the Royal Navy. The two services learned a much better attitude towards one another before the hostilities finished.

In 1880 negroes in Georgia held property valued at \$5,764,293; in 1917 the figures had increased to \$40,287,921—nearly sevenfold in thirty-seven years.

An inventor has patented a pneumatic helmet composed of inflatable rubber tubing to protect babies' heads.

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This most picturesque Spanish Colonial home, in more picturesque surroundings, is made atmospheric with its environment through a beautiful textured roof in warm russet tones with suggestions of old-rose. The unit was a medium Cordova-shaped Tile, and the different roofs are scaled in texture to the distance of the perspective from which they are viewed.

PARIS, A NEW BABYLON.

Paris is *fou fou*! In other words all Paris has gone crazy in its thirst for pleasure. Now that peace has been definitely signed all restrictions have been removed, the censorship abolished, and the appetite for pleasures of all sorts is but the more ravenous after these five years of deprivation.

The theatres are crowded, the restaurants are surging with gay crowds until the early hours of the morning, and in spite of the talk about the scarcity of coal Paris has once more become *La Ville Lumière* of *avant guerre* (before the war), and only those who stayed with the city through her days of anguish and her nights of darkness turn to gaze and marvel at the blaze of lights everywhere.

Paris, because of an enormous foreign population, always has been the least French of any of the French cities, but now it is more so. The proportion of strangers has become so marked that one hears a babel of all other tongues in the restaurants and at places of amusement, with only a sprinkling of French mingled in discreetly.

All the Russians who have been able to escape the Bolsheviks and who have succeeded in getting out of Russia, their pockets stuffed

either with their own gold and gems or with that of others, seem to have arrived in Paris, and appear bent on spending as quickly and pleasantly as possible before being overtaken by the waves of the Red sea. They have taken expensive apartments, no matter what the price; rented automobiles *de luxe*, employed large households of servants, and *voilà*!

The greatest rivals of the Americans and the Russians in the matter of spending money in Paris have always been the South Americans. Even before the war there was a large permanent colony of Latin Americans in Paris, opulent and lavish spenders. But now all who failed to get over before seem to have arrived, and, warned of the high cost of living and mindful of the uncertainty of getting transportation back in the near future, they seem to have come prepared to make a long stay. They, too, have made great inroads on the available apartments and they are hanging out of the windows at all the expensive hotels.

There are the Spanish, the Italians, the Dutch, the Swedes, and last, but not at all least, there are the Orientals—the Turks, the Roumanians, the Serbs, the Montenegrins, and the rest, to say nothing of the Japanese, the Chinese, and some more. All of the

peoples of these various countries have suffered more or less because of the war, but there are always some people in every country, no matter how much it has suffered, who have not only succeeded in keeping the money and valuables they possessed before, but have in thousands of cases succeeded in gorging themselves with this world's goods to a degree that would put the Count of Monte Cristo to shame. They are all here, and they are throwing their ill-gotten gains out of the window with both hands (says a correspondent of the *New York Sun*). Do you understand now why Paris has not missed the Americans?

In spite of the fact that everybody who is anybody is in Paris, there is very little private entertaining. People prefer to invite their friends to theatre parties, and they entertain them at the restaurants in preference to their own homes. This can be understood. There is a vacant chair in almost every home, and people want to get out and try to forget. Also, there is no end of the good things at both the theatres and at the operas.

Paris has been taken over by the world, and it behooves us to remember that when we are giving the French metropolis a hard character we are talking against the pleasantest part of ourselves, because we, with the

rest of the world of strangers, have done our part in moulding and making Paris what she is. It is like a man who goes about talking against his wife because he happens to have had a tiff with her. With all her faults, he loves her still. Paris belongs to the world of nations. She is a part of all of us, and in the make-up of her amusements especially we have our share of responsibility.

In Alberta, Canada, there exists a village where no nails have been used in the construction of the houses. There were built by Ruthenian immigrants, and are of the typical Ruthenian style—long, pitch-roofed, thatched, and wide in the eaves. Even the door, an affair of slender twigs, woven and laced together, swings on home-made hinges, and is latched with a wooden hasp. The floor is of hewn logs unnailed. The roof is a wonderful fabric of poles and cross-woven wheat straw ten inches thick, packed tightly and solidly, and laid with such care that it will endure any weather for twenty years.

The highest steam-navigated body of water in the world is Lake Titicaca, which lies at an altitude of 12,545 feet, partly in Peru and partly in Bolivia.

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SUGAR INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS.

In these days of sugar shortage throughout the country the eyes of every one are directed toward the large manufacturing plants where sugar is produced and refined. Since October, 1917, the sugar industry of the country has been under governmental control and the United States has probably enjoyed the lowest-priced sugar of any country of the world except the producing countries themselves. The price in the United States for over a year past has been, wholesale, 9 cents per pound, while in the United Kingdom it has ranged from 15 cents to 18 cents, France 20 cents to 25 cents, and in Italy as high as 30 cents to 35 cents. Recently, in Japan, sugar was selling for approximately the same high price as in Italy.

Owing to these conditions and the general extravagance of the American people, consumption of sugar has increased enormously in this country. In 1919 consumption for the first nine months increased 18 per cent, as against a normal pre-war consumption of about 4 per cent. The pre-war consumption was about eighty-three pounds per capita per annum, while the war-time consumption was about seventy-five pounds, due to governmental restricted distribution. The indications are that the consumption this year will be in excess of ninety-two pounds per capita.

The present shortage, as evidenced all over the country, is not due to lack of sugar so much as to the increased consumption, as the government, through the United States Sugar Equalization Board, has already distributed to the trade this year 3,263,000 long tons of sugar, as against last year's figure for the same period of 2,661,000 long tons, while the total consumption for the whole of last year, 1918, was only 3,500,000 tons.

In the midst of a world shortage the American consumer has been furnished this sugar at the lowest prevailing price in the world. However, it is a well-known fact that you can not eat the cake and have it, and, in a period of practically ten months, the American consumer has eaten more sugar than he did in the previous twelve months.

From present indications, decontrol of cane sugar will take place on January 1st. Control of beet sugar in this country ceased on September 30th last. The new Louisiana crop of cane, which is harvested in November and December, will be marketed without control. Owing to the world shortage, it is evident that the price will increase as the inevitable law of supply and demand must again begin to operate.

The Pacific Coast is, as a rule, peculiarly fortunate in regard to sugar, for, including the Hawaiian crop, which is largely marketed through refiners located on San Francisco Bay, and the beet sugar produced in the West, one-quarter of all of the sugar consumed in this country is produced out here, but, unfortunately for the Coast, we have but one-twelfth of the population of the country to eat it. It is evident, therefore, that when normal consumption prevails a very large part of the product refined and manufactured in the West must move into the Missouri and Mississippi River territories.

The beet-sugar crop this year will approximate 800,000 short tons of sugar, notwithstanding that the crop in California is considerably below normal. The Hawaiian crop, the harvesting of which begins in December and ends in August or September of 1920, is estimated at 605,000 short tons. About 20,000 tons of this Hawaiian sugar will be required for domestic consumption and pineapple canning in Hawaii, and the balance of 585,000 tons will be shipped to the Pacific Coast, where it will be refined in the two local refineries—one, the Western Sugar Refinery with a daily melting capacity of about 750 tons, located at the Potrero in San Francisco; the other, the California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Company, located at Crockett, California, or the Straits of Carqueez, Contra Costa County, about thirty miles north and west of San Francisco, with a daily melting capacity of 1700 tons. These refineries operate throughout the year, receiving the raw

sugar from Hawaii, and some from the Philippine Islands, as fast as manufactured by the producers, and storing it so as to operate over the twelve months period.

up to a total melting capacity of 2000 tons daily. This means an additional expenditure of some \$2,500,000. The buildings for the completed plant have all been erected and

taken recently and illustrate the magnitude of the enterprise.

A trip through the Crockett refinery clearly shows that no expense has been spared in making it one of the most modern and up to date. Every sanitary convenience has been provided and all sanitary rules observed. The buildings are fireproof throughout and every provision has been made for the safety of the employees in case of fire or accident. The sugar company has provided playgrounds, recreation parks, clubhouses for both men and women, tennis courts, a library, and an athletic field, and has also spent large sums of money in beautifying its properties around Crockett in the form of tree and shrub planting. It is pleasing to note that the individuals of the community, following suit, are improving the whole character of the community by beautifying their immediate surroundings.

The housing problem is also receiving careful attention at the hands of the company and a large number of bungalows and homes have been constructed in the last two years. Any man or woman, who has been in the employ of the company for over a year, can have a home built on very liberal terms with no profit to the company or to constructors, the company giving the time of its architectural, engineering, and construction forces free of charge for the construction of such homes.

The sugar company owns and operates a hotel at Crockett, a marvel of neatness and efficiency, where working people can secure room and board for from \$27.50 to \$32.50 per month, and it is a remarkable fact that the hotel operated by this company has more actual beds available for its guests than are contained in the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. It was hardly necessary for one of the officials of the company to say that the hotel, conducted as it is, shows an annual net financial loss of a very substantial figure, but the company feels repaid in the satisfaction expressed by its employees.

World Output of Sugar.

Willett & Gray have made their 1919-1920 world sugar crop estimate, placing the world output for next year at 16,600,000 tons, against 16,320,654 tons for 1918-1919, an increase of 279,346 tons. The Cuban crop next year they estimate at 4,300,000 tons, an increase of 300,000 tons. Except for this expected increase of 300,000 tons in the Cuban crop, total estimated world production for next year obviously would have shown a slight decrease.

European beet-sugar production for next year shows a further drop, being estimated at 3,469,000 tons, against 3,658,342 tons this year, and 8,179,000 tons in 1913-1914. German output is estimated at 1,300,000 tons, against 1,411,900 tons this year and 2,700,000 tons prior to the war.

The grand total of cane-sugar crops is estimated at 12,261,000 tons, against 11,965,030 last year, while total world beet production is placed at 4,339,000 tons, against 4,355,624 tons for 1918-1919.

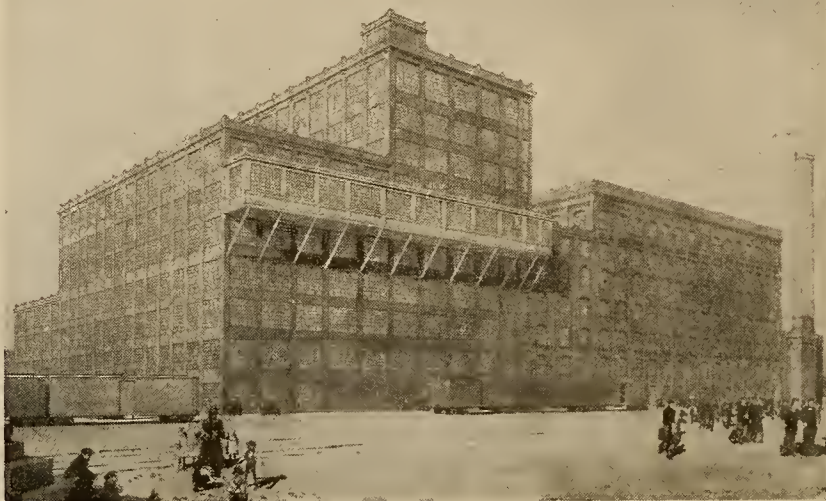
Willett & Gray say that in view of the increased demand for sugar caused by prohibition, it would not be surprising if more than 20,000,000 tons world production would be necessary within a few years to furnish a free supply of sugar for all localities, such as obtained in pre-war times.

Sugar available in the markets of the United States for the year 1918-19 is estimated by the Department of Commerce at 9,855,000,000 pounds.

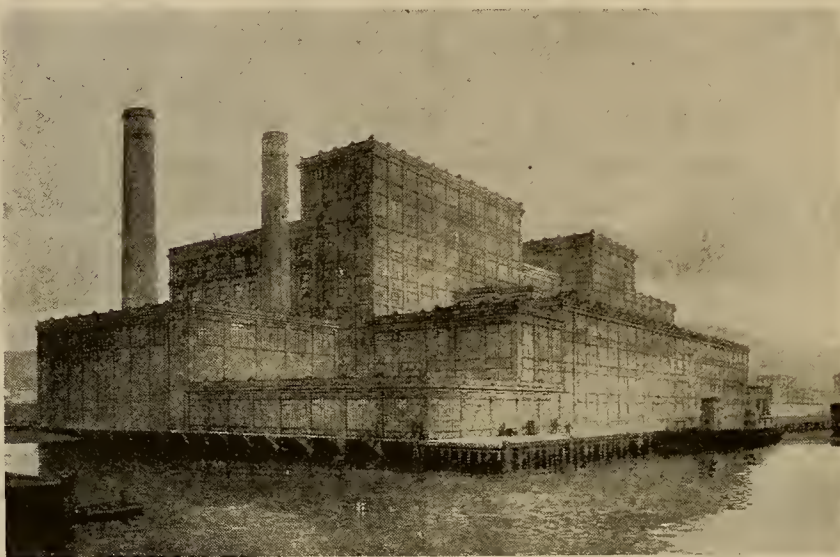
The net amount retained for consumption in the United States after deducting exports and re-exports is put at 8,790,000,000 pounds. This gives an average per capita consumption of eighty-two pounds in 1919, as against eighty-six pounds in the fiscal year of 1914.

The total production of sugar in the year 1918-19 is estimated at 2,100,000,000 pounds, of which 569,000,000 pounds is cane sugar and 1,550,000,000 pounds beet sugar.

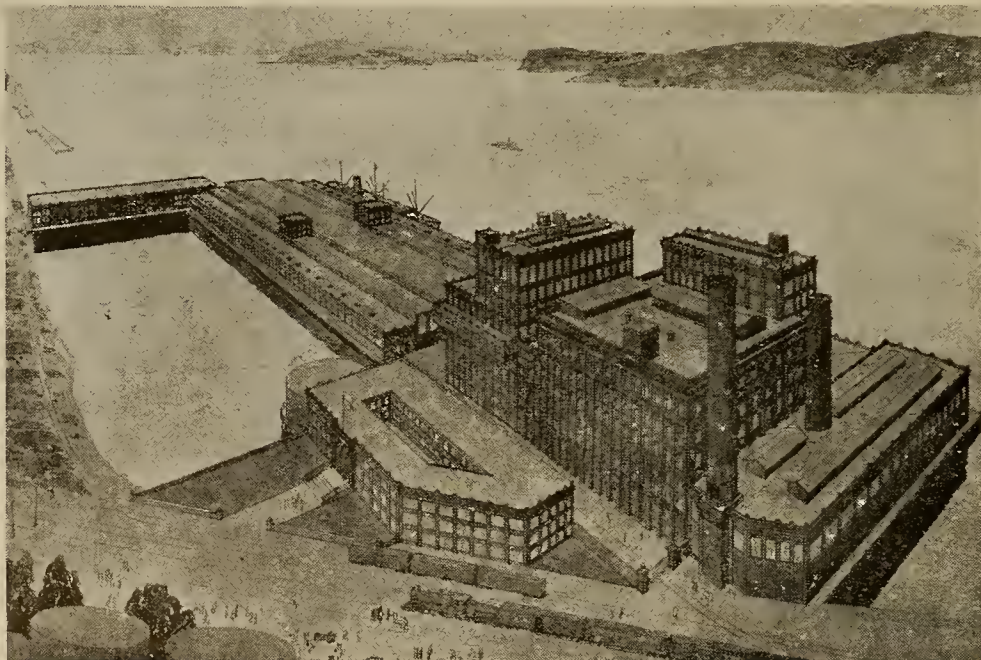
An increase in the price of imported sugar of 162 per cent is shown. The import price in 1914 was 2 cents a pound, and in 1919 5.3 cents a pound.



LAND SIDE VIEW, CROCKETT SUGAR REFINERY.



VIEW FROM THE WATER FRONT, CROCKETT SUGAR REFINERY.



GENERAL PERSPECTIVE VIEW, CROCKETT SUGAR REFINERY.

The California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Company refinery at Crockett has recently expended some \$4,000,000 to increase its capacity from 1000 tons per day to its present output of 1700 tons per day, and instructions have just been issued by the directors of the company to increase the plant

additional capacity simply means the installation of additional machinery, which is now going forward. By the first of July, 1920, the Crockett refinery will have an easy daily melting capacity of 2000 tons and will, in effect, be the largest sugar refinery in the world. The above pictures of the plant were

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CAREER OF JOHN COOK.

Rise of This Famous Tourist Director.

The first of the great London Exhibitions, held in Hyde Park in 1851, was so great a success financially that today, nearly seventy years after, the surplus funds are still endowing science scholarships and bursaries.

One of the factors in the success of that wonderful exhibition was the enterprise of a hoy of seventeen named John Cook, who personally helped to convey 165,000 visitors from the Midlands to London.

This lad conceived a brilliant idea for securing support. Hiring an empty excursion train at Derby, he would take it to one of the big Midland manufacturing towns, parade the place with a brass band and hammers, meet the hands leaving the works on pay day, and carry them off to the train. Having thus filled his train, he would take it to London, escort his crowd to the Exhibition, collect them again, bring them back to their homes, and then start all over again.

At that time he was sometimes up all night for five nights in the week, just snatching a nap when and where he could.

But John Cook, at seventeen, was already a practiced traveler (says *Tit-Bits*). The son of a Leicestershire temperance lecturer, he had been brought up in very poor circumstances and had learned early to look after himself.

As a mere child he had been noted for his amazing muscular strength and independence. When only six years of age he left home on his own account, and made a three days' journey by road, omnibus, rail, and canal, returning quite safe and cheerful. He had been, he said, to see his mother's home. His next excursion was when, at the age of ten, he helped to handle 500 children on the occasion of an afternoon excursion from Leicester.

Before he left school, at the age of fourteen, he was already earning wages by setting type in a printing office.

From the beginning he was mad on traveling. There never has been a plainer illustration of the old saying about the boy being father of the man than was afforded by John Cook. His father, Thomas Cook, had at this time taken up the tourist business, but on a very small scale. John Cook's chance came when, at the age of sixteen, he was entrusted by his father with the care of 100 tourists in the Highlands of Scotland. All sorts of difficulties cropped up, but young Cook was always equal to the occasion.

In 1855, when John Cook was twenty-one years of age, his father moved his office from

Leicester to London. Some idea of the way in which it grew can be gathered from the fact that, within thirty years, the staff had increased from three to more than four thousand.

All was fish that came to John Cook's net. He was ready personally to conduct a tourist to Pampeluna or Patagonia, to fit him out with letters of credit, supplies of foreign money, couriers or guides, provisions or passports. He originated the hotel-conpon system, by the aid of which a tourist always finds a room ready in whatever town or village he wishes to stop at.

It was John Cook to whom the British government turned when they were anxious to send a relief expedition to General Gordon, besieged in Khartoum.

On this occasion 18,000 troops, 130,000 tons of stores, and 70,000 tons of coal had to be conveyed up the Nile. The vessels provided for the purpose were twenty-seven steamers, 650 sailing craft, and 800 whaleboats. No fewer than 5000 Egyptians were hired to assist in the matter of transport.

It was this firm, again, who, in 1888, acquired the cable railway which has since carried tens of thousands of visitors to the summit of Vesuvius. The Vesuvius Railway was at that time in a bankrupt condition, and John Cook had to fight all sorts of claimants in the Italian law courts. Then, when at last the ownership was settled, the people of the village of Resina went on strike.

For years these truculent mountaineers had extorted a poll-tax on all travelers who came up the mountain, besides forcing the previous owners of the line to pay blackmail to the tune of £800 a year. When these robbers offered similar terms to John Cook he quietly but absolutely declined to pay them one penny. Thereupon the ruffians attacked and burned the railway station, seized the rolling stock, and flung the carriages down the crater of the volcano.

The line was repaired, and then wrecked again. Then the iron hand of John Cook descended. He closed the line absolutely, and would not open it again until the Resina people came to his agent in Naples and almost on their knees begged for peace at any price.

On another occasion—this was a good many years ago—a certain railway company, which shall be nameless, jeered at Cook & Son and haughtily refused to make any concessions whatever.

John Cook hoycotted the line. He put it clean outside his arrangements. Five years later the directors awoke to the fact that

they were losing a lot of money. They decided to make peace. It was not so easy. It was several years before the han was lifted. It must have been one of John Cook's greatest triumphs when, the moment his han was withdrawn, the stock of that railway jumped upwards.

Of John Cook's personal prowess there are many stories. On one occasion he had invited a distinguished party to a trial trip of a new steamer built for work on the Nile. This steamer had a novel steering apparatus, to which the "rais," or captain of the vessel, a native Egyptian, had an old-fashioned prejudice.

The "rais," who was a giant of a man, took the wheel, and the steamer began to proceed up-stream in zigzag fashion. John Cook saw at once how the land lay. Excusing himself to his visitors, he stepped up alongside the "rais."

"Can't you keep her on a straight course?" he asked, quietly.

"Impossible," growled the giant. "It is this new steering apparatus."

"Impossible," retorted Cook. "Well, if you can't steer I don't want you here any longer."

With that he seized the tall Egyptian round the hody, carried him to the side, and, lifting him as if he had been a child, flung him into the muddy Nile. Without one glance at the swimming man he went back and took the wheel and steered a straight course with his own hands.

The operation of making a bamboo needle for the phonograph is a rather prolonged and intricate one, for the wood must pass through several operations before it becomes suitable for the purpose. The hard point of the needle is formed from the enameled cortical surface of the cane. The poles, twenty feet long and from two to three and one-half inches in diameter, carefully selected, are sawed into pieces about an inch long and split prism-shaped blanks for needles. To force out the sap and replace it with oil and wax in the myriad cells of the cane the bits are put in drip kettles and lowered into vats laden with an oily mixture at 340 degrees Fahrenheit, where they remain forty hours. Then they go into tumbling barrels containing hardwood sawdust, where they get cooled and polished.

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Homing with the Birds.

Mrs. Stratton-Porter tells us that when she was a little girl she made a pact with her father that he on his part would shoot no more birds for eating cherries if she on her part would go without cherries in order that the birds might have her share. No wonder that such devotion should grow into the wide and intimate comprehension of birds that the author has shown in her books. No wonder, also, that the birds should reciprocate the love shown to them, and that in some mysterious way they do reciprocate we can not doubt.

A more fascinating book about birds was never written, nor one more free from those fictions and exaggerations that have been called nature-faking. Every page bears the mark of careful accuracy and the result of untiring observation. Mrs. Stratton-Porter is among the few who actually bring us closer in sympathy with the animal world. Certainly she helps us to enter into the mind of the bird and to acquire a new respect and affection for a kingdom of life that has been underrated. The numerous illustrations are veritable triumphs of animal photography.

HOMING WITH THE BIRDS. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Blue Moon.

The search for a father has formed the motive of a good many novels, and it makes its appearance once more in this story of the pearl hunters of the Wabash flats of Indiana. The hero of the story lives with his mother, and he pursues the curious business of hunting for the pearl-bearing mussel in company of the desperadoes who are attracted by the slender but dazzling possibilities of the trade. Eventually he finds the gem that looks like a "blue moon" and discovers that his good fortune is by no means without alloy. He him-

self is arrested and nearly lynched for the murder of the old Jewish pearl-buyer, and we have to go far into the story before the sky begins to clear. It is a thoroughly good yarn of adventure, and of an unusual kind.

THE BLUE MOON. By David Anderson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

My Italian Year.

Dr. Joseph Collins served with the American Red Cross in Italy, and now he writes a large book to tell us all about it. He tells us rather more about himself than about Italy, the usual failing of the uninspired writer. For example, he describes Hadrian's Palace and then adds: "I get as much pleasure out of a tent as I do out of a palace, provided that the former contains a bathtub, an electric bell, and a cocktail shaker." The average reader may be pardoned for a certain amount of indifference to Dr. Collins' personal peculiarities, and even to a certain amount of wonder that he should display them. There is a good deal of this sort of thing, and it obscures the virtues of the book, which are many. We may also question the propriety of the chapter on marriage, and the reader is advised to skip it. It is immaterial, unimportant, and irrelevant. So are most of the jokes.

None the less there is much of interest on the political situation. The question of Fiume was on the carpet before the end of the war, and the author sees clearly that American sympathy will be mainly with the Slavs. He thinks that the Italian government should devote itself to education and sanitation rather than to imperialism, and of course this is true enough. Dr. Collins has the very usual defect of writing condescendingly, and this detracts from the very substantial values that his book contains.

MY ITALIAN YEAR. By Joseph Collins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Modern Library.

The Modern Library, now in course of issue by Boni & Liveright, contains nearly eighty volumes of the best modern literature, all of them hand bound in limp leather, of convenient size and of irreproachable workmanship. It places the most valuable books of the day within the reach of all, and in such a form as to decorate the bookshelf. Among late additions are "Baudelaire: His Prose and Poetry," edited by T. R. Smith, and "Redemption and Other Plays," by Tolstoy, with an introduction by Arthur Hopkins.

Briefer Reviews.

"Christ in You," anonymously issued, is a little book of intense devotional mysticism marked by unusual insight. It should not be overlooked by those interested in the less usual phases of religious experience. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Stewart & Kidd Company have published "More Portmanteau Plays," by Stuart Walker—three in number. Mr. Walker's conception is already fairly well known and, it may be said, favorably known, but in this vol-



Soft drinks—any flavor—are best when prepared with Shasta Water in Siphons.

ume we have a lengthy introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt describing the status of the portmanteau plays, the ideas that they embody, and some of the vicissitudes that they have met.

"The Health of the Teacher," by Dr. William Estabrook Chancellor (Forbes & Co.), is a detailed consideration of all the factors that have a bearing upon the health of the teacher. It is complete, practical, and authoritative.

Edward J. Clode has published a little book entitled "Etiquette Made Easy," by Edward Summers Squier, M. A. Some of the author's recommendations are open to question, but on the whole the book seems to be a reliable guide.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a ninth edition of "A First English Book," by Walter Ripman, intended "for boys and girls whose mother tongue is not English." Mr. Ripman has most intelligently studied the teaching of language, and his little book ought not to be overlooked.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Spanish dramatist Benavente, whose second volume of plays has just been brought out by Scribners, like all close students of character, is a confirmed lover of children. He introduced into Spain the free luncheon for school children, which until that time had been unknown to the Spanish people. The common school system of Spain, with the exception of that of Portugal, has been, perhaps, the worst in western Europe.

Intimate friends of the Hoosier Poet who first read the manuscript of Marcus Dickey's "The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley" said, "That's just the way Riley would have liked to see it done."

Under the title "The Arguments and Speeches of William Maxwell Evarts" are brought together the more famous arguments and speeches of the late William M. Evarts. These have been edited by his son, Sherman Evarts, of the New York bar, and are published in three volumes, with four photographic plates.

Some time this fall, printing conditions permitting, Robert M. McBride & Co. will issue a second edition of James Branch Cabell's new novel, "Jurgin," the first edition of which was exhausted two weeks after its publication in September.

For perversions of titles Eden Phillpotts' new novels offers many alluring opportunities. "Storm in a Tin Cup" is one of the favorites. "Storm in a Tea Kettle" is another, and there are numerous other variations. Be it known that Mr. Phillpotts calls his novel, now in its second large edition, "Storm in a Tea Cup." And speaking of errors in titles, a Southern paper recently reviewed Ben Ames Williams' "The Sea Bride." The caption for the article was "The Sea Bridge" and in the body of the article the book was referred to consistently as "The Sea Bird."

Miss Gale's return to Friendship Village for the scene of her new hook, "Peace in Friendship Village," will be welcomed by the many people who have derived pleasure from her earlier pictures of life in this town.

New Books Received.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL, GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT, 1769-1784. By Jonathan Trumbull. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Biography.

DUST OF NEW YORK. By Conrad Bercovich. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Sketches of New York life.

THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD NEIGHBOR. By Esther Lovejoy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

An account of a social war centre in France.

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL CAREER. By Clara Kathleen Rogers (Clara Doria). Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Autobiography.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A study of the religious situation.

ARGUMENTS AND SPEECHES OF WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS. Edited by Sherman Evarts. In

three volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Biography.

FRENCH MUSIC OF TODAY. By G. Jean-Aubry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Translated by Edwin Evans.

CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRACY. By Paul Kester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A comparison of democracy and socialism.

A FIRST ENGLISH BOOK. By Walter Ripman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

For boys and girls whose mother tongue is not English.

RUSSIA WHITE OR RED. By Oliver M. Saylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Six months on Russian soil.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. TRAPPERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For boys.

BOB THORPE, SKY FIGHTER IN THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS. By Austin Bishop. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

A war narrative.

A CHURCH YEAR-BOOK OF SOCIAL JUSTICE. Compiled by the Society of the Companions of the Holy Cross. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An anthology.

BEST GHOST STORIES. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Issued in the Modern Library.

A MAN FOR THE AGES. By Irving Bacbeller. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A story of the builders of democracy.

BAUDELAIRE: HIS PROSE AND POETRY. Edited by T. R. Smith. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Issued in the Modern Library.

REDEMPTION AND OTHER PLAYS. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Issued in the Modern Library.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER. By Peter McArthur. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Biography.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BARQUE SAPHO. By J. E. Patterson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A story of the sea.

Hungarian wedding celebrations are generally of a very lively character, with much feasting and dancing and frequently last two or three days. The most interesting feature of the festivities is the "cracking of the plate," when the men throw silver in handfuls on the plate for the privilege of dancing with the bride. The contest becomes quite spirited, and finally the plate is smashed to fragments with the silver hurled at it by the contestants. Oftentimes as much as \$500 is obtained in this way by the bride for the furnishing of a home. The custom is followed by Hungarians in different parts of the United States.

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The Alcazar's offering, "The House of Glass," we have seen before; but it bears repetition. Max Marcin is the kind of playwright who constructs situations that take hold of an audience, and his play appeals strongly to the sense of pity and of justice.

The company at the Alcazar has been devoting its attention for a number of weeks to the lightest of comedies and farces, and from the manner in which they tackled the Marcin play I should judge that they were glad to get their teeth into something chewable.

For the general presentation they deserve warm praise, and individually the various members of the company did their best, and with their best inspired by the tense dramatic situations of the play, they reached particularly high-water mark.

Especially was this the case with Belle Bennett, who merits particularly warm praise for the quietness and artistic restraint with which she indicated the sufferings of the sweet, gentle, refined woman upon whom circumstantial evidence had set the stigma of the criminal. It is a strong theme, this idea of the mercilessness with which the Javert type of detective pursues his prey, not for love of justice, but purely for the personal idea; the determination to prove his own ability. Emotionally it works up effectively, and men as well as women indulged in the dramatic enjoyment of a good, old-fashioned weep.

This idea was advanced in the first act, when Carroll, the master sleuth, was utterly unable to see, as did his myrmidon, that Margaret's faint was genuine, as a result of the unsuspicious girl's overwhelming realization that the man she loved and trusted was a rogue and a criminal.

The scene was dramatically developed because of the business-like ruthlessness and

commonplace tone with which Henry Shumer expressed the character of Carroll, and the quiet but quivering intensity with which Clifford Alexander indicated that Margaret's crooked lover had a heart and genuine affection and solicitude for his hapless sweetheart. Mr. Alexander, indeed, had reason to bless the management for their choice of the play and for the rôle which he filled. The young actor, as we have only just discovered, has developed considerably during the months of his absence. As Burke, the repentant, pitying fellow-sufferer, yearning over his lost love, Mr. Alexander far outdid any of his previous work, and made it worthy to serve as a moving if subordinate picture beside Miss Bennett's pathetic impersonation of the bounded woman.

The quiet restraint with which he indicated the reformed thief's capacity to love, to suffer, and to pity indicated a great advance in his art. Messrs. Brunetto and Dillon did very commendable work in their assumption of the two rôles of the big railroad men, the latter, like Mr. Alexander, finding in "The House of Glass" a valuable opportunity to show the Alcazar patrons what good stuff he is made of.

Mr. Walter Richardson played the rôle of the husband with his usual care and attention to detail. But his make-up was poor, for it seemed to express a being of inferior clay to the severe but sterling character of the man that Margaret had married.

AN IBSEN PLAY.

It takes courage to put on "The Master Builder," for in this play are strange, mysterious, baffling profundities of character and motive that are not easily conveyed. Still, many have gone, this week, to the Maitland Playhouse, for it afforded opportunity to profit by the more vivid impression the acting of a play can give over the reading of it.

"The Master Builder" is a study in mental pathology. It is full of symbolism and mystic significances, but out of its puzzling, baffling psychology we are able to perceive how a character of weakness and narrowness, and one given over to the gospel of over-prudential fear, may clip the wings of a man's aspirations. The character of Solness, the Master Builder, is symbolical of stifled aspiration, and as his greater powers are thwarted the worse part of him grows, and fear of the rising generation becomes an obsession.

Into this superficially conventional household, in which the mutually avoiding husband and wife seem to have a wary, distrustful regard for each other, comes Hilda, fresh, frank, strong, and free. She seems to breathe the air of mountains, and with a sort of glad authority she sets herself to break the bonds that hold the sick soul of Solness in leash.

The character of Hilda is most baffling. I defy any one but a metaphysician to plumb her depths. But perhaps the key to her motive for urging Solness to climb the tower—another bit of symbolism—while she is fully aware that the epileptic body will not be able to keep pace with the aspiring soul is because of her belief that it is better to sacrifice the body to the soul rather than allow the soul to remain forever in leash.

The Christian Scientists should be interested in "The Master Builder," because of its exemplification of the deteriorating effects of fear. It would be rather difficult, however, to imagine this work, which is so packed with symbolism, mysticism, psychics, metaphysics, and the obscure but beckoning psychology of morbid consciences, sick souls, and crippled wills, enshrined among the rather weak and

watery specimens of Christian Science literature.

It will be plain to the casual reader that "The Master Builder" is not for the mere amusement seeker. Its atmosphere is gloomy, its motivation, as I have intimated, clear only to the reflective mind, and it does not belong to the group of plays of which "Hedda Gabler" is one that are such intensely interesting acting plays.

I venture to say, however, that the thoughtful spectator who likes his Ibsen will accept the representation of this play as a challenge, and will cultivate further acquaintance with it.

A most creditable presentation was made of the piece by the Maitland players, Mr. Maitland's share in it being indicated by the care and intelligence which was evident in the direction of the piece. The subdued atmosphere, suggested by the lowered voices, in which only Hilda and Solness dare to be natural, the careful repression generally indicated, showed how solicitously tradition had been followed, and the Ibsenite, although missing the subtleties of a more authoritative representation, will be well satisfied at the unusual opportunity to see this play in acted form.

"THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE."

By a queer coincidence this melodious opera bouffe of Planquette's is receiving this month a dual presentation. Mr. André Ferrier having it under preparation while it is being most successfully presented at the Players Club Theatre. The opera is full of melodious charm, which partly accounts, but the hook helped a lot. For there is a complete story which includes romance, comedy, and melodrama. That part of the story about the old miser allows for such telling dramatic effect that it has much to do with the enduring vitality of the opera.

Mr. Travers undertakes the highly effective rôle, Mr. Benjamin Purrington appears as the Marquis of Corneville, while with Eunice Mae Gilman as Serpolette, with Miriam M. Elkus and Ellen Page Pressley alternating in the rôle of Germaine, and Messrs. Kent and Jennings in that of Jean the fisherman, those who preserve an attachment from the past for the hoary little opera may be assured of a satisfactory representation, more especially as the chorus is very good. Some confirmed theatre-goers of long standing remember Emelie Melville in the rôle of Serpolette, while the memory of others goes still further back, and they claim to have seen Mrs. James Oates frolicking in the rôle of that graceless little scallawag Serpolette.

However that may be, there are many associations attached to the piece, and it is probable that even during this cold snap some of the gray heads who ordinarily eschew the theatre will dig themselves out of their places by the cozy fireside, and, for the sake of auld lang syne, compete with a young generation in their appreciation of the sweet, melodious charm, the gay comedy, and the pretty, old-time romance of Planquette's charming little opera bouffe.

AN AFTER-WAR MOOD.

As the audience rocked in its seats at the Orpheum, howling with glee over the quick-firing salvos of fun let off by Will Morrissey and his aids in the "Overseas Revue" I said to myself, "This piece, with its reckless fun, its perpetual jabs of irreverence, its slang, and flirtation and jibes and jests about starvation and death on the front, its uproarious, youthful animal spirits, represents an after-war mood." And it falls in with the mood of the audience. It was middle-aged and old men that planned and supervised and ran the war, but it was youth that waged it.

And youth came back disillusioned, and it is doubtful now if any of the great nations could really work up their people to waging another first-class, all-wool, and yard-wide war. And there is something savage in this disillusionment of youth. Many young men had their mood of exaltation and their lofty ideals shattered to smithereens by the hideousness and the horror of the carnage and by other dreadful things inseparable from war.

Thus the flavor of recklessness to the wit and humor of the "Overseas Revue" jibes in with the mood of the audience.

The piece, or the mélange, is written by Will Morrissey, a young humorist who has only to turn his hand over to set his audience off in gales. Everything he does is irresistibly funny, and as he is in the centre of the limelight when Elizabeth Brice isn't, the audience had plenty of chances to eat him up with a perpetually undiminished appetite.

The "Overseas Revue" claims Broadway as sponsor for its list of twenty performers, and they are so good in their several lines that I believe it. As to what the piece is made of it would be hard to say: song, and dance, and jest, and Red Cross nurses, and French coquettes and an Apache flirtation, and a shock unit show, and burlesque, and picturesque profanity, and vulgarity that is so funny that you laugh against your sense of decorum, and you forgive the vulgarity because the after-war mood is not a refined product.

And there is the rollicking mood of youth that has looked death in the face and feels itself still alive and whole, and life, goodly life, still to be lived. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is too sacred to joke about except home and mother. The starving Belgians, the ministering women, the death-belching peril, the dying soldiers, all have their turn.

The whole thing is queerly American. Although perhaps Americans wouldn't have been capable of it if we had suffered as much as the European nations.

"Maybloom" everybody remembers. (Violent hasn't hit on the right hat yet.) The Rigolettos have lots of variety in "Around the World," the most amazing spectacle being the great, writhing, wallowing muscles—perhaps men admire them—of the most athletic Rigoletto, in a sort of muscle dance. There is good dancing in "Golfing with Cupid," and several other numbers of the usual variety that greatly pleased the audience.

FRENCH.

The directors of the Salon Francais made a departure recently which greatly pleased the members of this club, whose aim is the intelligent cultivation of the French language and French literature. Instead of having the usual lecture provided for the week's programme M. and Mme. Ferrier were engaged to give a dramatic representation. Assisted by Mlle. Yvonne Michele and M. Arnoux,



A Hidden Leak

A record of water deliveries to a flat building in the Western Addition shows that the normal use averages 1200 cubic feet a month.

The October meter-reading showed that 5600 cubic feet had been delivered during the preceding month. We called attention to this abnormal delivery and advised that a leak be looked for and repaired.

Nothing was done, with the result that in November the meter recorded delivery of 11,400 cubic feet—85,500 gallons!

An immediate inspection on our part showed the meter in good working order. All signs pointed to concealed leakage which was increasing steadily.

Our service department thereupon sent the owner a letter concluding thus:

"On receipt of this letter, which we send by special delivery, a rush order should be telephoned to a plumber to locate and repair this break, which is causing heavy and increasing waste."

Result: A blind leak under the cement walk in the alleyway was discovered and repaired, and water delivery was reduced to normal.

Those who follow the directions in our folder "A Check on Waste" detect leaks like this before much water is wasted.

The distribution of this folder is in line with our policy of helpful service.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

Look for the sign

The Red Crown sign signals satisfaction. It stands for straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline—high quality—every drop! Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)



The Gasoline
of Quality

these reliable and experienced players presented two extremely enjoyable comedies; one, "Les Espérances," by Paul Bilhaud, the other, "Les Coteaux de Médoc," by Tristan Bernard.

Both comedies were played with great spirit and vivacity by the little troupe engaged for the occasion, all of whom speak the French of France, and not of America. As a consequence the two performances were characterized by a Parisian atmosphere, as it was in Paris that M. and Mme. Ferrier were trained for the stage, and in that city they had had the greater part of their stage experience before their stay in America began.

Dainty little Yvonne Michele is always finished in her work, and in the first representation the audience enjoyed the marital scrap, as played by this charming actress and M. Ferrier with the same relish with which they witnessed a telephone flirtation in the second play, which was very spiritedly rendered by the Ferriers.

So delighted was the audience with this innovation that it is hoped by many of the members of the Salon Français that there will be an occasional repetition of the new departure, so congenial to the wishes of the majority.

On December 17th there will be a return to routine, Captain Negre being scheduled to give a lecture on the very interesting subject, "La Famille Française." Such a discourse should prove something of an interpretation to the character of the French; who misrepresent themselves in much of their fiction on account of their peculiar social code; which, however, works so well in France that the peculiarity is only seen from an American point of view. Captain Negre, who served in the French army during the war and has been decorated with the "Croix de Guerre," was sent to the United States on a military mission to instruct American troops, and is also official representative of the press bureau.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

More than sixty names of locally prominent people appear on the list of the honorary board of the Aladdin Children's Theatre Club. Any child, it seems, is eligible to join the club, no dues or fees being charged. The club has been organized for the purpose of giving to the children of San Francisco an acquaintance with child plays that will be both entertaining and improving.

It is the intention, apparently, to give occasional Saturday matinees at the Savoy, the bill for last Saturday having been Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Racketty-Packetty House." This piece is a great favorite with children, and the winsome little youngsters that appeared in the piece were quite as blissful in assuming their various rôles as those in front who gazed fascinated upon living dolls and life-size fairies.

No attempt was made at gorgeous costuming or scenery, but the accessories were sufficient to the purpose, and it was decidedly gratifying to see young children at a theatrical entertainment at which their tastes and desires were considered instead of those of their too often selfish seniors.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

MAITLAND PLAYHOUSE

"The Theatre Unusual"

Stockton St. above Post. Phone—Kearny 2520

City's Newest and Most Artistic Theatre

Last Time Saturday Evening, Dec. 20

Ibsen's "THE MASTER BUILDER"

Week Com. Tues. Mat. and Eve. Dec. 23

Greatest Programme of One-Act Plays Ever

Put Together Anywhere!

GALSWORTHY

"The Sun" (First Performance in America)

BERNARD SHAW

"How He Lied to Her Husband"

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

"The Goal"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"The Return of Christmas"

Every Night (except Sun. & Mon.) at 8:30

Matinees Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30

Tickets 2 weeks ahead at theatre and news-

stands of St. Francis and Palace Hotels.

Next—N. C. Goodwin's Great Comedy, "An

American Citizen."

Next—Tues. aft., Dec. 30, Special Young

People's Concert.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

With the coming of "Up in Mahel's Room" at the Curran Theatre next Sunday night, December 21st, theatre-goers may look forward to one of the theatrical events of the season. "Up in Mahel's Room" is the celebrated New York farce which scored so phenomenal a hit on Broadway last season. Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach are the authors. A. H. Woods, the famous theatrical manager, is the producer. A superb cast will be seen, including Julie Ring, Dorothy Fox Slaytor, Carewe Carvel, Dorothy Blackburn, Jeanette Bageard, Sager Midgley, James Norval, Nicholas Judels, Frederic Clayton, and Joseph A. Bingham.

The engagement is for two weeks only, with matinees on Christmas and New Year's days, in addition to Wednesday and Saturday.

The Alcazar.

"The Little Teacher," to have first Alcazar presentation next Sunday afternoon, is in accord with the spirit of Christmas week. It teaches some of the almost forgotten niceties of life and love, appealing to the best of human instincts, awakening only the tenderest emotions. The beautiful theme of maternal love is woven through this merry and diverting comedy-drama by Harry James Smith, author of "A Tailor Made Man." Belle Bennett personates the little teacher and Walter P. Richardson her lumberjack adorer from the Canadian woods. All the Alcazar favorites are in a large cast reinforced for the school-room scene by a bevy of California's cleverest juvenile players, including Helen Resnick, Connie Fredericks, Thelma Pedersen, Beatrice Levy, and Webster Cook. Specially engaged for the episode depicting the womanly activities of Red Cross work are the admirable character actresses Emelie Melville, Barbara Lee, Edith Searle, and Estelle Warfield.

For New Year week the spirit of entertainment takes a farcical turn with "A Full House," by Fred Jackson, whose "The Naughty Wife" recently convulsed crowds at this theatre. Two performances New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, will be given according to an Alcazar custom that has long been identified with San Francisco's distinctive carnival spirit.

The Maitland Playhouse.

The Maitland Playhouse announces for the week beginning Tuesday matinee and evening, December 23d, "the greatest programme of one-act plays ever put together anywhere."

The bill is to be made up of four one-act plays, and the fact that their authorship is to be found in such celebrities as John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Henry Arthur Jones, and John Kendrick Bangs emboldens the Maitland management to wax extravagant in heralding the week's attractions.

Galsworthy will be represented by a wonderful hit of fantasy, "The Sun," which in its presentation at the Maitland will have its first performance on any American stage.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" will be the brilliant Bernard Shaw's contribution. This delicious comedy is regarded by most critics as the witty Irish author's most scintillating miniature work.

Henry Arthur Jones, the great English playwright, is to be programmed through the medium of his powerful play, "The Goal," as gripping and compelling an act as is to be found in dramatic literature.

Appropriate to the season will be found "The Return of Christmas," by John Kendrick Bangs, the American humorist.

Arthur Maitland, J. Anthony Smythe, Ann O'Day, and the other favorites will take part in the various plays and some novel settings are promised.

The Orpheum.

There will be eight entirely new acts in next week's Orpheum bill.

The Ford Sisters, Mahel and Dora, formerly of the Four Fords, will head the programme in a new act called "The Frolic of 1920," which consists of a group of four dances. The Ford Sisters bring with them beautiful costumes, scenery, and their own orchestra, which is under the direction of Art L. Beiner.

Stuart Barnes, who has made countless thousands laugh, is in a class by himself as a singing comedian. He has successfully baffled all imitators.

Grace De Mar, the winsome singing comedienne, brings with her new songs written for her by Herbert Moore.

Billy Frawley and Edna Louise, comedians of great ability, will appear in a one-act playlet by Jack Lait, entitled "Seven A. M." They respectively impersonate a night clerk and a cigar-stand girl in a hotel.

Jane Barber and Jerome Jackson indulge in wit, repartee, and song, and are responsible for a quarter of an hour's hearty laughter.

Howard's Spectacle introduces a number of trained Shetland ponies and terriers who accomplish remarkable feats.

Meredith and Snoozer, a dog and a man, contribute one of the most novel acts in

vaudeville. Snoozer is a fine bulldog possessed of accomplishments almost human. He apparently understands every word Meredith addresses him.

The Musical Hunters, consisting of Mr. and Miss Hunter, are skilled musicians who perform on the violin and bells, give a duet in brass, and conclude with what they call "A Musical Hunting Trip Through the Forest." In this expedition Mr. Hunter conducts with a violin and Miss Hunter imitates birds, beasts, the whistling of the wind, the rushing of the brook, the galloping of horses, and the blacksmith hammering at his anvil and blowing the bellows at his forge.

Hyams and McIntyre in their successful comedietta, "Mayhloom," will be the only hold-over.

Symphony Orchestra.

Albert Spalding will make his final appearance here this season as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, December 21st, in the Curran Theatre. Spalding will play Bruch's Scotch Fantasia with the orchestra, which displayed his art so wonderfully on Friday.

The remaining numbers, for orchestra alone, will be Kallinikow's First Symphony in G minor and Wagner's gigantic overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

Because of the many holidays activities there will be no concerts during Christmas week. The seventh pair of symphonies is calendared for Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 2d and 4th.

Special Children's Concert.

A special concert, the programme of which has been contrived to appeal to young people, will be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday afternoon, December 30th, in the Curran Theatre. Prices will be popular, and tickets are already selling at a lively rate at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Humorists Scarce.

A recent contributor to this page has pointed out that it is some years since the English stage produced a new really funny man or woman. A similarly lamentable state obtains in connection with our literature. No new humorist in fiction has gladdened publishers and public for a long time.

The sad, strange circumstance is the subject of constant comment in literary circles. Humorous writers never very plentiful, seem almost to have died out. Occasionally some one will show promises, but either he does not "last" or else does not mature.

It is not possible to name any author who became known within, say, the last ten years who is generally accepted as an undoubted humorist. The "old gang," all of them writing less and less, are still in possession of the literary shelves so far as humorous stories are concerned.

"It seems impossible to find a new writer with the gift of making the average intelligent reader laugh nowadays," said a reader the other day. "I do not know a single new humorist among writers of today. There are, of course, those who pose as such, but even when it is read with the best will in the world, it is very difficult even to smile at parts of their work. To say that any 'new' author writes really humorous hooks is to say the thing that is not."

The editor of a well-known fiction magazine pointed out a curious thing in connection with short stories:

"In my experience they run in cycles of types. Sometimes one gets a glut of adventure stories. Then they fall off and a succession of, say, fanciful yarns pours in. Fanciful stuff may be followed by a string of sex problem stories. Humor is always very hard to find."

Why humorous stories should be so rare no one seems to be able to explain satisfactorily. Perhaps it is because they are so hard to write. On one point, however, every one is in agreement: no woman has ever shown signs of becoming a writer of humorous fiction.

Any woman who did show adequate signs of such an ability would be sure of a big sale for her hooks. Most of us would read her out of sheer curiosity—"W. P." in Continental Edition of London Mail.

Learning to Face Tigers.

Every elephant used for tiger-hunting must be steady, obedient, and fearless, for if a single elephant misbehaves or bolts when he confronts one of the huge cats, the deadly contagion of fear may spread broadcast, and runaways, broken palanquins, and loss of life may result. This is the way in which men select the animals to train for the hunt:

As a preliminary step, they walk the elephants to and fro in a court where are ranged cages containing tigers and leopards, for the sporting rajahs generally maintain private menageries. When they have become accustomed to the smell of these animals, a tiger is chained to a post in an open space, with a leash carefully regulated to limit the length of his leaps. The mabouts then force the



The Golden Pheasant

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Restaurant Refined

Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

pupil-elephant to approach as near the post as safety allows, and to remain for some time within a few steps of the tiger.

Each day the tiger's chain is lengthened, and the prisoner, who is kept half-starved, charges fiercely at the elephant as it comes near. Those elephants which stand their ground without flinching are considered qualified for the hunt in the jungle, but those that have revealed the least timidity are degraded from the rank of hunter—the aristocracy of their kind—and are turned over to ignominious labor.

According to a zoölogist of the Calcutta Museum, among every thousand elephants that undergo this training only about fifty will not bolt when brought face to face with the chained tiger; but nearly half of those that stand their ground bravely at first retreat before a more ferocious assault.

Locusts are today eaten in Arabia, pretty much as they were in the time of John the Baptist. Foreigners as well as natives declare that they are really an excellent article of diet.

Chinese fathers can not leave more property to one son than to another. All must have an equal share.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Saturday Evening

"7 DAYS' LEAVE"

Two Weeks—Beginning Sun. Night, Dec. 21

A. H. Woods Presents

The Smashing New York Farce Success

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"

Night Prices, 50c to \$2.00

Mats. Sat., Xmas and New Years, 50c to \$1.50

WED. MATS., BEST SEATS \$1.00

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—Argonaut.

This Week—"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"

Max Marcin's Tremendous Emotional Drama

XMAS WEEK—COM. SUN. MAT., DEC. 21

The Comedy of Youth, Love and Patriotism

"THE LITTLE TEACHER"

By the Author of "A Tailor Made Man"

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett Walter P. Richardson

Sun., Dec. 28—Happy New Year Week

The Uporatically Funny Farcical Comedy

"A FULL HOUSE"

By the Author of "A Tailor Made Man"

Twice New Year's Eve—7:30 & 9:45—Get seats

Usual Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

A SPARKLING NEW BILL

FORD SISTERS Present "The Frolic of

1920," with Their Own Orchestra. STUART

BARNES, Singing Comedian; GRACE DE

MAR, Presenting "The Eternal Feminine";

BILLY FRAWLEY and EDNA LOUISE in

"Seven A. M."; JANE BARBER and JE-

ROME JACKSON, Just Mirth and Melody;

HOWARD'S SPECTACLE; MEREDITH and

SNOOZER, the Intellectual Bulldog; MU-

SICAL HUNTERS, presenting "The Hunts-

man's Dream"; HYAMS and MCINTYRE in

a Model Playlet, "Mayhloom."

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

VANITY FAIR.

The Duke of Devonshire was probably right when he said that the sight of Devonshire House was an incentive to Bolshevism. It was built two hundred years ago and it cost \$1,000,000 to build, but the dollar went so much further then than it does now. Devonshire House has just been sold for \$5,000,000 to an American syndicate, and it will be refashioned into a modern hotel to which, let us hope, the Bolsheviks will not so much object. At least we may hope that the new hotel will be good to look upon, which Devonshire House certainly is not.

They were individualists in those days. The man who built Devonshire House cared nothing at all about its external appearance. If the passer-by supposed it to be a jail he was at liberty to do so, or an almshouse. Devonshire House is on Piccadilly, but it contemptuously turns its back on one of the chief London thoroughfares. Its builder was concerned only with the inside of his house, and not at all with its outside. He was not anxious to display his wealth to the public. He cared nothing at all about the public. He wanted a vast structure that should give no external sign of its inner and invisible glories, which were reserved for the socially and politically elect. And now Devonshire House passes away with the old order of things and the place that knew it once shall know it no more forever.

The owners of the great London houses are hastening to rid themselves of their possessions. Lansdowne House is said to be in the market. Chesterfield House is already sold. Chesterfield House was rented by the Duke of Roxburg, who married Miss May Goelet. Colonel House was entertained here by the British government at the time America entered the war. The Duke of Rutland is another great aristocrat who has just sold his house after renting it for some years to Gordon Selfridge. Lord Ebury has sold his country house in Surrey to Lord Leverhulme, who presumably was rewarded with a peerage for the excellence of his soap, or rather for the donations which his excellent soap had made possible.

There is no doubt that some of these sales have been actuated by a laudable desire to lessen the visible differences between wealth and poverty. It is an example that might be followed by New York, for instance, where we see a squalid and brutal extravagance within a stone throw of children who fight on the sidewalk for a scrap of apple peel. But then that is another story, with its concluding chapters still unwritten.

There is another reason for the sale of the great London houses. Their owners say that the automobile has brought the country so close to the town that there is no need to maintain two establishments. And then, of course, there is a third reason, perhaps the best of all. Their owners need the money to

pay an income tax unprecedented in the annals of the country.

Some amusing letters from Paris describe the amazement of the French as they surveyed the stately ceremonialism that characterized the visit of President Wilson. The French do not talk much about democracy. They are democracy. If the President of the French Republic visits another country his movements are so inconspicuous as to be almost unnoticed. Now the French had heard a good deal about the democracy of America, and they supposed it to be something quite different from their own, which may be compared with a man's skin as opposed to the clothes that he puts on. The French had read stories about Jefferson—mostly apocryphal—and they had memories of Franklin. They looked forward to seeing a modern American President who would illustrate the virtues of a severe simplicity carried to its ultimate. Just what they did expect, no one knows, but certainly it did not "come off." They were amazed by a display of pomp and magnificence that might have attended a visit by the Czar at a time when that potentate had not yet learned that all flesh is grass.

They stood and gaped at the wonder of it. To think that such prodigal glories should be for the entertainment of one man who had arrived as the protagonist of democracy. And the never-absent line of splendid American automobiles at the door! And the flunkies! And the genuflections! And the obeisances! And the formalities! And the inaccessibility of every one! And the haughtiness and condescension of every one! It is said that President Poincaré, on foot and almost unattended, sometimes passed along the street and glanced curiously at a splendor that one associates with royalty in the middle ages rather than with democracy in the twentieth century. One is reminded of the well-known *Punch* sketch of the respectable old British couple watching the play of "Cleopatra" and fascinated by the barbaric splendors and still more barbaric behavior of the Egyptian queen. "Ah, my dear," says the old lady to her spouse, "how different from the 'ome life of our own dear queen." The French must have had somewhat similar reflections as they watched the regal court that had been established in their capital and compared it with the natural simplicities that they had hardly learned to recognize as democracy.

To the ancients and to the moderns, to all students of crowned heads, the remark attributed to the Prince of Wales at Mount Vernon, looking at the picture of Edward VII, one of the most successful statesmen and eminent democrats of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, has its charm (says the *New York Times*). The prince, seeing the photograph of the young gentleman who came to see us in 1860, said: "I see grandfather wore a plug hat. I wonder if I should have done the same."

The present prince would have done the same because he would have fulfilled an ancient ritual of custom and demeanor, from which, indeed, an eccentric prince might have released himself, but which no prince properly regarding the feelings of the commercial, the "middle classes" of Great Britain, would have ceased to observe.

But many things have happened since 1860. We all know that the war broke up the strictness of the habit of evening dress. Probably it will be resumed, unless it is so thoroughly democratic that the British Labor party and the lovers of a proletarian state will not consent to it. It is true that in London, once, at least, the cosmopolitan city of the world, as a good old cowboy, a second son of an old patrician clan, said, a man could walk from Cheapside to Pall Mall in the drear December with a straw hat on his head, a "topper" in his hand, and nobody would pay the slightest attention to him, look at him sidewise or frontwise, or in any other wise. It is the habit, or it was the habit, of the people of London to mind their own business. Still, there was a time when everybody wore a black coat and a tall hat. If one went into a public house, in a room preserved for the selected if not too select classes, the attorney, the pharmacist, the local administrator of the poor rates, were taking a little glass. They always wore the long frock coat, of which our youths, brought up on morning coats, will not see the absurdity. One remembers being shaved at Warwick or Stratford-on-Avon or Oxford by a gentleman with a beautiful white beard and properly frock-coated, who put on his stove pipe when he left the shop.

"Heavens, what a man!" "What's the trouble, my dear?" "We quarreled again this morning. I said, 'You poor fish, you ran around after me for three years before I'd consent to marry you, dropping on your knees and proposing to me over and over again in the most absurd fashion.'" "And what did he say to that?" "He said, 'My love, don't mix metaphors. A fish could not possibly perform the feats you attribute to me.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Bridge of Bamboo.

The natives of Java have a bridge-building technic which utilizes to the limit their slight resources for work of this character. Of raw materials they are acquainted with hut two, and one of these is really a product of their own ingenuity. They have no nails, no iron, no true wood; they are forced to rely entirely upon bamboo for the structural parts, and upon a rope of their own manufacture to effect the junctures.

The span is almost 150 feet, and the width of the roadway some four feet. The four bamboo columns at either side of the stream are built up of a double length of from fifty to sixty bamboos, tied up with rope and firmly pressed together by forcing a quantity of wedges between rope and bamboos, tied up with rope and firmly pressed together by forcing a quantity of wedges between rope and bamboos. Such columns are found to be of remarkable strength and elasticity.

The original element which the Javan natives have brought to the construction of these bridges, as remarked, is the rope. This is made of a fibre taken from the native arepalm, which grows all over the island.

It makes a rope that resists effectively the heavy decaying action of the hot and damp tropical climate with its legions of fungi; in fact it lasts for many years without any indications of rotting. So between this rope and the bamboo, the natives are able to achieve a semi-permanent structure for which it would be hard to find a peer on the ground of cheapness and durability. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole thing is the degree to which has been approximated the best type of bridge arch. How does an ignorant savage know that a bridge ought not to be built perfectly flat?

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Eyes tested while you wait" a sign reads in a downtown window. The other day a man stood in front of the optometrist's window and was heard to say: "I don't know what to do—either I have them tested while I wait, or I can leave them here and call for them later."

The girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought. "What's she waiting for?" said her mistress, who was watching. "Dunno," wearily replied hubby. "P'raps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

Slater was absorbed in the evening newspaper when his young son's crying disturbed him. "What is that child howling for now?" he demanded, irascibly. "He wants his own way," said Mrs. Slater. "Well," argued Slater, absent-mindedly, as his eye fell on a particularly interesting item, "if it's his, why don't you let him have it."

A Sunday-school teacher in London was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom. "When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently. One small girl, who evidently had had experience in such matters, replied, "Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"

A certain music-hall artist used to tour the English provinces with a flock of performing ducks. But the "turn" got old and managers refused to book him. He had been "resting" for a long time when he received a telegram asking him to give his turn at a hall in the north. Sadly he wired back: "Regret can not come. Have eaten the act."

"Some people," declared a Los Angeles judge, "don't know when a good quarrel has come to a perfectly good ending. If they did, half the trouble between man and wife would never be aired in court. Too many are like the couple at Venice whose bickerings, which the thin walls of the summer cottage could not stifle, kept the neighborhood awake for hours. Finally the storm seemed to have passed, but just as the whole block was breathing a sigh of relief the woman snapped: 'Well, I hope that now I can take my beauty

sleep without further interruption.' 'My dear,' retorted the man, 'if that's what you're going to take, you'll have to imitate Rip Van Winkle,' and with that the storm broke out all over again."

When you do not intend to pay a bill there is nothing like being decisive in your refusal. The other day a bookseller had an "account rendered" returned to him with the following reply scrawled across the billhead: "Dear Sir—I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't. Now go and hang yourself, you fat-head.—Yours very respectfully, John Jones."

A certain physician who belongs to an athletic club was regaling some cronies with anecdotes that centred on the profession. One was on a fellow-member. Seems he was called on the phone some time after midnight and listened, half asleep, to the following: "Oh, doctor, come over quick. Willie is awful sick. He can't stand; he can't sit; he can't lie down; he—," "Coming right over," cried the doctor, adding, "and tell Willie to roost till I get there."

It was midnight; he had been at a very jolly birthday party, and had wine, not wisely, but too well. He found his own front door with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the key-hole by instinct. Once in the dimly-lighted hall there was an ominous silence, followed by a tremendous crash of breaking glass. "Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above. "It's all right, Mary, but I'll teach those goldfish not to snap at me."

Prince Albert, King George's second son, who is to be made a "Freeman" of London, is fond of telling the story of a crochety old farmer who consulted a solicitor about trouble with his neighbor. "I want you to write him a letter an' tell him this here foolishness has got ter stop." "Very well," said the solicitor. "What do you want to say?" "Waal," answered the farmer, "begin by tellin' him that he's the blackest, lyin'est, thiev'in'est, low-downest scoundrel on a'ir, and then work it oop."

Years ago Thomas A. Edison used to try to instill the rudiments of science into the head of his young son and never overlooked an opportunity to use some everyday happening to illustrate some principle of mechanics.

On this particular occasion, chancing to spy a peddler pushing a handcart, the great inventor cried: "Now there's a good example. I don't suppose you can tell me why he pushes the cart instead of pulls it. I don't know whether the man himself could answer. I'll ask him." "My good man," said the inventor, turning to the peddler, "why do you push the cart rather than pull it?" "Cause I ainta da hoss, you damma fool," was the unscientific, though disconcerting answer.

A certain senator, deploring the dishonest methods of one type of business man, once said, with a smile: "It all brings back to me a dialogue I once heard in a Southern school. 'Children,' said the teacher, 'be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington, whose birthday we are soon to celebrate. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said a little boy. 'He couldn't tell a lie.'"

With all his wild cheers and vigorous gestures of encouragement, the Harvard undergraduate with the girl in the grandstand survived the strain until near the end of the second quarter. The Crimson halfback then caught a forward pass, shuffled off two Yale tacklers, and crossed the goal line for the winning touchdown. In the subsequent uproar one soft sentence, ringing high above the infernal roar, was put to him by the Radcliffe sophomore at his side: "What is all the excitement about?" she asked. It took the waterboy's sponge to revive him.

The new minister, who was rather young, and five-year-old Marion became great friends at sight. And Marion was not impressed much by his ministerial dignity even at church. The other Sunday, when he went home with them for dinner, she was delighted. The little girl from next door came over to see the visitor. "He's the minister at your church, isn't he?" she asked. Very decisively Marion shook her head. "Oh, no; he's just a nice boy who sometimes comes to our house and eats a whole lot and sometimes goes to our church and talks a little bit," was the reply.

"France is astonished," said a comedian, "over the income-tax declaration of Gaby Deslys, playing in Paris now, which declared that she was worth \$17,000,000. France says for her part that Gaby Deslys isn't clever enough to merit so great a fortune. Well, that reminds me of Gaby's first interview with a manager in Marseilles. When she told him she wanted to go on the stage he looked at her and said: 'My dear young lady, you are beautiful, you are even very beautiful, but you are not clever.' Gaby Deslys laughed gayly. 'Monsieur,' she said; 'is there anything cleverer than to be very beautiful?'"

Mr. and Mrs. Newbride had at last obtained a villa in a suburb of London, and Mr. Newbride was hanging the pictures. There was a certain photograph of his wife which he decided must go up, but which was too small to suspend from the rail by a cord. He thereupon got a substantial nail and hammered it into the wall. There came a knock at the door. "It's Mr. Nexdor," said his wife, running to the window. "Your hammering has disturbed him." Mr. Newbride hastened to apologize. "Oh, I don't mind the noise," replied Mr. Nexdor, cheerily. "I only came to ask if I might hang a picture on the other end of the nail."

A benevolent old gentleman stopped at the sight of two similar-looking infants in a baby carriage. "Ah, twins!" he said to the nurse. "And how do you know them apart? Which is which?" "This one," answered the nurse, pointing, "is this, and that one is that." "Quite so," said the gentleman. "But"—indicating the second one—"might not this one be this also?" "It might," replied the girl: "but, then, that one would be that." "And how do you manage to separate them?" "We put one in one room, and the other in another." "Indeed! And which one do you put in one room?" "Sometimes this one, and sometimes that." "And how do you know which one you're putting in which room?" "We look and see which one is in the other room, and then we know that the other is in which room." "Good!" said the gentleman. "But if one of them was in the house, and the other was away somewhere, would you be able to tell which was in the house?" "Ob, yes, sir!" replied the girl, earnestly. "All we would have to do would be to look at him, and then we'd know that the one we saw was the one in the house, and then, of course, the one away somewhere would be the other. There are only two of them, you see, which makes it very easy."

"What do you think of the two candidates?" "Well, the more I think of it the more pleased I am that only one of them can be elected." —Michigan Gargoyle.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Cecils.

The Child's Guide to an Understanding of the British Constitution.

When the Sixth Edward pined upon his throne; And Mary nursed her miseries alone; And wearied England once again drew breath In the large splendor of Elizabeth, One morning, in a burst of sultry flame, The Church of England and the Cecils came; And Englishmen must suffer, will or nil, The Church of England and the Cecils still.

If one election, in a crowded hour, Should bring six hundred Cecils into power With sixty-nine more, each some close relation, 'Twould leave Lloyd George in hopeless isolation. Lloyd George, whom no such prospect e'er defeats, Adds to the Commons thirty-seven seats; Wherefore the Cecils, too, must add three dozens To their established hierarchy of cousins.

—C. K. S. M., in the New Witness.

What's the Use?

I used to be nuts on the uniform, I knew every badge and bar, The stripe or the chevron cuneiform, The leaf and the shoulder star; I could tell the suit of a Belgian lieutenant From the garb of a French hussar, And the Czech's breeches from the Serb's and Greek's— But now—they have gone too far!

For though I keep up with the various Diversified garb and hue Of soldiery multifarious In khaki and green and blue— Though I know each rank of the French and Yank Of English—Italian, too; I give up hope, for I can not cope With the prospect that looms in view.

The labor is too terrific! Of knowing just what may be Insignia hieroglyphical On fellows from overseas, The ribbons queer and the shoulder-gear In mystic variety; I'd like to know what they mean, but oh, The job is too much for me! —Berton Bralley, in the Home Sector.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coon have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothea Coon, and Mr. Cornelius Winkler of Holland. The latter is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Winkler of The Hague. The marriage of Miss Coon and Mr. Winkler will take place in the spring.

The marriage of Miss Mary Frances Joy of St. Louis and Mr. Robert Bagnell took place last Wednesday in the Eastern city. The bride spent the greater part of the summer in California with Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn.

Miss Jane Flood gave a luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont, her guests having been Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Sr., Mrs. Arthur Page, Mrs. William Gwin, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. C. P. Ellis, Mrs. Beverly Mac-

Near, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Gertrude Clark, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover gave a luncheon Friday in Palo Alto, complimenting Countess d'Ursule of Belgium.

Mr. George McNear gave a dinner and bridge party last Tuesday evening.

Miss Gertrude Clark entertained a group of debutantes at luncheon Thursday, those attending the affair including Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, and Miss Evelyn Cunningham.

Miss Elizabeth Bliss gave a luncheon a few days ago in Piedmont, her guests having included Miss Mora MacDonald, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Anne Howard, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Merrill, and Miss Amanda McNear.

Miss Frederika Otis and Miss Dorothy Woodworth were the guests of honor at a tea given last Thursday by Mrs. Warren Perry. Among the guests were Mrs. Temple Bridgman, Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. William Powell, Mrs. Oliver Wyman, Mrs. Swift Norris, Mrs. Walter Shelton, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Julia Bennett, Miss Barbara Campion, Miss Louise Bullock, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Katherine Bennett, Miss Helen Baily, and Miss Florence Williams.

Mrs. Forrest Carey gave a luncheon Wednesday in San Rafael in honor of Miss Mary Armshy.

Mr. Jerome Politzer entertained at dinner Tuesday evening at the Palace, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jacobi, Mrs. Constance Lynch, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Frances Revett, Mr. Bradley Wallace, Mr. J. A. Doyer, and Mr. Cornelius Winkler.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear of Petaluma gave a theatre and supper party Monday night for their niece, Miss Amanda McNear. The guests were Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Harris Carigan, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. A. Coney, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Gordon Johnson, and Mr. Denman McNear.

Mr. Sherwood Chapman gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Fairmont in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foss, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Marjorie Fitch, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Helen Foster, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, and Mr. Jerome Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus entertained at dinner last Thursday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Messer, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. William Porter, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mr. J. N. Neltner, and Mr. Maurice Hall.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon Tuesday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood entertained at dinner Monday evening, their guests including Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Harris Carigan, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mr. Noel Sullivan entertained a group of friends at a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., gave a bridge-tea Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newball were hosts at dinner Monday evening in Burlingame. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr.

and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

Mrs. Ernest Stent gave a luncheon and bridge Monday at the Francisco Club. Her guests included Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. James Flood, and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus were the guests of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening by Mrs. William Porter.

Mrs. Warren Spicker entertained a group of the younger set at tea Friday afternoon.

The Misses Katherine and Helen Pennell gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at their home in Berkeley in honor of Mrs. Daniel Gardiner and Miss Miriam Gibbons.

Mrs. James Flood gave a luncheon Wednesday, her guests having included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Corbett Moody, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Catherine Shoemaker, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Sophie Belyard, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Carolyn Shoemaker, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Miss Henrietta Harrison Smith entertained at tea Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Philip Emerick.

Dr. Florence Ward.

The premature death of Dr. Florence Ward knocks at many a heart. Devotion to the arduous work of her profession has probably shortened the life of this richly endowed physician and surgeon, who stood so high that she was generally regarded as the leading woman physician of the Pacific Coast.

Her reputation extended as far as the East, where a number of her former patients who had attained fame still clung to her as their ideal of the calm, wise, kind, helpful, encouraging physician.

"Doctor Florence," as she was affectionately known to her patients and nursing staff, took the keenest interest in every movement of the day. Yet never was there doctor more ardently devoted to meeting the toil and responsibilities inseparable from such a profession. Her life was passed in ministering to others. She had the born physician's passion for healing, and as a surgeon her skill was remarkable.

To a doctor so untiring in her work, so energetic by temperament, and so enthusiastic in the practice of her profession continued life without health might have seemed a doubtful blessing. But her too early death brings to many the sad realization that they have lost at once a trusted, honored doctor, and a deeply loved and valued friend.

J. H. P.

Death of Daniel T. Murphy.

Daniel T. Murphy of San Francisco and Burlingame died suddenly in New York on Monday of this week.

The Fight Against Tuberculosis.

No agency of charity has the right to appeal for public support except upon the basis of definite community service. This requirement is amply fulfilled by the San Francisco Society for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, whose annual Christmas Seal campaign is now in progress and which further appeals for aid through membership fees and donations. This society maintains five clinics for examination and treatment of tuberculosis patients. It maintains an open-air school in which children especially subject to tuberculosis are cared for. It supplies lecturers for the instruction of groups of working men in factories and other establishments. It maintains six nurses who work in different areas, looking after tubercular sufferers and enforcing protective measures. Results in the period of the society's activity have more than justified the effort that has been made; and the importance of the work here in California is attested by the fact that of eleven thousand deaths from tuberculosis in California last year approximately 30 per cent. contracted the disease here. Mr. John Drum has succeeded the late Mr. Jesse Lillienthal as president of the society, and the executive secretary in direct charge of activities of the society is Dr. Mary Harris. Headquarters are 1547 Jackson Street, where checks will be gratefully received.

"How much longer," growled the guest, "are those two old codgers over there in the corner going to continue to wrangle?" "About an hour, probably," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "They are discussing the league of nations, and they've only got as far as arguing yet. They have to cuss and yell and call names before they get it settled for today and start off madder than wet hens.—Kansas City Star.

Hearing has been restored to more than two-thirds of his accidentally deafened patients by a French physician who massages their ears with sound waves.

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About the Life of Guns.

The life of a gun depends upon the progress of erosion, which sooner or later is certain to impair the accuracy of fire. Erosion is caused by the action of the explosive gases at high temperature and pressure. The hot gases cause a thin film of steel to absorb heat. The film expands and becomes set. Upon the release of the pressure it contracts, which action causes minute cracks that grow larger with every discharge. As they increase in size they form passageways for more hot gas, and that tends to enlarge them still further. The inner surface thus becomes roughened and the bands begin to corrode.

Finally the bore becomes so enlarged that it allows the gases to escape. The shell does not then acquire its proper rotation, and its flight becomes erratic. All guns except small ones are now constructed with linings in the tube, which, when the bore is worn out, are

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removed and replaced by new ones. The cost of relining a gun is approximately 30 per cent. of the cost of the gun. There appears to be no limit to the number of times that a gun can be relined.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, who have resided in Portland for the past year, have moved to Los Angeles, where they will make their permanent home.

Mrs. John Percival Jones will leave the first of the week for Los Angeles to pass the Christmas holidays. Since her arrival from New York Mrs. Jones has been at the Clift Hotel.

Mrs. George Shreve and Mrs. Gilbert Stockton have returned to San Mateo from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Miss Josephine Parrott, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson in town, has returned to San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Warwick will arrive the first of the week from Texas to spend the

Christmas season with the latter's mother, Mrs. Harrison Smith. Mrs. Warwick has not visited in San Francisco since her marriage, which took place last summer.

Mrs. George Page is in Los Angeles visiting Mr. and Mrs. Donald Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer and Miss Agnes Shreve will return from New York after the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley have arrived from Pebble Beach for a brief sojourn in town.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale is in Washington visiting Mrs. George Pillsbury. She has recently been in Philadelphia with Mrs. George Hood.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl has taken an apartment in New York for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus will leave today for their home in Washington, where they will spend the rest of the winter season.

Mrs. Maconday Moore has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime.

Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray has gone to Santa Barbara to remain over the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Marjorie Josse-lyn returned last week from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Frank Griffin has returned from a visit of several weeks in Washington and New York.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Perrin will arrive from Arizona in January to visit Mrs. John McMullin.

Mrs. Earl Shipp has gone to San Diego to join Commander Shipp, U. S. N., who is on duty there.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt have taken a house on Scott Street for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Christian de Guigné is spending a few days at the Palace with Mrs. Nielson.

Mrs. Walter Seymour has taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. Alan Cline has returned from an absence of two months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Frink of Santa Barbara are visiting in Piedmont with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling have returned to San Francisco, after a month's sojourn in New York.

Mrs. William Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham have returned to Santa Barbara from Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Randall will leave Monday for Montecito, after a week's visit in town with Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels have returned from a visit of several months in New York.

Mr. William Tevis will return Tuesday from a trip to New York.

Mrs. Albert Shaw has returned to Hollister, after a visit in San Francisco with her sister, Mrs. Edward Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and their children have gone to Del Monte to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Girvin.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Mr. Denman McNear have returned to Petaluma, after a brief sojourn at the Clift Hotel.

Miss Eliot Boke returned Tuesday from Del Monte, where she has been visiting for ten days past.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman will leave for New York December 27th to spend the remainder of the holidays with Miss Lisa Stillman, who is completing her schooling in the Eastern metropolis.

Miss Evelyn Barron has returned to San Mateo from a week's visit in Del Monte.

Mrs. Godfrey Samuelson of St. James Court, London, England, arrived at Santa Barbara December 12th and will spend the winter at El Encanto. Mrs. Walter Ferris of Vancouver will join her there next week and be her guest for two months.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Edwards, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Denman, Los Angeles; Mr. F. C. Sloan, Stockton; Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Ketchum, Palo Alto; Lieutenants R. G. Booth and R. B. Randall, Australia; Mr. Clark Lowery, New York City; Mr. F. Gallegos, Nicaragua; Mr. T. E. Farrow, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Boyer, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Van Oordt, Java; Mr. Richard M. Gordon, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson, San Jose.

Among the arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. G. J. Kuhrt, Mr. G. M. Swindell, Los Angeles; Mr. Dunning Rideout, Marysville; Mr. L. A. Nares, Fresno; Mr. A. M. Ardery, Carson City, Nevada; Mr. John E. Sexton, Reno, Nevada; Mr. Etheridge Walker, Trinity Centre; Mr. W. Newman, Fresno; Mr. C. Jacobsen, Copenhagen; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. del Arco, Spain; Mr. H. A. Jastro, Bakersfield; Mr. N. A. Dunyon, Salt Lake City; Mr. Bayley Hipkins, Tacoma; Mr. George Howard Hutchins, Mr. Walter Case, Mr. William Upham, New York City; Mr. A. Reimann, Copenhagen.

It is said that not many people who think they "know London" could locate off-hand the little City Church of St. Anne and St. Agnes, to the rectory of which Bishop Bury is appointed. It stands on the north side of Gresham Street, near the old general post-office, and, indeed, was originally a mere annex of the collegiate foundation of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The double dedication is said to commemorate the names of twin sisters, who built the first church at their own expense. Externally there is little to remark about the present edifice beyond a well-proportioned square tower, but the interior, in plan a Greek cross, furnishes a good illustration of Wren's ingenuity in dealing with the very cramped area at his disposal. By a graceful arrangement of Corinthian columns a cruciform shape is produced, which seems the best possible way of distributing the light under difficult conditions.

"That's my last canvas," said D'Auher. "I started that six months ago. You see, some days I paint away feverishly, forcefully, absorbently, while on other days I can't paint at all." "I see," said Crittack; "you painted this on one of the other days."—*Tit-Bits.*

FATE OF JEWELS.

Never perhaps in the history of the world have there been so many gems "loose" as there are in the present day. The treasures of the Serbian kings, the royal treasures of Russia, the jewels of private individuals whose homes were invaded—are today in the hands of unknown persons in various parts of the world. Few of the precious jewels of the European monarchs have appeared on the market.

Already the police of foreign countries are troubled with reports of frauds connected with these jewels. The impostor who professes to have a part of the "loose" loot is already offering to sell the treasures at a "ridiculously low price" if the purchaser will advance a certain sum "as evidence of good faith." And the police of foreign countries are surprised at the number of people who are caught in the little fraudulent game (says the *Kansas City Star*). The same fraud was practiced when treasures were reported lost in the French Revolution, in the Peninsular War, and in the Franco-Prussian War of 1871.

While the political pot boils in Russia with such intensity that an outsider takes his life in his own hands to enter the country, treasure seekers or their agents are already browsing around seeking the precious things that may come cheap among the sackers of the royal treasure houses. Whispers have spread of the stealthy passing of the wondrous gems concealed in filthy rags in the vile drinking dens of the criminal quarters of Petrograd. The agents of jewel seekers who have ventured into these criminal haunts for jewels stolen from the treasure houses of Russia are many. Decrees of death against the thieves have failed to restore the treasures.

The contents of the Kremlin, the greatest Russian royal treasure house, were alone estimated to be worth more than one hundred million dollars. In it were the thrones of the past emperors, the royal crowns, the collection of hundreds of years of Russia's har- haric splendor.

In the Winter Palace, the Petrograd residence of the court, were the crowns of the Czar and the Czarina, and the renowned room full of diamond, emerald, and ruby ornaments. The royal residence outside of Petrograd, Tsarskoe Selo, with its famous lapis lazuli room of which the floor was of chony inlaid with mother-of-pearl was a third treasure house despoiled by the pillagers.

And the Serbian monarchs' jewels—treasure that no common eyes had even looked

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upon—were looted as the invaders heat hack the Serbian army late in 1916. In a secret vault within the grim walls of the ancient monastery of Vesoki Dechani, far up in a mountain gorge, the jewels had remained hidden as they accumulated through the ages. The monastery had been guarded by a superstitious reverence where the holy dead would take vengeance against any one daring to raise a predatory hand against it.

The royal jewels of Germany—their owners better able to take precautionary measures against their loss—have been secretly conveyed to places of security in Holland and Switzerland, and the jewels of the Hapsburgs are understood to have been preserved and in the hands of the government that has superseded the old régime.

The Belgian and French governments have received claims amounting to millions of pounds from private persons, pleading the loss of jewels during the German invasion and seeking compensation from the enemy, into whose hands they are supposed to have fallen. A huge amount of jewelry was hurried in secret hiding places, many of which, it appears, have been rifled.

One important step towards finality in the philatelic affairs of new Europe is the issue of unified postage stamps for the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, instead of the separate issues for Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, and Serbia. They bear the likeness of the veteran King Peter I, as overlord of Greater Serbia, and are inscribed in both Latin and Cyrillic characters. Meanwhile, from Agram (Jugo-Slavia) comes news that the Croatian national postage stamps issued on January 16th this year have been obsolete since May 27th and that in the interim the Slavonian types printed at Leihach have been used by the Croatian postoffice, pending the appearance of the new general series, which was to have come into use on August 1st.


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"Does your cook give you any impertinence?" "No; she charges me \$10 a week for it."—*Washington Star*.

"I almost changed countenance when I heard it." "What a pity you lost such a chance."—*Baltimore American*.

A college youth's idea of condescension is to come home and allow himself to be treated as one of the family.—*Dallas News*.

"I hear they have established a home for telephone operators?" "And what did they name it?" "Listen Inn."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Oil Promoter—Do you know what would happen if we struck oil in this well? *Friend*—You'd be the most surprised man in the world.—*Judge*.

Visitor—What lovely furniture. *Johnny*—Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it; anyway he's always calling.—*Yale Record*.

"Riches have wings," sighed the Old Fogey. "Maybe," replied Grouch. "But you never heard of an instance in which they took a man to Heaven."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Fother (sternly)—Young man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter last night. *Youth*—I suppose you noticed how she struggled, too.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

"It's great to be on the water-wagon." "How's that?" "It goes so slow you can stop off every block, get a drink, and catch up with it."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

Tommy—Isn't "wholesome" a funny word, father? *Father*—What's funny about it? *Tommy*—Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left.—*London Answers*.

"This pianist is charging me enough for a little music. I wonder how he figures it, by the note?" "Dunno. He's making a fearful racket." "I'll say he is. Probably he charges by the pound."—*New York Globe*.

Porson—Who is making that terrible noise and using that terrible language in your house, Mrs. Petersen? *Mrs. Petersen*—It's only my husband. He wants to go to church and can't find his prayer-book.—*London Answers*.

Treedgold—Look here, young man! What's it got to do with you how much I'm going to

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settle on Mahel when she marries? You ain't in love with her, eh? *Archie*—Well, not yet; but you don't expect me to catch fire without being insured first, do you?—*Tit-Bits*.

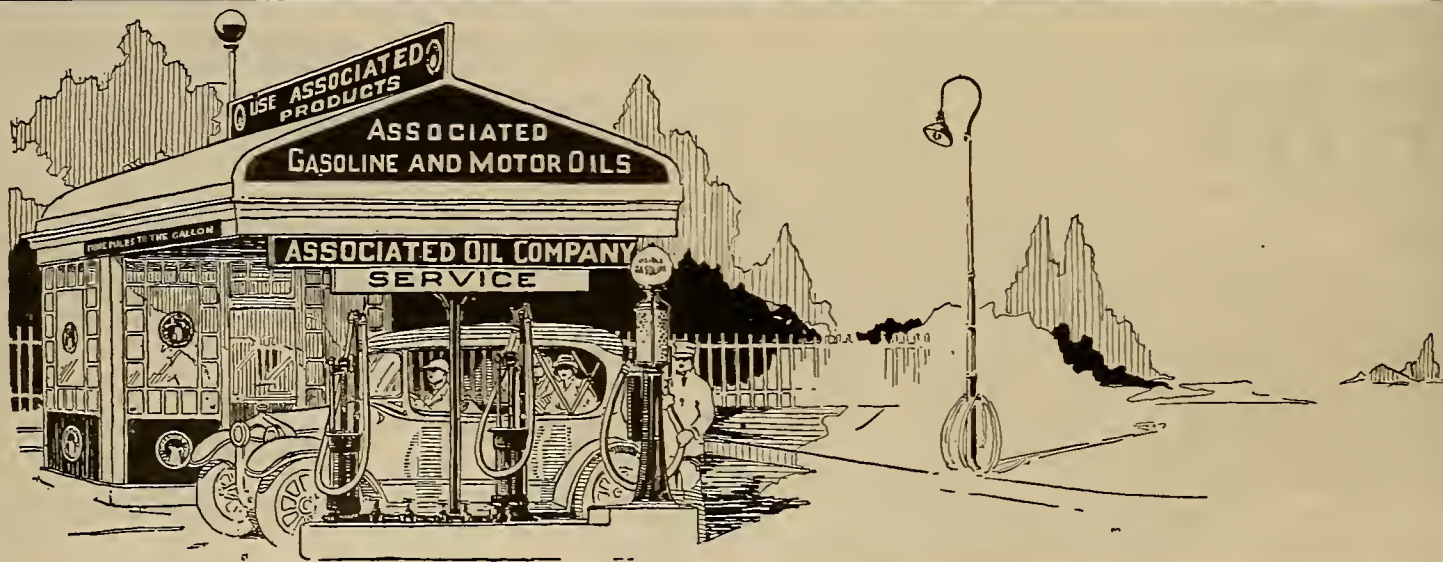
"Be careful in dusting those portraits, Mary," said the mistress to her new help; "they are all old masters." A look of amazement came into the girl's face. "Gracious, ma'am!" she gasped, "who'd ever thought you'd been married all them times."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mr. Blowster, I'm compelled to ask you for a raise in salary. "Compelled," sir? Nonsense. What do you mean by 'compelled'?" "Well, if you could hear a dictagraph record

of the way my wife talks to me about my present income, you'd understand."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Scribbler has written two books. The second will live." "What about the first?" "Oh, it was a best seller and enabled him to live while he was writing the second."—*Judge*.

"Has that there bone-dry lickie they say some feller down in the holler is selling got much kick to it?" asked a citizen of Sandy Musb, Arkansas. "Kick?" replied an acquaintance. "Tell you what's a fact, Gabe: You take a dram of it, and before it gets clear down you've hit the other side of the room, and fell to the floor senseless."—*Judge*.



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VOL. LXXXV. No. 2231.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 27, 1919.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Late Homer S. King.

The death of Homer S. King, albeit he had ceased to be an active factor in the life of San Francisco, is a moral loss to the community. In all the years of his busy participation in affairs and later in his retirement Mr. King was a dependable force. He stood for integrity; he stood for judgment; he stood for the maintenance and the exercise at all times and under all conditions of principles which make for conservatism and which tend, in opposition to radicalisms and to recurrent fevers of innovation, to sustain established standards of civilization. In his attitude towards men and movements Mr. King took nothing for granted; in his views and in his practice he reflected the wholesome principle of caution. It was his way ever to look before leaping, to be certain before accepting things novel and questionable that there should be no sacrifice of things familiar and proved. Thus through a long career of eminence in business and in relation to the influences connected with business—and therefore closely associated with social life in its broad sense—Mr. King was a sound and helpful force.

In the career and example of Mr. King there were the values of wholesome inspiration. In the period of his active life, and long after, he stood as a personal illustration of the qualities in which and upon which

true success is founded. Here was a man free from any vice of selfish policy; here was a man whose word had equal value with his bond; here was a man who practiced no deceptions, no cajoleries; here was a man who in his daily walk illustrated the merits of an unswerving integrity, of a just sense of responsibility, of a dependable worthiness in every situation and relation of life. Who can appraise the value of such a career and such a character in times marked by social changes and in situations oftentimes tending to confusion and demoralization?

And as Mr. King was much deserving so to him much came. It was given him to participate in the activities under which California passed from a land of pastoral isolation, through its golden era, to the larger conditions of today. Thus he had part and share in a development which in its material import and its dramatic interest stands unsurpassed in human annals. To these broad interests there were added the honors of public and private respect and the blessings of domestic fortune.

To die in fullness of years after a life wisely spent and fortunately rewarded, to pass out of life "as one who wraps the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," to be attended to final rest by affection and reverence, to bequeath to his own household and the community a memory in all ways fragrant—this was the high fortune of Homer King. Verily in such a death, following such a life, there is no cause for grief.

Signs of Democratic Revolt.

Behind the record of events at Washington as reported from day to day in press dispatches there is an interesting situation which has either escaped notice of the correspondents or, in its exposition, has called for a candor our daily newspapers do not possess. There are just three Democratic senators who from conviction stand with our stubborn President against any and all proposals of modification in the matter of treaty ratification. A considerable number—possibly a majority on the Democratic side of the House—are in favor of yielding. Mr. Hitchcock, the recognized spokesman for the President, is at heart for compromise; and even Walsh of Montana, one of the three earnest souls above referred to, was moved last week to deplore in public Mr. Wilson's unbending attitude. At the same time a vast deal of jockeying is going on in Democratic ranks for the purpose of saving the face of the party and of the President, if possible.

This situation is reflected in the pending contest between Hitchcock and Underwood for minority leadership in the Senate. For party reasons Underwood refrains from openly urging his claims on grounds of antagonism to the President, although that in reality is the issue upon which the fight is being waged. He hopes to be chosen leader upon some other than the real issue, to the end that the breach in the party may not be emphasized. Hitchcock has a certain advantage in that his candidacy for the leadership may be openly placed upon loyalty to the head of the party in the treaty fight, it being in fact his only asset in the contest.

Unless the President, as may happen, shall cast Hitchcock aside and declare that Underwood is satisfactory to him, the Democratic senators will have to line up for or against the Administration. For Mr. Wilson to abandon a supporter who has been faithful and persistent in service to him would be quite in character, but to accept Underwood openly would be a bitter pill, for there is no secret of Underwood's discontent. Within recent weeks—more particularly in connection with the going down of the treaty to defeat in the closing days of November—Underwood has told his fellow-senators in the cloakrooms, both Democrats and

Republicans, that he was done with being led around by the nose blindfolded. Again and again he has declared in private talk his disgust at the ridiculous position in which himself and his Democratic confrères had been placed by the President.

It is not impossible that the Democratic senators will take the treaty situation from the hands of Mr. Wilson and make their own compromise. There are many evidences that they are seeking light as to the prospects of framing a plan in such form that it may not be repudiated by the President and pocketed by him in anger and resentment. In this purpose they are hampered by inability to get directly into touch with Mr. Wilson. But events are moving toward compromise, and the probabilities are that a workable project will be found and put through very shortly after the holiday recess.

There is a good deal of irritation among Democratic senators due to the fact that while no senator has been able to gain audience with the sick man in the White House, Barney Baruch, the well-known New York stockbroker and financier, had on the 15th an hour with Mr. Wilson—a favor not accorded to any other person excepting Secretary Tumulty since the beginning of the President's illness.

Blunders and Delinquencies.

Within the week the Secretary of the Navy has announced a list of awards of medals and crosses to officers and men of the navy and Marine Corps for distinguished or meritorious service in connection with the war. The law provides that these awards shall be made by the President. The selection is naturally left to the Secretary of the Navy. In the immediate instance, following long-established custom, Secretary Daniels called a board of high officers headed by Admiral Knight to prepare a list of men entitled to the honors of decoration. After careful investigation this board made a detailed report with specific recommendations.

But the amiable Mr. Daniels was not satisfied. He went over the list, blue pencil in hand, and made such changes as suited his personal whim—and his ideas of good politics. He cut out awards to several notable men, for example Admiral Cowie, who, though a favorite with the Secretary during the period of the war, recently quarreled with him over the matter of the pay bill. Finding that his wife's nephew, young Bagley, a lieutenant-commander, had received only a minor award, he raised him to a higher medal, although Bagley had done nothing more than get his destroyer, the *Jacob Jones*, destroyed by a German submarine on his first expedition into dangerous waters. Mr. Daniels went over the list ruthlessly, setting aside the findings of the board in many instances and inserting names where it pleased him to do so.

Called upon to explain all this, Mr. Daniels was puzzled as to why there should be dissatisfaction. He is Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Navy has the right to reward those he wants to reward, and to deny recognition to those it does not suit him to recognize. Why should there be dissatisfaction where official and legal rights are so clear?

The matter will not be allowed to rest. Already Admiral Sims has declared an indignant mind. For himself, he declines the Distinguished Service Medal, accompanying his declination with a hot criticism of the procedure by which the awards were made. With a fine contempt for official etiquette, he fires a whole battery of hot shot at the Secretary of the Navy. Now Washington is speculating as to whether Mr. Daniels will undertake to discipline him for this breach of the rules as he did Admiral Fiske some time back. Probably not; and surely for his own comfort he would better not. Admiral Sims commanded the American fleets in Eu-

European waters during the war with conspicuous judgment and success, and is entitled to say his say as to award of honors in that service. If there is to be any sort of fight between him and Mr. Daniels the latter will have to do the dodging.

Washington, if truth be told, grows apathetic in the matter of "revelations" of blunders, extravagances, and wastes in connection with our war activities. The sum of them was so tremendous that the senses even of the investigators have become blunted. Day by day in the House of Representatives or in its committees amazing facts are being brought to light, yet they excite so little interest that if reported at all it is with a meagreness wholly lacking in proportion to their enormity. We pick at random a statement made on the floor of the House on Thursday of last week by Mr. Anthony:

I shall take five minutes to explain the Dayton-Wright situation, since the gentleman from New York has brought it up. At the beginning of the war it was decided that the Air Service ought to have an engineering and development experimental plant. They went ahead and expended about \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 at Langley Field, Virginia. After they expended all of this money they found that they could not get any of the skilled labor which is absolutely essential in that kind of work, so that the proposition was a failure and all of these millions had been expended for nothing. They could not get anywhere after they built the plant. Then they moved to McCook Field, at Dayton, Ohio, which is the centre of a large amount of highly skilled labor. They leased the old hasehall park there, and some adjacent land almost in the centre of the city of Dayton, and erected thereon about \$2,000,000 worth of temporary buildings, which they are using as their experimental engineering and development plant. There have been a great many fatal accidents at McCook Field, surrounded as it is by the buildings of the city, where they are testing out machines in process of experimentation. It is apparent to the merest tyro that goes there that it is an unsafe flying field. The Air Service wants to get out of it. The Dayton-Wright people have five miles from Dayton a splendid modern factory building, which they erected to carry out their various contracts with the government. They spent \$1,000,000 for a modern factory building on a tract of land five miles from Dayton, in the Miami Valley, surrounded by a beautiful area of flat land, absolutely available for aviation practice work.

We put on top of the Dayton-Wright expenditure there \$960,000, all of which we stand to lose, except \$64,000, the amount which was allowed by the board of appraisers in relation to the amortization, as settlement of their war contracts, unless we take that plant over. It will cost about \$7,000,000 if we build an entirely new engineering plant, and we provided that amount of money in the appropriation bill to enable the Air Service to do it. They can acquire the complete plant at Dayton by utilizing the old Dayton-Wright buildings and purchasing adjoining factory buildings and lands at a cost of about \$2,700,000. There is an economy of \$5,000,000 in the purchase of the Dayton-Wright plant instead of building a new one.

Langley Field, now abandoned, on which between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 were wasted, is at Hampton Roads, Virginia. Its acquisition in the first place was a scandalous proceeding.

Among a long series of grotesque prodigalities the buying of leather goods and the making of leather contracts is almost funny in its extravagance. It is shown by the testimony of officers who made the contracts that these engagements practically absorbed 75 per cent. of the hide product of the country. Contracts were made for 1,000,000 sets of harness and for 945,000 saddles. Now the maximum census of army animals to use all this equipment, in France and in the United States, were: Cavalry horses, 104,000; artillery horses, 146,000; draft mules, 123,000; pack mules, 18,000; total, 391,000. In addition the War Department had at the date of armistice 1,800,000 pounds of black harness leather in storage. The officers say that it can not be used for shoe leather or for any other purpose than for harnesses, for which now no demand. Is it any wonder that leather and shoes are high?

These are merely random samples of facts now coming out. The full story, if it shall ever be told, will fill volumes. Attempts to bring these facts to the attention of the public are met with obstacles both adroit and stern on the part of press agents, with which every department of the government and every administrative bureau is now provided. There—in the press agent abuse—is another story which, if it could be exploited, would shock the country, if its capacity to be shocked has not been lost.

A New Project for Ireland.

The Argonaut has never been able to understand why the problem of Ireland might not be solved, partially at least, by drawing a line between Protestant and

Catholic districts and giving to each local autonomy. American practice in the matter of our territorial regions has followed this principle, and with success. Yet, whenever question has been asked in line with this suggestion the answer has been a prompt and almost horrified negative. How much of this inability to consent to what has seemed a relatively easy solution of an old problem rests upon reason or inertia and how much upon the British instinct of opposition to innovation, we have never been able to determine. But now comes Lloyd George with a proposal embodying the principle as above suggested, but complicated by a provision for ultimate consolidation of the two divisions of Ireland. It may be doubted if this plan will prove acceptable to Catholic Ireland, which is as insistent in its will to dominate—and tax—the Protestant region as to escape domination itself.

It is perhaps futile to hope that Ireland will be satisfied with any adjustment, no matter how equitable or generous. The insistent and persistent demand of Catholic Ireland is for an independence always in the nature of things impracticable; and further made impossible by the record of the past five years. An independent Ireland will never come until the break-up of the British Empire, if that day shall ever come, as some day it may. But surely independence will not be gained by the kind of tactics practiced by the so-called Irish Nationalists in the period of the war and since. Well and truly did Mr. Lloyd George declare in Parliament on Monday, with direct reference to recent events, that Britain "will not quail before a band of wretched assassins."

Boiled Down Americanism.

In a public interview last week Mr. Mark L. Requa put forth in brief form a world of boiled-down Americanism. We must, he said, Americanize Americans, safeguard the Constitution. * * * There should be no place in the land for any other language than the English language; there should be no newspapers printed save in English. * * * There should be rigid examination of aliens before citizenship and the right to purchase land are granted. * * * Hyphenated Americans should not be tolerated. * * * The paramount business of the American citizen is the business of government. * * * Our cabinet officers should sit in the House and should resign if a vote should indicate lack of confidence. * * * Our problem is the problem of humanity and it must be treated sympathetically and understandingly. * * * Socialism has proved a failure wherever it has been tried. * * * It is difficult to understand how any sane-minded American can advocate government ownership or nationalization of industry. * * * The "Plumb plan" will fail because it is an attempt to legislate on behalf of one class as against the interests of the public as a whole. * * * Coöperation between employer and employee will eliminate unrest. * * * The relationship between capital and labor has never needed so earnest study. * * * We must bring home to the people realization of the importance of our foreign trade, which is relatively important with our domestic trade. * * * The policy of isolation—because of the development of steam and electricity—is as obsolete as the archaic doctrines of a defunct civilization. * * * The idea that the policies of this nation and its foreign relations may be lightly changed at the whim of men who may temporarily be serving at Washington is without excuse or reason. * * * A vital issue of the times is whether or not the people shall be ruled by labor unions or by aggregations bent only upon securing some special privilege for themselves. * * * Labor unions exist because individuals are driven to of necessity to collective hargaining in order to obtain some part of those things to which they are justly entitled. Labor is entitled to its just reward, as is capital. We can no more permit capital to crush labor than we can permit labor to paralyze capital. * * * We must band ourselves together to see that honest and truthful information is properly disseminated.

All very sound and very timely. Mr. Requa, we venture to say, might properly have added that in the making of laws the first consideration should be for the normal man rather than for the weak and the deficient; that it is neither right nor expedient to put upon the normal and morally-controlled citizen limitations of legitimate privilege because there are those who lack moral restraint or self-control. There is neither logic nor justice in penalizing the normal man by way of protecting the abnormal. Other ways should be

found to save the weak man from his own folly than by imposing the penalties of his infirmities upon the community as a whole.

Editorial Notes.

In reflecting Victor Berger the Milwaukee congressional district has practically declared its willingness to go without representation, since nothing is more certain than that Berger will again be rejected. The impertinence of this incident is obvious; still there is no need to take the matter seriously. A district capable of sending to Congress a demonstrated traitor does not deserve to have any share in the making of our laws.

It was, we believe, Rufus Choate who declared that if there could be anything beyond the foreknowledge of God it was the finding of a jury. The verdict in the Woodcock case may be taken in justification of this bit of sinister philosophy. Woodcock and his wife went forth confessedly to hunt trouble. Mrs. Woodcock made some advance toward a man whom she did not know and he in response lifted his hat and said, "Good-evening." Whereupon Woodcock, who was walking behind his wife with pistol ready, shot the man dead. A more obvious, a more open, a more remorseless murder could not be conceived. And yet a maudlin jury declares this murderer "not guilty" upon a trumped-up theory of "emotional insanity"—a species of insanity which seems to last just long enough to justify in the minds of juries any species of murder. Really our criminal laws are farcical at the point of enforcement. It has become safer to shoot a man down in Market Street than to cross the four car tracks which encumber that thoroughfare.

Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, and some three hundred other professional anarchists and agitators have been deported, "each with one thousand dollars in pocket"—by whom provided it is not stated—and under arrangements for the passage vastly more comfortable than those provided for our lads who went to Europe to fight for their country. Now since we have gotten the small fry out of the way what is our obligation in the matter of some hundreds of college professors, preachers, editors, profiteers, and other incendiary characters whose activities tend vastly more to social disorganization and general mischief than those of the rag-tag-and-bobtail element just spewed forth?

Thaddeus Welch, Californian artist, dead within the week, left an autobiography worthy of imitation alike in its completeness, its brevity, and its obvious sincerity. "I have," he says, "always been suspicious, when reading an autobiography, that the man never tells the truth about himself, but what I tell you now is all the truth, and nothing but the truth—cross my heart. I was born in Indiana, July 14, 1844. Crossed the plains to Oregon in 1847. Learned the printer's trade, and came to California in 1866. Went to Munich to study art in 1874, and remained there six years, securing three bronze medals. Studied in Paris two and a half years, and exhibited in the Salon in 1880. Lived in Boston, New York, and other places till 1892, when I returned to California, where I expect to be buried. I was married in 1883, and not divorced yet, and never stole anything worse than a watermelon. So help me God." Let it be added by a friendly hand—by one who worked with "Thad" Welch in Walling's printshop in Portland—that he was in all ways a true man as he was a truly great artist.

"The best and most effective means of sustaining Americanism," declared President Barrows of Berkeley last week, "is through the public school system. * * * The only means of successfully combatting the evil of Bolshevism is for the state to control its system of education from the primary school to the university, and see that the system is loyal to American ideals." True—profoundly true! But only true in its entirety. Our public schools "from the primary schools to the university" will be, not a source of patriotic inspiration, but rather a fountain of evils unless we do "see that the system is loyal to American ideals." And we venture to add that now is a proper time to comb our system thoroughly "from the primary school to the university" and to root out without mercy whatever may be found amiss.

The Fiji Islands were discovered by Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in 1643.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

President Barrows All-American.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19, 1919.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: A critic in the public press is out in raucous denunciation of the public utterances of the president of the University of California, insisting that in his laudation of the "just administration of England's dependencies" (he seems unaware that there is a Great Britain), "he is going entirely beyond bounds." And he points out that "England's (?) conduct in Egypt, India, Ireland, and Persia today shows that she has not changed one whit from what she was in the days when our ancestors fought an unequal war against her tyrannous sea power"; suggesting, further, that President Barrows and all others who are of his way of thinking "may as well go over openly to the British government" because "we have no use for them here." Now then, isn't that too bad—the president only just returned from the wars! Only just warmed to his seat! However, if I may modestly suggest a simpler and less disturbing remedy: the critic might make himself "scarce," as 'twere—take himself off, permanently, to the land of the Sinn Fein or the Bolsheviks, where his sympathies are.

President Barrows is all-American. When his country took up the gage of the Hun he at once offered one acceptable sacrifice, and (because he was worthy) the eagles came and perched upon his shoulders. He voices true Americanism. Everybody rejoices in the fact save the radical, the hyphenate, and the stupid fellow whose historical reading ceased when his schoolboy storybook of Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Yorktown was laid aside. Some of us are aware that in the revolutionary period a Teuton reigned in Great Britain.

In Egypt Great Britain has experimented some, is still experimenting in respect of the political capacity of native Egyptians. Some are in office there now. In the midst of the war, when every white man was needed, more were in office. Followed the ancient and inevitable grievance—an oppressed Fellaheen at the hands of native Egyptian officialdom; and, as Hun propaganda swarmed as the locusts of Pharaoh, authority had to be taken out of such maladroitness; whereat radical agitation to subvert law and order ensued quite as of course. Can the state pussyfoot—safely tut-tut in such a case? Need we look abroad for an answer? Egypt has prospered under the wise and beneficent rule of Great Britain, and will continue to prosper. But self-government there? She is less fitted for it than even Mexico is for a republican form of government, for any other, indeed, than the strong hand of a Diaz.

India's warriors fought gladly and bravely for the great Suzerain on the west front, in Egypt, in Palestine, in Mesopotamia, in Africa, on the horders. Throughout India to a greater or less extent, amongst the hill tribes (especially in the Punjab) and in Afghanistan, propaganda was as rife as in Egypt and is unto this day. Peshawar and Armitrust—both in the Punjab, the most northerly province—for instance, have always been the most turbulent cities in northern India. Cutthroats from the transborder tribes, from Kahlul, from Central Asia, from the Pamirs, from the Tibet congregate there. Plots are ever hatching. If a prominent official comes all of the rapscallions must be rounded up by the police beforehand. The authorities, both civil and military, must be on a continual watch. There is the finest seeding ground in the world for the propagandist. Nevertheless, despite agitation, the great mass of the people of India and all of her native princes remained and continue loyal. India is cursed with caste, as for hundreds of years she has been, and the fanatic Mahomedan mullahs, especially in the north, are as the Dacoits in the working of evil and mischief and sorrow in that land. She is wholly unfit for self-government. Left to herself, she would disintegrate.

Alas! The land of the Sinn Fein would long since have had Home Rule had it been in earnest. Now she would fain include Ulster and have entire political freedom. But for a British Parliament to surrender loyal Ulster into the hands of its enemies would be unthinkable. During the great war Ulster marshaled her hosts in the common cause. Disloyal Sinn Feinland embraced Hun, aided and abetted him, rose under Casemate in open rebellion, and after that ruction was put down continued active against the Allies up to the armistice. See, *inter alia*, our Admiral Sims' "The Victory at Sea," now running in an Eastern magazine. Despite that a hully-balloo is as of course in Sinn Feinland, it will some time have Home Rule. But does any one, possessing any powers of discernment—of, at least, a jot or tittle of reasoning capacity, believe that Great Britain will utterly forget its history, will ever become so fatuous as to grant to that land—capable of being strongly fortified against it, of being made a veritable home for sea-raiders in the fairway of the two islands!—so prone since before the days of the Armada to harbor its enemies!—so given to sporadic agitation and rebellion!—does any one, I say, believe that Great Britain will grant to that land absolute political independence? And, by the way, why in the name of reason should it? A wise and sane government as a continuing part of the United Kingdom, that is say Home Rule, Sinn Feinland will have in good time; but no more than that forever.

Persia is not, has not been, will not be occupied by Great Britain any otherwise than to restore order there. Curzon, speaking for the government shortly since, said Great Britain has not established and does not intend to establish a protectorate in Persia; she has enough to attend to in the Near East now without adding to her burdens; but she must finance Persia for a time and help Persia to establish a stable government. During the war, and up to the time that Turkey drew out, Persia was overrun by the Turks, led by German officers. As in Egypt and India, Hun propaganda, Bolshevik afterwards, was everywhere. The borders of Baluchistan are easily crossed. Great Britain must needs support Persia, assist her to strongly organize, if she would keep Bolshevik foxes and firebrands out of the grain fields of India.

Why did not the critic refer to the South African Federation, the home of Generals Botha and Smuts—sometime the deadliest foes of Great Britain? The South African Federation is one of the conspicuous instances where the "just administration," so truthfully referred to by President Barrows, has accomplished its perfect work. During the great war Generals Botha and Smuts were of the least of the least: under them South Africa was wholly delivered from the Hun. Is the critic utterly cold to the truth? Was he of those who stood with the impassive and the hateful—slackers, radicals, hyphenates—when all true Americans were aglow—what time the lion's whelps heard the roar of their old mother and sprang to her aid?

Why should this critic despise the truths of history? Why should he consult his prejudices only when voicing emotion or seeking guidance in any matter of greater importance than the salvation of his own soul? EDWARD A. BELCHER.

On the basis of increase in Ireland from 1821 to 1841 the present population of Ireland should be 17,000,000. The actual decrease in Ireland's population between 1845 and 1911 is 3,912,000. The real loss in population is 12,610,000. This represents a capital loss in money (at least £250 a head) of £3,152,500,000.

INVENTIONS THAT WERE TOO LATE.

The cynic has perhaps some right to maintain that human energy and ingenuity are relatively inert in the saving of human life, but that they become extraordinarily efficient in its destruction. The reply is, of course, an obvious one. Wars are always waged, ostensibly, for national preservation. The destruction of one's enemy is the means to an end, and not the end in itself. The end is self-defense, the life of the nation, and however unreal such a plea may often be, it is none the less significant that no people would ever dare to make war without the attempt to establish a case of absolute necessity. So far at least do we all make obeisance at the shrine of virtue. At least we must pretend to do so.

Maeterlinck, personifying Nature after the manner of the mystic, asks somewhere what Nature must think of our efforts to arouse her slumbering animosities by our search for explosives and for lethal compounds. For Nature, as the scientist very well knows, has her antipathies and her affinities. She has her elements that rush into combination as though they were long separated friends. Oxygen and hydrogen do so when they are made aware of each other's presence through the mediation of the electric spark. And there are other elements that hate each other cordially and that show their mutual detestation by the phenomenon that we call explosion. That, indeed is what an explosion is, the repulsion of hostile elements suddenly made aware of each other's proximity and hurling into ruin whatever opposes their separation. Does Nature resent these wars that she is thus artificially compelled to wage within the bosom of her own family, this arousing of her elemental hates in a quarrel that is none of hers? It is an interesting question for the mystic philosopher, one of those questions that he loves to pose inasmuch as no answer is likely to be forthcoming.

These reflections are suggested by an article written by Mr. Frank Parker Stockbridge for the November *Harper's*. It is entitled "War Inventions That Came Too Late," and although we may have some sinister forebodings that the speedy future may yet have a use for these inventions, we may yet congratulate ourselves that there is no immediate demand for their dreadful activities.

The most important of these inventions is known as Lewisite. It is a poison gas, and if it is conveniently defined as a sort of "methyl" we may be quite sure that the word contains no indication of its composition. Lewisite is the invention of Professor W. Lee Lewis, who formerly occupied the chair of chemistry at Northwestern University. He became a captain in the Ordnance Department and was assigned to duty in connection with the preparation of poison gases. The gas to which his name has been given has an action upon the human system different from any other known poison:

Lewisite is a gas so deadly that it has seventy-two times the killing power of the most deadly gas used in the war. When the armistice was signed the United States had manufactured and on hand enough of this poison to kill the entire German army and was making it at the rate of ten tons a day. The United States, moreover, was the only power that participated in The Hague Peace Conference that was not bound by The Hague Convention against the use of poison gas in war. Germany, the first to violate this rule of war, had been one of the first to ratify it; America, on the advice of the late Captain Mahan, had declined to bind herself not to use poison gas.

Acting on the principle that we had announced in 1900, that the use of gas was more humane than the use of bombs, bullets, or high explosives, and infinitely more humane than the torpedo, our government was preparing literally to smother the German army. We were making all of the gases that had been used by any of the combatants, and in addition we had Lewisite. We had in preparation, too, huge mobile guns for hurling shells filled with gas to incredible distances, and, even more wonderful, we had all but perfected and were preparing to manufacture automatic apparatus for dropping containers of this new poison from the air, at a distance of a hundred miles or more from our base of operations.

The secret of the composition of Lewisite was carefully guarded. It was known as "G34," a nomenclature that leaves much to be desired from the point of view of the curious. There were only a few officials who knew anything at all about it, and still fewer who knew anything of its strength or purpose:

Lewisite is described as "an oily liquid of an amber color and the odor of geranium blossoms." It is highly explosive, and on contact with water it bursts into flame. Let loose in the open air, it diffuses into a gas which kills instantly on the inhalation of the smallest amount that can by any means be measured. A single drop of the liquid on the hand causes death in a few hours, the victim dying in fearful agony. The pain on contact is acute and almost unendurable. It acts by penetrating through the skin or, in the gaseous form, through the lung tissue, poisoning the blood, affecting in turn the kidneys, the lung tissues, and the heart.

When the armistice was signed the United States had on hand one hundred and fifty tons of this stuff, enough to poison half the population of the country if the containers were opened at strategic points. Today there is none in existence except a few carefully guarded samples in the possession of the Bureau of Mines and the War Department; even the buildings in which it was made and the machinery used in its manufacture have been utterly destroyed.

The utmost precautions were taken to preserve the secret of Lewisite. A special factory was built in Ohio. The eight hundred workmen employed in its manufacture were under agreement to remain in confinement during the duration of the war or the continuing need

of their services. They were allowed to write letters, presumably censored, but all letters intended for them were delivered at a special box of the Cleveland post-office. They had to work for long hours, under great pressure, and they were exposed to deadly risks. But not a single man lost his life by misadventure. There was only one death, and that was from influenza. Special masks were designed for the use of the workmen, the ordinary gas masks being wholly ineffective:

With the war over, all this labor went for nothing—except to leave in the possession of the War Department the secret of the most lethal weapon of offense and defense yet devised. To keep the secret from prying eyes that might deduce it from the arrangement of the plant, the character of the machinery, or some traces of the substance itself or its components, the entire system of laboratories and barracks was destroyed in less than three months after the armistice. The stock in hand, loaded in cast-iron containers, was placed on a train and sent through on special schedule to the seaboard, a guard of soldiers constituting the whole crew except the engine driver. At Baltimore the containers were placed on a ship, and, fifty miles out at sea, at a point where the Atlantic Ocean is three miles deep, they were gently lowered overside. Time and rust will release their lethal contents, the chemical action of the sea water will neutralize the poison, and all that will remain of Lewisite will be the samples in Washington and the sealed formula.

Lewisite was not only to be projected from guns specially made for the purpose, but it was also to be dropped from automatic airplanes, that is to say airplanes that could be operated without a pilot and that would release their deadly cargo at the exact time and place intended:

This was the automatic airplane, a device which was kept so secret that even six months after the signing of the armistice only a few of the higher officials of the War Department knew of its existence, and most of them did not understand the principle of its operation. Only one of these machines had been finished, but its success proved the possibility of constructing cheaply and speedily a fleet of airplanes that could be flown without having a human being on board and which could be relied upon to drop bombs of poison gas at a distance of fifty or more miles from their starting-point, and to drop these bombs within half a mile of the point previously determined upon as their objective. The diffusive power of Lewisite is so great that to set it free within half a mile of the enemy is almost as effective as dropping it in the midst of his forces. Half a dozen three-hundred-pound bombs of Lewisite, exploded to windward of the city of Berlin, would have killed the entire population of the German capital. And by the use of the automatic airplane all danger to the attacking forces is eliminated. The worst that could happen would be to have the planes brought down by the enemy, who would get the surprise of his life when the Lewisite gas began to circulate in his vicinity.

The automatic airplane was subjected to severe trials at Dayton, Ohio. Without a pilot it circled over the city four times and then, after traveling more than 100 miles, it came to earth. In order to preserve the secret the spectators were told that the pilot had escaped by means of a parachute. No wonder Colonel Gouraud should say that the next war will be the most savage and brutal of all, although we may cherish some faint hope that the knowledge of the existence of Lewisite will act as a deterrent to those who may still meditate a breach of the world's peace.

Another new weapon of war that owes its inception to an American is the Loening aeroplane, said to be so radically different from anything now in use as to establish a new standard with which all military aeroplanes will have to conform. It would have been used in the early part of the present year but for the coming of the armistice:

The tiny Loening monoplane, thirty-two feet across the wings, and weighing, with its full military load and two passengers, only 2608 pounds, made a ground speed of 143.5 miles an hour on its official test; 138.2 miles at 6500 feet elevation. The French Spad's record is 135 miles at the same altitude; the British Sopwith's, 131; only the Italian S. V., with its 142 miles an hour, exceeds this. The wings of the Loening plane are attached to the top of the fuselage and they are cut away so that the pilot, who sits between them, has a clear view through a very large arc, while the observer's vision is almost completely unobstructed. And in this little machine, for the first time, was solved the problem of making an airplane carry a load equal to its own weight; the bare machine weighs but 1300 pounds. The average carrying capacity of airplanes is about 50 per cent. of the weight of the machine. In the next war America will at least be able to begin with a more efficient type of fighting planes than any of the contestants had in the war just ended.

There were many small inventions—one might almost call them tricks—that would certainly have played their part in the war had it continued. For example, there was an aeroplane contrivance by which the pilot could use both hands to navigate his machine while operating his gun with his mouth. There was also a shell detector that at a range of four miles would give notice of an approaching shell nineteen seconds before its arrival, thus allowing time for every one to seek shelter. There was also a sound range for detecting the exact position of enemy guns, and this was actually used to such good effect that 103 guns were found by its use and destroyed in a single day. But perhaps the paper hand grenade was one of the most remarkable of the new inventions:

Nor did we have a chance to give a fair trial in action to one of the most amazing of "Yankee tricks," the hand grenade made of paper. Instead of relying for its killing power upon fragmentation, like a shell, its deadly effect was produced by the flame and concussion of the explosion itself. Fragmentation grenades thrown by hands can be used safely only from behind a parapet or from a trench, as the fragments are as likely to fly back and kill the men who threw the grenades as to damage the enemy. The offensive grenade made of paper, however, is sure to kill any man within three yards of the spot where it explodes, but is perfectly safe beyond that distance, and so can be used in open warfare. It is a little cylinder of laminated, paraffined paper, holding for all the world like the familiar container of a

brings home soda-water from the drug store, having on one end a handle containing the firing mechanism.

If these many inventions shall stand the test of actual use it will seem that the next war will be a festive business.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23, 1919.

BELGIUM: A YEAR AFTER.

Miss Julie Heyneman Writes of a Visit to Brussels—Politics Active, Industry Retarded.

BRUSSELS, December 1, 1919.

Brussels—via Dover and Ostende! How soon we take the normal for granted. Dover! closed to the public for nearly five years; Ostende! towards which the thoughts and hopes of all the Allied nations strained for the same seemingly unending period. Yet now, with hardly a thrill, we embark on the trip but yesterday fraught with so much peril, and even today not wholly without risk from that grim menace—the floating mine.

On the whole our proceedings have a pre-war-time simplicity, and a welcome freedom from delays and the harassing activities of the passport officials. A mere stamp on the hurriedly examined passport at Dover, as we go to or from the boat, is the beginning as it is also the end of our troubles.

Dover, in the grip of a hard frost, is like a study in black and white by an old master, so sharp and clean are the outlines of the harbor, the chalk cliffs and the sea. The atmosphere does not encourage studies in comparisons, the wind brings tears to the eyes, so that, for one traveler, at least, it would be impossible to chronicle any changes the war has brought about. The Channel crossing, however, knows no changes; the boat wallows and rolls in the turbulent waters that were guarded night and day during the war by that gallant little flotilla of old cruisers, battleships, and every species of maritime craft known as the Dover Patrol.

Ostende is in darkness when we land, and the train awaits us in the gloom. An old-time train of German carriages, doors and windows intact, well-lit, heated, and with a diner attached where incredibly bad tea is served at three francs a head, including bread, butter, and sugar. It is a non-stop train and dashes into the station at Brussels with a pre-war verve and punctuality.

Leaving London at a quarter before 9 in the morning, we achieve Brussels shortly after 7 in the evening. At the station one of my "refugee" friends is waiting with a bouquet of orchids. Upon my last visit to his family, when he lived in one of the "suburbs" of London (vide Lady Dorothy Nevill) he was engaged in cleaning the grate and otherwise making life easier for his sick wife and children. It was a great pleasure to be received by a smiling, courtly gentleman, once more "clothed and in his right mind" and place, and so touchingly eager to return what he called the *inoubliable* kindness of which he and his had been the recipients.

The hotel, one is bound to confess, has not followed the line of progress everywhere apparent in this robust great little country. The elevator, I am told, by singular ill-fortune, is not working, the same untoward fate pursues the telephone in the bedroom, the electric lamp at the bed, and even the bell. The towel—please note that the plural of towel does not exist in the nomenclature of this hotel—is of the size of a table napkin. The charges, however, are in no relation whatever to the discomfort; they alone show the growth of the most progressive ideas, and compare favorably with the prices in New York.

In shop-windows, however, it is pleasant to find that cheese, fruit, and vegetables are marked at variations in centimes, and are distinctly lower in price than in England. There is no rationing, and as a result patisseries flourish with tantalizing *petits fours* and whipped cream for the gourmets, while there is not enough milk for the babies. This apparent anomaly, I am told, is due to the approaching elections, no party wishing to take upon itself the onus of drastic action when the most momentous election in the history of Belgium—the first since the triumph of universal suffrage—is about to take place.

I am assured that the moment the contest is over, whatever party is in power will not hesitate to attack every war problem with energy. For here, as in every other country, alas, the dream that war would do away with the political parties has not been realized. Party cleavage is sharp and hard, with this curious point of union between them, that whether I spoke to Clericals, Liberals, or Socialists, one and all seemed to have exactly the same ends in view—the establishment of reforms in every direction, so that the reconstruction of Belgium in the quickest possible time might astonish friend and foe. The truth is that the repressed vitality of five years is now ready and eager to burst forth, to attack existing difficulties and sweep them out of their path; to free the country from the burdens, the restrictions, and the deprivations the war has entailed; the ambition of all classes, and the impression I received was that the intellectual activity of this surprising little nation is informed with positive fervor, irrespective of creed or opinion.

My own excuse for this trip—for one is still required to convince the passport officials that one is not traveling on frivolous pretenses—is a meeting of the committee for the California House Ward in the Edith Cavell Hospital in Brussels.

With some secret disappointment I have to inform the committee that, so far, we have only been able to collect the endowment fund for seven beds instead of for twenty-five, the number we aim at. In addition we have a certain sum in England for the British bed or beds it may be possible to include. The seven American beds, I have to explain, are not all from California; the money for two of them has been collected through the indefatigable energy and kindness of Mrs. Bayard Henry of Philadelphia.

The Belgians are not only grateful; they never permit one to forget the obligations under which they imagine they rest, while in the mind of their guest the obligation is on the other side. I am oppressed by the incongruity in the situation; every member of this Belgian committee has suffered either the anguish of exile or the grim endurance of the occupation, or both, yet they are all eager to compete in generosity with their distant American friends, living in the midst of luxury and ease, of a prodigal abundance which they accept so calmly as a matter of course.

A visit of the entire committee to the hospital, the next day, confirmed the impression I received on my last visit, soon after the armistice, of an admirable little hospital, beautifully situated and scrupulously clean and fresh. Every bed and every room has its occupant, even the new temporary hut for babies has its row of cribs with such ducks of immaculately clean but very pale and fragile little people who are apparently not strong enough to cry. Not a sound comes from the cribs, though the little tenants, for the most part, stare up with wide-open eyes, sometimes solemnly, sometimes with the enchanting, wavering smile that is like a little ray of sudden sunlight in a very gray and sober world.

Perhaps I ought not to betray that there is even a movement on foot to have one of the beds in this ward endowed by Belgian subscriptions, to be gathered from great and humble, as a tribute to the work accomplished during the war, and also so that the harmony with which Americans, British, and Belgians worked together may be permanently established. All these manifestations of active interest and eager participation only tend to deepen my hope that the California House Ward may come into being—when the queen declares the new building open—with the dignity of a completed gift, with no bed unnamed, awaiting final endowment. Does this prayer fall on deaf ears?

The daily papers are bringing out wonderful descriptions of the welcome of the Belgian king and queen in California. It is a curious sensation to read in Brussels of great luncheons at the Palace Hotel and the St. Francis, and of the overwhelming ovation of the crowds. To the solitary Californian these numbers of the *Etoile* are as a magic carpet transporting her across the seas. How much does it mean—this ovation? Is it merely superficial emotion, or will it take concrete form in helping the heroic queen to carry out her dream of a new future for the Nursing Sisterhood of Belgium?

Brussels, on the whole, has regained something of its pre-war activity and bustle; the trams are crowded; hotels, restaurants, and cafés do a flourishing business; dances, public and private, are given here, there, and everywhere. The air is clear and invigorating and walking is at once a necessity and a pleasure, for taxicabs are few and far between and horsecars are inclined to highway robbery. In one instance 12 francs, 50 centimes was asked for what would have been an ordinary 1 franc, 50 fare, with perhaps 5 sous as *pour boire*.

M. Paul Hymans, the brilliant Liberal minister, who was the Belgian delegate to the Peace Congress, and who looks worn and pale, after the long anxiety and strain of the summer, informed me that if it were not for the difficulties in obtaining credit, raw material, and machinery for their factories, unemployment could be reduced, even now, to a minimum. Strikes have been few and unimportant; already Belgium is exporting coal. The problems of the reconstruction of the devastated districts and of the lowered health of the whole population are being anxiously studied.

There is a new spirit everywhere, revolutionary both in its best and in its worst sense. Their old narrow world contents them no more; perhaps in no other country has the old order changed so completely. Before the war each little village made part of a small commune, and was concerned only with its own affairs. Strangely oblivious of the outside world, order, peace, security, relieved by simple and jovial gaieties, filled their industrious days. War taught them to face new and tremendous responsibilities, acquainted them with horrors, cruelties, and brutalities hitherto undreamed of. They have known anguish exile, have seen murder and arson stalk triumphant through their own land. The language of brute force, of violence and destruction, has grown familiar to them. They are ready to speak it themselves, fiercely enough, at the first threat of coercion or injustice, or even without the threat if ill-advised.

The elections are rousing immense interest. The Socialists will undoubtedly gain seats, but the Clericals will still retain much of the power they held prior to

the war. The immense popularity of some Liberals and the tremendous influence of the king are counted upon to hold extremists in check and to prevent the sharpest animosities of party bitterness or the differences between the Flemings and the Wallonians becoming acute. The outlook is distinctly encouraging, but chiefly because it is founded on the remorseless avidity for work of this obstinate and resolute race.

The extravagance of the minority—those who in all countries seem now to set the pace—is confined chiefly to those who have made fortunes out of the war, and who indulge in an orgy of spending almost insane in its intensity. In painful contrast to these are the new poor—the aristocrats, the professional and upper middle classes—who are forced to an economy which barely gives them the wherewithal to exist.

The owner of a great château is to be decorated next week at Strasbourg by Marshal Foch for extraordinary bravery and devotion to the cause. Not only did she conceal and nurse French wounded soldiers in the château, under the very noses of the German officers billeted in the neighborhood, but in various disguises brought constant and accurate information to the French Intelligence Department. This is magnificent, but more magnificent still is the indomitable gaiety with which the impoverished marquise—in order to support her invalid husband and six children—is about to engage in a quite small and humble business.

My short trip comes to an end far too soon. The weather on leaving is indescribable. Brussels disappears in a steaming rain, while the wind freezes the very marrow in one's bones. At Ghent the whole landscape resembles one of those old delicate Flemish pictures, with every tree and every building clearly outlined against a white sky, an occasional warmly-clad figure giving the only note of pure bright color. It is possible to see even through the blur of snow the way the excavations have progressed for the rebuilding of the great station, and all along the line we note, in spite of the blizzard raging, the way the repairs are being pushed. At Ostende snow and sleet drive all but a few into the cabins; those few face the cutting, stinging blast in order to see the immense stretch of the Mole, the devastated station buildings and ruins of the mammoth hotel (personally I am not sure the absence of this monstrosity is not a mercy in disguise), and then the huge cement outworks of the Germans. One recognizes almost with awe the magnitude of that magnificent attempt of the British navy to block the harbor; with silent emotion we note the masts of sunken vessels, and at the very entrance of the harbor, where the sea crashes against the barriers with an indescribable tumult of roaring waters, the formidable length of the *Vindictive*, rusty-brown, sunken deep at the stern, its great decks awash.

JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Aage, a cousin of King Christian X, present ruler of Denmark, who arrived in New York entirely unheralded recently on the transport *America* with 7008 soldiers, celebrated his thirty-second birthday while aboard the ship. He is a first cousin of the former Czar Nicholas of Russia and a brother of Prince Axel, who visited the United States a year ago.

One of M. Clemenceau's curious habits, noticeable to all who saw him at the peace conference, is that at public meetings he invariably retains his gloves on his hands. He occupies the presidential chair, his hands, covered with slate-colored gloves, resting on the table before him, and whether the meeting lasts five minutes or five hours, he never removes his gloves. The effect is somewhat singular.

Herr Eduard Arnhold of the German peace delegation is an intimate of the one-time Kaiser, and is a member of the boards of a dozen financial and industrial companies in Germany, among which is a pioneer poison gas concern and one of the most important machine-gun factories in Germany. Doktor Bosch, of the Badische Anilin and Soda Werke, Mannheim, has been the chief poison gas specialist throughout the war.

William Edward Dudley, one of the leaders in the great coöperative movement in England, made this movement a space-time hobby until 1911, when he was elected a director of the Coöperative Wholesale Society at a remarkably early age. Closing his connection with other business interests for a time, he undertook missions in the coöperative interest in France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Turkey, and Greece, in addition to covering countless thousands of miles on English railway systems.

Senator Porter James McCumber of Ohio is described as being serious always—"except on the rare occasions when he isn't." No one has ever seen him smile—in the Senate. Temperamentally, as his blond hair, now turning gray, and his blue eyes indicate, he is as cool as a morning in February. He never shoots, referring to Porter J. McCumber, he seldom fishes, he can not play golf. His only dissipation is the running of his own automobile. The yearning for fun that is in him, if any there be, gets a vent in that way. So, too, he must have a liking for scenery and his ear must find harmony in the hum of the cylinders and the crunch of the gears.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

Mr. Ralph Nevill Gives Us the Life and Letters of His Mother.

A span of a single life takes us back to almost unrecognizable days, to days when there were "giants in the land," as well as to the days when a railroad journey was a hazardous adventure. Mr. Ralph Nevill, who has just published the life and letters of his mother, Lady Dorothy Nevill, who died in 1914 at an advanced age, reminds us that in her childhood there was neither the telephone nor the electric light, railroads were in their infancy, and the motor-car and the airship undreamed of as practical possibilities. The gulf between 1826, the date of her birth, and the present day is almost as great as that separating us from the Middle Ages. The privileges and the immunities of the aristocracy still carried with them a sort of sacred sanction. To assail them was a blasphemy. The upper class was beyond the reach of public opinion. The author tells us that his grandfather, Lord Orford, believed firmly that a Radical was a rascal, and a Radical in those days meant any one who wished to change or to improve anything.

Lord Orford was by no means a saint, but at least he was saved from the sin of hypocrisy. On one occasion he was invited to be president of the Norwich Bible Society, presumably because of his title and influence, but his reply must have occasioned some consternation. It deserves quotation:

Sir—I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter—surprised because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application, and annoyed because it compels me to have even this communication with you.

I have long been addicted to the Gaming Table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your Society. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.

I would rather live in a land of Sinners than with such Saints.

In the early 'forties of the last century Lady Dorothy Nevill went on a long continental trip with her parents. They took with them their own horses and carriages, a cook, and a courier. At that time professional beggars fairly swarmed, and such charitable institutions as existed relied a good deal for support upon travelers. One of these institutions, wishing to proclaim its toleration, had the following appeal posted at its entrance:

Appeal to the Charitable. The Brothers, so called of Pity, solicit alms for the Hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases and have no respect for Religion.

We have some reminiscences of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, whose memory is still fresh in legal circles. He was a clever and witty man and used to write notes to Lady Dorothy on the progress of the Tichborne trial, at which he presided. In one of them he refers to "this monster cause and monstrous defendant":

Sir Alexander Cockburn was very fond of music, and gave pleasant little parties at which stars of the musical world used to display their talents. The latter, however, were very much wasted upon my mother, who only cared for the lightest compositions, though as a girl she used to sing little songs and accompany herself upon the guitar. She was one of the very few people who never made any pretense of liking opera, and would laughingly declare that a large proportion of the fashionable audiences only went because they thought they ought to like it.

As she grew older her aversion towards serious music increased, and if asked to go to a classical concert she used to give very much the same answer as President Lincoln is supposed to have given to Artemus Ward.

The latter having written to Lincoln to ask him to attend one of his (Artemus Ward's) lectures, Lincoln replied that he had no doubt that Mr. Ward's lectures would be eminently pleasing to people who liked lectures, which he, the President, failed to do.

Among the distinguished men who visited at the Orford home was Bishop Wilberforce, commonly known as "Soapy Sam." It was the age of puns and riddles, and even though these are correctly described as the last resource of weak minds, the author tells us that Bishop Wilberforce specialized in them:

Bishop Wilberforce had no sympathy with fads. He once administered a very humorous rebuke to the daughter of one of his father's old friends who had taken a great part in the anti-slavery agitation. The lady in question, who owed her large fortune to a brewery, being badly smitten with the teetotal mania, had actually caused a very fine cellar of wine which she had inherited to be poured down her kitchen sink. She was, however, very fond of the bishop and when he came to stay with her told him quietly at dinner that though only temperance drinks would be served he would find a bottle of whisky in his bedroom. Throughout the evening the bishop showed the greatest good humor and made no attempt to stay the flood of teetotal oratory with which he was deluged. Shortly afterwards the lady, on a visit to the bishop at Farnham, was surprised to find that no temperance beverages or water were to be procured at dinner.

"I'm afraid," said the bishop to her, while cheerfully pointing to the guests' glasses charged with champagne, "that our habits won't suit you," but, added he, lowering his voice, "I've taken care to see that there is a bottle of water in your bedroom."

Lady Dorothy was much pleased when Charles Darwin expressed a wish to see her. Writing to a friend, she says: "Mr. Darwin has expressed a wish to see me—I dare hardly hope for such happiness":

Though Darwin did not come to her, she went to him. Mrs. Darwin was rather perturbed before the visit, fearing that the extreme simplicity of life at Down would pall upon one used to the gayeties of country-house visiting. Before this visit, accordingly, she wrote to my mother saying that she understood that those who moved much in London society were accustomed to find their country-house visits enlivened

by all sorts of sports and practical jokes—she had read that tossing people in blankets had become highly popular as a diversion. "I am afraid," her letter ended, "we should hardly be able to offer you anything of that sort."

We are told a good deal about Lord Wolseley, the end of whose military career coincided exactly with the end of the nineteenth century. Lord Wolseley disappeared from public life without receiving full credit for what he had done, but he was wearied by his constant conflict with civilian authorities—an old story:

"It is not physical labor that wears me out," wrote he. "I delight in being bodily tired, but I am worn out by the opposition of a lot of d—d fools who meddle in matters without the least knowledge of war, because they have the power to do so. Supposing you sent for an expert—say Sir James Paget—and he ordered you certain treatment, how utterly ridiculous it would be to argue with him about it and refuse to comply with his injunctions. Such is my position as regards war. I have made it the study of my life and have had a great deal more experience of it than any other Englishman, yet day by day, when dealing with matters that refer exclusively to war, I am badgered and hampered by a pack of secretaries of state, surveyor-generals, etc., etc., etc., who thwart and oppose me until I am nearly mad."

Lord Palmerston is another figure that plays its part in these amusing pages. Lord Palmerston was of a genial disposition, but he was capable of cynical utterances, as when he said: "I have only known one woman who refused gold, and she took diamonds":

Attending church one day during a country-house visit, the clergyman preached so pointedly and continuously at him that those sitting near him felt uncomfortable, thinking Lord Palmerston would be annoyed—to all outward appearance, however, the latter remained completely unconcerned.

After church his host could not help beating about the bush to discover whether the old statesman was annoyed, but his efforts proving vain he at last pointedly inquired whether his guest had not seen the drift of his allusions, and whether he resented them. "He, he, he!" laughed his lordship. "Fancy my minding what the parson said!—a man I would not consult on the commonest affairs of life!"

Another celebrity was Lord Beaconsfield, whose championship of conservatism was naturally applauded by those who profited so much from privilege. Lord Beaconsfield had a poor opinion of English democracy. He said once that the male representatives of democracy concentrated their minds upon "half a pint":

With the triumph of an urban democracy Lord Beaconsfield feared the coming of something akin to mob rule. His lack of confidence in the political sagacity of the working class made him think that its judgment could be easily swayed by unprincipled and specious agitators. In some things, however, he had very liberal views. His tenderness for the poor is shown in "Sibyl." To women he was always respectful, and he had the Jewish love of family life.

If Beaconsfield was the hero of the play it was natural that Gladstone should be its villain. The advance of English democracy was attributed solely to him. The author seems to confirm the stories of the strong antipathy that existed between Gladstone and Queen Victoria:

Little love is said to have been lost between Queen Victoria and the Grand Old Man.

On one occasion, when revisiting after sixty years a country house noted for its picture gallery, Mr. Gladstone is supposed to have made a remark which proved this.

After having looked closely at his own portrait as a young man, he said: "I must have been very good-looking in those days." His comment on a portrait of the queen was: "She is as small in person as she is in mind."

The author thinks that Gladstone lived in a world of illusions. Nearly all the utopian forecasts of the old school of Liberals have been absolutely falsified, probably because to a great extent, says Mr. Nevill, they never realized that human nature can not be changed—perhaps in itself a rather exaggerated statement:

Mr. Gladstone, however, though prone to idealistic illusions, yet possessed a peculiar shrewdness which extricated him from many an awkward predicament. His verbal adroitness at times even irritated some of his own followers.

"I don't so much object," once said the late Mr. La-bouchere, "to the Grand Old Man always producing the ace of trumps from up his sleeve, but I do object to his saying that the Almighty put it there."

In extricating himself from difficulties, or explaining any awkward happenings, Mr. Gladstone was occasionally supreme. Perhaps the best example of his peculiar powers in this line was his defense of the Land Act of 1881. When it had proved an obvious failure, he said, "We do not admit that the measure has been a failure, but admit that its success has been incomplete."

It was the day of great ladies in England. Lady Dorothy used to recall with pride the days when the old aristocracy did really rule England. She always said "we." Apropos of reminiscences of Lady Londonderry and Lady Jersey we are told:

The social power wielded by great ladies, such as the two mentioned above, seems almost inconceivable today, their easy leisured arrogance was taken more or less as a matter of course, and they would have been very much astonished had it aroused any criticism; small wonder, when they were brought up to think they were the very salt of the earth. One was so frigidly condescending at her parties that people used to say, "Are you going to see Lady ——— insult her guests tonight?"

This lady was no solitary exception—quite a number of social figures—men as well as women—were imbued with a sort of unconscious hauteur which amounted almost to a religion.

In the minds of such as these the English aristocracy stood quite apart from the rest of the world. Newly ennobled families, however, were not included—being merely classed as little above the Tom, Dick, and Harry rabble, for which the real aristocrats entertained a great, if good-natured, contempt.

The name of Lord Clanricarde is still hateful to Irish nationalism, and indeed he seems to have been a most detestable person. He was mean and miserly, slatternly, and yet a sort of dandy, and naturally hating everything with the semblance of liberalism:

Lord Clanricarde was a great and rather disquieting user

of clubs. Though in his own rooms he allowed himself but one scuttle of coal a week, he was always grumbling at the "poor fires." He tried to ride roughshod over rules which did not please him, smoking a shocking old pipe, against regulations, and having weird and inexpensive meals in rooms where food was not allowed. A great student of prices, no one better than he knew how to get the most for his money. It is said that having at one of his clubs discussed an obsolete rule by which slices of ham were included in the table money, he set to work with such determination that the too liberal ordinance had to be hastily abrogated.

The term table money, indeed, he ever interpreted in its most comprehensive sense, insisting upon being given any species of pickle and the like—as a club steward, apropos of the number of bottles upon the marquis' table, once said, "His lordship liked profusion."

A votary of tobacco, he was probably the most eccentric smoker who ever lived—a cigar, he said, was never at its best till the third time of smoking. In old age it was his practice to cut off the end when about an inch had gone and put the remains away, the second time of smoking he would cut off another inch, using the stump as a *bonne bouche* for special occasions.

The Duke of Wellington is another semi-celebrity who flits across these pages. Curiously enough, he had nothing of the soldier about him. No visions of military glory ever haunted his imagination, although in face he was greatly like his illustrious father. On one occasion he was compelled to submit to the removal of one of his eyes, and subsequently he had an affection of the remaining eye and was operated on by Mr. Critchett, the great oculist of that day, who wrote to Lady Dorothy as follows:

About thirty years ago my late father had to remove one of the duke's eyes, which had become sightless and very painful, and it was necessary to administer an anesthetic. This was done by the late Mr. Clover, the great anesthetist of that day, and I heard the duke thus address him: "Now, sir, pray understand that I don't fear death, but I abominate pain. If in your endeavor to spare me the latter you introduce me to the former I will, should we meet in another world, freely forgive you; but if you let me suffer and I remain in the flesh, God help you." Afterwards the duke made merry over his loss and to an inquiry as to his eyes replied, "Thank you, one of them is in excellent spirits in Harley Street." To a friend who deplored his lack of means he said, "Take this tip: go to your clubs and bet as many as will take you that they can not name the distance between the Duke of Wellington's eyes. Some will say an inch and a half and others two inches, but they will all be wrong, for it is the distance between Harley Street and Apsley House."

Later on I had to undertake the heavy responsibility of operating on the duke's remaining eye, in which I am glad to say useful sight remained until the end of his life, and guided by my former experience, I told the anesthetist who replaced Mr. Clover, who had died in the interval, that a deep effect would be needed. After a comparatively short time he told me that I might begin to operate and seemed surprised when I emphatically shook my head. After another minute he said, "He is really profoundly 'off,' for I have three times touched his eye and he has not flinched." I entirely disconcerted him by pointing out the eye he had so assiduously touched was artificial.

The volume brings us down almost to the opening of the war, and incidentally we have a prediction of the struggle from Mr. Frederic Harrison, who is still alive and who wrote as follows to Lady Dorothy under date of April 7, 1912. Mr. Harrison talks first of Syndicalism and then continues:

But the German peril is even more serious than Syndicalism. For General Bernhardt represents the real controlling power of Germany, and the Kaiser is their figurehead, not their master. When we were in London we dined with Morley and met the editor of the *Westminster* and a junior member of the government and discussed the coal strike for hours. Morley told us that Asquith and the optimists in the cabinet believed the strike would not last a week—the junior minister was even more confident and contemptuous of the miners and the labor leaders in and out of Parliament. The editor and I warned M. (who expressed no opinion of his own) that it would be a long and anxious struggle and might have far-reaching consequences and evil days. I urged on H. then, as I had done before, that violence and riot were almost inevitable, and that if the government were forced to use arms, as they must, and blood was shed in many places, it would be the end of Liberalism for a generation, and would probably land us in some kind of dictatorial government to save society and the empire. Even now, I think that far from improbable, though I am happy to think I am too old to see it.

Lady Dorothy Nevill died on March 28, 1913. She knew every one of her day who was worth knowing, and we may easily believe that her son has given to her the memorial that she would most desire.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. By her son, Ralph Nevill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Of all the olive-growing lands Spain is the most important in the total yield of oil, and is by nature one of those best fitted to fill its own large demands and furnish an increasing supply for export. Italy, the second olive-oil producing country in Europe, has an area planted in olives about a third greater than Spain has, but its yield in normal years is smaller. The French area under cultivation is confined to the Mediterranean coast, and is reported to be decreasing, since greater profits are obtained from viticulture. It is asserted that in recent years 20,000 hectares of olive groves have been turned into vineyards in France. Tunis and Algeria are declared to offer better prospects for olive raising than does French territory in Europe.

Among the British men of prominence probably the one who most frequently refused money was Robert Browning, the poet. During the last twenty-five years of his life editors offered large sums for a short poem from his pen. But Browning said "No." He told his friends when they pointed out the unwisdom of this course that he was determined not to thrust poems down the throats of people; that if they wanted to read him they could buy his books.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending December 20, 1919, were \$200,895,182.75; for the corresponding week of last year, \$133,910,778.66; an increase of \$66,984,404.09.

Gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco showed a gain during the week just ended, while the total of bills held by the bank decreased nearly \$9,000,000.

The railroads of the country have been under government control and have been operated by the government since January 1, 1918. They were taken as a war measure. In taking possession the Federal Control Act of Congress provided that each property shall be returned to its owners "in substantially as good repair and in substantially as complete equipment as it was in at the beginning of Federal control."

The act has therefore established the government's obligation for physical damage to the railroads. This is only a part of the obligation assumed by the government when private owners lost control of their properties. The owners had no voice in determining the terms of rental for the war use of their

be the exemplar of good faith in dealing with the people we would be involved in moral bankruptcy. With a clear perception of this obligation there can be little doubt that it will be fulfilled. The practical interest is in the method of fulfillment.

Incident to the war we have seen the aggregate wages paid to railroad employees rise from \$1,700,000,000 to approximately \$3,000,000,000 a year. There has been a proportionate increase in the cost of materials and supplies, so that when the railroad properties are returned there has been attached to their operations a revolutionary advance in all expenses. While this has been going on with the cost of labor and materials and supplies, the income value of the product (transportation) has been stationary under the government lease. The same measure of establishing the rental to be paid continues to be the return to the owners of these properties under the government contract. The aggregate of this rental—approximately \$932,000,000 per year—remaining stationary, shows convincingly that the government policy has been to take care of the increased cost of labor and supplies, not out of the revenues of the roads, but from that raised by all of the people, instead of transferring these costs as a charge for service through increased rates, where they belong.

Congress in taking up the practical problems involved has held exhaustive hearings as to the essentials for protecting the railroad credit structure. The whole fabric of credit, and with it the fate of our national prosperity, depends upon the solution of this problem before permanently turning back the railroads to private operation.

The solution is found in Section 6 of the Cummins bill, now before the Senate of the United States. The highest authorities, and those who have given exhaustive study to the question, are forced to the conclusion that upon the fate of this one section of the Cummins bill depends the question whether the private operation of railroads may be safely resumed and private ownership perpetuated.

The terms "strong" and "weak" when applied to railroads indicate more truly the territory the respective roads serve than the financial condition of the roads to which they are applied. Rates adjusted to the fair guarantee of the roads serving "strong" territory, where traffic is dense, fail to produce sufficient revenue to the roads serving "weak" territory where traffic is light.

The powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission are practically limited to making rates of universal application to all railroads in a competitive territory. Rates adjusted only to the fair requirements of the fifty-three so-called "strong" railroads in their application to the traffic carried by the 109 "weak" roads fail to produce sufficient income to preserve the credit and permit the development of the "weak" roads. If rates were adjusted to the fair requirements of the 109, earnings would be produced to the fifty-three roads in excess of what the public, the shippers, the Interstate Commerce Commission would or could stand for. This was characterized by Senator Cummins as the "insoluble problem."

Something must be done. The problem was to secure to those 109 railroads serving "weak" territory revenue sufficient to enable them to perform service and produce a reasonable return upon their investment, fairly computed, without at the same time producing more earnings to the fifty-three roads serving "strong" territory than should be retained.

The National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities suggested to the committees of Congress which have been considering railroad legislation a simple and effective method to relieve the conditions mentioned and stabilize railroad credit and securities. This method was substantially adopted in Section 6 of the Cummins bill now before the Senate.

The effect of that section is to provide that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall establish a level of rates that will yield "as nearly as may be" 5 1/2 per cent. on the aggregate value of the property and equipment of the railroads devoted to the public use, plus one-half of 1 per cent., at the discretion of the commission, for unproductive improvements. For the purpose of determining and adjusting rates so that they will yield a living and fair return, the commission shall arrange the roads (as they have done in the past for a similar purpose) into as many groups as they may decide.

Railroads that earn in excess of the given reasonable return of 6 per cent. on their individual property investment or "fair value" will retain one-half of such excess as incentive. The remaining half would create a national fund to be used in the interest of transportation as a whole, in purchasing equipment and joint facilities, etc., to be leased to the railroads, but not capitalized for rate-making.

Under Section 6 of the Cummins bill the aggregate value of the roads of respective groups is taken, the rates are based on such aggregate value without regard to securities

that have been issued by any road. If this section is passed the idle talk about paying or earning "dividends," or a return on "watered securities" and "shadow dollars," will cease and private ownership and operation will be permanently established.

Many railroads will not earn as much as the 5 1/2 per cent. or 6 per cent. on their individual property and equipment. Each railroad will earn on its own value as much as it can secure through the traffic it handles and through efficiency in operation and management. So a railroad that is over-capitalized in securities suffers in the percentage return it may receive on such securities. Those roads that earn over the 6 per cent. have the incentive to make the earnings in excess thereof as great as possible because they retain one-half of such excess (one-third after 6 per cent.).

There is no guarantee of any description, directly or indirectly given. Rates are made that would yield the stated return on the value of the transportation system as a whole; and no two roads will necessarily receive the same percentage return, because each earns on its own value what it can from rates made for all. The leveling is accomplished through the regulation of earnings in excess of the percentage return.

No informed person will contest the statement that in the aggregate the properties and equipment devoted to the public use of Class 1 railroads (89 per cent. of the total mileage) are worth more in the aggregate than the seventeen and a half billion dollars shown by the books of the railroads.

There has been loss of confidence in railroad securities, due to the impossible conditions under which the railroads were compelled to exist in the absence of power in the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The removal of this doubt depends upon the preservation, in any railroad legislation adopted by Congress, of Section 6 of the Cummins bill.—*American Review of Reviews.*

The Blankenbom-Hunter-Dulin Company is offering \$2,500,000 Holland Land Company first mortgage 6 per cent. fifteen-year gold bonds, in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000, dated December 1, 1919, and due December 1, 1934. Callable at 102 and interest. The bonds are tax exempt in California and the normal Federal income tax is paid by the company.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage or deed of trust on the properties of the Holland Land Company, in Reclamation District No. 999, comprising 20,467.9 acres of improved farming land on the west side of the Sacramento River, the centre of which is about fourteen miles south of the City of Sacramento. This land was independently appraised by John C. Moore, appraiser for the Federal Farm Land Bank of Berkeley and many other large financial institutions; Phil Johnson, appraiser for the Capital National Bank of Sacramento; J. M. Bigger of Stockton, and George X. Fleming of Sacramento at a minimum price of \$275 per acre, or \$5,500,000, calculating 20,000 acres. The company has sold 9912.02 acres of this land at an average price of \$274.74 an acre, and the company holds sales contracts aggregating \$7,223,175.70.

The sales contracts bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent., which is more than sufficient to pay the interest on these bonds. The net income from rentals and farming operations for the season of 1918 was \$327,503.30, and although complete figures are not available for this year, they exceed the foregoing figure. Subject to future sales, the company should receive an annual rental of not less than \$25 for the land lying inside of the levees of Reclamation District No. 999, and \$15 an acre for the 2600 acres lying in the By-pass. A portion of the lands will undoubtedly be rented on a share basis, the company receiving 33 1/3 per cent. of the crop from the bean planting and 35 per cent. on the barley planting. At present prices, and prices for delivery during the season of 1920, the rentals on this basis will be from \$25 to \$40 an acre.

Judging from the appraised valuation and the prices at which sales will undoubtedly be maintained, it is safe to estimate a total value, including the lands outside the levees, of \$5,750,000, giving the company \$3,250,000 equity above this issue of bonds. No district bonded indebtedness can be incurred which would be a prior lien without amply protecting these bonds.

Analyzing this year's activities in the New York stock market, one must come to the realization of the futility of judging the rise and fall of the stock market by any means excepting that of money supply. All other news, good or bad, as expressed by financial writers and traders, seems of no consequence. Beginning February 8, 1919, at which time labor troubles were threatening the whole country, the market started from low levels and rose steadily until July 18, 1919, or in other words advanced as long as the call money supply lasted. When brokers' loans became extended to \$1,750,000,000 and a demand for money came from the West to aid the farmers the stock market suffered its first important set-

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back of the year. The market continued to break all during the month of August until brokers' loans were reduced to \$1,250,000,000. Bullish activity started again September 8th, and continued for two months up to November 8th, at which time brokers' loans were again expanded to \$1,500,000,000. Looking ahead one month from that date to the 15th of December, the New York bankers, realizing that heavy withdrawals would take place from December 8th to the 15th to meet payments to the government for excess profit taxes of corporations, income taxes, and the final payment on the Liberty Loan, raised the price of call money to 30 per cent. to force liquidation in the market for the purpose of acquiring the necessary funds. For that reason, and for no other, came the November break, again proving the necessity of watching the money situation while trading in the New York market. Money is king, the power that moves the market and regulates the world's activities.

Speaking of bad news, we have had nothing but bad news all this year, and still all will admit that the 1919 market was the greatest

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hull market ever witnessed on the New York Stock Exchange. We have had labor troubles, lack of production, political agitation, and everything imaginable, and still the market went up. Republic Steel and Iron stock was selling at 90 when the steel strike was called, and in three weeks it sold up to 145. In the same period General Motors, the acknowledged leader of the market, sold from 210 to 406 1/4. In the recent slump it is estimated that brokers' loans decreased 40 per cent. After December 15th, when the taxes were paid, the market rose sharply and call money dropped to 5 per cent. December 17th (the low price of the year). If money remains plentiful, and with railroads legislation and possible peace in sight, with a building boom just ahead due to the fact that building operations have been neglected for five years, conditions look good for a continued bullish activity. Money must not be allowed to remain idle and call money loans are very desirable, earning as they do from 6 to 12 per cent. Of course the bankers will not neglect the demands for money from manufacturing and commercial sources or

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properties. There was not time for negotiations and setting up of values.

The return of the railroads to their owners scheduled for January 1st next is faced with catastrophe should Congress fail to carry out the letter of the contract under which they were taken over. The operating income of the railroads has shrunk under government control, as of June 1, 1919, to about 40 per cent. of the average for the test period. Where this deficit is being materially reduced it is feared the upkeep of the properties is neglected. To be handed back in such a condition would leave the railroads, as a whole, where their income would be insufficient to take care of a large proportion of the interest upon their bonds.

The holders of these obligations include the vast army of people holding life-insurance policies or having deposits in savings banks, or both. There are thirty-five million people carrying unduplicated life-insurance policies who have a direct investment through these reserve funds in railroad mortgage obligations. There are ten million depositors in mutual savings banks similarly situated. Common honesty demands that the government shall observe both the letter and the spirit of the contract.

It is unthinkable that Congress would fail to rise to the full recognition of this obligation. Should the government ever cease to

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from the farmer, but we know of no extraordinary lasting demand at present or in the immediate future, so no doubt brokers will find it easy to obtain loans for market operations and we should get our usual January rise.—*W. C. Gregg, manager Palace Hotel branch of McDonnell & Co.*

Under the caption "Time to Trim the Sails" John K. Barnes writes the following

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interesting story on investment and banking in the November number of the *Century*:

"The times are certainly out of joint. Secretary Lane, a practical idealist, declares that people who 'continue to believe that there is a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow' are largely responsible for the industrial and social unrest in America and other countries. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, a practical business man, says, 'When we get back to the

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practice of giving an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, all such theoretical questions as the high cost of living will automatically disappear." Mr. William H. Lewis, director of the savings division of the Treasury Department, tells us that 'a veritable orgy of extravagant buying is going on.'

"It is time for the thinking people of the country to give serious consideration to these causes of unrest. Those who are wasting

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their time looking for the bag of gold, while they should be doing an honest day's work, need some one to lead them back from their illusions. The task of drawing them away, however, will not be an easy one, for, as Mr. Lane says, 'These folks won't take the word of experienced men all down the road of history that there is no magical way to happiness. Work alone finds the way. Work is the salvation, materially and spiritually.' And Mr. Schwab has no patent remedy for reducing the high cost of living. 'There is but one way to do it,' he says, 'and that is by economy, and secondly by industry and efficiency.'

"Those who feel that there is no cause for concern for themselves in this situation should stop to consider how closely present conditions correspond to those which usually precede a financial crisis and business depression. Mr. Theodore E. Burton, in his book on 'Crises and Depression,' points out that such a period 'is invariably preceded by a season of great activity, marked by much real or apparent prosperity.' This country certainly has gone through such a season since it began supplying Europe with the materials of war in 1915. And the definite indications preceding a crisis, as observed by Mr. Burton, are many of them evident today. Certainly they are worthy of study at this time. Some of them, he points out, develop contemporaneously, but so far as they are distinct in time, he places them in the following order:

"1. An increase in prices, first, of special commodities, then in a less degree, of commodities generally, and later of real estate, improved and unimproved.

"2. Increased activity of established enterprises and the formation of many new ones, especially those which provide for increased production or improved methods, such as factories and furnaces, railways and ships, all requiring the change of circulating to fixed capital.

"3. An active demand for loans at slightly higher rates of interest.

"4. The general employment of labor at increasing or well-sustained wages.

"5. Increasing extravagance in private and public expenditure.

"6. The development of a mania for speculation, attended by dishonest methods in business and the gullibility of many investors.

"7. Lastly, a great expansion of discounts and loans, and a resulting rise in the rate of interest; also a material increase in wages, attended by frequent strikes and by difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of laborers to meet the demand.

"Marked tendencies are apparent in at least six of these directions; but as Mr. Burton points out, many of them are indications of genuine prosperity; so how is one to know what they portend. 'They are precursors of disaster,' he says, 'only in case of overaction, when the equipment for the creation of certain classes of commodities, and their consequent production, is out of harmony with that for other classes, and speculation takes the place of more legitimate enterprise.' The thing then for those to do who by their actions and words can influence others is to exert their influence against those tendencies which clearly spell trouble if persisted in—extravagance and speculation. Then will our present prosperity be given a substantial basis and the danger of a crisis be removed.

"He who feels that there is no such danger following a war fails to place any value on the lessons of history. A look back to the panic of 1873 and the years of depression that followed it show they were the result of the destruction of wealth in the Civil War, to the tying up of capital in temporarily unproductive railroad construction, and to the era of extravagance and speculation that followed the war. The conditions of such a period have been well described by Mr. Burton:

"After the exhaustion occasioned by war there is, for a time, great activity in providing supplies which have been rendered scarce by extraordinary demands. As a result, during war or a period of unusual enterprise, and for a time thereafter, the true situation is obscured by exceptional activity, by the fact that labor is generally employed, prices are high and rising, and speculation is rife. A similar activity after the destruction of great quantities of property by fire or flood has led to the delusion that a season of restoration, following one of these visitations, is one of prosperity. The after-effect, in either case, is not unlike the experience of a spendthrift who wastes his substance in excessive expenditure, enjoying the time, but soon awakes to the fact that his sources of support are gone.

"To face the situation without delusions and to do one's best to apply the remedies to alleviate it is the greatest service that one can render today. A period of readjustment to lower price levels is ahead. If we enter into it with sails trimmed to meet the changing wind, there need be no panic such as has ushered in most such changes in the past. It is time for every one to keep his lamp well trimmed and amply supplied with

oil, for it is hard to tell when the call will come. On December 31, 1892, a leading authority on business conditions reported 'the most prosperous year ever known in business closes today with strongly favorable indications for the future.' Yet the crisis of 1893 began the following May."

D. L. McKay & Co. have opened offices in the American National Bank Building. They are handling a general line of investment bonds and are associated with A. B. Russell in the Coast representation of W. O. Gay & Co. and S. N. Bond & Co. of New York and Boston. W. O. Gay & Co. is 'one of the oldest Eastern banking houses dealing in commercial paper. S. N. Bond & Co. are specialists in short-time tax-exempt municipal paper. D. L. McKay is well known in San Francisco financial circles, the McKay family having been associated with the street since early pioneer days.

Bonds of three Delta Reclamation District 6s were sold last week at Stockton. William R. Staats & Co., bidding jointly with E. H. Rollins & Sons, were awarded all three issues. On the \$110,000 issue of District 2041 the winning bid was \$2032 premium. The Anglo London Paris National Bank and Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company (jointly) bid \$1575, and the Bank of Italy bid \$28.

The \$370,000 Victoria Island issue of District 2040 went to William R. Staats & Co. and E. H. Rollins & Sons (jointly) for an unconditional bids of \$11,400, although the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company bid higher with a conditional \$11,722. Freeman, Smith & Camp and Carstens *et al.* bid \$10,427 and the Bank of Italy bid \$28.80.

District 2042 bonds for \$125,000 were awarded to William R. Staats & Co. and E. H. Rollins & Sons at a premium of \$2650. The other bidders and bids were the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company \$2610, and the Bank of Italy \$135.50.

The Crank-Paris Company, advertising agents, of Los Angeles, recently opened an office in the Wells Fargo Building in San Francisco. The San Francisco office is in charge of Mr. D. S. B. Stannard, who will look after the business throughout Northern and Central California for the company. Mr. Stannard is a man of wide and varied experience in the advertising field. Success which has attended the efforts of the firm in Los Angeles prompted C. F. Crank and William B. Paris, founders of the business, to extend the firm's operations so as to include a similar service for San Francisco houses.

Leo V. Belden, manager of the Bank of Italy's bond department, left recently for Los Angeles to open there a branch of that department in connection with the Bank of Italy in the southern city. Harold Hunt, formerly of Spencer, Trask & Co., will be the manager of the office and special attention will be given to Southern California issues.

In its December monthly letter the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank has the following to say about the business outlook:

"The country is ending the year with trade active and strong and a volume of general business considerably in excess of that shown a year ago, bank clearings running nearly 33 per cent. greater. The prospect of dwindling fuel supplies has, however, seriously interfered with various lines of trade and caused uncertainty in manufacturing branches. The settlement of the coal strike, if on terms satisfactory both to the operators and to the miners, coupled with the appointment of a commission to investigate the whole question—wages, prices, and working conditions—will constitute another recognition of the paramount interest of the public in industrial disputes.

"Heavy liquidation of speculative securities resulted last month from the action of the Federal Reserve Banks in advancing their discount rates and from the efforts made by the Federal Reserve Board to prevent the employment for speculative purposes of credits obtained upon the pledge of government bond collateral. The liquidation was due, however, and had the effect of strengthening the market position and of relieving it of weaknesses incident to excessive speculation. In the course of this general selling, stock exchange securities have declined sharply, with the result that many of the highly inflated issues are selling now at a much more reasonable price level. This readjustment, drastic as it was, was accomplished without failures or demoralization of any kind. It provided another severe test for the Federal Reserve System and emphasized the 'basic strength of the country's bank position. A reduction in such loans was called for also by the reappearance of the government as a heavy borrower of bank funds through the sale to banks and trust companies of short-term treasury Certificates of Indebtedness. Great good will come from this process, as the country is doing business on such a high price basis as to make the daily turn-over extremely difficult to finance. Besides this an immense amount of credit has been tied up for weeks at a time through the

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lock-out and strike disturbances in various trades and notably in the shipping industry. The recent tie-up of traffic at seahoard points held up an enormous volume of export and import shipments against which the banks of the large reserve centres had made heavy advances. Similarly a vast amount of credit has been tied up by the inability of the railroads to expedite grain shipments to seahoard points. All these incidents of delayed traffic have imposed heavy burdens upon the banks and indirectly upon the money market. Holiday trade activity has also absorbed a good deal of credit throughout the country, and the tension in the money market has been increased by the payment to the government on December 15th of the last income-tax installment."

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Maeterlinck.

The conservative mind is naturally unwilling to recognize the renaissance of mystic thought, even of superstitious thought, that is now upon us and that finds its most poetic expression in the writings of Maeterlinck. The war accounts for much of it. The disappearance of superhumanism from religion accounts for still more. There is a strong literary reaction against materialism, and Maeterlinck is its eloquent spokesman.

Most of these essays are devoted to the problem of survival. The author is no longer in any kind of doubt. He ranges himself on the side of Sir Oliver Lodge and is disposed to believe that at last we have something like proof. But he does more than this. He gives us the main outlines of Oriental philosophy and tells us that even if this philosophy be not true it is at least so gorgeous that only a god could have conceived it.

Some of these essays are devoted directly to war topics, to German atrocities, to the earlier victims of the war whom the author now immortalizes. There is also an essay on embryology. Mr. Maeterlinck hautesifies everything that he touches and thus performs the full duty of the poet.

MOUNTAIN PATHS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

James Monroe Taylor.

A biography that consists mainly, or largely, of letters is at a disadvantage and may even be inadequate. Men who are worth while do not proclaim their own achievements nor stress their own virtues. Unless they are voluminous writers we may fail to find even a sufficient narrative. Letters are admirable revealers of character, but not necessarily of events.

This "Life and Letters" of James Monroe Taylor by Miss Haight, although of substan-

tial size, leaves much unrecorded that we should be sorry to forget, although this is in no way an adverse criticism of the work, which is in every way admirable. We should like to know more about Vassar College itself and of the efforts made by Dr. Taylor to bring it to the triumphant success that it achieved. Dr. Taylor was its president for nearly thirty years. It owes well-nigh the whole of its fame to him. We should like to know how he accomplished such a wonder, something of the fluctuations in the long fight that he waged.

Much of this is, of course, revealed by his letters, which show us a man of extraordinary wealth of character, flexible to meet every event, infinitely strong, and wise and patient. The letters are representative of every phase of his life from boyhood upward. They are selected with skill and rightly arranged. They show us Dr. Taylor's personality in such a way that we feel intimate acquaintance with it and affection for it. Doubtless this was Miss Haight's chief task, and it has been well done.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MONROE TAYLOR. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A Motoring Novel.

"Free Air," by Sinclair Lewis, is a novel of pronounced American flavor, dealing with such up-to-date subjects as crossing the continent in an automobile and the lines of caste drawn in America between the rich and the poor.

It is a very human story, for the rich Eastern heroine, while roughing it in the open and driving her car over the limitless prairie countries of the Northwest, falls in love with a real man in spite of his crude lack of social training, his unpolished English, and his un-motored background. What makes Claire so simply human is the ardor with which she also fell in love with the costly luxuries and refinements which wealth permits, when she reached the home of her gorgeous relatives in Seattle.

Claire has a long, hard struggle, in which the reader is permitted many a view of the mental processes of the confirmed wealthy, "who took it for granted that all persons who did not live in large houses and play good games of bridge were either 'queer' or 'common,' . . . and who believed that they were as superior to workmen with hard hands as was Brooklyn Height itself."

It is really a capital story, full of vitality, written in lively, entertaining style, and showing on the author's part a thorough knowledge and perception of the widely diverse types that make up our Americans.

FREE AIR. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

The Bullitt Mission.

This little volume contains the testimony of Mr. Bullitt before the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate. It will be remembered that Mr. Bullitt was sent to Russia as a United States emissary, that he remained there for some few days only

in conference with the Bolshevik chiefs, and that he then prepared a whitewashing report that may be described as enthusiastically Bolshevik. Most people are now of opinion that Mr. Bullitt's views on Russia have no value, but as a curious example of the way in which our national affairs are handled this little volume may be commended to the public.

THE BULLITT MISSION TO RUSSIA. New York: B. W. Huesch.

Verse by Mrs. Tietjens.

Mrs. Tietjens may be congratulated on a second edition of her "Profiles from China." Frankly, we are surprised, as well as gratified, that there should be a second edition. The public is not usually appreciative of such good work, nor of good work cast in so unfamiliar an Oriental mold.

Mrs. Tietjens' new book is entitled "Body and Raiment." Just as her earlier book was inspired by her visit to China, so she has now derived a new inspiration from her visit to the war zone. Not that all her poems are of the war. There are love songs and translations, and two surprising compositions entitled "The Drug Clerk" and "The Steam Shovel." Among the smaller gem-like poems may be cited "Parting After a Quarrel":

You looked at me with eyes grown bright with pain

Like some trapped thing's. And then you moved your head

Slowly from side to side, as though the strain

Ached in your throat with anger and with dread.

And then you turned and left me, and I stood

With a queer sense of deadness over me,

And only wondered dully that you could

Fasten your trench-coat up so carefully

Till you were gone. Then all the air was thick

With my last words that seemed to leap and quiver,

And in my heart I heard the little click

Of a door that closes—quietly, forever.

Mrs. Tietjens has won a distinctive position for herself as an American poet. Her name stands out from a title-page. If she continues to feel deeply—sometimes we do not—her power of language will do the rest.

BODY AND RAIMENT. By Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Sonia Married.

Why are there so many amazingly clever novels about amazingly worthless people? When Mr. Stephen McKenna wrote "Sonia: Between Two Worlds," we doubted if Sonia was worth the powder and shot devoted to her. We doubted still more if her marriage to the blinded O'Rand could be a happy one, or if even the horrors of war could give to her character the hallst that it needed.

Now Mr. McKenna gives us an epilogue to his first novel. Sonia, it seems, can be redeemed by suffering, and we look forward anticipatively to a most desirable process. To our regret we find that Sonia is not only unregenerated, but unregenerable. She had no moral values when first we knew her. Now she becomes a veritable slut. She betrays her blind husband without a shadow of justification. She becomes something far lower than the idle and selfish woman of pleasure. She becomes depraved, and we suspect that if she were to live a thousand years she would still be depraved. We are not deceived by her spasm of maternal tenderness for her hasty child, and we are not sure that we applaud O'Rand for his willingness to adopt it.

But the story is written with surpassing skill. It reflects the miseries, the hysterias of Europe at a time when the war was not yet won and when it began to seem to so many to be not worth winning. One hears from every page the snapping of nerve strings under the strain of a suspicion that actually there are no moral issues involved and that the agony will be in vain. But why put Sonia in the middle of so fine a picture.

SONIA MARRIED. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Since the war Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has been giving his whole time and attention to the question which has affected the whole world: Are the dead really dead?

The Four Seas Company will resume the publication of the *Poetry Journal*, which was discontinued during the war, with the January number.

In Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America" (J. B. Lippincott Company) the author tells many interesting anecdotes of the first actors in this country. Speaking of Joseph Jefferson, he says: "The first Joseph Jefferson on his arrival in America at once won fame in old men rôles. He also made himself generally useful, playing on occasion one of the witches in 'Macbeth' and even helping to paint the scenery. A kind-hearted old lady watched him one evening, bent over and tottering about the stage, and determined to help remove such an old person from the stage by raising a subscription to enable him to spend his last days in comfort. The next morning she went to consult the management about her plan, even bringing a list of well-known names which she had procured as

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probable subscribers, with her own at the head. But Jefferson himself, lively and young, happened to pass at that moment. He was stopped and introduced to his would-be benefactress, who, astounded and confused, and realizing the joke was distinctly on her, made a hasty departure."

Earl Grey, British ambassador to the United States is better known to Americans as statesman and diplomat than as sportsman, and so his book on "Fly Fishing," which the Duttons bring out in the United States, will introduce him in a new guise.

No book of memoirs has come out of England in a long time so interesting, so lively, and so charming as "The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill," by her son Ralph Nevill, which the Duttons have just published. Lady Dorothy's long life of almost ninety years was one of wide-awake interest in all the world about her and of friendships with all the people worth knowing who made the England of politics, literature, art, and society through three generations.

Briefer Reviews.

Students of the Russian language will welcome an "Easy Russian Reader," compiled by Evelyn C. White, B. A., and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., with illustrations and a complete vocabulary.

Under the title of "Simple Truths Used by Great Singers," Sarah Robinson-Duff has published, through the Oliver Ditson Company, the series of conferences which she delivered before the Palestrina Summer School of Music during her first season in America. They are full of sage counsel to the singer and expressed in admirably lucid language.

Fur trapping is usually supposed to belong to the stories of the past. But it belongs also to the present, as is shown by Dr. Rolt-Wheeler's new book for boys, "The Boy with the United States Trappers," just published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. It is a stirring account of wild animals and of the war that is waged against them, an account that is substantially true, but decorated by the author's unusual gifts as a raconteur.

IT was difficult to decide which of Gertrude Atherton's books should be added to the MODERN LIBRARY—almost all of this distinguished novelist's works belong there. After deep consideration we have chosen

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A Romantic War Novel.

Maud Diver, the popular English novelist, makes great efforts to be a modern, and to give to her novels an atmosphere of masculine intellectuality and to her male characters the kind of discourse peculiar to men.

But the lady is a romanticist, and a believer in class. Therefore, although she writes an interesting novel, it seems like something of a survival from other, and, for the patricians of England, happier days.

She has not faced the great class issues at all, in spite of the questions concerning the war that are treated in "The Strong Hours." These all hear on the German alien, manipulating, for his own advantage, the conservative British, too rooted in uselessness to stir themselves and root out the German intrigue that was winding itself, like a cancerous growth, around affairs of state during early war days.

"The Strong Hours" shows an acquaintance with Canada on the author's part, her favorite male character having passed a year or so there, and, in romantic wise, having narrowly escaped swamping his career by a piece of romantic Quixoticism.

Although Mrs. Diver shows considerable knowledge of the world and its affairs, both social and geographical, and, in the agreeable leisureliness with which her story is written, permits her readers to overhear many thoughtful conversations between men about the Britain of today, she is "but yet a woman" in that she is most tenderly gone on both her hero and her heroine, and has been unable to refrain from giving an apparently casual but really lovingly minute description of the latter's costume.

THE STRONG HOURS. By Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Green Ladies.

W. Douglas Newton, already with a shelf of novels to his credit, gives us a new one, and with a charm due more to the manner of its telling than to the story itself. The story is indeed of the sketchiest kind. The hero, home in England from the war, falls in love with an untenanted cottage somewhere on the south coast and proceeds forthwith to take possession of it, leaving all the usual formalities to care for themselves. He soon

discovers that he has a beautiful landlady with a sort of prohibitory mystery hanging over her and the story may be said to consist of his delicate efforts to solve the mystery and to remove its prohibitory features. It is a charmingly written idyll, and one that leaves a fragrance in the mind.

GREEN LADIES. By W. Douglas Newton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Helena.

Sometimes we regard the modern young woman as an avatar, sometimes as a portent, and sometimes as a disease. But at least we regard her. Every modern novelist must have at least one novel to his or her credit in which the modern young woman plays a central part.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's modern young woman is, of course, an aristocrat. But she has been driving motor-cars and amulances during the war and is therefore emancipated from all restraints, including those of good manners. When her mother dies, Helena is committed to the care of Lord Buntingford, who has ideas of his own regarding the proprieties, and they are in sharp contrast with those of Helena. Naturally there are ructions, and we begin to suspect that Lord Buntingford is intended to fall in love with his ward and that the animosities are no more than the prelude to a change of heart. Indeed we are not sure that Mrs. Ward did not alter her plans after the story was begun. It would account for a sudden shift of the helm when the voyage is half over.

It seems that there is a mystery in Lord Buntingford's life. We are allowed to know that he was once married, and when a mysterious woman comes fitfully into view we begin to suspect that he is still married. For a time we forget Helena and transfer our not very vivid interests to her guardian. Moreover, there is a more eligible parti for Helena, and since he wishes to marry her it is no business of ours.

Evidently Mrs. Ward does not quite know what to do with the modern young woman, since we leave Helena in just about the same state of mind as when we found her. We must conventionally assume that she lives happily ever after. So much depends on whether she gets her own way.

HELENA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Stray Leaves.

This collection of verses by an unknown author has been rescued, says Senator Phelan in a foreword, "from the oblivion of modesty." There are thirty-seven poems in the little book, written, we may readily believe, without thought of publication and without any trace of the self-consciousness that is sometimes produced by the contemplation of an audience.

This virtue would not in itself be sufficient to win poetic laurels, but it becomes a powerful adjunct to delicacy of thought and grace of diction. The author loves nature wholeheartedly, and she is content to interpret the voice of nature without the admixture of introspection or morbidities. In other words she does not write about herself, and when we find this in alliance with technical precision and simplicity of language we may be satisfied that we have real poetry. It is so here.

STRAY LEAVES. Author unknown. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

The Bartlett Mystery

Louis Tracy gives us another incredible story of crime in New York, but one that momentarily seems to be almost possible under the vigor of his narrative. There is the attempted murder of a millionaire, the abduction of a beautiful girl, and a tangle of misdeeds and mysteries that is gradually straightened out to the usual end. "The Bartlett Mystery" is a capital hook for a railroad journey. At the end of the journey it may be left on the seat for the next comer.

THE BARTLETT MYSTERY. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode.

New Books Received.

CONSUMERS' CO-OPERATION. By Albert Sonnichsen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A history and explanation of the cooperative movement.

THE RETURN AND OTHER POEMS. By Remson Du Bois Bird. San Francisco: The Periodical Press.

A volume of verse.

OUR NERVOUS FRIENDS. By Robert S. Carroll, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Some life stories of people addicted to nervousness.

BORIS GODUNOV. By Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A drama in verse. Translated from the Russian.

EASY RUSSIAN READER. Compiled by Evelyn C. White, B. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

With illustrations and complete vocabulary.

RUSSIAN LYRICAL POETRY. By A. E. Tebbutt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An anthology of the best nineteenth-century lyrics.

COMMERCIAL FRENCH. By W. Wansfield Poole,



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M. A. and Michael Becker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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SIMPLE TRUTHS USED BY GREAT SINGERS. By Sarah Robinson-Duff. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

Advice to singers.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN. By Winwood Reade. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Twenty-first edition, with an introduction by F. Legge.

THE EVERLASTING MERCY and THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A new edition.

PEACE IN FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

More stories of life in a small town.

WEALTH FROM WASTE. By Henry J. Spooner, C. E., F. G. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Elimination of waste a world problem.

ISABEL CARLETON IN THE WEST. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A story.

THE VITAL MESSAGE. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company.

An exposition of spiritualism.

THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-LIFE. Letters of Ronsby Malclewih. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A collection of letters embodying a romance.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Henry P. Davison. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A record of war activities.

SPIRITUAL VOICES IN MODERN LITERATURE. By Trevor H. Davies. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The flame that burns in famous books.

A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A study of the man in the ranks.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A biography and an autobiography.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION. By Harold Donaldson Esherlein, Abbot McClure, and Edward Stanton Holloway. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

With seven plates in color, 283 in doubletone and a chart.

ETCHERS AND ETCHING. By Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Chapters in the history of the art, together with technical explanations of modern artistic methods.

SIR FREDERICK SMITH'S INTERNATIONAL LAW. Revised and enlarged by Coleman Phillipson, M. A., LL. D., Litt. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Fifth edition.

WILLIAM BLAKE THE MAN. By Charles Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The mental and spiritual growth of Blake.

THE LAST FOUR MONTHS. By Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K. C. M. G., C. B. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

How the war was won.

At certain points along American seacoasts "vocal sands" are found in patches, exhibiting a phenomenon that never has been very satisfactorily explained. The beach at Manchester, New Hampshire, is famous for them. These sands, when dry, yield a peculiar sound if struck by the foot, or even when stroked by the hand. At the same time a tingling sensation is felt by the fingers or by the bare toes. The sound resembles the far-off barking of a dog, and it may sometimes be heard at a distance of one hundred feet. The most remarkable "singing sands" are found on the Island of Kauai, in the Hawaiian group. By clapping them between the hands a faint hooping noise is produced. But the boot-like sounds are greatly intensified by putting a quantity in a bag and slamming it about.

The Malays and Bataks of Sumatra have solved their labor problem in a unique way. An important part of their food is the coconut, and this also forms an important part of their commerce. They have trained monkeys to pick nuts, in which they show great dexterity. Carl D. La Rue of Sumatra writes to Science saying that trained coconut-picking monkeys sell at from \$8 to \$20, according to their skill. He adds that they are very savage, and will inflict a serious bite whenever they get a chance.

PALESTINE'S KLONDIKE.

Experts from technical departments of the government at Cairo are testing the reports of mineralogists and others that coal, oil, and other minerals exist in paying quantities in the Dead Sea basin, and are surveying the Jordan Valley with a view to establishing irrigation works there.

Only those who have watched the quiet efforts of the British can appreciate what they have done in developing and reorganizing this sacred land during their short occupation. One of the first tasks of their engineers was to give Jerusalem an efficient water supply (says Harold J. Shephstone in New York Times). Until now the Holy City has depended entirely upon the rainfall for water. It was caught in cisterns and pools during the short rainy season and there stored until wanted. Some of these cisterns had not been cleaned out for over a hundred years and were the breeding place of deadly germs. These the British thoroughly cleansed, repaired, covered, and by means of an aqueduct brought pure water into the city from ancient reservoirs that lie to the south of Bethlehem. As a result the death rate of the city has dropped more than one-half.

It is the opinion of irrigation experts of Cairo that much could be done in reclaiming the Jordan Valley. The river is the most important river in Palestine, and rich in hitherto untapped associations. Prior to the coming of the British it was regarded as the property of the Sultan of Turkey and no one could sail vessels on the stream or even construct a bridge across it without his official sanction. On several occasions enterprising tourist agencies attempted to establish a steamboat service upon these waters, but all their efforts came to naught.

At only one spot, Ghoranyieh, where Christ is said to have been baptized by John the Baptist, was the river spanned by a bridge, a small wooden structure, before the war. This the Turks destroyed on their retreat. The British quickly threw a pontoon over it, replacing it by a bridge of the suspension type, which still stands. At two other places now, however, the river is crossed by light, but strong, steel structures of the tubular type, capable of carrying heavy-laden motor lorries. Thus there is now ready access to the rich plains of Moab. Now the engineers declare that by running canals from the Jordan, down which six tons of sweet water flows daily, 250,000 acres of deep, rich, alluvial soil, with a semi-tropical climate, could be reclaimed and made fruitful.

The new water supply to the Holy City, the bridging of the Jordan, reclaiming its valley, and the linking of Jerusalem with Cairo by rail—important achievements as they are—are as nothing compared to the tapping of the riches of the Dead Sea basin. Indeed, this comparatively little-known region should prove a veritable treasure house of wealth. Palestine's Klondike. Coal and oil undoubtedly exist here, as well as the finest and purest of bitumen and sulphur. Then, in Byzantine times, copper mines were worked near the south end of the sea, both in horizontal galleries and vertical shafts. Marble, porphyry, and other fine classes of stone abound, as well as phosphates. Salt is obtainable in large quantities, yet under Turkish rule this commodity was actually imported from Smyrna and England.

A correspondent's reference to green tea as a fruitful source of seeing visions reminds one that Sheridan Le Fanu, the author of the well-known study in horrors, "Dr. Silas," wrote three volumes entitled "Green Tea," packed full of thrills and shivers. The victim of green tea drinking was haunted by a monkey, or some beast of the ape tribe, that appeared to him on every possible occasion. Once, when he thought he was quit of it, it materialized, grinning and impish, on the seat of the mail coach. Sixty years ago green tea was freely recommended to any student who did much night work and wanted to keep awake, with the disastrous result that a sleeplessness was induced which eventually culminated in extreme insomnia in middle life and old age.—London Morning Post



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A BEDROOM FARCE.

"A frivolous farce of feminine foibles" is the programme description of "Up in Mahel's Room." The piece, which is by Willie Col-lison and Otto Tarbach, belongs, as any one may guess from the title, to that category of plays aimed at young people who are frankly given over to the purely physical. There are two young married couples, an affianced pair, and a pretty sister, with no visible male contingent around. A house party is represented, and of course the inevitable bedroom—with the equally inevitable contiguous bathroom—looms during the first act. Eventually we get there, see its fair occupant disrobe and stow herself in bed, attired in pajamas gorgeously decked with gold lace. (By the way, what about laundering these gold-laced underpinnings to which we are becoming so used in stageland? Such thoughts will intrude.)

Every one of these individuals distrusts his or her mate—or to-be mate. There is a pervasive flavor of—oh, of the body, in plays of this type. It is distinctly unpleasant, after we have absorbed the personalities, laughed a little at the comedian, and admired the pretty women and the pretty clothes. Unpleasant, I mean, to those who feel rather stifled in an atmosphere of that kind. The public, of course, keeps a sharp eye out for the list of coming attractions, and those who can not laugh all evening at such marital and sentimental complications as are developed in the bedroom farce stay away. But there are always loads of people left. The men—the wretches—recognizing portraits of themselves in these stage pictures of untrustworthy males being catechized by their untrusting female authorities, laugh jovially, with the huge delight of sympathetic transgressors who are, for the present, not personally concerned with the transgression. And the women smile, and are tickled mildly over the complications and passionately enjoy the clothes.

"Up in Mahel's Room" is a two-dollar show, so the women in respect to clothes are obliged to live up to the two dollars.

There are five women in the cast, and 60 per cent. of them are pretty and 80 per cent. sartorially smart. None of them are particularly distinguished in regard to personality, but what is required is looks, style, and figure, and the percentage in these respects is high.

Julie Ring has the principal rôle, and carries it well. She has a pretty face, a fine carriage, a dependable voice, and plenty of style. Her concise method pleases, and she fills the bill.

One can not say the same of Carewe Carvel. Geraldine, in spite of her stately name, is supposed to be a spiteful, scratchy kitten. Miss Carvel does not belong to the kitten type, and her voice is scratchy as well as Geraldine's was. And her wig is something awful. It suggested black worsted.

Dorothy Fox Slaytor—the girl in black—is good looking, or near-pretty, and has a figure, but oh, what an alternating voice. Dorothy's comes in gushes. Anon, she lets it out in blasts, until the chandeliers rattle, and then, like Bottom, she "roars you as gently as any sucking dove." Why, I ask you, doesn't the stage director get after her and compel her to moderate her vocal ardor?

Dorothy Blackburn is very pretty and very smart as the sister, and Jeanette Bageard gave a neat French flavor and a manual deftness to the maid Marie. And the display of bewildering negligées—oh my, but the women loved it.

Of the men, Sagar Midgley is the leading figure, because of his ability as a comedian. He can be depended on to make every point sink in, and keep the audience laughing. Joseph A. Bingham, as the valet—with the German name—who took so kindly to spying, does very good work, and Messrs. Norval, Clayton, and Judels sustained their rôles cleverly.

The situations in the piece, and the numerous exits and entrances, dovetail with the remarkable ingenuity so successfully cultivated by farce-makers, and the lines are quite clever; in fact they sparkle here and there.

The action of the piece hinges on the possession of an incriminating under garment of a gentle cognomen has attained national connection with a popular dance. If it likes you, for an' it likes you, you

will laugh. But—don't blench if you hear an occasional double entendre.

"THE LITTLE TEACHER."

This play of Harry James Smith, author of "A Tailor-Made Man," which is the last play he wrote before his premature death, marks the modern departure of the severe pedagogic idea in regard to the teacher of young children. Once on a time the sign-mark was old age, cork-screw curls, and a switch. Then she became middle-aged, studied psychology, and cultivated the child's sense of logic. Nowadays she wears transparent houses, and—defying the powers that be—short skirts, and trots round on her lively job in high heels, and nobody dares to say her nay. Also she has become friendly with the youngsters, who say, "Oh, teacher, I do think you wear your clothes so stylish!"

The little teacher in Mr. Smith's play is very gooey-gooey with her flock. Ignoring the lively and persistent germ, she kisses the whole brood at the drop of the hat; a dangerous procedure this, for all queens of the schoolroom learn very soon that freely given caresses from the teacher mean an excited and altogether too multitudinous response.

In fact the little teacher is not at all built on the lines of the experienced and wary instructress of youth. She pledges her salary to support two of her little pupils who are abused at home. "No, that's going it too strong," we said, only to be informed of a charitable teacher who had once taken home for a period of several months an abused, diseased, and neglected urchin in order to give him a fair start. So there are teachers and teachers, and the soft-hearted ones who really love children and are natural mothers are apt to be almost as tender with their flock as Emily West, the little teacher in the play.

Emily is, of course, for purposes of the drama, rather too sugary with the youngsters. I'm afraid, on the whole, that Mr. Smith idealized her into a creature rather too bright and good for human nature's, etc. However, it can not be said that the audience balked at the sweetness of the dish. Indeed, they swallowed it whole. What audience was ever critical, collectively, when the motive was kindness to children?

It is really odd, considering how atrophied the parental instinct must become with the thousands of young people who deny themselves all experience of the best emotions that life can offer, how tender audiences remain with children. They have quite an experienced little group to call on, and the children do well in every respect except the use of their voices. They have been trained to speak unnecessarily loud, until all the baby music is diverted from the sweet little treble pipe of childhood, and their voices have become shrill, distressing squeaks. And, indeed, the effort has missed fire, for their voices being pitched on such an unnatural key cause the young speakers to lose their control over distinctness of articulation. Children's voices are naturally very carrying, and our ears would be spared a series of shocks, and our hearing would gather in more of the meaning of their discourse, if they were instructed to moderate their tones.

Quite a large cast was necessary to complete the list of characters. Belle Bennett was of course the little teacher, and made that sunnily optimistic young instructress very pleasing to the audience. She kissed her young charges gallantly, as if she liked it, and pleased the male contingent in the audience by her angelic appearance in her Red Cross uniform quite as much as Emily appealed to the chivalrous admiration of the two swains in the play.

Life was quite exciting in Miss West's schoolroom. If young professorines of the school-hook could have in their daily record the melodramatic adventures that Emily experienced perhaps they would cease leaving their jobs in such overwhelming numbers. Conditions change rapidly these times, and at present the secretary of the National Educational Convention is touring the country to awaken citizens to the peril of the public school system, due to the niggardly standards of teacher's salaries in the East. In California they can not complain, but with teachers' salaries in many of the Eastern states averaging only a few hundreds a year, with teachers leaving the profession in schools for better-paid occupations, with three million children teacherless as the result, one realizes, in viewing the attempt in this play to hector, put upon, and generally hullyrag the young teacher in the lumber settlement, that in this short time the author's views on the teacher question have become out of date.

However, that doesn't bother the audience particularly, who like to see Miss West rise triumphant from the pettifoggery of her tormentors because the teacher is young and pretty and they are not.

Emilie Melville is in the cast, and gives a very good impersonation of the heart-hungry woman with the granite exterior who becomes the little teacher's champion. Edna Shaw gave an appropriate impersonation of the Sicilian child-stealer. Jean Oliver presented a pretty piece of pertness as a forward

little schoolgirl, and Emily Pinter as the long-lost mother of the stolen children gracefully ignored the legitness of Mrs. Dale's six-year-old with the ten-year-old voice, and hugged the returned ones with maternal ardor.

Messrs. Richardson and Alexander sustained the comedy side of the play, Mr. Richardson also playing his part both amusingly and sympathetically in a series of scenes of Bret-Harteish courtship, and Messrs. Shumer, Dillon, and Brunetto, Mesdames Barbara Lee and Edith Searle, and tully half a dozen others, besides four or five children, contributed ably to the success of the representation.

THE ANNUAL SHAKE-UP.

Now that the agony is over, and we are calm again, we are apt to envy the philosophy of those un-imitative people who can serenely keep out of it.

A doesn't exchange Christmas presents. She is an exceedingly busy professional woman who has a home to keep in order, and she says "she has no time to be running around with a lot of tiresome little packages."

B and C are two women similarly inclined, who have a sense of humor. Each remains in a year-long possession of some trifle—a vase, a hook, or a mat—which they gravely do up and exchange each Christmas. The two articles in question are getting worn out by their travels, but the annual revival of the joke keeps it fresh.

People are beginning to balk at Christmas cards. It really is a spectacle to make the gods laugh to see, in a department store, a multitude of adults fumbling over a lot of hideous cards and postals which are typical neither of their tastes nor their sentiments. Loads of people, of course, have rebelled, and have had recourse to scribbled messages on their visiting cards, or have had duplicate sets specially ordered so as to simplify things.

But the Christmas card exchange has its advantages, has been tacitly allowed to become a nuisance, on account of the assumption that once you send cards to people they must continue to be sent forever and ever and ever. Now the fact of the matter is that sending Christmas cards is a graceful way sometimes of conveying sentiments of a newly-formed friendship, or the assurance of a continued regard. But when, as sometimes happens, time and circumstances have caused former friends to lose all interest in each other, then the sending of the cards should cease.

There is another form of slavery to which people foolishly subscribe, and that is the continued sending of presents to the children of one's friends after they have grown out of knowledge. They have passed the doll-and-drum stage, and have begun to take an interest in their appearance simultaneous with a loss of interest in their parents' mature friends, who were once their indulgent playfellows. And thus Mrs. X, gloating over her completed list, is brought up with a round turn. "Good heavens! I haven't got a thing for that nuisance of a Johnny Cowlick." And behold Mrs. X, dashing around on Christmas Eve p. m., searching wildly for a dollar cravat for Johnny and cursing his existence.

Mrs. K has a list of eighty. Not through all the years has she ever dropped one from it. Poor slave! what must Christmas mean to her. And to father, who pays her bills, and to the exhausted sales people in the stores.

The fact is Christmas belongs to the young. "Their's is the elasticity and the enthusiasm," and the middle-agers ought to exchange the season's greetings, benefit the poor, break out with exceptional gifts for exceptional cases, and expect nothing.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

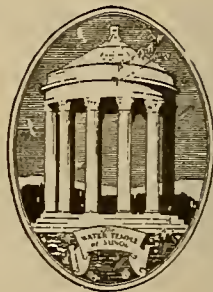
NEW YPRES ARISES.

The future of Ypres is still uncertain. No one knows at present to what extent the town will be rebuilt as it was. All that is certain is that the former population of some 18,000 souls are now for the most part at Paris-Plage and Blankenhergh, and that most of them are anxious to return "home." There are more than a thousand people living in Ypres today, but these are mainly adventurers from Brussels and elsewhere who have been attracted by the chance of making money out of visitors. A new Ypres is rising among the ruins of the old, but it is a wooden Ypres, of a character altogether repulsive to all who realize that a quarter of a million lives were given to defend the salient which takes its name from the town (writes a correspondent of the London Times).

The new Ypres is a place of estaminets, of mobs of picture postcard hawkers, of char-à-banes, and pleasure omnibuses, of souvenir hunters and noise. There is a so-called "British Tavern" in the Grand Place itself, and the road to the Menin Gate is lined with places of refreshment. In the town and its vicinity there are 135 cafés and estaminets, and everywhere among the tumbled heaps of bricks and plaster, stones and girders, men are eagerly hammering and building to increase the number.

It must be remembered that the Belgian

people as a whole do not in the least realize what Ypres means to Britain and the Dominions. If they heard of Ypres during the enemy occupation of their country it was only to hear that the Germans had the town. Of the mighty struggle in the salient and of the tenacity and valor and sacrifice that enabled us to hold it they know little or nothing. Ypres to them is a Belgian town destroyed in the war, just as Dixmude and Nieuport were destroyed, and Thourout, Roulers, and Furnes were partly destroyed. To them there seems nothing indecent in carrying away something of the débris as a souvenir, and still less in picnicking joyously among the ruins. I crossed the battlefields from Elverdinghe to Passchendaele by way of Boesinghe, Langemark, Poelcappelle, and Westroosebeke on foot the other day, and except for working part of British troops, German prisoners or Chinese and the motors on the Ypres road between Poelcappelle and Westroosebeke, I met nobody but an English officer who was showing his wife where trenches were once held by his battalion. After the noise of the cars, the clink of glasses, and the laughter of the throng in Ypres it seemed good to be alone among the desolation of the ridges, where tall rushes in the shellholes and rank grasses and a few hardy flowers covering the torn earth only partially veiled the convulsions of the years of conflict. Up there at any rate the wounds of war were something more than a spectacle to be casually appraised between an apéritif and lunch.



A Voluntary Adjustment

In big homes with spacious lawns, a complement of servants and several bathrooms, the consumption of water is sometimes very heavy.

It is not always possible, in such cases, for our service department to tell whether heavy meter registration is due to waste or to normal use.

Take, for instance, the water delivery to a large house overlooking the Golden Gate.

In June, July, and August delivery ranged from 9000 to 12,000 cubic feet—bills from \$18 to \$26. This was heavy enough to suggest the possibility of waste or leakage, yet not altogether too heavy for the normal uses of so large a house.

But the September delivery was 29,700 cubic feet—222,750 gallons! The bill was \$64.01.

This removed all doubt. No home could consume that much water. Water was leaking to an enormous extent.

Note what happened when the leak was repaired: The October consumption was 1800 cubic feet, and the bill was \$4.97.

We voluntarily made a liberal adjustment on that big September bill, dividing the loss with the consumer.

Why?

Because it is our policy to encourage consumers to stop waste.

Because we don't care to charge for waste when a genuine effort is made to curtail it.

Because we value your good-will and aim to give you "useful service."

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Curran Theatre.

"Up in Mabel's Room" has made the greatest kind of a hit at the Curran Theatre, where it enters upon the second and final week of its engagement on Sunday night, December 28th. The play is quite unlike other farces, and yet it possesses some of the best characteristics of all the real favorites. But the main point is that "Up in Mabel's Room" is distinctive and that it is hilariously entertaining.

The action of the play revolves around a dainty, fluffy, pink chemise, which was presented to Mabel by an admirer, Garry, in a moment of "sentimental aberration." Later Garry becomes engaged to another damsel, the "sweetest girl in the world," and the pink chemise, aforesaid, enters into the plot. Just what ensues it would not be fair to tell.

The company includes Julie Ring, Carewe Carvel, Dorothy Fox Slaytor, Jeanette Bageard, Sager Midgley, James Norval, Nicholas Judels, Joseph A. Bingham, and Frederic Clayton.

On January 5th comes the celebrated play, "Seventeen," based on Booth Tarkington's celebrated juvenile stories.

The Alcazar.

The Alcazar offers a carnival of good cheer in accord with the holiday period. The wholesome merriment of "The Little Teacher" this week has the added Christmas flavor of gladness, youthful romance, and patriotism. "A Full House," beginning next Sunday matinee, is, attuned to the more uproarious New Year spirit. This bustling, hustling absurdity is by Fred Jackson, author of "The Naughty Wife." The comic complications concern a lawyer and a crook in an accidental exchange of suitcases, whereby the former acquires a stolen necklace and the thief obtains a bundle of chorus-girl letters that put the legal gentleman in his power. Mixed up in the situations is the maid, Susie from Sioux City and eager to get back there from the maddening whirl of New York.

All the Alcazar favorites are swept along in this cyclone of fun on New Year's Eve at 7:30 and 9:45.

On January 4th the Alcazar makes first Pacific Coast presentation of the new after-the-war comedy, "Jim's Girl." It is about the humors and romances of the doughboys who seek readjustment to civilian life when returned from overseas to their "old home town." It is the product of Earl Carroll, author of "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage," and Thomas J. Gray, the witty vaudeville writer, both of whom were in the service.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present a new and appropriate holiday bill.

Gus Edwards himself, who has written more popular songs than any other man in America, will appear next week at the Orpheum. He is appearing in person at the head of one of his companies. As his assistants he has Vincent O'Donnell, Hazel Furness, and Alice Furness. This newest of Edwards' productions is characteristic of the kind he has always produced, new songs, elaborate scenic settings, and costume creations.

Ernest Evans and Girls, consisting of Ora Deane, danseuse; Estelle McNeal, soloist;

Gertrude Zoble, violinist, and Mildred Rife, pianist, will present a delightful diversissement which includes six numbers and a tasteful stage-setting. There are few ballroom dancers who have gained such a great following as Mr. Evans.

The Arnaut Brothers in bird make-up will offer a bird romance in bird language that is exceptionally clever because it is thoroughly comprehensible. This, however, is but a part of their performance, for they are also clever musical tumbling clowns.

"Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin term their act "Sweaters," and it is an excellent medium for bright repartee, sparking nonsense, and jingling music.

Marshall Montgomery, conceded even by his ilk to be the greatest of ventriloquists, will introduce many novel features in his line of work. He will be supported by Edna Courtney.

Jack Osterman, the newest and probably the youngest of vaudeville monologists, will give bright, sparkling stories and songs.

The Jordan Girls, Nellie and Josephine, are capable and attractive comedy wire artists.

Howard's clever trained ponies and dogs and the Ford Sisters in their successful dancing spectacle, "Frolics of 1920," will be the only holdovers in one of the best vaudeville shows ever presented.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," the most delightful of all J. M. Barrie comedies, is to be the holiday bill at the Maitland Playhouse for the week beginning Tuesday matinee and night, December 30th.

It was originally played in this country by Ethel Barrymore, who made a hit in the name part, which in the Maitland production will fall to the lot of pretty Ann O'Day. Arthur Maitland will be the Colonel, her husband, in stalwart fashion, while J. Anthony Smythe is cast as the friend of the family. The other parts will be in capable hands.

For the week following the initial production here of John Galsworthy's celebrated play, "The Silver Box," is announced.

Symphony Orchestra.

Interest is being evidenced by grown-ups, as well as juveniles, in the forthcoming Young People's Christmas concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, December 30th, in the Curran Theatre. The concert will begin at 3 o'clock precisely.

Conductor Hertz has contrived a programme of the lighter masterpieces and the event is certain to find favor.

Tickets for the Young People's Christmas Concert will be popular, being priced from 25 cents to a dollar. They are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The seventh regular pair of symphonies is announced for Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 2d and 4th, in the Curran Theatre, when a programme of symphonic favorites will be played. The symphony is to be Dvorak's "From the New World," which shares with Tschaiowsky's "Pathetique" the position of being the most popular of symphonies with the American public.

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Tschaiowsky's overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," will be the remaining items.

The sixth "Pop" concert is to be played on Sunday afternoon, January 11th, in the Curran, with Louis Persinger as soloist. Persinger's contribution being Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor.

"CITY OF LIVING DEAD."

Russian Officer's Description of Petrograd.

An officer of high rank in the former Russian army, who had been compelled to serve under the Bolsheviks, communicates, on his recent escape to England, the following account of conditions in Petrograd to the London Times:

"Less than four weeks ago I was in Petrograd, bound to the pitiless machine of Bolshevism, and, although nominally a free citizen in a free republic, yet in fact a slave in every way worse off than the bondman of Rome. Today, a stranger in a strange land, I feel at last what it is like to breathe the air of freedom.

"So little is known of what is happening in Bolshevik Russia today that it may be useful and timely if I jot down a few of my impressions. Perhaps it is difficult, after so many months of suffering, even to pretend to be impartial. To my mind it is inconceivable for any sane man—whatever his station in life—to escape from the remorseless iron hand of Bolshevism without a deep hatred for Leninism. Nevertheless I will only write of what I have myself seen in Petrograd, and will attempt to give a faithful objective picture of conditions—one can not write life—in the dead city today.

"I left Petrograd at midnight on July 10th, but I am not at liberty to disclose my means of departure. To get away from Soviet Russia is almost impossible, and I do not wish to close an avenue of escape that may mean

liberty for some other person daring enough to take risks and fortunate enough to overcome them. Although I left on the 10th, I actually have news of Petrograd up to midnight on the 18th, when a trusted friend sent me a letter which found its way over the frontier.

"The first thing that strikes the observer who enters Petrograd is the mournful solemnity of the streets. It is like walking through some long disused and greatly neglected cemetery. The streets at all times of the day are very, very quiet, while one can walk for hours in the evening without meeting a soul. It is impossible to find in Petrograd a man or woman with even an ounce of fat. It is a city of living skeletons. Protracted starvation has ended in the skin shriveling up and everybody looking exceedingly old and tired.

"In the streets there is little traffic of any sort. Every now and then a tramway car stumbles along. The trams run very irregularly till 6 o'clock, but are more than sufficient to meet the demand, since the fare now is 1½ rubles for any distance. The old tramway lines have long ago become a memory. For one thing, there are few who have strength or energy enough to struggle for anything, and the predominant feeling in the minds of the inhabitants is to conserve strength as much as possible.

"The streets are indescribably dirty. For a long time there has been no attempt at cleaning, the scavenging of the city being left to the sun, rain, and wind. Nauseous pools and rubbish heaps are to be found at every corner, while in not a few streets grass is to be seen growing, not only on the pavements, but in the middle of the street.

"Occasionally a Soviet cart dragged along by cadaverous horses jolts along. These carts, as indeed all vehicular traffic, are stopped periodically by the town police, or rather militia. Two-thirds of this police force are made up of women wearing long blue coats and dresses with a badge on the right arm showing the letters 'G. M.', that is Gorodskaya Milizia (municipal militia). These police-women always patrol in couples. They carry loaded rifles and are very strict and well disciplined.

"All shops are shut. Until quite recently a certain amount of latitude was shown to the cooperatives, but even these have now shared the fate of other distributors, and the only place where anything can be obtained is from the Soviet stores. So thorough have the Soviets been in this respect that they have even succeeded in exterminating the 'bagman,' the privateers in foodstuffs, who took incredible risks in order to be able to supply people with extra ration foods.

"In the past the population was divided into categories, the so-called bourgeoisie, who were in the fourth category, being on starvation rations which had to be eked out by purchases from the bagmen. Today the categories have been done away with. There is only one ration and it is served out to men, women, and children alike. Food cards are necessary and these are only given to those who do some work; and as all work is under the control and for the benefit of the Soviets it follows that everybody in Petrograd today is compelled to do something or other to aid the Soviets.

"The day's ration in Petrograd in July consisted of the following: One plate of soup, consisting of hot water, with a little fish in it; one-eighth of a pound of bread. The cost of this meal, which has to last all day, is \$3. The food can be eaten in the communal dining-rooms, which are to be found all over the city, or it can be taken home. It is very seldom, however, that anybody takes food home. There is such a scarcity of fuel in Petrograd that it would be almost impossible to rewarm the food, and half the satisfaction in eating is in the warmth obtained from the soup.

"In the morning a drink of some sort is made by stewing wild berries. For a long time now we have had no tea, coffee, or cocoa, and even the Ersatz foods were long ago consumed. Those who are very careful occasionally leave over a tiny morsel of bread, so as to eat it in the morning and thus have a breakfast, but the majority just eat one meal. Meat is quite unknown, and sugar has also entirely disappeared.

"You will realize from my description of Petrograd as it really is today—starving, half dead, overworked, thoroughly cowed—that it is quite impossible for the inhabitants to rise against the Bolsheviks, the more so as the latter have by now seized practically all arms hidden by the bourgeoisie.

"The people of Petrograd manage to keep more or less in touch with current events, news trickling through certain channels. The Soviets regard the British government's announcement of a withdrawal as a flight from the Bolsheviks, and are very proud of their so-called 'defeat of the Entente.'

"I had pretty good sources of information in Petrograd, and there is not the slightest doubt that today, as always, Lenin and the Soviet executive chiefs generally are firmly convinced of the necessity of world-wide revolution. While they are wise enough to let the Germans train the Soviet troops, they



The Golden Pheasant

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Candies and Cakes of Character

One of San Francisco's Unique Places, in which prevails the old-fashioned idea of providing excellent food and courteous service at moderate prices.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

Manufacturers of "Small Blacks"

still regard propaganda as the first line of attack, and believe that it is this rather than arms which will enable them to triumph over the present social system. It is very doubtful, by the way, whether the German elements have ever been stronger in Petrograd than they are today. There are special German Soviets formed from the prisoners of war, and, as may be expected, they occupy privileged positions. It is not generally known what work they are doing, but it is believed that they are in the closest touch with Germany."

The cashiers in London tea-shops have a curious superstition regarding the five-shilling piece. When one was tendered at a Fleet Street tea-shop the girl made a wry face and said, "Now you've moved me." She explained that many cashiers regard changing a "cart-wheel" as an omen of removal to another branch.

In Russia an unmarried woman remains under the absolute sway of her parents until her death, regardless of her age.

CURRAN LEADING THEATRE
Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

2d and Last Week Starts Sun. Eve., Dec. 28
A. H. Woods Presents
The Sensational Farce Success
"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"
Night Prices, 50c to \$2.00
Mats. Sat., Xmas and New Years, 50c to \$1.50
WED. MATS., BEST SEATS \$1.00
Next—Jan. 5, "SEVENTEEN."

ALCAZAR

"Good old Alcazar! What would we do without it?"—Argonaut.

This Week—"THE LITTLE TEACHER"
Aglow with Youth, Joy and Romance

NEW YEAR WEEK—Com. Sun. Mat., Dec. 28
Twice New Year's Eve—7:30 and 9:45
The Happy, Hilarious, Farcical Comedy

"A FULL HOUSE"

By the Author of "The Naughty Wife"

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belk Bennett - Walter P. Richardson
Sun., Jan. 4—First Time on the Coast
New After-the-War Comedy-Drama

"JIM'S GIRL"

By the Author of "So Long Letty"
Usual Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.
Mats., Sun., New Year's Day, Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day

A GREAT NEW HOLIDAY BILL

GUS EDWARDS (Himself), America's Popular Composer - Producer - Actor - Manager, Presenting "A Welcome Home Revue." Supported by Vincent O'Donnell ("The Kid McCormack"), Hazel and Alice Furness and Newly Found Protégés; ERNEST EVANS and GIRLS in "A Smart Divertissement"; ARNAUT BROTHERS the Loving Birds; GALLAGHER and MARTIN in "Sweaters"; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY, Extraordinary Ventriloquist, Supported by Edna Courtney; JACK OSTERMAN in 15 Minutes of Something; THE JORDAN GIRLS, Comely Wireists; HOWARD'S SPECTACLE; FORD SISTERS in Their Great Terpsichorean Sensation, "Frolics of 1920," with Their Own Orchestra.

Evening prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee prices (except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Phone Sutter 2460.

MAITLAND PLAYHOUSE

"The Theatre Unusual"

Stockton St. above Post. Phone—Kearny 2520
City's Newest and Most Artistic Theatre

Last Time Saturday Evening
John Galsworthy's "THE SUN," etc.
Week Com. Tues. Mat. and Eve., Dec. 30
J. M. BARRIE'S Quaintest Comedy

"ALICE - SIT - BY -

THE - FIRE"

Every Night (except Sun. & Mon.) at 8:30
Matinees Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30

ALL SEATS RESERVED—ONE DOLLAR

Tickets 2 weeks ahead at theatre and newsstands of St. Francis and Palace Hotels.

Next—John Galsworthy's "THE SILVER BOX."

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

SPECIAL

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS CONCERT

CURRAN THEATRE

Tuesday Afternoon, Dec. 30, at 3 o'clock

A Programme of Appeal to Young Folks and Grown-Ups

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. (NO WAR TAX.)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Next—Jan. 2 and 4, 7th Pair Symphonies.

VANITY FAIR.

Some years ago *Punch* published a picture of two aristocratic ladies engaged in the pleasant pursuit of shopping. One of them was apparently experiencing some stirrings of a yeasty conscience, for she remarks to her companion: "I really feel that it is not quite right to buy a thing merely because it is quite useless and very expensive." Those were the qualms of a bygone age. Today we have rid ourselves of all such restraints. There can be no higher recommendation for an article that is exposed for sale than that it has little or no practical value and is enormously costly.

More man expresses himself with diffidence on the subject of women's costumes. But, curiously enough, there is no law against the futile study of these creations in the shop windows and of their amazing prices. One wonders wherein the supposed values lie. It would seem quite easy to make a dozen or so in the course of a leisurely afternoon. A lady friend of much wisdom tells us that the material is worth only a few dollars. All that remains is to take a sufficient length and to drape it carefully over a lay figure. A clever turn of the wrist will do it. A few pins at the point of intersection and the "costume" is complete. All that remains is to attach a price ticket—\$450, or whatever other ticket happens to come to hand. If there happens at the moment to be an outcry against high prices, if women are "assembling in their thousands," or "crusading" or what it is that women do when they think they are doing something and aren't, it may be well to label the thing as "reduced from \$600." That will produce that sensible sense of frugality that is never quite so pleasant as when we are getting just what we want in spite of it.

A writer in the *New York Times* speaks feelingly of the "froth at the top of the high price wave which is heating over the Manhattan shopping district." Here in very truth we have the insane purchase of things for no other reason than that they are costly. You can sell a knothole in a rail fence if you will only price it high enough. Indeed the price tag is the only thing at which the purchaser looks. The article itself is only a convenient peg on which to hang the price-tag. What will you say to stockings at \$250 a pair? They sell like hot cakes. But why only \$250? Why this moderation? There are filmy negligees at \$1000 each. We do not know quite what a filmy negligee is. Presumably something a little improper, but probably it is actually worth about \$20. What will you say to a little hunch of faded shabby violets for \$10? Then there are chinchilla opera cloaks at \$24,000 each. Such a cloak will be worn, we are told, about twenty times by its first purchaser. That is to say it will cost her about \$1000 for each appearance. We are told of a single fur garment that cost \$75,000. The shop-windows are filled with coats "reduced" from \$1800 to \$1200 and from \$800 to \$500. The reductions may be fakes. Probably they are. But consider the profits to which these people confess, profits that permit of a reduction of \$600 in the price of a single garment.

A department store manager helps us to understand the situation. He says there are always people who prefer to pay the fantastic prices. Once on a time it became fashionable to set rhinestones in the heels of dancing slippers. Rhinestones are comparatively cheap, and so there were lots of women who declined to use them. They preferred diamonds. That was because they did not know of anything more expensive than diamonds. Today one must pay \$20 to \$25 for dancing slippers. Women are paying \$40 for ordinary shoes and

\$25 is quite a usual price. Shoes for babies may be bought at \$7.50.

Evening dresses seem to be priced almost at hazard. Anything "goes." And the higher the price the more readily is it snatched at. A white gown over a foundation of yellow charmeuse trimmed with heads was offered for \$700. Handkerchiefs may be bought for \$200 and more. Perfumes are sold for \$100 an ounce. Diamonds have gone up ten times in price, and no one but a millionaire thinks of buying pearls.

A New York jeweler says that his trade is almost entirely with new customers. He does not know who they are. They are strangers. They are the newly rich. He sees next to nothing of his old customers. Something of the same sort has been observed in San Francisco. It is an open secret that the jewelers here expected to do a great trade, but they have been grievously disappointed. Everything went well until the water-front and dock strikes, and then business fell off rapidly. It was the workmen who were buying the jewelry, and not the wealthy. When wages stopped, the jewelry trade stopped, too. The scarcity of apartment-house and hotel accommodation in all the big cities of the country is due largely to the same causes. A workman earning from \$10 to \$20 a day is quick to move into the high-priced apartment houses and he also buys jewelry. When the pinch comes he can stop buying jewelry, but he clings to his new apartment. Rent must be paid, whatever happens. The abnormal wage rate has had its effect on the automobile trade. The *nouveau riche* among the wage-earners spends his money in three ways—rent, jewelry, and automobiles. He buys the best and the most expensive cars. Nothing cheap or second-hand will do for him. Second-hand cars today are a drug on the market. The people who were legitimately able to keep cars a few years ago are able to do so no longer and have sold their cars. The people who are buying cars as a result of a hectic and feverish increase in wages will have none but new cars, and of the best make. As a result the second-hand car is a drug on the market.

Another item of extravagance is the child's toy. We are told of doll's houses at \$275, electric hattle cruisers at \$55, and walking dolls at \$20. If a woman wishes to buy a present for a man friend she can choose a cigarette-holder for \$100, or a rock-amber holder mounted with platinum, jewel-studded, for \$1000.

And outside on the sidewalk there are little children fighting for scraps of apple peel.

The fact that the income of Prince André Poniatowski, a descendant of the one-time ruling house of Poland, is only 20,000 francs a year, and is insufficient to support Miss Frances Alice Willing Lawrance, whom he is engaged to marry, has been made known in the surrogate's court, New York, when Miss Lawrance applied, through her attorneys, to Surrogate Fowler for an increase in her allowance from the estate of her father, Francis C. Lawrance.

Miss Lawrance, who lives with her mother, Mrs. Susan Willing Lawrance, in the Rue Octave Feuillet, in Paris, said her intended husband was an officer in the French army. She has no income other than will be allowed her on this application, she said. She estimated that she would need a yearly allowance of 160,000 francs for the following purposes: Rent, 30,000; servants, 7500; food and household supplies, 42,000; doctor, dentist, etc., 3000; clothing and wearing apparel, with luxury tax, 28,600; automobile and chauffeur, 22,000; summer vacation and travel, 12,000;

recreation and amusements, 5000; incidental expenses, 10,000.

An affidavit by William Fell, assistant secretary of the United States Trust Company, the trustee under her father's will, said the company holds property for Miss Lawrance valued at \$200,000, which yields an income of \$10,000. She also receives about \$10,000 annually from a trust fund established by her grandfather, Francis Cooper Lawrance, which the company, as her guardian, permits to accumulate. She asked that all the income accruing to her be paid annually.

An affidavit by Mrs. Susan Willing Lawrance said that since the death of her husband, years ago, she had spared no expense in the care and maintenance of her daughter, and that "her friends and acquaintances are people of the highest standing." She approved of the engagement to Prince Poniatowski, she said, because they have been friends since childhood.

"He volunteered for service in the French army when he was seventeen," says Mrs. Lawrance, "and will not be relieved from his duties until the spring of 1920."

Mrs. Lawrance said that because of the increased cost of living in France she could not contribute from her own income to the support of her daughter.

Prince Poniatowski is a younger son and the namesake of Prince André Poniatowski, who married Miss Elizabeth Sperry of San Francisco, and made many trips to this country during the war in the interest of Franco-American banking. The son was born in this country.

ONLY A MIRAGE.

Keenan Land, which is charted on maps of the Arctic region, it now appears, is no land at all, but just deep sea. According to the testimony of Storker Storkersen, second in command of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's arctic expedition, organized by the Canadian government, this so-called "land" is non-existent, the whalers who thought they had discovered it some fifty years ago having seen an illusive arctic mirage.

As represented on the chart of the Arctic region, Keenan Land apparently is about fifty square miles in extent, but, while drifting on a huge ice floe and buffeted by variable winds, Storkersen and his comrades floated directly through the space whereon the mythical Keenan Land was supposed to be. "Evidently," said the explorer, "it was only a mirage, for instead of land there we found very deep water. We made soundings of 3000 metres without finding bottom."

So Keenan Land must be banished from the maps along with that other mythical place, Crocker Land, which Peary thought he had sighted in the north years ago, but which upon investigation by Donald MacMillan proved also to be merely a mirage, an illusion of the far north which often baffles explorers and navigators of those frigid seas.

Storkersen and his associates were adrift eight months on their ice floe, which was about fifteen miles long by seven wide. Finally the ocean froze, permitting them to make a dash to the mainland across the virgin ice. During the time they were marooned on the huge raft of ice they made many soundings. "The greatest depths we found," said Storkersen, "were 4500 metres, or about three miles. Because of the fact that we lost much of our sounding wire most of our recorded soundings were "3000 metres and no bottom."

Altogether, Storkersen says, he explored a region of about 45,000 miles while cruising on the giant ice cake, making, all told, for the Canadian government arctic expedition a record of exploration covering approximately 250,000 square miles. After drifting at the caprice of the shifting winds for six months the explorers found themselves fifty-five miles from their starting point on the Northern Alaska coast, north by east. "The drift of the ice," said Storkersen, "is governed by the direction of the wind, as proven by our adventure on the ice floe."

"Our object was to determine the currents in Beaufort Sea, to take a line of soundings and to try to discover uncharted land, if any existed. I consider that man happiest who conducts an uneventful expedition, because an adventurous trip is often a sign of incompetence. We had no thrills and we made our journey in comparative comfort and without hardship."

French President Praises British General.

M. Poincaré, in his rectorial address at Glasgow, paid an eloquent tribute to Field Marshal Haig. He said: "I saw him in the most tragic hours, and I presided at times over important conferences where he gave proof of as much clear-sightedness as mental energy. I was at his headquarters with his majesty the king on the eve of the last British offensive. He explained to us his plan and pointed out his aims on a map with a masterly precision. On the morrow everything he foretold was realized, and all had happened in the order he had intended and at the very time he had fixed. This strategic science is accompanied in your celebrated fellow-

countryman with a spirit of resolution and with a disinterestedness of which I am glad to recall two striking examples. In 1916 the French army was defending the town of Verdun against the German rush with a tenacity which filled the whole world with wonder and respect, but it suffered enormous losses, and in spite of its courage it was obliged to yield ground little by little, and the enemy slowly neared the walls of the town. All the houses were destroyed by bombardment; the streets were obstructed by the rubbish of crumbling buildings; the forts of Douaumont and Vaux were taken; Verdun was exposed to falling into the hands of the Germans. General Joffre, General Pétain, and General Nivelle were all three convinced it was urgent to help Verdun by attacking on another point of the front. A council of war was held under my presidency, to which Field Marshal Haig came with willing courtesy. We requested him to support the great operations our staff was preparing on the Somme. He readily agreed to do so, and he gave, indeed, the faithful assistance he had promised and Verdun was saved."

If one were asked in what city of the United Kingdom or Ireland George Moore is most appreciated as a writer one would probably say Dublin, and make many other wrong guesses, and then never think of Birmingham. It is a strange fact that outside London more orders for copies of the privately-printed edition of his latest book, "Avowals," have come from Birmingham than from the next three big centres—Edinburgh, Manchester, and Glasgow—put together. It is a literary puzzle this, for discussion during idle winter evenings.—*London Morning Post*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was at the village school, and the question was propounded by the teacher: "If there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would there be left?" "One," shouted the bright urchin; "the dead one."

The mayor of a far inland town was about to engage a preacher for the new church. "Parson, ye aren't hy any chance a Baptist, he ye?" "No, not necessarily. Why?" "Wal, I was just a-goin' to say we have to haul our water twelve miles."

A young woman telephone operator recently attended a watchnight service and fell asleep during the sermon. At the close the preacher said, "We will now sing hymn No. 341—341." The young woman, just waking in time to hear the number, yawned and said, "The line is busy."

She made several vain attempts to find her purse, which was in the bottom of her shopping bag, while the conductor waited with outstretched palm. Her companion became fussed after a few moments, then, leaning over, she said: "Let us go fifty-fifty on this, Hazel; you fumble and I'll pay."

Jenkins was sitting down to breakfast one morning, when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up friend Smith at once. "Halloo, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?" "Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

A college student once asked President Eliot of Harvard University if he could not take a shorter course than the one laid down in the prospectus of the institution. "That depends," replied the level-headed president, "upon what you wish to make of yourself. When nature wants to make an oak she works away on the job a hundred years, but if she only wants to make a squash she needs only about six months."

The city editor of a Los Angeles paper decided to trust one of the overgrown office boys, with journalistic ambitions, with an assignment. "Go down to the walnut grovers' meeting and get me a typewritten copy of the president's address," he told the boy. Half an hour later the lad returned. "Had some job, but here it is," and he triumphantly laid before the city editor a sheet on which was typed "138 West Adams Street."

"Ludendorff," said Representative Shouse, "is telling the world the reason why he lost the war. Ludendorff's excuses remind me of the Irishman. An Irishman and a Yankee rowed a race one day. The Yankee was so easily the Irishman's superior that every little while he'd stop rowing and wait for Mike to catch up. Well, Mike was beaten, of course, but he said afterwards: 'Faith, Oi'd have heisted the hboy aisy if Oi'd stopp'd an' took the long rests he did.'"

Dr. W. G. Downs, an Evansville dentist, was in Indianapolis, and while there a friend gave him a bottle of whisky. He could not use the liquor, as he detected a strong odor of ether in the bottle. He gave the liquor to a colored waiter at one of the Indianapolis hotels. The next morning he asked the colored man how he liked the liquor. "Jes right, boss," said the dusky one. "It was jes exactly right. Ef it had been any better you wouldn't have gave it to me and if it had been any worse I could not have drunk it."

Edith Wharton, the writer, told this war story: "The American wounded were being brought in from the Marne battle," she said, "and a fussy American woman in a khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over a stretcher and said, 'Is this case an officer or only a man?' The hawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave her a grim laugh and said: 'Well, lady, he aint no officer, but he's been hit twice in the innards, both legs husted, he's got two bullets in both arms, and we dropped him three times without his lettin' out a squeak, so I guess ye can call him a man.'"

Banker Henry P. Davison was talking about the numerous correspondence courses in five lessons—each lesson to be mastered in one evening over the after-dinner cigar—which teach a man how to become a Napoleon of finance. "You can't learn to be a Napoleon of finance or anything else so easily," he said. "These courses remind me of the man who took his son to the school of mines and growled: 'I want you to learn this here hoy to be an expert minin' engineer, but look-a-here—I don't want him to waste his time over a lot of hook nonsense about strata and dips and upheavals and denudations, and don't

hother him with ninerology and crystals neither. What I want him to learn is how to find gold and silver and copper in payin' quantities—payin' quantities, mind you—and I'll call for him and put him to work Monday a week.'"

Imagine the feelings of a visiting preacher at the Bible Institute on a recent Sunday. "I trust I touched them deeply in my sermon," he said to one of the vestrymen after services. "I'm sure I hope so," was the reply, "but they haven't finished counting up, yet."

While working on the directory of Santa Monica recently the recorder was called to put down a new name. It was Weatherstrip Jones. "What an odd name for a baby," he exclaimed. "How did you happen to select it?" "Because the youngster kept me out of the draft," retorted the proud father.

Teddy hated to wash his face more than once a day. Just as vehemently he liked to use the hose to sprinkle the flowers. Father had to remonstrate with him for oversprinkling his flowers. "You'll make them wilt if you sprinkle them at any time except in the morning," he told him. A few days later mother was trying to persuade him to wash his face for lunch. Then grandmother tried to use her influence. "Why, I always wash my face before lunch," she told him. Then Teddy looked at grandma's wrinkles and remembered the flowers. "Yes, and just see how wilted it is," he retorted.

The late P. T. Barnum delighted to tell of his thousand and one amusing experiences, especially some that happened during his first tour of England with "the greatest show on earth." One of the jests is a joke on the "champion humbugger" himself. Barnum on a leisure evening bought a ticket to an English music hall. Imagine his keen delight as he heard the usher, as he took the tickets of the people ahead, say: "Letter Hay, first row; letter Hee, fifth row; letter Heff, sixth row; letter High, ninth row," and then, in response to Barnum's inquiry, "Where do I go?" he said: "You go to Hell, sir."

A pretty Philadelphia girl at a Newport dance was the topic of discussion in many circles, or at least her dress was, for it was as scant and filmy as one could possibly conceive. Very décolleté in front, it was spaced in the back with a broad V reaching to her waist. To be sure there were slight wisps that served as shoulder straps, and the cutest hit of a train, but through the gauze that went for a skirt one could discern as she whirled about the floor that there were ruly studs on her garters. "Claudia's a dear girl," remarked the hostess to George Gould, "but all her interests are wrapped up in clothes." "Well, I'm sure nothing else is," retorted Gould.

With a view to letting nothing escape her vigilance, Mrs. Muggins cross-examined the prospective housemaid, cook, and general help all in one. "You are quite certain you know your duties thoroughly?" she said, after deciding to engage her. "You will answer the door to visitors, and wait at table, and—" "Oh, yes, mum," said Mary Jane. "I'm quite sure I will know how to go about them." Mrs. Muggins was on the point of turning away when a thought struck her, and she suddenly swung around to the girl. "Oh, hy the way, do you know your way to announce?" "Well, mum," replied Mary Jane, innocently, "I'm not sure about that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

The wife of a military man advertised for a girl to do general housework. The notice was responded to by a particularly neat and competent young colored woman. The details were soon settled—number in the family, hours for meals, days out, no laundry, how often the drawing-room had to be dusted, when the silver had to be cleaned, etc. "What wages do you expect?" asked the housewife. "Ah couldn't w'k fo' less 'an \$50 a month," replied the candidate. "But, Mandy, that's impossible. My husband is only a first lieutenant, and we can't afford to pay such wages." "That's too bad," replied the maid. "But, yo' see, mah husband he's a lieutenant, too, and Ah mus' have that much to keep him goin'."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is fond of quoting his father. Here is an anecdote of the senior Rockefeller he related to exemplify the point that if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain: "My father likes to tell the story of a farmer who met another farmer, both of them driving in a narrow country road in the deep snow of winter. The track was only broken in the centre of the road, so that turning out was difficult. When the two met, the farmer said, with a blustering manner: 'If you don't turn out for me I'll do to you what I did to the last man I met who wouldn't turn out for me.' Much alarmed, the second farmer pulled out in the deep snow to let his bel-

ligerent neighbor pass. When he was back in the road again he turned and said to the first farmer: 'Tell me, neighbor, what did you do to the man who wouldn't turn out for you?' 'I turned out for him,' replied the hot-headed farmer."

Thomas W. Lamont in a recent luncheon speech digressed from his theme to tell of something he saw in France which clearly illustrated the eagerness of the American doughboy to fulfill his mission abroad. One day he saw a battalion of American soldiers returning from the trenches, wearing a haggard look and covered with mud. At the head of the procession marched a lad carrying a banner with the following inscription: "We paid our debt to Lafayette, now who the hell else do we owe?"

Senator Phelan used to have a secretary who, according to the senator, gave promise of being a great success in life. On one occasion, when Phelan was frightfully busy and denying himself to all callers, a very good friend of his sent in his card. Phelan sighed, and turning to his secretary, said: "I'd like to see Edgar; he's a good friend of mine; but I simply must finish this work. I wish you would tell him I'm out, but I want you to do it in such a way that he'll really believe it, for I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world." To which the secretary replied: "Chances are he will believe it, if, when I tell him, I chance to be smoking one of your best cigars."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Health Rhyme.

A man should take example
From the clock, says Dr. Brown,
Which always ceases working
When it gets run down.
—Boston Transcript.

The Newest Music.

"If music be the food of love, play on,"
But not with pokers, cowbells, and maroons,
Let harrage-hardened warriors dote upon
The devastating efforts of the coons,
Let others jazz, if such be their delight;
My soul the brown-skinned minstrels shall beguile
With strains that breathe the magic of the night
In some Pacific isle.

Yea, as the soft Hawaiian melody
Floats dreamily across the polished floor,
As in some tropic Eden I shall see
The long, slow combers break upon the shore,
And, mastered by such magic, I shall frame
The vision of a dusky maid and fair
Threading the languorous dance with flowers of flame
Twined in her unbobbed hair.

And when the craze is over and the wave
Irks me by breaking on the coral strand,
Yet other stunts my restless soul shall crave
And I may jiggle to a Balkan band.
With stolid Eskimos I yet may prance.
Or foot it with the Patagonian deft,
Or even try a British "native dance"
When nothing else is left!
—Touchstone, in London Mail.

An Old Incident in Maine Politics.

A politician shrewd and wise, who often coached the farmers
On this and that, and how to vote when projects
That alarm us
Upraised a Bolshevik head, or measures that he
Favored
Needed a round majority, yet in the balance
Quavered,
Came to a willing partisan, a harmless ignoramus,
Who still could cast a ballot, though the ballot
Were to shame us:
"Now, Jim," said he, "we need a man who'll rise
To the occasion
And vote for law and righteousness, and so pre-
serve our nation.

"There's Thomas Jones—you've known him long;
He's honest and he's able;
He must be our next congressman and keep the
Union stable;
Our navy needs support, and he will vote for
more destroyers,
And then enforce a league of peace 'twixt strikers
and employers;

"Thus insurrection he'll prevent; on these important
issues
He is the only man to trust; no one could stand
in his shoes.
Go tell your neighbors what I say, and emphasize
each reason
Why Thomas Jones must chosen be. Vote right,
and vote in season."

So Jim went out to hear the torch the politician
gave him;
But just the words he was to say he couldn't
think to save him.
At last his mem'ry came to life, like one who
wakes from ether;
And trying hard to phrase each part could clearly
compass neither.

"My friends," said he, in accents loud, as voters
clustered round him
To jeer him or to cheer him, to sustain him or
confound him,
"Tom Jones must go to Congress, and by our votes
we'll send him;
If every man will vote for Tom, and every effort
lend him,
We can elect our candidate and carry all this
section;
And Tom'll support knavery and prevent the resur-
rection."

—Jotter Scribbling, in New York Sun.

Wood Carving for Ships.

An almost forgotten profession is that of ship carving. For many centuries, down to the beginning of the nineteenth, the ornamentation of vessels, especially men-of-war, was profuse, intricate, and florid. The carving on the United States line-of-battle ship *America*, launched in 1782 and presented to France, will give some idea of the extent to which this was carried.

The figurehead was a female figure crowned with laurel, representing America. The right arm was raised, pointing upward. On the left arm was a huckler with a blue ground carrying thirteen stars. On the stern of the ship under the cabin windows appeared two large figures in bas-relief representing "Tyranny" and "Oppression," bound and bleeding on the ground. On the back of the starboard quarter was a large figure of "Mars." On the highest part of the stern appeared "Wisdom," and above her head an owl.

Philadelphia furnished not only the greatest ship designer in the United States, but also the best ship carver in the world, William Rush. In this field he was without a rival, and to a wonderful technical skill he added an artistic sense of beauty and genius for composition.

A chemist who appeared before the Brentwood Profitereering Tribunal in England for charging a customer 18 cents for half a pint of methylated spirit produced invoices showing that the cost to him was \$2.41 a gallon. He added: "Then there is the loss by evaporation, and I have to sell sixteen half-pints, say 'Good-morning' sixteen times, stick sixteen labels on sixteen bottles, and say 'Good-day' sixteen times." The case was dismissed.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Price Maule of Philadelphia have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jane Maule, and Lieutenant George McFever, Jr., U. S. N. The latter is the son of Colonel and Mrs. McFever and the grandson of Mrs. William R. Smedburg of San Francisco. The marriage of Miss Maule and Lieutenant McFever will take place after the first of the year.

The marriage of Miss Elia Pascal of Paris and Mr. George Whittell, Jr., took place Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell on California Street. The bride arrived last week from France and has been staying at the Fairmont. Mr. and Mrs. Whittell will make their home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen gave a theatre and supper party Monday for their granddaughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Dora Schmiedell. The guests were Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Anne Dibble, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Mr. Kenneth Mcintosh, Mr. Dearborn Clark, Mr. Charles Coney, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Harry Magee.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport entertained at dinner Monday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mr. and

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Mrs. Francis Langton was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. Among the guests were Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mrs. Charles Zook Sutton, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibble, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Emeline Tubbs, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner Sunday evening in honor of Mr. Howard Spreckels. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Miss Maude O'Connor, Miss Frances Jolliffe, and Miss Jean Ferris.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, Sr., gave a dinner Thursday evening, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Florence Welch, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Constance Welch, Mr. Louis Welch, and Master Allen Welch.

Miss Evelyn Poett was the guest of honor at a tea given Wednesday by Miss Elita Adams. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Anne Dibble, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Gertrude Clark. Among the guests were Mrs. Paul

Fagan, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Miss Coralie Mejia, Miss Emeline Tubbs, and Miss Elena Eyre.

Miss Helen Foster gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Francis Langton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot gave a children's party Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. John Zeile gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at his home. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marion Zeile, and Miss Jean Howard.

Admiral and Mrs. Jayne gave a luncheon Sunday at Yerba Buena, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, Admiral and Mrs. Albert McCormick, Mrs. James Bull, and Mr. Irving.

Mrs. Henry Stetson gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Fairmont in compliment to Miss Evelyn Poett of England. The guests included Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibble, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Elizabeth Vail, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Celia Brooks, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty gave a dance Saturday evening for their daughter, Miss Eleanor Welty. The affair was held at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a dinner-dance Tuesday in compliment to the Misses Elizabeth and Doris Schmiedell.

Miss Mora MacDonald and Miss Elizabeth Magee were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Saturday by Miss Adèle Chevalier at the Woman's Athletic Club. Among the guests were Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Watts, Miss Janice Ewer, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Sally Havens, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Barbara Willett, and Miss Laura Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith entertained at dinner Wednesday evening, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, and Captain William Glassford, U. S. N.

Mrs. George Howard entertained at luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis gave a dinner Saturday evening at Tait's-at-the-Beach, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. Heine von Schroeder, and Mr. Gordon Tevis.

Miss Ruth Lent was a luncheon hostess Saturday, entertaining a group of the younger girls at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Miss Mary Phelan gave a tea Thursday in honor of Mrs. Charles Norris. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. F. P. Pfingst, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mrs. Frederick Murphy, Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Mrs. Charles Fay, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman entertained at dinner Christmas evening, having among their guests Mrs. George Boardman, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes, and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Scott gave a dinner Thursday at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Jean Howard gave a dance Monday evening in Sorsosis Hall, entertaining more than a hundred members of the younger set.

Mrs. William de Fremery gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club. Among her guests were Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. Alfred Gharadelli, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. George Towne, Mrs. Roger Chickering, Mrs. Charles Hutchinson, Mrs. William Cavalier, Mrs. George Hines, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. Stewart Hawley, Mrs. James Shafter, Mrs. William Ede, and Mrs. Frank Proctor.

Miss Elizabeth Bliss was a luncheon hostess Wednesday afternoon, having among her guests Mrs. Josiah Adams, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Anne Dibble, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained at dinner Wednesday evening at the Fairmont, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Miss Barbara Kimball, Miss Mary Emma Thomas, Miss Jeanne Bocqueraz, Miss Grace Thomas, and Miss Virginia McMullin.

Miss Marie Louise Winslow gave a luncheon Wednesday, complimenting Mrs. Francis Langton.

In signing a number of hills recently President Wilson used an indelible pencil because of the difficulty of using the pen in a reclining position. This was the first time in the history of the nation, it was said at the White House, that an official document in parchment had not been signed with ink.

Several hundred streets, bridges, squares, and buildings named after the former royal family are being rechristened. Many of the new names are those of native Austrian men of letters, art, and science.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Sea.

A friend comes to the solitary and says to him: "But surely out of pity you are for the people, Surely you are with the oppressed, the despised and the hungry . . . Surely you can not stand by and see children suffer . . ."

And the solitary answers: "What shall I do?"

"You shall become one of us," says the friend, "For whoever is not for us is against us . . ."

And the solitary ponders and answers: "But if I become one of you, I become one of the oppressors . . ."

For what you believe in is of God, and what your enemies believe in is of the devil . . . Oppression begins when God hurls Satan out of heaven . . ."

"Yet," says the friend, "are we not more right than our enemies?"

And the solitary answers: "What is newest is most right . . ."

For the new desires things of glory, even as the old, when it was new, desired things of glory . . ."

But answer me: wherein do you and your fellows differ from those of old?"

"Our aims, our ideals, our purposes are different," says the friend . . ."

And the solitary answers: "The sea of man is littered all over with the spindrift of ideals . . ."

Great dreams and ideas go washing over the waves . . ."

Wrecks of divine civilizations mock the great flood . . ."

But so long as man is of the sea, so long will the sea use him in its eternal way . . ."

Man's world is what man is, not what he dreams . . ."

"But this is hopelessness," says the friend.

And the solitary answers: "This is but life . . ."

And when men seek to transcend themselves, they shall break the wheel, They shall come out of the sea . . ."

Only when a man becomes human does he cease to be a herd, an energy, a sea, a thing of nature, And is healed of the mighty opposites . . ."

It is because of the sea in himself from which he has never emerged,

It is because of nature in himself, the flux, the tides, storms, visions and furies,

That he remains a primitive masked in a dream of divinity . . ."

"Let him start a revolution in his own soul, and free the slaves in his own spirit, And conquer the tyrants in his own breast, And harness the heat in his blood,

And put away the temptation to be a supreme god, And the equal temptation to be a powerful demon . . ."

Then perhaps he shall step up on the shore of a new world, And find what all are seeking . . ."

"It is weakness to seek freedom for self by slaughtering others . . ."

Equality, liberty, brotherhood are of the soul, and are of the self . . ."

The easy way is out and over, the hard way is in and through . . ."

It is man's soul that needs a millennium and not man's world . . ."

So the solitary spoke, and of course his words were a riddle, they were not understood . . ."

And these two could be friends no longer . . ."

—From "The Solitary," by James Oppenheim.

Published by B. W. Huebsch.

Circe.

Here on the cliff, remembering thy words, I watch thy ships go out like snowy birds . . . Their sails thou hast unfurled, and in the gold of dazzling sunlight they are pure . . . and hold!

How splendidly, unfearingly, high-bowed, Thy fleet glides, flinging white foam wings! How proud,

Ulysses, are thy little boats that break The blue Ægean in a silver wake . . ."

The waves behind thee are but lapping curls Subsidings . . . and a single sea curl whirls

Over the stillness with a tiresome cry— A dwindling, futile cadence from the sky . . ."

A breath comes slowly from the sea below, Lifeless and warm; my garments do not blow

Or move a fold about my listless hand; No further than my lips my hair is fanned . . ."

I think there is a song some poor king weaves Where birds flash in and out among the leaves, Throbbing behind me in the trees above—

Some poor proud king, enchanted and in love!

But I forget if there are unfreed kings Unhappy in my grove—imprisoned things;

I have forgot what witchery is wrought To precious heroes that my wand hath caught.

I have forgot my palace in the grove, My women and the tapestries they wove

Of silken cloths and textiles finely spun To fitly dress the daughter of the sun . . ."

I have forgot the treasures that evince The serfdom of some supplicating prince;

I can remember nothing but thy words, Watching thy ships go out like snowy birds . . ."

And those are clearer than the seagull's wails, And purer than thy gleaming stainless sails

That vanish at the long horizon line, Taking thy men . . . and nothing that is mine!

Here, on the cliff's sharp edge, I do not care If thou hast found me in the sunlight glare

Watching, dumbly, motionless to see The last small sail that is the end of thee . . ."

—From "The Cobbler in Willow Street," by George O'Neil. Published by Boni & Liveright.

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California's Big Spider.

The famous tarantula, sometimes represented as one of the terrors of the arid portions of the Southwestern States and northern Mexico, is not really, it seems, the tarantula of history and of fable.

An eminent authority in such matters, in remarking that the tarantula is a spider, says of that terrifying creature that it is the *Lycosa Tarantula*, a species of spider found in some of the warmer parts of Italy and Spain. When full grown it is about the size of a chestnut and of a brown color. Its bite was at one time supposed to be dangerous and to induce a kind of "dancing disease," but now it is known not to be worse than the sting of a common wasp.

It is an old fable, extending to remotest times, that the bite of this spider would produce epilepsy or a strange dancing mania in its victims and that this epilepsy or madness could be relieved only by a particular kind of music. The tarantula of Italy and Spain—and it is found in those countries today—has hairy legs with black markings on them.

It is very likely that when the early Spanish explorers came upon the great spider of the Southwest, and seeing a good deal of resemblance to the tarantula of the Old World, those explorers, not being entomologists, called the new spider a tarantula. And the name has persisted.

There seems to be no doubt that the big spider of Arizona, New Mexico, California, old Mexico, and many other places is a relative of the tarantula of Spain and Italy, and in color, disposition, and the feature of hairy legs a layman might easily mistake him for the tarantula. But perhaps there is not much in a name so far as spiders go, and it is just as well to avoid if possible that particular spider which so many Americans call the tarantula, though it is quite certain that the meanness of its disposition has been exaggerated.

This story was told to a London newspaper by a man who vouched for its truth, having seen the happy conclusion of the matter. A fine specimen of a bear was sent down from a hill station to the Calcutta Zoo, but did not thrive. At last, in despair, the sender was asked whether he could advise anything as to its treatment. He replied, asking whether the bear had been deprived of his evening smoke, and it turned out that he was accustomed every evening to the charms of a hookah. Accordingly one was provided for him, and it was a great sight to see him looking out for the keeper with the bookah and settling himself blissfully to his evening treat.

The government of India has sent letters to various chambers of commerce suggesting that they find a way to maintain seven centres for aircraft. The cities proposed are Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Karachi, Delhi, Nagpur, and Rangoon. The centres are believed to be sufficient for all air routes in India and Burma.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford left Tuesday for their ranch at Pleyto, where they will remain until after the first of the year.

Mrs. James Keeney and Miss Helen Keeney have left New York for Philadelphia, where they are spending the Christmas holidays with Mrs. George Harding.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Miss Arabella Schwerin have concluded a visit at Atlantic City and have returned to New York. They will not return to California until February.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are visiting in Hongkong, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, who have been traveling in the Orient, will return to Burlingame the middle of January.

Mr. Harry Hunt has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wehh Ballard have arrived from Montana to pass the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore and Mr. Kenneth Moore have returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Mr. Denman McNear and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger left Tuesday for Petaluma to pass the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and their children have returned to their home in Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule returned last week from New York.

Mr. Homer Curran returned the first of the week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Walker returned the first of the week from Minneapolis and have taken Mrs. James Carolan's apartment on Powell Street for the winter. They have been joined for the vacation period by Mr. Leon Brooks Walker, who is attending Harvard. They will spend the coming week in Pasadena.

Mrs. Henry Crocker has been joined by Miss Marion and Miss Mary Julia Crocker, who have been spending several weeks on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oxnard and their daughters are spending the winter at the Hotel Shoreham in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris and Miss Jean Ferris have come from Aptos to spend the holidays at the Fairmont.

The Misses Frances and Ruth Lent returned Thursday from New York, where they have been attending school.

The Misses Virginia, Agnes, and Mary Clark have returned to their home in San Mateo for the Christmas season.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Kales are spending several days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse have returned from a brief trip to the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Clara Huntington Perkins has returned to New York from Europe, where she has been traveling for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor have returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris will leave for New

York late in January, but will return in the spring to occupy their Saratoga home, which they have recently purchased from Mrs. Homer King.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor has gone to New York from her home in Boston to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. George Pope at the Hotel St. Regis.

Miss Adrienne Sharp is spending a fortnight at Oyster Bay with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Hoyt.

Mrs. Scott Brooke has returned to San Rafael from a visit in Portland.

Mrs. Mazie Langhorne Hammond has arrived from New York to visit Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne. Her marriage to Mr. Chilton Heword of Montreal will take place in the spring.

Miss Anita Dibblee has returned from a long sojourn abroad and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have gone to Santa Cruz for the holidays. They have been spending the winter at the Fairmont.

Mrs. George Page has returned from a visit in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Armstrong.

Mr. Richard McLaren has gone to Los Angeles for a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, who have recently gone to the southern city from Portland.

Miss Beatrice Howitt has gone to Honolulu for a visit of several weeks.

The Misses Miriam and Betty Ehrig have arrived from Menlo Park to spend the holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Ehrig.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ehrman of Portland are passing a few weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan have returned to San Mateo from a trip to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse have postponed their return to San Francisco from New York until after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins are passing a fortnight at Del Monte.

Mrs. Raoul Duval has returned to Paris for a visit of several months. Her children are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark in San Mateo during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman returned last week to San Mateo from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rhinehart at their home in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimball and Miss Barbara Kimball arrived Tuesday from Hollywood to spend the Christmas season with Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas have returned to Monterey from visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois.

Courtesy L. d'Ursel of Brussels, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Belgium, and Miss K. F. Robertson of Philadelphia, who are interested in work for the French orphans, are at El Encanto for a fortnight's stay.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Atwood, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thompson, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wise, San Jose; Dr. M. Gandier, Los Angeles; Mr. E. R. West, Detroit; Mr. Charles Curtis, Sacramento; Mr. George B. Eckhart, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. William Alt, Chicago; Mr. Jack G. King, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Davies, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Brown, Billings, Montana; Mr. L. L. Switzer, Sacramento.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Dr. E. J. Dillon, Canada; Mr. Eugene Davis, Reno, Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Doak, Oakville; Mr. W. Quinn, Chicago; Mr. E. Forbes, Marysville; Mr. Thayer Harp, Yellowstone Park; Mr. and Mrs. Sig Lipman, Portland, Oregon; Mr. J. H. Schmidt, Manila; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Sexton, Portland; Mr. Ralph Stacy, Mr. A. G. Hanson, Tacoma; Mr. K. B. Holman, Santa Maria; Mr. Jerome O'Neill, Santa Margarita; Mr. R. C. Richardson, Scotia; Sir Frank S. Barnard, Victoria, B. C.; Mr. W. R. Warner, Cleveland, Ohio.

Australian Soldiers Highest Paid.

Contrary to general impression, the American army was not the highest paid in the world war. The Anzac had a very decided shade upon the Yanks in this respect, according to figures issued by the general staff. These show that the private soldier of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada received higher pay than those of the United States, although the American outranked Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Japan, and Italy in that order.

When the pay of American private soldiers was fixed at \$30 a month, it was generally supposed they would outclass all others. But it is found that Australia paid \$43.50 a month, New Zealand \$36.50, and Canada \$33. The lowest paid soldiers were the Italians, who received but 58 cents a month.

Among the non-commissioned officers the United States ranked third in the rate of pay, corporals receiving \$36, sergeants \$38, and regimental sergeants-major \$51. But Australia paid the most to her non-commissioned officers, giving corporals \$72, sergeants \$76.50, and regimental sergeants-major \$94.80, while Canada was next with pay of \$36 for corporals, \$45 for sergeants, and \$54 for regimental sergeants-major. It is stated by the general staff that the food and clothing allowances are very largely the same for all armies.

The Japan Tourist Bureau states that 15,341 travelers, representing twenty-five nationalities, visited the shores of Japan during the first half of the present year. Chinese subjects head the list with 6889, while the Russians, Britons, and Americans arriving during the six months numbered 2745, 2434, and 1603 respectively.

A moderate trickle of water from an ordinary tap will waste 150 gallons a day, or 54,750 gallons in a year.

BULL FIGHTING IN AMERICA.

Bull fighting has already attained a foothold in the United States. In Phoenix, Arizona, the famous Spanish pastime has come into its own. The Westerners inject comedy into the pastime instead of slaying the bull, as is the custom of the Spanish torreadors. They also have a new name for it. It is called "Flirting with the Bull," and is described as follows:

"Horses are not used in these contests. In the days when torreadors went into the ring to entertain Spanish royalty horses were more important than the man, because the horses were looked upon to give the greater thrill. Narrow escapes of matadors, even their deaths, were of little consequence. The act that counted most was when the bull, mad from torture, with several fish-hook banderillas in the shoulders, charged a blindfolded horse while the rider sat calmly in the saddle. That was a great victory—for the bull. The men were only agents of torture.

"But laws have changed the order of things. However, even the laws could not kill the sport of the game. Exhibitions have been staged from time to time in the United States wherein the cruelty of the game was eliminated.

"Modernized bull fights, such as are being staged each Sunday in a rough lumber arena just outside of Phoenix, are something of the 'no kick' variety. The torreadors are not permitted to harm the bulls, yet spectators may be justified in their belief that it is a form of bull baiting, because of the same 'flash' of olden days in clothing and methods used. Anyhow, the banderillos only touch the bull's neck with two blunt rods and another blunt rod takes the place of a sword. It is difficult at times to get the bull to understand he is to be a kind, docile creature and not play too rough.

"At this juncture is where Phoenix injects the comedy-drama in which an imitator of Charlie Chaplin out-Chaplins the original. The Chaplin imitator never fails to get a laugh as he walks down the aisle from the seats of the arena in a truly Chaplin manner and falls over the rail into the arena where his four companion torreadors are bull baiting. He then goes through a series of antics which would shame even the most devilish screen stars.

"The spurious Charlie, in the course of his pranks, taunts the bull from his knees, lies down in front of the animal, pole vaults over him, and otherwise disports himself at the

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risk of life and limb. The climax of his favorite feats is to sit down in front of the puzzled bull, just out of reach of the animal's long horns, and powder his face. Then he cautiously reaches over and gives the bull a daub on the forehead—and ducks aside just in time to avoid the beast's charge.

"The Arizona version of the Spanish national sport is expected to be a money-maker for the promoter by the time the series ends the middle of this month. At any rate Arizonans are flocking to the fight to get a taste of the 'antique' sport."

Burning Rock.

In years long ago roving Indians and tap-pers used to tell stories of the "burning rock" to be found along the San Saba and Colorado rivers in Texas. The Comanches often used these strange stones as fuel when wood was scarce. And later on freighters stopping at noonday or night along the trails in San Saba, Concho, and McCullough counties would feed the flames of their campfires with these peculiar pieces of rock. Today the "burning rock" that the Indians knew is said by geologists to be the last great oil reserve of America. For the "burning rock" was but the upper formation of oil shale. The time will come, say the geologists, when all the oil pools will have been exhausted and resort must be had to the oil-bearing shales. Billions of tons of such shale exist in several Texas counties. It underlies the entire northern half of San Saba County to a thickness of from fifty to a hundred feet.

The young Shah of Persia has been visiting Paris. He is twenty-one and weighs 235 pounds. The Shah was invited to a tea at the Ritz, at which a number of notables were present. The boy potentate drank three cups of chocolate, ate six caviar sandwiches, had two cups of tea, and nine assorted cakes.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you know what a polyclinic is?" "Of course, stupid; it is a hospital for parrots."—*Baltimore American*.

Pedestrian—You say your wife is starving. Can't you get work? *Beggar*—Yes, sir; but she can't.—*Cleveland Press*.

"He never speaks when he has nothing to say." "Then he would never do for a stump orator."—*Baltimore American*.

"Did you order ham and eggs?" asked the head waiter. "Certainly not. I humbly requested them."—*New York Globe*.

Guest—Waiter, this steak is like leather and the knife is dull. *Waiter*—You might strop the knife on the steak.—*Michigan Gargyle*.

"Say, pa, I had a fight with Jimmy Green today." "Did you whip him?" "Gee, pa, aint I tellin' you about it?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Bats—You ought to hrace up and show your wife who is running things at your house. *Mr. Meek (sadly)*—It isn't necessary. She knows.—*Life*.

Striker—Aw, what do you want to go hack to work for? *Man in Overalls*—Well, you gotta go hack so you can strike again, aint you?—*Judge*.

Tired Tuff—Me brother knew a month before his death when he would die. *Weary Walter*—Who told him? *Tired Tuff*—The judge.—*Tit-Bits*.

"My ambition is to have my name on some high roll of honor." "Mine is to have my name on some permanent pay-roll."—*Baltimore American*.

"Then you won't indorse me for the office?" "I can't do that," said the party boss, "but I'll have you prominently mentioned."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I am worried to death about mother. You know she isn't very strong, and it's terribly late." "Who is she out with?" "Grand-mother."—*Judge*.

"How can you have the door opened to a successful courtship?" "I should think the easiest way was to ring the helle."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Mather (indignantly)—Why did you strike little Nancy, you naughty boy? *Peter*—What did she want to cheat for, then? *Mother*—How did she cheat? *Peter*—Why, we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she

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had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it herself.—*London Opinion*.

He—I saw where a woman sued for \$50 for alienation of her husband's affections. *She*—What extortion!—*Baltimore American*.

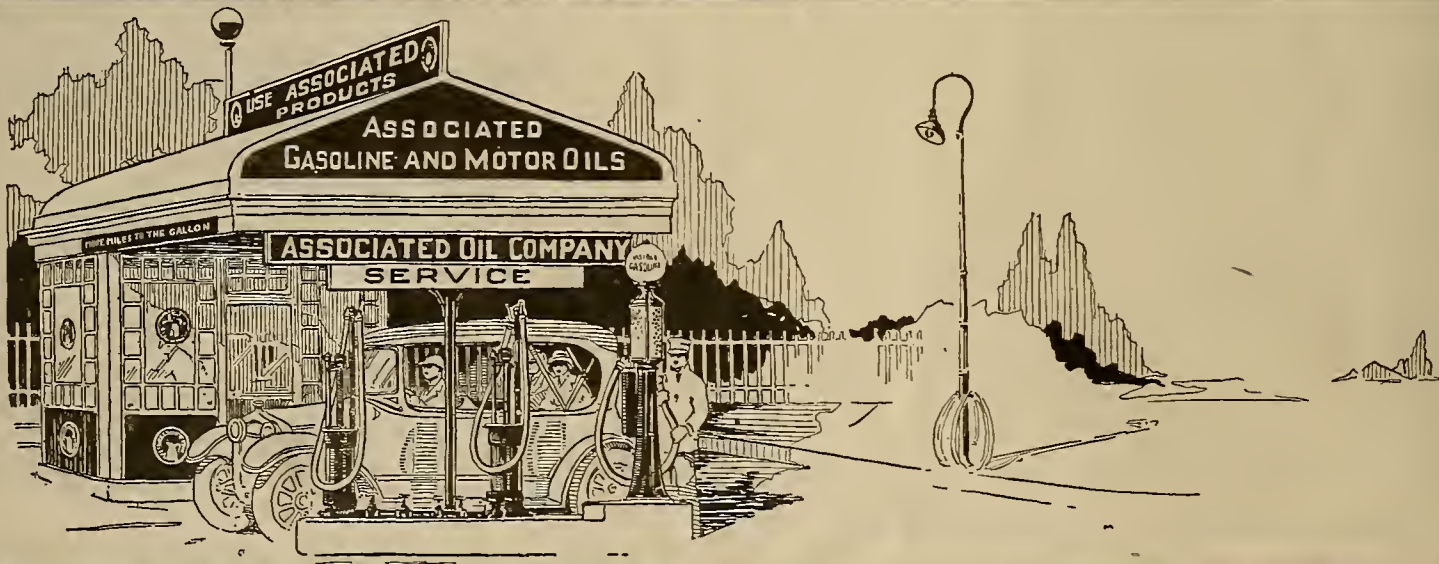
Willis, Sr.—My son, I'm afraid you do not know the value of money. *Willis, Jr.*—Sure I do. It's just about half what it was a few years ago.—*Judge*.

"Here's a charge for a call lasting half an hour on our telephone," said the lawyer to his wife. "Yes, dear. That was my call. I was asking a friend of mine a question," replied the wife. "And did it take half an hour to

ask a question?" "Yes, dear. You see, it was one of those hypothetical questions."—*Yankers Statesman*.

"What did the doctor say?" asked her husband. "Not much. He asked me to put out my tongue." "Yes." "And he said, 'Over-worked.'" "Ah! Then you'll have to give it a rest, my dear. That doctor knows his business."—*Boston Post*.

"Why are you so silent of late?" "I'm trying an economic experiment," replied Mr. Penwiggie, "but I'm afraid it isn't going to work. I thought that by limiting the supply of my extremely valuable thoughts I might create a more pressing demand for them."—*Washington Star*.



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